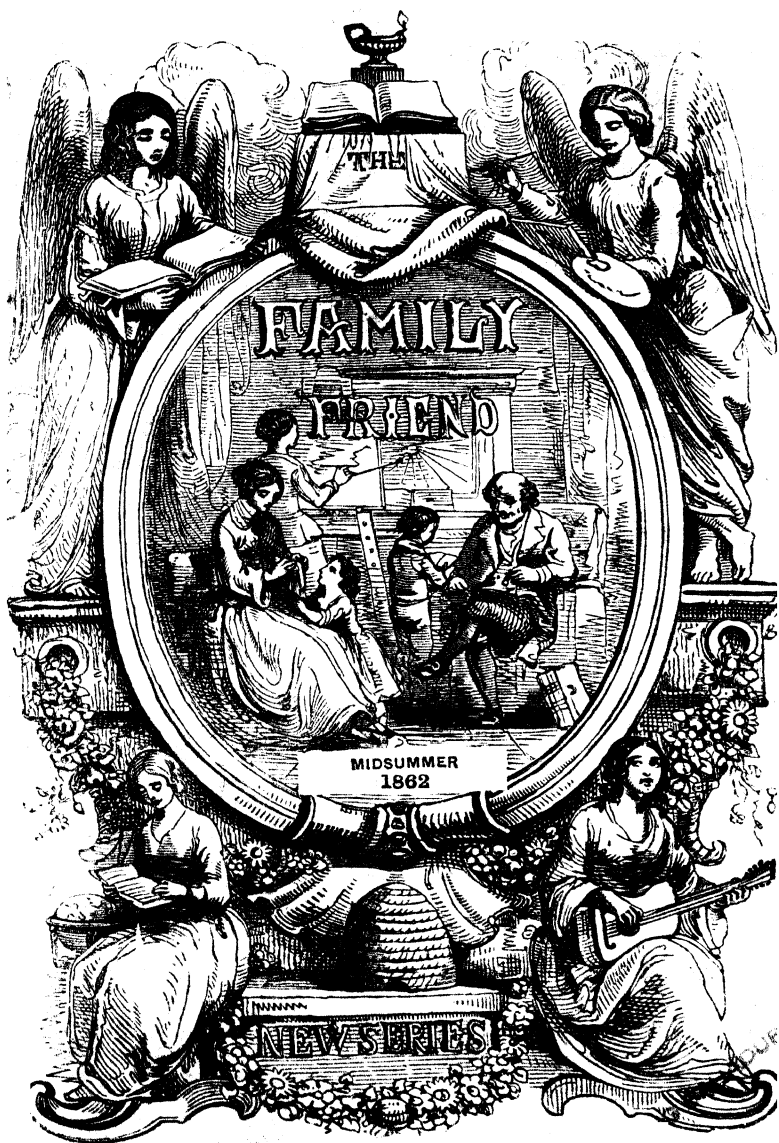


ONESIME DEFYING EPIPHANE.—(See page 461.)



LONDON:  
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THE  
FAMILY FRIEND

AND  
DOMESTIC ECONOMIST.

ILLUSTRATED.

ENLARGED SERIES.

MIDSUMMER, 1862.

LONDON:  
WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXII.



## PREFACE.

THIS, the first volume of the most important Series of the FAMILY FRIEND, makes its appearance at a time when we fear most people will be too busy with the International Exhibition to give us—familiar as we are both in name and aspect—more than a hasty glance. When thousands of novel objects are spread before the dazzled sight, and before the astonished mind, demanding within a very limited period all the observation, understanding, and reflection that one has at command, who can be surprised if the Exhibition engrosses the attention in preference to the familiar magazine, which may be set aside and taken up at any convenient season.

But *when* taken into companionship by its great family of readers, we feel assured that the volume will be found attractive, and of permanent interest. Indeed, this ready adaptability of the new volume to any and all the circumstances of ordinary life is the first claim we put forth on its behalf.—Portable in its form—elegant and varied in its contents—offering *refreshment* for the mind in intervals of repose, as well as nourishment and aid in active duties—no one could possibly regret the trifling outlay necessary for its purchase.

Amongst the leading features of this volume may be mentioned, first, our chief story, "Hearts of Gold," which will be found one of peculiar interest as a *genuine* picture of the coast life of our neighbours over the Channel, on those shores nearest our own. The principal Educational feature is a series of excellent practical lessons in Drawing, which alone will be worth the price of the book to any who wish to study that delightful art. • Instructions in Chess, by Herr Lœwenthall—Directions in Gardening, by Mr. Glenny—

Information for Ladies on the shifting Fashions, with new and beautiful Designs in every branch of Ornamental Needlework—Expositions of Domestic Manufactures—numerous Scientific Hints and Useful Receipts for the Student and Housekeeper—Natural History—Biography—pleasant Moral Sketches for Boys and Girls—entertaining and instructive short Stories of English Life and Manners—Instructive Essays—Poems of Home and the Heart—with every description of Intellectual Pastime.

Studied as a whole, we confidently hope this volume will be found—in elegance, interest, and utility—to be considerably in advance of its numerous predecessors, and that our friends will fully recognise the progress we have made.

J. BENNETT.

*Midsummer*, 1862.

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THE LOST CHILDREN FOUND.—(See p 14.)

# HEARTS OF GOLD;

OR, THE

## CHILDREN OF THE SEA.

### A TALE OF NORMANDY.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE Dive is a little river which winds through the fertile valley of Ange, and soon after empties itself into the sea. A few fishermen's and graziers' huts, gradually increasing in number, have at length acquired the dignity of a village, called Dive, from the name of the river. The men here are fishermen and cattle-dealers. Among the women several are engaged in the pursuits of their husbands. The greater number make lace. The entire valley is composed of pasture lands, whose boundaries are marked by streamlets fed by the Dive, which, after passing under the wooden bridge of Cabour (a hamlet of some ten or twelve houses), flows between the village of Dive and an enormous sandbank, which separates it from the sea, into which it falls a little below Benzeval.

Benzeval is no more than the union in the district registrar's books of a few isolated farms on a table-land overlooking the sea, and certain watermills, moved by a little stream, called simply "the river"—a piece of clear and limpid water, if the definitions of geographers are to be believed, varying from a foot to two feet in depth. Over the stream has been thrown, here and there, an old willow, which, resting on the opposite bank, forms a passable sort of bridge enough.

One fine Sunday morning in August the tide had risen and filled the bed of the Dive, which at low water is scarcely more than a rivulet. A number of people were assembled near the mouth of the river, at a portion of the shore on which

stand two or three cabarets, over whose doors may be read the inscription, "*Cider à dépoteyer*," which, being interpreted means "Cider sold by the pot."

Mass was just over, and the inhabitants of Cabour, a place which does not boast a place of worship, as well as a number of those of Benzeval, living at a greater distance from their own church than from that of Dive, had come down to the shore, at the termination of the service, to witness a ceremony about to take place. Several men were engaged "*dépoteying*" cider. Young girls, in their holiday dresses, walked up and down in groups of three and four, chattering and laughing aloud, so as to attract the attention of the young men, whom they affected to shun—whilst the latter, in similar groups, discussed the sea, the fishing interests, and the weather; without, however, once losing sight of the girls. Among those who were seated at the cabaret door it was impossible to avoid remarking two men, already old, but still hale and vigorous, who were fraternally sharing a pot of cider, occasionally exchanging a few words which issued from their lips, between dense clouds of tobacco-smoke.

One of these two was the only personage present not in holiday costume. On his head he wore a red woollen nightcap, a red and white "Guernsey" of thick wool was only perceptible at the cuffs, an over waistcoat of coarse blue cloth being tightly buttoned over it, a pair of dark blue cloth trousers were covered above by a *costil-lon*, a sort of double skirt of canvas, falling in heavy folds as low as the knee, and below by large boots reaching half-

way up the thigh. His face was nearly the colour of copper, as was also his neck, which the absence of a cravat left visible. In reality, this man's name was Tranquille Alain; but certain acts of daring, in connection with his calling as a fisherman, had, in early life, earned him the surname of *Risque-tout*,\* which had gradually usurped the place of his real name, and was, indeed, the only one by which the young folks of the commune knew him.

The other, Tranquille Alain's companion, was almost a "Monsieur." He boasted a beaver hat and a very long frock coat, of a pale blue colour; trousers of imitation nankeen (distinguishable from the genuine article by being of a more violent yellow), and round-toed shoes; and he carried, hanging from his fob, a large watch-ribbon of red and green, terminating in a huge seal and a cornelian key. He was called Eloi Alain, and was Tranquille's first cousin. He was a miller, owning the best mill in Benzeval, the one nearest to the sea. He was rich, and never objected to hear his wealth talked of. Like nearly all millers, he bonded a little corn, and carried on a sort of little bank, conducted on somewhat usurious principles. He had greatly speculated on the mania among the peasants for becoming landowners, by the purchase of small allotments of land, which can be made to produce, at the utmost, two per cent., and for which they are obliged to pay five per cent. when the vendor will allow them time, and eight or nine per cent. when they are compelled to borrow to pay for the acquisition. He had been something of a smuggler in his youth, but the trade was no longer worth following, and he never thought of it, except to keep alive a violent hatred which he nourished in his heart, and which had its origin in an affair of that description. He had lent his cousin Tranquille money to enable him to build a new boat, which was to be baptized that very morning, and they were now waiting, passing the time in drinking and smoking, till the Curé, who was gone

to dine after his morning exertions, should come down to the beach with his assistant clergy.

The new boat was on the beach, masted and rigged, with an enormous nosegay at the mast-head. Pelagie Alain, Tranquille's wife, made no concealment of her delight and exultation. Near her were the godfather and godmother of the boat, a fine little boy and a sweet little girl, dressed in their best, and whom she had the greatest difficulty in preventing from running to play, which would necessarily have at once destroyed the effect of all the pains she had bestowed upon their decoration. The boy, named Onesime, was her own, as was also another little girl named Berenice, who had no part to perform in the ceremony but that of a spectator. The little godmother was a child Pelagie had nursed, and who was Berenice's foster-sister. The mother had been dead for some time, and her father, a soldier, had left her in charge of the Alains, with whom he himself had been brought up. He had now been dead for four years—killed in battle—decorated and having attained the rank of chief of a battalion, and leaving a pension of two hundred and fifty francs to his child. Tranquille Alain and his wife scarcely made any distinction between her and their own children, and they all lived together as brothers and sisters. The godmother's name was Pulcherie, a name pronounced in most districts of Normandy like *Chérie*.

You will perhaps be astonished, gentle reader, at the pretentious air of most of these names, but I can assure you that I am not their inventor, and that they are very common in Normandy. There is not a village in which you would not find an abundance of Berenices, Artemises, and Cleopatras. Where did the inhabitants find these names originally? I cannot say. Probably some ladies of rank in the neighbourhood may have given them to begin with, after the heroines of some of Mademoiselle de Scuderi's romances, and they have remained traditionally ever since.

Tranquille and Eloi had emptied their pot of cider. Eloi took his walking-stick,

\* Dare-all.

which he had placed beside him on the ground (this weapon had a ferule at one end, and a leather cord at the other), and rapped on the table with it, calling, "Waiter, another pot." The landlord, who was his own waiter, took away the pot, came back with it re-filled, and then waited, according to usage, for his customers to pay on delivery. Eloi drew a handful of five-franc pieces from his trousers pocket, and affected to look amongst them for a coin of smaller dimensions; then, not finding it, replaced the money in the same pocket, and proceeded to investigate the other in a similar manner.

"Stop," said Tranquille, "I have change."

"But you paid for the first."

"It's all the same, as you haven't got change."

Eloi suffered himself to be overcome without resistance, and, as if he had anticipated this offer, put back into his second pocket the money he had taken out; and, drawing towards him a pouch formed of an albatross's foot, in which Risque-tout kept his tobacco, re-filled his pipe. Risque-tout did likewise with his own tobacco, drew a morsel of tinder from his waistcoat pocket, struck a light with his knife upon a broken flint he had picked up, and lit his pipe. This pipe, scarcely an inch in length, was blackened by use, and fitted snugly into a hole it had worn between his teeth, like an oar in a rowlock.

"Eh! Tranquille," said the miller, "I don't see your eldest lad."

"Cesaire? Oh! he's gone to make himself spruce. He doesn't like keeping his working clothes on all day as I do."

"And so you work on Sundays?"

"My children eat on Sundays, as they do on other days."

"The church says we ought not to work on Sundays, and no one but you disobeys the order."

"It's all very well for you. The corn sprouts on Sundays as well as week-days; so it does in the night when you are asleep. Besides, *who works, prays.* One is allowed to drink and fuddle one's self at the cabaret on Sundays, but not to

get bread for one's children! *Allons donc!* I'm only a simple fellow—I can't read—but I have a sort of good sense which tells me what's right and what's wrong. Why is it that we ought not to work on Sundays?"

"Why, it prevents us going to mass."

"Not altogether. Listen. We started in the night to take up our nets and lines, and, when the day began to peep, Cesaire and I, we went down on our knees and prayed a bit to the good God to bless our fishing and our labour, and he heard us—we had fish in abundance."

"Well, besides," added Eloi, "the Curé said only to-day in his pulpit that God himself rested the seventh day."

"As for M. le Curé, I respect him; but in his pulpit he has all the talk to himself, and no one can answer him. If the great God rested on the seventh day, it was because He had finished His work, and had nothing left to do. He also rested the eighth day, that is to say, Monday, and the ninth, and every day after. Must not I work, then, to-morrow, or ever? Listen, Eloi. You lent me a hundred crowns to help me to build the new boat; *eh bien!* you have a great deal more chance of getting the hundred and twenty francs I've got to pay you at the end of the season from a man who works on Sundays. Oh! here comes Cesaire!"

"Does he turn out a good lad?"

"Yes, he's all right; he's as gentle as a girl, and no will of his own. But the fellow who'll make the rare fisherman is little Onesime, the launch's godfather. That boy only lives on the sea—and he's just eleven years old! If he had the strength, he'd manage a boat for you as well as a man. I don't like to take him out to the night tides while he's so young. Well, there's a fine piece of work, I can tell you, to get him to stop in the house. The other night—night before last—I thought he was in bed; we put off with Cesaire—it was about half-past one in the morning. Well, if Master Onesime hadn't gone on before us, and hid himself under the thwart of the boat! When he's got hold of a line or a trolling net the king isn't his master! That boy will be the



*fish's enemy* some day, take my word for it. But the church-bells are beginning—the Curé will be here directly. Ah! there's the master of the chateau and his wife!"

"M. Malais?"

"M. Malais de Benzeval."

"No more 'de Benzeval' than I am," replied the miller, impatiently. "His grandfather was a cattle-dealer like mine, and his father was an usurer, while mine was an honest man. It was from his time their family began to stick themselves up above ours; he bought, or rather stole, the chateau of Benzeval. I don't speak of this man's uncle, who was a custom-house officer, may the devil have his soul! I don't speak of him, because I have too much to say on the subject; and these Malais now seem to despise the very ground, as if it wasn't good enough for them to tread on. Never mind! I've got a little money, too, and some day it may be my turn to look down on them. I have made an oath with respect to that lot."

The church-bell continued to sound. The chanting of the Curé, his clerk, and the chorister boys (one of whom bore the cross, and the other the consecrated salt, corn, and holy water), was heard. The fishermen, who were gathered round the boat, praising or criticizing the build or the keel, and prophesying that she would go better with the sail or oar as the case might be, separated to make room for the Curé, the godfather, and godmother. All crossed themselves, and the Curé began to say, in Latin—

"O Lord! thou quellest the pride of the sea, and callest the violence of the waves."

And the clerk replied—

"I will sing eternally the mercies of the Lord."

The Curé then read from the evangelist—

"In those days, when Jesus was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him. And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves."

Then the Curé resumed chanting—

"O Lord! thou quellest the pride of

the sea, and callest the violence of the waves."

And the clerk and the choristers responded—

"I will sing eternally the mercies of the Lord."

The Curé then walked round the boat, scattering the salt and corn, and saying—

"Our trust is in the name of the Lord."

*The Clerk*.—"Who has made heaven and earth."

*The Curé*.—"Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

*The Clerk*.—"Now and for ever."

*The Curé*.—"Fulfil, O Lord, that which is symbolized by the salt and the corn. Give us that wisdom which prevents corruption and iniquity, and bless the efforts of those who will man this frail skiff!"

He then asked who were the godfather and godmother, and as a second question—

"What name do you give the boat?"

Onesime was embarrassed, and unable to answer; but Pulcherie, red as a cherry, replied—

"The *Monette* (sea-gull), M. le Curé."

The Curé sprinkled the boat with holy water, and prepared to depart. Pulcherie placed in his hand a bag of *bonbons*, in which a half-crown piece was contained. Onesime gave sugar-plums and a small silver coin to the clerk and choristers.

And the clerical procession returned to the church, singing—"The waves rose above my head; I said, I am lost! I invoked thy name, O Lord! and I was saved."

"My trust is in the Lord, who has made heaven and earth."

All the spectators crossed themselves once more. The scene changed. Pelagie had sweetmeats in her apron. She distributed some among her gossips, and the two children, Pulcherie and Onesime, flung sugar-plums by handfuls and as far as they could throw amongst the pebbles—the rounded sand of the sea—of which every grain is like an egg, just as the gulls, which are the sparrows of the ocean, are of the size of an eagle. The children darted after the delicacies, flung themselves headlong on the pebbles between which

they had fallen, pushed and rolled over each other pell-mell.

Pelagie then returned to the house to prepare the *caudrée*. By the word *caudrée* is probably meant *chaudronnée* (kettleful), as among petty citizens *la marmite* (porridge pot) is used to signify dinner. During the fishing season a *caudrée* is ordinarily given every Saturday evening by the owner of each boat, after which the profits of the week are divided. But on this occasion, it was *à propos* of the baptism of the new boat, Pelagie had invited several friends in addition to Tranquille's sailors.

In addition to his own little boat, which the newly-christened one was destined to replace, Risque-tout commanded a large smack belonging to M. Malais de Benzeval for the seasons when the sea is the most dangerous and the fisheries most distant—in the winter for the herring, and in the summer for the mackerel fisheries. In the intervals of these two harvests the little boat served for line fishing, and was used during the night for putting out long cords armed with hooks, and also to carry a sort of basket trap for lobsters and crabs (*étrilles*?), of which there are scarcely any to be met with on the sandy coast of Dive.

For these fisheries, Onesime, although registered in his father's papers as *Mousse*, would only have been an embarrassment to the little boat; he was, therefore, left on shore, to his unspeakable grievance, with the two little girls. Berenice had begun to learn lace-making; but with regard to Pulcherie—own niece to M. Malais, who scarcely ever seemed to think of her existence—no one had dared to think of teaching her a profession. Onesime went to school every other day. These intermittances are explained by a custom invented by several Norman peasants. The school expenses vary from twenty to forty sous per month for each child; several parents send two children alternately, and only pay for one, since at the end of the account there is never more than one child at school at a time. In the course of two years, during which this system had existed, Berenice had scarcely learnt her letters, and Onesime

had not made any notable progress, except in the art of fixing bits of paper on to the bodies of flies, which, buzzing round the school-room with the ornament of this supplementary tail, overwhelmed the youthful students with happiness. Even these extremely primitive studies had been almost denied to Onesime during the past year, in which he had been taken out to sea. Moreover, Pulcherie—who did nothing, and who had nothing to do—found herself lonely when Berenice was at school one day, and busy lace-making the next. She, therefore, did her utmost to seduce Onesime from the paths of study, since, without his protection, she would not have dared to run about the fields, or launch little boats on the brink of the sea.

Towards five o'clock, the guests assembled at Tranquille's to partake of the *caudrée*. The women brought their children with them—some two, some four, some a still greater number. The repast consisted of soup, broiled meat, and fish. Cider was the beverage. All the children ate together on a bench, jury-rigged into a table. But their chattering very soon annoyed the guests of maturer years. The mothers took them home. Berenice remained with her own mother to help her; Pulcherie and Onesime disappeared with the other children, and no more was thought of them. The fishermen then disposed themselves to gossip: the cider pots were emptied and re-filled. The new boat was discussed; then the fishing interests generally.

"Shall we have many herrings this year? We scarcely had any last year."

"The herring," said an old seaman who had served in the imperial navy, "has cut us altogether since the emperor's departure."

"I think," said another, "we are not far enough north."

"I shall shift my quarters more towards Dieppe."

"I have great hopes for this year."

The heads grew warm; the cider spread gaiety and confidence. The women returned after having put their smaller children to bed, and left them in charge of the larger ones. Singing commenced.

The sailor of the old guard struck up their famous song :—

"The tax-collector says he'll sell  
My bed; I laugh at law,  
And him. He doesn't know how well  
I sleep upon the straw."

And the whole assembly joined in the chorus.

"Sing ho! it's to be without money,  
To laugh, dance, and rollick and sing.  
Sing ho! it's to be without money,  
A life free and jolly's the thing!"

The evening was concluded by a hymn that is sung at nearly all ceremonies interesting to fishermen. It is addressed to the Virgin Mary, to whom seafaring men generally entertain a peculiar devotion.

While the *caudrée* was being discussed at Tranquille Alain's, dinner was also served in the mansion of M. Malais de Benzeval. Eloi Alain had spoken the truth in stating that the grandfather of M. Malais had been a cattle-dealer. He had met his death by a fall from his horse, when on a journey after a prolonged rest, leaving a tolerable stock of crown-pieces to his son Aubrey Malais. The latter had renounced his father's profession, and taken to lending money. He married a merchant's daughter, whose alliance served to place the family on a more "middle class" footing. One of their two sons joined the army. The other, to whom, almost in spite of her husband, she had managed to give a *monseigneur* education, she had married to a merchant's daughter like herself, one who, in addition to the blessings of ready money, brought into the family considerable notions of her own importance. She had been to a boarding-school at Lisieux, from which she had emerged "quite the lady." The other son, the soldier, a few years after married almost on his own responsibility. One day he brought home a little girl, for whom he wanted a nurse. Pelagie Alain had just lain in with Berenice; she brought up the two children together. Auguste Malais departed at the end of a few days, leaving a sum of money, but without having said anything about the little Pulcherie's mother, except that he had lost her. Little more was heard of him for some years, when

tidings arrived, almost simultaneously, that he had been promoted to the rank of *chef de bataillon* and officer of the Legion of Honour, and that he had been killed.

The uncle and aunt had enough to occupy them without paying any attention to Pulcherie. They had themselves had three children, two of whom had died almost at the moment of their birth. The eldest only, who was three years older than Pulcherie, had survived, and was at school at Paris, where it was decided he should turn out a prodigy. Madame Aubrey Malais, the mother, had departed this life exclaiming—"It is a sad thing to have had a father-in-law a cattle-dealer!"

Dorothee, her daughter-in-law, wished to efface this origin as much as possible for herself, and entirely for her son. The husband's father had purchased the chateau of Benzeval and its dependencies. The owner was in embarrassed circumstances. By circulating the most exaggerated and compromising reports as to his position, Aubrey Malais had caused M. de Benzeval's solvency to be doubted, and himself acquired a reputation for heedless and too extravagant confidence, when he was seen buying up that gentleman's liabilities in all directions. But when he had mustered a sufficient quantity of those, he managed to make them answer his purpose of getting the chateau and lands at a quarter of their value, by overwhelming the possessor with a thousand stratagems and annoyances.

Dorothee and her husband, already farther removed from the cattle-dealer, had gradually to their own family name added that of de Benzeval, preparing the way for their son, who, it was decided, should call himself simply M. de Benzeval, and renounce altogether the too well-known name of Malais. It will be seen, then, that M. Malais de Benzeval and Dorothee his wife were *parvenus*, in the strictest acceptance of the word, proud of their fortune, and losing no opportunity to display it before the eyes of their neighbours. When the young Octave Malais de Benzeval had reached the age of twelve, he came home to take his

first communion at the chateau during the holidays. It was at the time when the children of the neighbourhood generally communicated. M. Malais had requested the curé, who was weak enough to consent to his proposition, not to allow his son to communicate with the children of peasants and fishermen. The ceremony was therefore performed for him apart, on the eve of the general communion. Then he was sent back to Paris to continue his studies. Madame Malais took great pains to tell everybody that her son learned Latin and Greek; that, in addition to the college teachers, he had private professors; that he worked very hard, &c. Suddenly the object of all their hopes fell ill and died. M. and Madame Malais were prostrated by the calamity thus visited upon them. Their vanity sought consolation in a grand and costly apparel given to their grief. The body of Octave was brought from Paris; the most splendid obsequies were performed for him at Benzeval; a magnificent tomb, or rather mausoleum, was erected over him in the cemetery. Nevertheless they experienced a lasting and inconsolable sadness. Their lives were henceforth without aim, and without hope.

Dorothee one day took it into her head to interest herself in Pulcherie. She went to see her at Pelagie Alain's. She found her pretty, but horribly rustic, and took no further notice of her for some time. Another day, meeting the child by accident, she kissed her; then she had her brought occasionally to the chateau. Pelagie, by a fine instinct, considered that Madame Malais, by displaying a revived tenderness towards the child, recovered her rights as a relation over her; and when the question of christening the boat was started, went to ask her to allow Pulcherie to act as godmother. Not only was the required consent given, but also a new dress for the child, coupled with a promise from her great relations to witness the ceremony themselves. Ensconced in their own dwelling, without any witness to their luxury, the married couple talked over the event of the day.

"What do you think of the little one, Louis?"

"Well enough; she is very like my poor brother."

"She had a very different air from all those little common children, though she has been brought up amongst them. But her natural superiority will not take long to spoil; she will soon be coarse and vulgar, like the people whose life she shares."

"That will be a pity."

"Do you think we behave to her exactly as we ought to, my dear Louis?"

"I was asking myself that very question this morning, Dorothee; and also what the people must think of us."

"After all, she is our niece, Louis."

"My brother's child, Dorothee; and they must think it strange of us to leave my brother's child in that manner."

"All that is left of our family since God has been pleased to take back the three children he gave us."

"Above all, our son Octave, who promised to be such a superior man."

"Our house has been very sad since we lost that dear child."

"This little girl is our heiress—our sole heiress, and she bears our name. Ought we to allow her to grow up altogether a peasant?"

"That she might marry a cattle-dealer! That would have a fine effect."

"Who would be entitled to call us uncle and aunt?"

"Pulcherie will be handsome; she will be rich. Her father was chief of a squadron and officer of the legion of honour; nobody can pretend that she ought not to aspire to anything."

"True, with a proper education and more distinguished manners."

"We ought not to forget that she is of our blood, almost our daughter. . . . It must surely be talked about. I should like to know if we are of the same opinion on a certain subject, Dorothee?"

"I think we are;—you are thinking of our bringing her home to live with us?"

"I think we owe it to my brother's memory, and also to ourselves. She is our sole heiress; she has no relations, and we have no children. She will comfort us in our old age—she will lead us to forming some desirable alliance. This

name—that does us so much harm in the world's good opinion—this detestable name of Malais that we have taken such pains to disguise without being able to make it forgotten—will disappear under a great name——”

“Pulcherie shall not marry any but a nobleman; she shall be a countess.”

“And you will be the aunt to a count and countess! We must send for her to-morrow morning. I think it will be generally approved of.”

“It will be necessary to get her some decent clothes made. I have some stuffs here, and, besides, we can write to Caen or to Lisieux; we can have her dresses made from the pattern of my beautiful dress that I had made in Paris when we were there twelve years ago.”

The *caudrée* at Risque-tout's was kept up rather late. Coffee was served. The Norman fisherman's coffee consists of no matter what, so long as it is black and liquid—taste has nothing to do with the matter. This is the way in which the fisherman drinks coffee:—one-half of the decoction called coffee is first swallowed, then the cup is filled up with *tapia*, *eau-de-vie*, or gin. The gin is a liquid which smells like turpentine, originally invented for cleaning. People have eventually acquired the habit of drinking it, and they drink a good deal of it. This first mixture is called *gloria*. The cup is again half-emptied, and once more filled with *tapia*, *eau-de-vie*, or gin; this constitutes the *gloria-gris*. The *gloria-gris* is absorbed almost entirely; after which the cup is filled again with *eau-de-vie*, and emptied under the style and title of the *rincette*. The *rincette* is succeeded by the *survincette*, which is followed by the *pousse-café*. When the *pousse-café* is drunk they say, “Now we'll drink a drop of brandy;” and they drink a good many drops. Notwithstanding all this, the fishermen are very rarely seen intoxicated.

I know little of the manners of other seafaring classes; but what I can affirm is, that I have never heard a fisherman at a *caudrée* sing a coarse or objectionable song. They sing hymns, warlike choruses, and songs about the emperor or the sea.

## CHAPTER II.

The *caudrée* over, the company separated. The tide fixed the departure of the boats for an hour before daybreak. Pelagie began to feel uneasy. Berenice had been asleep for some time; it was now past ten, and the two other children were not in the house. Tranquille Alain and Cesaïre, who had only three hours' rest before them, had gone to bed, and soon fallen asleep.

Pelagie again waited a short time. Outside it was blowing rather freshly. She ran to the beach and called to the children, then went to seek them in the neighbouring cottages. No one had seen anything of them. She went to the water-side once more, and then returned to the house. When she saw the day beginning to break, she made the soup for Tranquille and her eldest son, whom she called up.

“Tranquille,” she said, “the children have not come home.”

“What! not come home all night?”

“Not all night. I have knocked at every door, and been on the beach; they have not been seen anywhere.”

“I have no fear of the sea, but the river is muddy——”

Tranquille and Cesaïre started off for the river. Pelagie aroused Berenice, and they also went in search of the truants. The husband and wife returned to the house at the expiration of half an hour. Pelagie wept; Tranquille was greatly troubled, but concealed his uneasiness.

“They are very likely gone over to Benzeval to the chateau or cousin Eloi's mill. They must have kept them there for the night: we shall see them back in the morning. Master Onesime shall be at least a week without going on the sea for this. But we must hoist sail; everybody is getting under weigh.”

“Where is Cesaïre?”

“Waiting for me at the boat, no doubt. Adieu, Pelagie. We shall be back this evening when the tide begins to come round to the south. You must make a signal when you see us, if they have come back, or rather, bring them down to the beach with you. Adieu!”

At this moment Cesaire arrived completely out of breath.

"Here is another piece of business! The boat is not on the beach, and it's not to be seen on the water or anywhere."

Tranquille turned pale.

"Onesime must have wanted to try the new boat on the water. What time did they leave the house yesterday, Pelagie?"

"I don't know. They disappeared during the *caudrée*."

"The tide was going down. Cesaire, go and get the old boat ready—don't lose a moment. We shall meet them out at sea. Onesime cannot have had the strength to come back against the tide. We shall find them—don't torment yourself, Pelagie. One of the boats that are already on their way will, perhaps, have picked them up. The boat is newly blessed; there is no danger."

Tranquille, contrary to his usual practice, kissed his wife on leaving the house. Pelagie remained despairing and motionless on a chair. Then, when Tranquille, with the aid of Cesaire, had pushed the old boat off, he said, "Onesime and Pulcherie are lost. It has been blowing hard in the night, and the boat must have foundered, otherwise Onesime would have had sense enough to come back with the turn of the tide, that is, unless he lost his way in the fog. They are lost!"

The boat fairly launched, the father and son rowed her round to the wind, then hoisted their sail, and were soon enveloped in the morning mists.

Towards ten o'clock in the morning, Madame Malais left Benzeval for Dive, accompanied by a servant, to fetch Pulcherie, for whom a chamber had been already prepared. The two women found Pelagie as her husband and son had left her—like a woman thunderstruck. They shook her.

"What ails you, Pelagie? Are you ill?"

"Oh! the sea!" she cried, "the cruel sea! it has already taken my father and my three brothers; it will have my husband and all my children!"

"But what is the matter, Pelagie?"

"Why do you talk in that way? The weather is calm enough, and your husband faces a more dangerous sea every day of his life."

"Ah! Madame," said Pelagie, weeping, "we shall never see Onesime again—or Pulcherie!"

"Pulcherie, do you say? Where is she?"

"God alone knows, Madame; she disappeared yesterday evening with Onesime. I have been seeking for them all night; they have gone with the boat that was baptized yesterday."

"Has any one gone to look for them?"

"Tranquille and Cesaire have started; but it has been blowing hard in the night, and my poor children are lost!"

"What! and have you not watched more carefully than this over a child that was confided to you?"

At this rebuke Pelagie recovered a portion of her energies. She rose and said—

"Madame, you cannot expect a woman to take more care of any child than her own. That poor little one! it seldom happened that I thought she was not my own like the rest of them; besides, no one has ever disputed the care of her with me, and if a misfortune has happened, it is on me rather than—no matter on what other person—it has fallen. Tranquille, as he was starting, said that the children had, perhaps, gone up to the chateau late, and you had kept them to sleep. I have been going about all night everywhere; but since the boat is not to be found, they must have gone with it."

"Will your husband be back early?"

"With the tide; he cannot return earlier, at least, unless the wind changes, and it seems inclined to keep off the shore."

"But what can be done?"

"Nothing, Madame, but to weep, wait, and pray to God and the Blessed Virgin. My hope is entirely in the boat, just fresh baptized, and which has never been mounted but by these two innocent creatures. If the sea will not respect that, what will it respect? I will go and see M. le Curé, and get him to put up prayers."

And Pelagie went in search of the Curé. Madame Malais was obliged to return to Benzeval, where she narrated what had happened to Pulcherie. They sent servants down frequently to inquire if the fishermen had returned, and if they had brought any news of the two children. The husband and wife at first reproached themselves for not having taken charge of Pulcherie earlier; but, thanks to the accommodations people always find means of making with their consciences, they eventually agreed that all the blame rested with Tranquille and Pelagie, and then they deplored the loss of a child they had so fondly loved, although they had never up to the present time troubled themselves about her existence—the isolation of their old age—the hope destroyed of alliance with some great family—their fortunes descending at their death to distant relations—to certain obscure Malais—cattle-dealers, or even worse; and M. Malais thought that people could say nothing on the subject unfavourable to them.

The servant who had been dispatched to Dive returned with the announcement that the boats had been seen in the distance, but were, as yet, only visible to the practised eyes of the fishermen's wives and children. M. and Madame Malais then started for Dive, descending by a by-road, steep enough, overgrown with bushes, whose straight grey leaves gave them a resemblance to distressed olives. By the time they arrived on the shore, the boats could be seen more distinctly. All the women and children were assembled by the river side. The sea was almost motionless; the tide no longer rose, and the spectators drew from the wind, and the state of the water, inductions not the most intelligible to unprofessional ears. Pelagie's eyes were fixed on the horizon, which she scrutinized anxiously.

"The wind has dropped a little," said one woman; "those who have gone by the east won't be able to get in till the next flood."

"Does anybody see Risque-tout's boats?"

"No; the first two are Samuel Aubrey and Pacome Glam."

"And the third?"

"The third? Isn't it Placide's smack?"

"Very likely."

M. Malais approached Pelagie, and said to her—

"Do you see nothing, Pelagie?"

"M. Malais," replied Pelagie, "they are not in sight. I have been praying all day, and I no longer feel anguish at my heart; I hope——"

At this moment Pacome Glam's boat shot into the river. Pelagie wished to ask a question, but her strength failed her. Another woman cried out,—

"Ohe, Pacome! have you come across Pelagie's people?"

"No, we have seen nothing of them; they must be out towards east."

"Got any fish?"

"Pretty fair."

And Pacome Glam's family ascended the river side to assist the crew in disembarking their fish, lines, cords, and other tackle.

"Ohe, Samuel!" inquired Samuel Aubrey's wife, "have you seen Pelagie's people?"

"No."

"Got any fish?"

"*Pi-eche*!"

"Another bad day's work," said the Aubrey family.

"Ohe, Placide! have you come across Pelagie's folks?"

"Saw them a good way off. They tacked off towards the East Roads; they didn't come back to take up their nets, which were close to ours."

"Any fish?"

"A few."

And in this manner eight boats entered the river, where they were moored to the shore, their sails having been lowered and furled, without anybody having brought more positive intelligence of Risque-tout and Cesaire than that they had been seen making for the East Roads; no one knew for what purpose. Pacome, relieved of fish and cords, came to Pelagie's side, who remained motionless, piercing the horizon with her looks.

"Tell me, Pelagie, do you know how it is your people didn't come to take up their nets?"

"It is no time to talk about nets!" said Pelagie. "Onesime went out yesterday evening in the new boat; he took little Pulcherie with him, and nothing has been heard of them since. My good man and Cesaire went to look for them in the old boat. You have seen nothing out at sea, have you?"—and then she added, hesitating—"no boat upset?"

"No—but at what time do you think they started?"

"While we were at the *caudrée*."

"The tide must have carried them out east, and it is there *Risque-tout* is gone to look for them. He knows what he is about."

"And will he be able to get back this tide? I shall die of anxiety if I pass another night without news of them."

"The wind is getting up in the north; it will go round to the nor'-east. If it freshens a little your folks will be able to beat the tide, which is beginning to set against them. The wind must be full nor'-east."

"Look! look, Pacome!" And Pelagie seized her neighbour's arm with a convulsive movement. "Look out nor'-east—there is a sail—right before the wind."

"You've got an eye like a sporting dog's nose. Faith, you're right, and I never saw it."

Pelagie trembled violently.

"There is only one!"

"I can only see one."

"Then—they have, not found the children!"

"Perhaps they've got the other boat in tow."

"Oh no! Cesaire would be in one of them; they would both have the sails up."

At this moment the daylight began to wane. All the spectators, bending forward, endeavoured to make out the boat, which was evidently attempting to come into Dive, aided by the wind and repulsed by the tide. Some of the women and the boatmen already landed, who, instead of going to change their wet clothes, had come to the mouth of the

river, talked aside in suppressed tones, so as not to be overheard by Pelagie. One said—

"It's odd—to judge by her roll, that doesn't seem to be the old boat."

"If it was the new one they would be both there."

"That's true."

"Poor people! poor children!"

M. and Madame Malais put repeated questions, but they were scarcely attended to. All were so accustomed to consider Pulcherie as well as Onesime as belonging to Tranquille and his wife, and no one troubled himself with their distresses. However, the daylight continued to wane, the tide increased in strength, and if the boat succeeded in gaining the harbour at all, it would be as much as she could do. At length the time came when her progress and situation could be traced, rather by the white foam dashing over her prow than by anything that was visible of her real form, so confounded was it in the sea, mist, and darkness. The fishermen continued to interchange their observations.

"Look! she's making off shore!"

"What!" said M. Malais, "is the boat not coming this way?"

"She'll be round again. If she doesn't fall in with the wind again, she'll pass the river without being able to come in."

And, in fact, after having been drifted by a powerful side wind in the direction of Honfleur, the boat recovering her course, returned with the wind dead astern. This time she was evidently making head against the tide. Ere long the noise of the water beating violently, in consequence of the tide's resistance, was distinctly heard. The night had fallen.

"Decidedly there is only one boat."

Pelagie fell on her knees on the sand, and with her hands convulsively clasped, murmured, "Oh, my God! Oh, good and blessed Virgin!"

At this moment the boat, in full sail, entered the river, and passed rapidly before the group assembled at its mouth. Tranquille Alain, who was seen alone in the stern of the boat, holding the tiller with one hand, cried in a powerful voice as he passed them,—



"BOTH SAVED!"

Then Pelagie felt her heart melt, and sobbing heavily, she said:—

"Oh! my God, thanks! Good and blessed Virgin, thanks!" and she fell motionless on the sand. One of the fishermen carried her into the cabaret at whose door Tranquille and ElOI had taken their cider in the morning. Some of the women surrounded the little Berenice to lend her assistance. The rest of the group ran to help Risque-tout in his debarkation.

"Take Pulcherie first," he said; "she's taken no harm."

Madame Malais took Pulcherie in her arms.

"And now take the bold sailor," said he; "he wants a good bed and a cup of hot cider. He won't die, but he's had a roughish shaking."

And he handed Onesime, wrapped up in his own coarse jacket, and almost without signs of life to a sailor.

"Where is Cesaire?"

"Cesaire is out on the water, where I must go back and join him. I sent him to drop the nets in the night, and must go and help him take them up as soon as I have had a mouthful to eat, for the poor children have eaten a good half of our provisions, and I have left the rest with Cesaire."

Pelagie had returned to herself. She ran, seized Pulcherie from Madame Malais' arms, and folded her with Onesime in her own. Then, seeing the state the poor boy was in, she returned Pulcherie to Madame Malais.

"Speak to me, my little man. Speak to your mother, my dear little Onesime. But what ails him, Tranquille? Is he hurt?"

"No; the poor little chap is only cold. When he found he was drifting off in spite of himself, he lowered the sail, and dropped anchor; he spent the whole night at anchor, but he had wrapped little Pulcherie up in his own clothes and the mainsail; she was warm enough. As to him, when I first came up with him, I thought he was dead; he was nearly naked, and quite senseless. I could only revive him by making him swallow a

drop of gin and rubbing him all over—an hour later and I shouldn't have found him alive. He had tied his handkerchief to the mast-head; it was that made me find them. They wanted to try the new boat."

Talking thus, they made for the house. Pelagie refused to give up to any one the care of carrying Onesime. Arrived at home she gave him to her husband, and fell to the ground worn out by fatigue. Onesime was put to bed, and made to swallow a glass of hot cider; but nothing could extract a word from him. At length he fell asleep, and a few drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead.

"He's saved!" said Risque-tout. "I must take advantage of the rest of the tide to join Cesaire."

He lit his pipe, wrung Pelagie's hand, and left the house. A few fishermen went with him to help him to embark; the others returned to their own houses, for before their departure in the morning they would have to bait their lines. Madame Malais kissed Pulcherie, and said to her, "Good-by till to-morrow, dear little one; I shall come to see you to-morrow." She also imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the sleeping Onesime; then she left the house to return to Benzeval.

The next morning they came to fetch Pulcherie. Pelagie cried a great deal at parting with the child, who, for her part, shed an abundance of tears. Onesime was in bed, ill with fever and slight delirium. Madame Malais promised Pulcherie should come sometimes to see her nurse, who, with all her children, would always be well received at the chateau. They would send to ask after Onesime, who, by his imprudence, had caused a great deal of suffering, but which fault he had more than repaid by the generosity of a self-devotion that might have cost him his life.

"What do people say of our having taken little Pulcherie home with us?" inquired M. Malais of his wife a few days afterwards.

"They are more likely to talk of our not having taken her earlier," replied Madame Malais.

"I have received an answer from Monsieur the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour," added M. Malais. "He tells me that the object of my request is simply a right,—that Pulcherie, as the daughter of a superior officer, and a member of the Legion of Honour, may by her own right enter the Royal Academy of Saint Denis to receive her education. But he informs me that the rules require a particular age—from seven to twelve years—and Pulcherie must be something like eleven now. Besides, I think she ought already to know a little of something."

"I shall be very sorry to part with the dear child."

"We must not forego the honour of her being brought up at the Royal Academy of Saint Denis; that will have an excellent effect when we come to marry her. I think it would not be amiss, if she were to take a few lessons from the parish clerk at Dive, who can come here after his school hours. People must think it right that Mademoiselle Pulcherie Malais, daughter of a superior officer, member of the Legion of Honour, and sole heiress to M. Malais-de Benzeval, should not be allowed to go to school with all the little brats of the village. And what does the little one herself say?"

"At first she was delighted with her pretty bed-room, her handsome dresses, and the well-served table; but now she wants to see Berenice and Onesime, and the good woman she will persist in calling Mamma Pelagie. Little Onesime is still unwell, and I have allowed Pulcherie to go and see him."

#### CHINESE WOMEN: THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

A REAL Chinese lady dresses modestly and becomingly, her hair built up with false "whisks" (as the hairdressers call them) underneath, made up into something like a shoe-shape, and butterflies on pins stuck in it, with flowers, and jewels, and combs; nor is the use of bandoline, or stiffening gum, foreign to the Chinese toilette; the loose-fitting silk tunic, of bright colour, from the throat to the ankles, and silk trousers embroidered in

gold or silver, with minute feet, complete the costume.

The ladies of distinction are seldom permitted to stir abroad, except to visit their nearest relations; and, on these occasions, they are always carried in close chairs, and attended by their servants. The women of all ranks stay pretty much at home. The smallness of their feet, which renders them unable to walk to any considerable distance, makes their confinement less disagreeable. As soon as a girl comes into the world, they bind her tender feet with tight bandages, which are renewed as occasion requires, to prevent their growing. This custom prevails universally, the Tartar ladies residing in China only excepted, who appear to have no inclination to conform to this fashion. This fashion was introduced into China by a great princess, who lived some ages ago. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty and virtue, and has obtained the reputation of a saint; but, it is reported, her feet resembled those of birds, on which account she kept them always carefully wrapped up, and concealed even from the Emperor her husband. The ladies of the Court followed her example, which, of course, soon became general. The Chinese women never pare their nails, but suffer them to grow to the full length. This proves no impediment in embroidery and other needlework, in which they are constantly employed. These they finish with extraordinary neatness, as fully appears from some specimens of them brought to Europe. It is needless to remark, that the tale told of a great lady having bird's feet has no origin in truth. The evasion, however, shows that the Chinese are ashamed of a custom which has its origin in a puerile and disreputable jealousy.

The dress of the women, among the lower orders, differs little from that of the men. A cotton frock, tawdry-coloured trousers, drawn tight by the calf of the leg to show off an overgrown ankle, swathed round with party-coloured bandages, and a dwarfish foot ornamented with embroidery, are the principal articles in the female dress, which are deco-



A CHINESE LADY.

rated with artificial flowers, &c., according to the taste and circumstances of the wearer. Paints are used universally; the teeth are tinged green and yellow; and the nails, among the higher classes, kept unpared till they often reach a length of twelve inches. Bamboo sheaths are used to preserve them. Owing to the preposterous use of small shoes, instead of walking, the Chinese lady hobbles with an awkward and painful motion, so that a Chinese beauty is what in other countries would be called a cripple. The laws of China prohibit the dressing of children in silks and furs; the head cannot be covered till the individual be of a certain age. The assumption of the cap, like that of the toga among the Romans, is accompanied with considerable ceremony. The person is informed that now he has assumed the dress of a man, that he to be a boy, that he ought, therefore, to distinguish himself by his actions, as well as by the manly habit. When the British and French Embassies

were at Tient-sin, the fair sex, they declare, was almost invisible. It was by the rarest accident that a glimpse was caught of a woman not belonging to the lowest class. Even these latter all cramped their feet—a practice not so general among the same class in the south. Some of the little girls they saw were pretty, and, with their heads decorated with bright flowers, and their gaudy skirts fluttering in the wind, they looked piquant and graceful; but as a rule, the women generally seen were hideous. This use of flowers seems to be universal. Another traveller describes the ladies of Fu-chu-fu as being particularly fond of flowers—artificial as well as natural—for the decoration of their hair. The rustic cottage beauty employs the more large and gaudy, such as the red hibiscus, while the refined damsels prefer the jasmine, tuberosa, and others of that description; artificial flowers, however, are more in use than natural ones.

But it is time for us to attend to busi-



A CHINESE WOMAN.

ness. We have with us our comprador. — interpreter and our comprador, we proceed to business, and call upon a merchant respecting certain arrangements for future commissarial supplies. In China, as in all other countries, there are not only very different classes of society, but there are also very different

grades in the same position, from that of mandarin to a merchant and a tradesman. Mr. Fortune, for example, who had to do with a truculent class of men to procure plants and seeds from the interior, declares that no dependence can be placed upon the veracity of the Chinese. It may seem uncharitable, he says, but such is the case. There is no doubt that, as a mass, the Chinese are eminently deceitful, distrustful, and non-veracious, and that even to one another; but experience has shown, since the opening of the ports, that as there are many really learned and wise men among their philosophers, so there are many most civil, upright, and honourable men among their merchants. They constitute, however, most decidedly the exception to the rule—not the rule itself.

## MINNA'S DOWRY:

### A LEGEND OF HARLEM.

"Well, Jenkyn," said the old Dutchman, "what is it you want? What do you mean by rolling your cap about in your hands in that insane manner? Why do you stand first on one leg, then on the other, like a crane? Why do you look so red? Why don't you speak?"

"You see, Master Rhenoster, I am afraid—I don't like—you understand."

"Come, first of all, sit down, if you don't want to look like a stork, and speak, if you don't want to behave like a fool."

"She's so beautiful, I can't help it."

"Who is?"

"Why, Minna, your daughter. I've said it now. I love her. Are you offended?"

"Certainly not. I love her myself. Every one loves her."

"Yes, but you see I don't love her as everybody else does. I adore her."

"Oh! I understand."

"I can't help it," exclaimed Jenkyn suddenly, as he dashed his cap to the ground. "I love her, and I must marry her. Give me your consent?"

Master Rhenoster took his spectacles from his nose, and a pinch of snuff from his snuff-box; then turned round and looked at a young girl who had been

sitting in the back shop, but who now came forward and listened at the door, accompanied by her only confidante, her maid. She was a delicate, fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel, but her blue eyes, at the present moment, were turned to the ground, and the usually pale and delicate complexion was ruddy with excitement.

The old man filled his pipe, and began to smoke seriously, solemnly, and silently.

Ten minutes afterwards Jenkyn, much embarrassed by the protracted silence, ventured to address Master Rhenoster again; but not until a few words had been addressed to him by Master Rhenoster's wife, who was disposed to encourage the affection of young Jenkyn for her daughter.

"Tell me," he said, "have I offended you? Why do you not answer me?"

"My poor boy, what am I to answer?" said the old man. There are some things a man of feeling does not like to say, and if he can't say anything else, what is he to do?" Then, turning towards his daughter, he added, "Minna, have you watered the tulips to-day?"

"Not yet, father," was the reply. As she uttered these words, Minna scarcely raised her eyes from the embroidery on which she was engaged.

Rhenoster rose from his chair, took a bottle of water from the sideboard, and poured a portion of its contents over his garden. It was not a large garden. In fact, it was merely a large trough, filled with mould, in which, however, some of the finest and rarest tulips in Harlem were growing.

Jenkyn was dumb: Rhenoster was watering his tulips, and did not speak; Minna, too, was silent, though from time to time a deep sigh escaped from her heaving breast.

Rhenoster was an ingenious man, and contrived to make the watering of the tulips last at least a quarter of an hour. At the expiration of that period, Jenkyn felt that he was on the point of going mad. "If he does not speak," said Jenkyn to himself, "as soon as he puts down the bottle, I must ask him again for an answer."

Rhenoster put down the bottle, but did not evince the slightest intention of speaking.

"Master Rhenoster," said Jenkyn, at length, "I have told you what I desire more than anything else in the world, and you have given me no reply. Please say Yes or No."

"No," said Rhenoster.

Then looking at his daughter and Jenkyn, who, instead of being red were now perfectly white, he added: "I believe you are an honest young man, though decidedly weak-minded—that, however, would not make you a bit the worse husband. As for Minna, she is as good as she is beautiful, and as beautiful as she is good. Together you would make a nice couple, but—"

"But what, Master Rhenoster?" inquired Jenkyn.

"Since you *will* have it, my children," said the old man, "the fact is, you have not a single rix-dollar between you, and it is impossible to exist on love alone."

"I will work," said Jenkyn.

"But if the work is not to be found," objected the father. "To tell the truth, Jenkyn, you are not one of those lads who will find something to do whatever takes place. And then, your education has been somewhat neglected. For instance, you scarcely know one kind of tulip from another."

"What can tulips have to do with the question?" said Jenkyn, rather petulantly.

"Tulips, sir? why, tulips are every thing. Remember, sir, that the good old gardeners used to say that those who love not flowers love not virtue. And of all flowers, the most beautiful is the tulip, and of all tulips the most beautiful is the *Tulipa Gesmeriana*. No, young man! you must not sneer at tulips, or no good will come of it."

"I care nothing for tulips," said the irreverent Jenkyn, who was getting seriously annoyed.

"Nothing for tulips! What, not for my beautiful white, pink, red, and yellow tulip, which, after Minna, is the sole object of my thoughts? Go to the window, sir, and look at them."

"Confound tulips!" exclaimed Jenkyn.

"Out upon you, blasphemer!" shouted the excited tulip-fancier. "Quit my presence, and never more set foot within these walls."

Jenkyn picked up his cap from the ground and disappeared.

Minna dropped her embroidery, and her tears fell like rain upon the flowers she had been working.

A week passed, and the despiser of tulips had not dared to re-appear at old Rhenoster's house. But he passed the window some ten or twelve times a day; and, whenever he went by, his beautiful Minna was sure to be sitting there.

Jenkyn noticed, a few days afterwards, that another person was in the habit of watching the window quite as attentively as himself. This was a man of about thirty years of age, tall, well-built, muscular, and apparently of English origin. "To judge by his magnificent watch-chain, his bunch of large gold seals, and, above all, by his complacent self-satisfied bearing, he must be decidedly wealthy," thought Jenkyn; "and to judge by the attention he pays to the window, he must be in love with Minna. I wish he were far less strong than he appears to be; I would give him the soundest thrashing man ever received."

A few days afterwards Jenkyn happened to pass the enchanted window, when Minna, and Minna alone, was seated there. Usually the father was present by her side, or immediately behind her, so that the poor girl was unable, even by the slightest sign, to testify to her lover that she was still thinking of him. But this time there was no one to watch her actions. She smiled benignly at Jenkyn, and pressed her fingers to her lips as a token that she embraced him mentally.

The poor young man was so overjoyed at this unexpected demonstration of affection, that he remained as if transfixed before the window, his eyes full of delight, and his mouth wide open with astonishment.

Up came the Englishman, who also planted himself before the window.

Jenkyn was not aware that the stranger was anywhere near him, he had in fact

quite forgotten his existence, when suddenly the latter slapped him violently on the shoulder. "I see that, like myself, you are an admirer of beauty, my young friend. Did you ever see such grace, such loveliness, before?"

Jenkyn was mad with rage. He turned savagely toward the Englishman, and would probably have engaged at once in single combat with his rival, but that he had conscientious scruples on the subject of striking a man who was not his own size. The Englishman was considerably bigger.

"Well," said the stranger, shaking Jenkyn roughly by the arm, "tell me, could anything surpass such beauty? Are you not in raptures?"

"Certainly, sir, but——"

"But!" exclaimed the other. "There are no buts about it. If you know anything about form, you will agree with me that such perfection is rarely to be met with. By Jove! It's what I've been looking for these last five years."

"Indeed!" said Jenkyn, with astonishment and anger.

"What elegance, and what an exquisite head! And what colour! A pink and white that might drive a man to distraction! Such softness and delicacy too! I've seen so many of them that I can judge."

"Really!" said Jenkyn in a sarcastic tone.

"And with such exquisite purity of form the heart must also be pure and spotless. I feel sure of it. Don't you think so?"

"I know it!" exclaimed Jenkyn indignantly.

"You know it! Then this inestimable treasure, this pearl without price, shall be mine."

"Stop, sir! there are two of us."

"No matter. My passion is without bounds, and, whatever it cost me, this lovely flower, this jewel, shall be added to my collection."

The horrified Jenkyn stepped back a pace.

"My name is Jenkyn! Come on!" was all he could say.

"I care as much for Jenkyn as for a

Dutch doll," replied the other. "My name is Jenkins! Look out!" And with his left hand the Englishman gave the Dutchman, or rather the Dutch boy, a gentle tap on the top of the nose.

The organ was not broken, but it was considerably damaged by the Englishman's gentle tap—a tap which, in fact, had the effect of turning on the claret. Jenkyn thought that if he was to die he would, at all events, sell his life dearly. He struck, and one of the Englishman's eyes told the story of the blow.

Jenkyn now began to think that he had done a very imprudent thing, for his adversary was evidently delighted at having had his eye blackened, which he regarded as an invitation to proceed to extremities.

"That was well hit, Jenkyn," said the boxer by nationality. "I didn't think you could have done it." And, so saying, he knocked him down like a nine-pin.

Jenkyn rose like a bird, but was down again the moment afterwards. This was repeated five or six times, until, at last, the young boxer, discovering that his adversary never hit him when he was down, resolved to *stop* down.

He had fallen for the last time, when old Rhenoster, who was just about to enter his house, stepped forward to inquire the meaning of the strange performance that was taking place in front of his mansion.

"Give up your claim!" said the Englishman to his humiliated antagonist; "give up your claim, and I will pick you up and let you go."

"Never, never!" shouted the indomitable, though fallen Jenkyn; "I would die first."

Old Rhenoster recognized the voice of the irreverent young man who adored Minna and despised tulips.

"What is the quarrel about?" he inquired.

"Minna! The tulip! The tulip! Minna!" exclaimed the late combatants, with one voice.

"Minna! what's Minna?" said the Englishman.

"The tulip! What does he mean by



JENKYN COMES TO ASK MINNA IN MARRIAGE.

the tulip?" said the Dutchman. "Why should he run off with a tulip?"

"Who talked of running off with it?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jenkyn, considerably relieved and slightly astonished.

"And who is Minna, then?" continued the Englishman.

"Oh, no one. Merely a young lady that I happen to be acquainted with."

"Ah! and you've been fighting for her, have you?" said old Rhenoster; "and nicely you have been pommelled, too. Well, come both of you into the house, and let us hear what it was all about."

If Jenkyn was delighted at the pros-

pect of seeing his Minna, the Englishman was no less enchanted at the idea of beholding his tulip.

Minna was crying, but the tulip was in admirable condition.

The Englishman was a rich baronet—Sir Richard Jenkins by name. After he had looked long and passionately at his beloved tulip, he turned round and found that Minna was still sobbing, and that Jenkyn himself seemed to be on the point of imitating her.

"Why are these young persons weeping?" said Sir Richard.

"They love one another, and wish to get married," replied the father.



"And why *don't* they get married?" continued the Baronet.

"They have no money."

"But Jenkyn can work. He has tolerably strong arms; I can bear witness to that." And the Englishman applied a handkerchief to his swollen eye.

"They must have something to begin housekeeping with," urged the immovable father.

"Well, I will tell you what I will do. I will buy that tulip of yours, on condition that the money I pay is given as a wedding portion to your daughter."

"I see you are a connoisseur, my lord. That is a virgin tulip. It was sown by me seven years ago, and did not develop all its beauties until to-day."

"I am not a lord, but I am a connoisseur," replied the Baronet, "and I will give you five hundred guineas for your tulip."

The young people came forward, and each grasped one of Sir Richard's hands.

"I accept your generous offer," said the old man, "and scarcely know how to testify my gratitude to you for it. Nevertheless, I will venture to solicit one favour more."

"What is it?"

"That you will give to your rare tulip a name I am about to suggest, which will remind you always of my daughter, and of our gratitude to you."

"Certainly. I promise beforehand."

"Then call it 'Minna's dowry.'"

#### A GRANDFATHER'S TALE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THERE was a blithe party one Christmas time at Mr. Rysdale's, farmer in Beechwood. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Rysdale and their eight children, half of whom had already grown to be men and women, there were strings of cousins, uncles, and aunts, and a host of neighbours and friends—a Christmas party, and a merry one. The log blazed high in the old-fashioned chimney, and shed its rays over joyous faces. This one sang—that one proposed riddles—here was a joker—there a story-teller.

Old grandfather Rysdale was a merry,

hale old man. He was sage with the grown-up people, full of saws and illustrative anecdotes; but a very child with his grandchildren. That merry old eye of his perceived much, though it might not appear to do so, which escaped ordinary observers. He saw that Emily Rysdale was fast yielding her heart to George Redfern. The old man knew that George was a careless, though a handsome youth; that he was heartless, though he appeared to some people to be "all heart." The old man had reason to know, too, that George was idly inclined, and had already given his father much trouble.

Every one had done his part. All were in good humour; when at a pause, everybody cried, "Grandfather must tell another story."

"Glad or sad, then?" asked the old man.

The "glads" seemed to have it.

"My story," said the patriarch, "will be glad and sad—sad and glad: it will be like life—have shine and shadow, joys and sorrows, smiles and tears."

"All of you," he began, "know Langley-Moor farm—'Langley,' as we call it for shortness; but none of you, perhaps, but myself, may remember when old Job Perkins lived there. Sixty years ago, well-nigh, Job and his wife, his son and daughter, lived there. Job was a decent old man as ever lived, and though 'times,' according to all accounts, were not much better then than now—that is, they were good only to the industrious—Job had scraped together a good deal of money for one in his walk of life. The son, who was named Oliver, was a clever youth, with a good head. He grew to manhood's estate without being chargeable of any misbehaviour. But he was led away in such a manner as I, in my time, have known many young men to be. There came to this part a son of the squire's, that lived in Croft House then. That young man did a deal of ill in this part of the country. He had been in the army; he had lived a good deal in London, and in foreign parts. Places will not make people bad, if they be not inclined that way. However, this young squire did not think himself too good company

for his tenants or his tenants' sons: some of them thought that there never had been such a fine, frank gentleman as he, and deemed themselves highly honoured by his condescension. He taught them to play—to drink—to spend their lives in idleness and riot; and Oliver Perkins became one of his companions.

"Isabella was younger than her brother by a few years. She was such another as Emily there." (Here Emily turned down her eyes, which had been gazing up in her grandfather's face, regardless of his every word.) "A sweet pretty young thing she was—a good creature. And young Welwood, a son of the old Welwood who at that time held the Grange farm, was as fine a youth as she a girl. Robert Welwood had known Isabella from childhood. He had carried her backwards and forwards to school.

"Robert was out late one frosty night in November, looking after his father's carts; the hard-frozen snow lay on the ground, when he sprained his ankle, as he thought, in a rut in the road. Domestic remedies were applied for some days, but his limb became worse. The doctor was sent for, and attended for a length of time, but Robert never walked again as before: he had ever after a lame foot. This did not prevent his feelings towards Isabella, whom he had been fond of from her infancy. He had been her protector; but now that she had altered her character and grown a woman, he aspired to be her lover.

"Isabella *liked* him too—liked him, respected him. She had never thought of him but as a friend. He was older than she, and his head was still older than his shoulders; he was naturally sedate and shy, and his shyness and gravity had been increased by the accident of his lameness. She had never thought of him as an admirer, even while he was doting on her. Who knows, however, how soon her eyes might have been opened, had not her brother, just as Isabella's sense and judgment were *forming* in her, been in the habit of bringing Jack Raffles to the house? Jack was handsome, and had a beguiling tongue.

"Oliver Perkins died. He died of a

disease which doctors call *delirium tremens*. In plain English, he died of intemperance in the use of ardent spirits. Old Perkins and his wife were already heart-broken with Oliver's recent courses, and the death of their only son put, they imagined, the top-stone on their grief. Alas! we know not what we have to bear till it comes, nor how we can bear it till tried. Poor Isabella's affectionate heart was torn with grief. The whole winter passed, and her health was still affected by her sorrow. Robert Welwood had been a frequent guest after Oliver's death. He found there was cause, after all, to suspect the success of his rival. He had hoped—as much for his dear Isabella's sake as his own—that she had not thrown away her heart on one he knew to be worthless. His suspicions were well grounded. Her heart was pre-occupied; and Isabella felt that to love Robert would be to be guilty of inconstancy.

"Spring passed, and summer, and when she was able to re-appear like her old self, John Raffles' visits became again more frequent. These were discountenanced by her father and mother, and I grieve to say that she sometimes saw him privately. I believe she had never disobeyed them in any other matter. 'They love me,' she would say to herself, 'and dearly I love them. Oh! I wish they would but see as I do. They have not young hearts, and know not how I feel!'

"Ah, Isabella! their sense and experience, and their love for you, made them think as they did. The odious fact was, that this Raffles had trifled with Isabella's affections, and had gained them *before* her brother's death, but all to gratify his own heartless vanity. It was not till *after* she had lost her brother, and become the inheritor of all the savings and worldly goods of old Job Perkins, that Raffles had seriously thought of winning her hand.

"You would not have thought it of her, notwithstanding what I have already said, my dears," exclaimed the grandfather, looking round on the young people, "you would not have thought, I say, that her undutifulness would have reached the pitch it did—that she would

have run away with Jack Raffles. But I regret to say she did. Conscience makes us cowards. What people call love, or mistake for proper love, often makes us fools. She ran away—Isabella ran away!

"Well, after a time old Mr. Perkins took Jack and Isabella home. For what was to be done? She was their only child. Hers was a great fault, but her only one. Her parents' grand objection to the match had been, that it was one which would bring misery with it. Now that the marriage had taken place, and could not be revoked, would it be consistent in them to increase her misery by casting her off? No! nature cried out that it was their duty to endeavour to lighten it. Jack's father was a yeoman, but he had other sons. Isabella returned to her father's and her mother's embraces, and they made up their minds to do *their* best to make something of the son-in-law, who had become one against their will.

"Alack, alack! mere wishes and good resolutions of one's own, and the endeavours of others, cannot and will not alter a human nature. I don't know that John's resolutions to do his best were ever very firmly rooted in his mind. Certain it is, if they were rooted at all, that they were never acted on, that they never produced any good fruit. The old people moralized, and Isabella wasted tears; but John was late at fairs and markets, he was often away at races, and cock-fights, and card-parties. He generally returned home in a state of intoxication. Vices he had managed to conceal from the blinded eyes of Isabella before marriage, he now took small pains to conceal. Perkins found his son-in-law, instead of an assistance, a hindrance and encumbrance. John, too, in his character of partner, assistant, and successor of the old man, gained the power of contracting debts, which must either be paid out of the old man's exchequer, or bring them all into disgrace and trouble.

"I need not enlarge on the sorrows and vexations of the Perkinses. Isabella's love was strong and steadfast; but it was sorely, sorely tried. She had a child. She loved it so much—ah! so very, very much—that she could not long bear anger

towards the father whom it so much resembled.

"Old Mrs. Perkins died in the third year after the marriage, her natural span of life I have no doubt being curtailed by her grief and her troubles. Job, left alone without his life's companion, pent up in the same domicile with a son-in-law whom he disliked, who he saw was scattering already what he had stored—Job pined, and, in about a year after his wife's death, was laid by her side.

"The rest is soon told. When John Raffles was left master, a wretched management he made of it. He was more frequently to be found carousing with boon companions than minding his farm. Isabella prayed and did her best. Poor Isabella! One night he was thrown out of his gig on his way home from some card-playing meeting, and while in a state of drunkenness was killed on the spot. He was found to be insolvent at the time of his death. His wife had to turn her back on the farm, and on the dear old house where she had been reared and brought up in simple plenty, with her child in her arms, without goods or furniture, almost without clothes!"

The grandfather paused. Pearly drops were trickling down not a few upturned faces.

"But," cried little Sophy Grindlay, a pretty blue-eyed girl of ten years old, "you were to make it *sad and glad*; now it's all *sad*—isn't it all *very sad*?" said she, looking round appealingly to her cousins, with the mark of a tear's current down each of her cheeks.

"Glad and sad," said the old man, "sad and glad as life is; joys and sorrows; showers and sunshine; smiles and tears. There is a little more of the *sad* yet, Sophy, my dear.

"Poor Isabella," continued he, "then, rented the end of a cottage, and tried to support herself and child by needle-work, or whatever she could find to do. But first, she could not always get work; second, when she got it, she earned but a wretched pittance by it, as she had not been used to it; and third, people who have been used to plenty do not know how to accommodate themselves to pennyry

—do not know how to economize, and where to begin. Her child took measles, and not being so well clothed, or having been so well fed as it used to be, an inflammation sprang up after that complaint, of which it died. Work was thrown aside when her dear child was ill. Her infant was all her work, and all her care from morning till night. 'A little time after its death, in the midst of her grief, the idea occurred to her mind that now she was worse than poor, that she was in debt—debt to every one who had supplied her with necessities for that dear one; in debt even for the coffin which held its remains!

"She felt utterly desolate, forlorn, and miserable. She wept again. She sobbed. She tired of weeping, and sat gazing at the embers of burnt sticks in her miserable fire-place. Her brain reeled. She thought she might go mad. She feared she might—when hark! some one taps at the door.

"Mechanically she cried, 'Come in,' thinking it her neighbour from the other end of the cottage. She heard a man's foot on the floor, and raised her head from between her hands. It was Robert Welwood.

"'I have but this day, Isabella,' said he, 'heard of your distresses, and have come to try and help you a bit, for the sake of old times.' He was now in a farm of his own about fifteen miles off.

"'Ah, Robert!' she exclaimed, grasping his arm in both her hands, 'you have saved me. God has raised me up a friend, when I thought I was without one in the world. Oh, Robert! you have done me good—you have done me good—you have saved me.' She laughed; she cried; she went into fits.

"Welwood and the woman in the other end laid her on the bed, applied warmth to her feet, combed back her hair, bathed her temples with cold water, and she regained her senses. She then appeared more calm. Robert sent for a doctor, and giving the neighbour money, requested her to provide Isabella with whatever might be ordered, or seem necessary for her comfort.

"We have lost sight of young Welwood

a while. It was a sad stroke for him, Isabella's choice of Raffles: his affection received a deep and grievous wound. He lamented, too, for her own dear sake, that she had committed her heart and happiness to such a man as he knew Raffles to be. His natural reserve, first increased by the accident of his lameness, now became greater. But he thought much and wisely, and by-and-by gave all his energies to his business. He became gradually prosperous in a moderate and steady way. He possessed the blessings of honest endeavour and honest success. There was, however, a great gap in his heart.

"He returned daily for a time to Isabella's cottage; and when she became tolerably well again, he often visited her. To make a long story short, as it is wearing late, and Sophy, I see, is very impatient, Isabella was, in a twelvemonth, what she should have been at first, Mrs. Welwood."

Here some of the party drew the breath which had been for a time suspended. Some smiled, some wiped their eyes; the little ones clapped their hands. Others, among whom was Sophy, for want of some other means of expressing their feelings, clustered round the good grandfather, hung on his neck, and kissed his cheek.

"But the *glad*, grandfather," cried Emily. "We were not to have a mere catalogue of miseries."

"*Glad!*" rejoined he; "they were glad afterwards as long as they lived. The Welwoods of Forest-end are their children; you have heard of them.

"Now, children," said the old man, "the moral."

"That Jack Raffles was a bad man!" cried a smart child.

The old people smiled, and said there was no doubt of that.

"That Robert Welwood was a good man!" put in another.

"I am very glad she was made happy at last, though she did not deserve it, and it is not every young man that would have behaved so nobly as Robert," ventured a sedate young lady, who had not spoken before.

"What think you of this moral?" cried Mr. Rysdale, as if he were going to

say something smart for once in his life:—

"Better marry a good man with a lame foot than a bad one with a handsome face."

This burst of genius having excited due commendation, the aged story-teller said the morals given were all very good, and he would only add the moral he had intended, which was—"Children, do not disregard the counsels of your parents, who are likely to be your best friends in this world: they have the advantage of experience. Of course," he added, "parents ought to make allowances too for younger hearts."

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

How many times these friendly words will be spoken on this first of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-two! In numberless instances they will convey the sincere wish of the heart, and strengthen the sentiment of love or friendship. Even those who are widely separated will, at this commencement of another period of time, wish for each other *A Happy New Year*.

There would be great satisfaction in believing that in every case the utterance were sincere, that each tongue spoke the true and honest desire of the heart. But with too many persons the wishing of *A Happy New Year* is a mere matter of form.

Now, will any one who reads this explain to us why a formal compliment should take the place of a heartfelt sentiment? Perhaps we shall be told that every one means well, or fancies he does. The best answer to this would be the inquiry, "Do you mean well? What is your intention in wishing *A Happy New Year* for your friends or neighbours?"

Here an anecdote occurs to us which may serve to explain our meaning:—A traveller was once riding along a road in Canada, when his horse fell suddenly down, and died. While he yet stood bewailing his misfortune, several other travellers came up, who all stopped at sight of the dead animal and dismounted rider. They gathered round the poor man, and having

inquired into the particulars of the accident, said they were very sorry, and hoped he would not lay it too much to heart. The owner of the dead horse proceeded to unstrap the saddle and bridle, and did not appear to be much the better for the sorrow expressed by the bystanders. While he was thus engaged, one of the party, a Frenchman, said to the others, "Dat is very well, you be sorry; I sorry too, but dat no get de poor man anoder horse; so me be sorry five dollars." On saying this, the worthy foreigner drew a five-dollar bank note from his pocket, and gave it to the unfortunate stranger. After such an example the others did not like to refuse, and so among them they raised money enough to buy another horse, which enabled the traveller to continue his journey.

This was practical sorrow. The best sort of sympathy is that which removes, or seeks to remove, the cause of suffering. Kind words are not to be alighted, but we ought not to let them take the place of kind actions.

Now the Frenchman proved that he knew there should be *doing* as well as *saying*; and all persons may act on the same principle if they will. If others wish for you, or you wish for others, a happy new year, do your best to make it so. The wish must come from the heart, not merely from the tongue. What is it you are wishing for?—HAPPINESS. A high aim truly! It is that for which all the world is striving in some shape or other. But why do so many fail of attaining it? Because they do not seek for it in the right way. They are sorry the horse is dead; but they make no attempt towards getting another.

Are you a parent, and do you wish for your children a happy new year? Endeavour to make them happy. Gain their confidence, and you will win their love; and then they will look forward to your smile and approbation as their chief pleasure. If they observe that you desire their welfare as well as your own, they will learn that selfishness is not the chief good. Then indeed will it be a happy new year.

Husbands and Wives? Of course you have wished each other a happy new year. Do you really mean what you say? Do you still remember the day when you took each other by the hand, with a promise of mutual love until death should part you? Have you tried to make life as pleasant as it then appeared in prospect? If not, begin at once. If there is anything in your temper or general conduct which causes pain, reform it forthwith; learn to bear and forbear; then indeed will it be a happy new year.

Sons and Daughters, Brothers and Sisters? A happy new year to you all, and many of them; but you must not expect them to come just for a wish. You must be willing to exercise a little self-denial; to manifest your love for your parents by cheerful obedience, and for one another by avoiding all causes of envy and strife. The sea of life stretches far before you: would you like a pleasant voyage or a stormy one? Of course you will say pleasant. Very well; kindness and good conduct on your part will always bring a fair wind; then indeed will yours be a happy new year.

Friends and Relatives? Are you in earnest in wishing one another a happy new year, or have you only passed the words on from mouth to mouth because it is the custom to do so? A sound heart is better than a hollow custom; and it will be well worth your while to sit down and ask yourselves what you really did mean as you went on wishing from right to left. It gives us pleasure to know that in many cases you will find a true feeling of affection or kindness has been at work; but on the other hand, how many wishes will be as the travellers' sorrow for the dead horse, which at first was only words! There is a spirit of kindness in all of you, we are sure there is; and if you will only cultivate it from good to better, and from better to best, then indeed yours will be a happy new year.

Master and Man, Mistress and Servant? If you have not already wished each other a happy new year, we recommend your doing so without further delay. Who knows what good may come of it?

Perhaps there are misunderstandings between you. Possibly you have not taken pains to become properly acquainted with each other. Oppression begets hatred; severity begets cunning; suspicion begets fraud. If you have not thought of these matters before, it is not too late to begin now. Consideration will teach you that your interests are mutual: if the man is to thrive, the master must prosper; if the mistress is to be well served, the servant must be careful. Let only these points receive due attention, then indeed yours will be a happy new year.

Readers of the *Family Friend*, we should like to offer a proposition. Faults of temper, character, or conduct—vices, large or small—besetting sins, public or private, ought to be at once uprooted and cleared away, never to grow again. If all who read these pages will make the attempt trustfully and hopefully, they will be able to say with every first of January they may be permitted to see—This is indeed A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

#### BLIND THOMAS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"AGATHA! will you give me your hand, and lead me out walking a little?" said old Thomas to his granddaughter. "I cannot trust myself much to Tray; he is too young, and sometimes leaves me to play with other dogs, or drags me into bad roads."

"You must beat him, grandfather, when he is not good. I have not time to lead you out walking. I must go to school directly; and I have promised to fetch Lizzy."

Old Thomas sighed, called Tray to him, tied a string to his collar, and went out. For some months he had been quite blind; and it seemed to him very hard, after working all his life, to be now obliged to stay whole days in the house without being able to do anything. He lived with his son and daughter-in-law, who did not treat him ill, but being completely taken up with their own affairs, they found no time to amuse him. As for his grandchild Agatha, you may see,

by the way in which she answered him, she was not an amiable child. She was a little egoist, who never did anything but what amused herself. I think she had learnt, in her catechism, that Jesus Christ wills that we should love our neighbour as ourselves; but she had certainly not paid attention to this precept, for she never seemed to think it necessary to trouble herself about others.

Old Thomas's only diversion was, in fine weather, to walk on the high road, which was bordered by trees and hedges, under which he would often sit and rest. He could hear the prattle of children passing to school, the waggoners' talk, and the roll of carriages; and he felt less lonely than at the door of the farm-house.

This day, while sitting under the hedge, he heard the voices of several children drawing near. "Stop! there's your grandfather," said one. "Hold your tongue, do!" cried a voice, which he recognized as Agatha's. "If he knows that I am here, he will ask me to take him a walk, and that wearies me. I would rather play."

"You are hardly civil to him," said another; and the little troop passed on.

Tray, awakening with a start, jerked the string out of the old man's hand, and ran after Agatha.

"Stop!" said Lizzy. "There's Father Thomas's dog; we must take it back to him. He will no longer have any one to lead him."

"We shall be late at school," said Agatha, "if we go back there again. It is not worth while. I will drive Tray away, and he will soon return by himself."

"But what will your grandfather do if he does not return? Stop! take his cord. It will be much better to lead him back."

"No, no! You'll see that he will go." And she began to pick up sticks and stones, and fling them at poor Tray, who went off a little way, and then came back. Agatha shouted, got into a passion, picked up a large stone, and threw it at him with such force that he fell and rolled on the ground, howling piteously. Agatha, terrified at what she had done, seized Lizzy

by the arm, and rapidly dragged her off towards the village, saying—

"Let us get off quickly, that it may not be known it is I."

Old Thomas heard his poor dog howling, and called it many times, but all in vain; at length he set off groping his way to find it at the risk of being run over. Suddenly he heard light footsteps, and a gentle little voice, which said—

"What are you looking for, Father Thomas?"

"Oh! is it you, my good little Mary? Just see where Tray is, and why he howls so."

"I will run up to him, Father Thomas, for I can see him on the road; but stay *you* here, and do not get run over."

In a moment she returned, carefully carrying Tray, who now only moaned piteously.

"Poor beast," said she, "his leg is broken; but come, Father Thomas, and lean on my shoulder: we will carry Tray to my father's, and he will bind it up. He was able to cure our cat's leg, which had been caught in a snare."

Mary's house was close by, and her father immediately left his work to attend to the poor animal. He carefully put the broken leg between two splints of wood, so that Tray might not move it; he then bandaged it up with some rag which Mary had fetched from his cupboard, and said to old Thomas—

"For some days it will be better for him not to walk: shall I carry him to your house, or would you rather I kept him here? He shall lie upon the hay in the granary, and Mary will take good care of him."

"If you are kind enough to keep him with you, it will be a good thing for him; for at home he gets more blows than caresses. Ah! I shall have a sad time of it till he is well. If you only knew how long the days seem to me when I cannot get out!"

"Father Thomas," said little Mary, "if you like I will come every day before I go to school, and take you a little walk. When it is fine you can sit under the hedge until I come out of school; or, if it is not warm enough for that, I will

come again to take you another little turn on the road."

"Poor child! It would be a very dull way of passing your play-time. I do not wish you thus to sacrifice yourself for me."

"I do not know what you mean by that. I am never so happy as when it seems to me that I can be of some use."

"That's very true," said Mary's father; "and you cannot think what a good little housewife I have in her. I should have been very badly off, after the death of my poor wife, if I had not had her to keep the house clean and in good order, and to help me as much as is in her power."

fortably settled him in his place, poured him out something to drink, and cut up his small piece of beef.

She observed that Agatha looked confused and ashamed while her grandfather told her what had befallen poor Tray; but she did not guess why.

Early the next morning, our good little girl, who had already cleaned and put everything in order at home, came to fetch old Thomas, to take him his usual walk. While going along, she said to him, "Tray is much better this morning; he has eaten his food with a good appetite, and I am sure it will not be long before he is well. But Father Thomas,



GOOD LITTLE

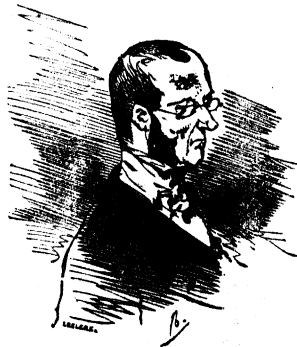
"God bless her!" cried both the old men.

During this colloquy Mary was off running to school, old Thomas having said that he would spend the day with her father, who, being by trade a shoemaker, always worked indoors. She reached school late, and the mistress scolded her; but, as she felt that she had not loitered about playing, but had stopped behind to do something useful, she did not mind.

Scarcely was school over before she got back to take old Thomas home.

When they entered the farm-house kitchen, where all were ready assembled for supper, she was surprised to see no one come forward to take the blind man's cap and stick, and put him in a chair. His plate was laid at the bottom of the table, away from the others; and his broth was served out to him in a pewter porringer, instead of a blue plate, such as the other members of the family had. Although Mary knew that her father was expecting her back to supper, she would not leave old Thomas till she had com-

tell me something which has been in my thoughts ever since yesterday. Why, at meals, do they put you at the bottom of



THE OCULIST.

the table, far from every one, and give you a pewter porringer?"

"Agatha sat near me some time ago; but she said it disgusted her to see me eat badly, so she took her seat at the



other end of the table. As for the pewter porringer, they gave me that because one day I put my plate too near the edge of the table, so that it fell off, and was broken."

Mary did not again allude to this; but every day she managed to remain with the old man to the end of his dinner, rendering him those small services of which he stood in need, and teaching him to eat much more neatly, by dexterously using a piece of bread to push up what he had on his plate.

The farmer's wife could not help admiring the care which the kind child took of her father-in-law. For the first time she felt ashamed of neglecting him as she did, and scolded Agatha for not being kinder to him.

One day, Mary, coming to fetch old Thomas, met Agatha, who said to her—

"Leave grandfather at home to-day, and come and have a long ramble in the woods with us. It is Thursday; we have a holiday, and many of us girls are going flower-picking and bird's-nesting. It is such a fine day, we shall amuse ourselves famously."

"It is just because it is so fine that your grandfather must not stay indoors. I shall, therefore, take a long walk with him."

"How can it amuse you to walk quite slowly and quietly along, giving your hand to an old man, who is always dull and discontented?"

"Keep your eyes shut for five minutes, and you will find it is not surprising people are rather dull when they can no longer see; but Father Thomas is not dull—he tells me what he used to do when he was young, and many other histories."

"And that amuses you better than coming to play with us?"

"I don't know that it amuses me better; I should much like to come and play with you; but I am sure that I should not feel happy if I thought your grandfather was all alone indoors, longing to go out."

"You are not even his relation; nothing obliges you to trouble yourself about him."

"That is the very reason why I like to

do it. One day I saw a pretty little girl, very well dressed, giving a piece of money to a poor woman, who thanked her so gratefully, that I thought to myself, how happy this little girl is, and how I should like to have as much money to give to the poor. The next day Tray broke his leg; and hearing Father Thomas lament that on this account he should be obliged to stay at home, I saw that God wished to show me that I also had something to give. The little rich girl gives her money, and I my time; so that we both can be charitable in our own ways. But here I stand chattering, and keeping him waiting. Good-by! I hope you will be amused."

Off ran Mary on her charitable errand, and Agatha stood still for a moment. Conscience whispered, "What Mary does, you should do. Are you not Father Thomas's grandchild? Is it not your fault that he is deprived of his dog?" "Ah! never mind," replied self-love; "it would weary me to lead him about, whereas Mary says she likes to do it. But here come my playmates; let me join them and think no more about it."

It was easy to say, "Think no more about it;" but not so easy to do so. When you are dissatisfied with yourself you end by being so with all around you; and this was now the case with Agatha, and completely prevented her enjoying her walk.

Meanwhile, kind little Mary gaily walked along, giving her hand to the good old man.

"We might very well have brought Tray with us to-day," said she; "but, as I meant to take you for a long walk, I was rather afraid of tiring him."

"To-morrow, then," replied Father Thomas sadly, "he can begin to lead me again, and my little Mary will be free to amuse herself as she likes."

"Oh! that will not hinder me from often coming to lead you out walking. Don't you like the companionship of your little Mary better than that of Tray?"

"Dear child! to you I owe the sole moments of happiness which I have tasted since I lost my sight; and morning and

evening I pray God to reward you for all the good you do me."

"Do you know, Father Thomas, whither I am leading you?"

"No, my child."

"To the town."

"To the town, Mary! And why there?"

Should we not be better in the fields, listening to the sweet singing of the birds, and feeling God's pleasant sunshine, which warms my old limbs?"

"I will tell you why we are going there. You know Dame Margaret, who was blind like you? Well, yesterday I met her, and was astonished to find that she was quite cured, and saw as well as any one. She told me she had found out a skilful doctor, who has lately come to the town. He removed something from her eyes, and then she saw quite clearly. So I said to myself, Father Thomas must go and see that doctor. I should be so pleased if he could cure him."

"Oh, my child! there is scarcely any hope of that. When I began to lose my sight I consulted several doctors, who told me that perhaps later on they could perform an operation for me; but since then, when I have spoken to my son about returning to one of them, he has answered, 'At your age, my father, there is no chance of curing you; and what good is there in going and spending money, and putting you to useless pain? We have already had to pay enough to these gentry.'"

"You have, then, no money of your own?"

"The farm has been bought with the money I earned by the sweat of my brow; but now all is my son's, and he thinks he does quite enough in lodging and feeding me."

"We can, at least, see the doctor; he will say whether he can cure you or not, and perhaps he will not charge much."

The old man shook his head incredulously; but out of complaisance to his little guide, followed her without making any further objection.

Mary had ascertained where the doctor lived, and at what hour he could be seen. She rang at the door of a handsome

house; they were admitted, and had to wait a little in the hall. At the end of a quarter of an hour a servant ushered them into a study, where an elderly gentleman, of very benevolent aspect, received them. He made the old man sit down by the window, and examined his eyes.

"With God's help, I am almost sure of being able to restore your sight, and that in a very short time."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old man joyfully, "can it be possible that I shall again see the blue sky, the trees, the flowers, dear Mary's sweet face? I dare not believe this; it is too much happiness for me. But, Sir," added he, hesitatingly; then stopped, his face wearing an expression of sorrow and embarrassment.

Mary, who watched him attentively, immediately said:—

"Sir, my friend wishes to know if it will cost much to cure him, because, since he has been blind, he has not had anything; and his son, perhaps, would not like to pay much."

"Your friend! Then he is not your grandfather?"

"No, Sir," said old Thomas; "Mary is the daughter of one of my neighbours. She is no relation of mine; but every bit as good, or better than me, to me. From pure goodness of heart she has looked after me, and led me about for the last three weeks, giving up all the pleasures of her age to be useful to me."

"Well, my little Mary, since you set me so good an example, I will not be less generous than you. You lead this worthy old man about for nothing, and I will cure him for nothing; I shall be sufficiently recompensed by the pleasure of having done a good action. Bring him again to me to-morrow morning; and I promise you that soon he will be able to do without your services."

I do not think that there existed upon earth two hearts more joyful than those of Father Thomas and his little guide, when they again took the way to the village. Mary had much ado to refrain from jumping for joy. On coming to a turning in the road, they perceived a little girl, with eyes cast down, walking very fast.



BLIND THOMAS.

Mary recognized Agatha, and called out to her—

"Well, have you enjoyed yourself? Have you had a pleasant ramble?"

But Agatha made as if she neither saw nor heard them, and went on without vouchsafing any answer.

A few moments after they were joined by Lizzy and the other children, who had been out with Agatha.

Upon Mary's putting the same question to Lizzy, she answered—

"We should have enjoyed ourselves very much, if Agatha had not been there; but she was in such a bad humour, that she spoiled all our pleasure, and we could not play any nice games. She always wants you to do what she takes into her head, and will never give way to others."

"Oh, that is very true," said another

little girl. "We played at hide and seek in the wood; and, because she had it is all through her that my frock is so set her mind upon another game, she badly torn by the brambles, and that



THE DOCTOR.

would not join us, but remained sulking while we were amusing ourselves. In running past her, I got caught by some I shall be scolded when I get home. You would not have done as she did; you are always so obliging."



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

thorns, and begged her to help me to get my frock free; but she said that as I had been willing to play a game which she did not like, I was rightly served, and "You have not told," said Lizzy, "what Agatha did besides, even more naughty. Little Sophy had found a bird's nest with eggs in it; and as Sophy did not wish to

give it up, she pushed her so rudely that the nest was shaken out of her hands, and the eggs broken. The poor child cried for a quarter of an hour. Oh! Agatha is a bad girl; we will not play with her any more."

"No, certainly not!" cried all the other children; "she is not obliging enough."

The doctor, as he had promised, in a few days restored Father Thomas his eyesight, much to the old man's happiness, you may suppose. He immediately set to work again like a young man. His neighbours would ask him, "Why do you give yourself so much trouble? Your son is rich enough to maintain you; and, at your age, it is only fair you should rest."

Whereupon he would reply, "This is my secret."

At the end of a year, when the good doctor returned to the town, where he did not always live, Thomas carried him a handsome present; and, when the latter was unwilling to receive it, said to him, "I do not want money; this is the first which I have earned with the eyes you restored me, and it would pain me greatly if you did not accept my offer."

"I will not absolutely refuse," replied the doctor; "but the first poor blind person I meet I will cure gratis for your sake, and it will be as if you had paid for him."

After this old Thomas again set to work. "Is it for your grandchild Agatha's dowry that you are collecting money?" was the question next asked. "She has a large enough one already, without your toiling to increase it."

"No; it is not for Agatha's marriage portion, but for that of my other child, my dear Mary, with whom her father cannot give much."

And the good old man really had the happiness, before his death, of being able to raise a pretty sum for his beloved Mary, and to see her happily married.

A young man, a stranger, having taken one of the best farms in the neighbourhood, was desirous of choosing a wife among the girls of the village. He was rich, good-looking, and, what was still better, religious; and so it was that many

young girls would have been glad to have been chosen by him. He frequently met Agatha at the village gatherings; and she pleased him, for she had a pretty face, and played the amiable to him; but as our young farmer did not only look to personal appearance, he asked several persons what they thought of her, and got for answer—

"It's a good match; she is rich, and a pretty girl."

"Yes, but is she good?"

"One can't exactly say she is bad, but she only likes to amuse herself and do what pleases her. While she is junketing at the neighbours', it is Mary who looks after her grandfather and sick mother."

Eventually, the farmer asked one of the young men of the village to introduce him to Mary, of whom he heard so much good spoken.

"Willingly," said the young man. "Come along; we shall probably find her at old Thomas's."

And, on approaching the farm, they saw the young girl, who was very neatly but plainly dressed, gently pushing along an arm-chair on casters, in which sat a sick woman. After carefully arranging the two pillows which supported the invalid, she re-entered the farm-house, and presently appeared giving her arm to an old man, whom she led to a bench by the sick woman; then taking from her pocket a religious book, she began to read aloud.

"Now," said the villager to the young farmer, "would one not say that she had enough to do to see after these good people? And yet it is she who looks after her father's house, cooks for him, and mends his clothes; but she always finds time to give help to those who need it, and so she is adored in the village."

"That is the wife I want," thought the farmer to himself. "What should I do with Agatha, who would neglect her husband and children to go to merry-makings, as she already neglects her relations? No; Mary is neither so rich nor so pretty, but she is worth a thousand of the other."

And he ended by marrying Mary, to the great mortification of Agatha, who fell ill from vexation.

## SOMETHING ABOUT SINGING.

MUCH has been written in praise of music, and deservedly so; for the science of sweet sounds is one of our most delightful recreations. It is a universal harmonious language, which all who will may learn, and when learnt, it not only gives the purest of pleasure to the possessor, but is the cause of pleasure in others. Harmony is contagious. Who is there that has not felt at times how the social circle seems to be drawn closer together by the power of music? It soothes, cheers, and elevates, or saddens and solemnizes, according as its tones are plaintive, animated, or grave; and many instances may be quoted in proof of the influence exerted by music on men and animals. We read in Scripture how David, by playing on his harp, drove the evil spirit out of Saul; and throughout the Psalms we see again and again how deep and heartfelt was the Hebrew monarch's love of the art. The ancient Greeks believed that the trees danced when Orpheus struck the lyre, and though a wondrous fable, it shows how much they thought of the power of music. The cruel conqueror, Amurath IV., when about to witness the massacre of 30,000 of the inhabitants of Bagdad, was turned from his ferocious purpose by a Persian harper, who sang and played before him. On the other hand, music will rouse enthusiasm and kindle valour. The stern and stout Covenanters went to battle at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig to the sound of an old Scottish tune, *Jock, come kiss me now*; and Cromwell's regiment of Ironsides marched to victory singing spirit-stirring psalms. Martyrs have gone to the stake with a hymn of praise on their lips; and the tender infant is lulled to sleep by the gentle song of its nurse. Sometimes an air wakens lively or painful recollections, for

"Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory."

The Swiss soldiers, when on service in a foreign land, would often fall ill, and pine to return to their homes, if by chance they heard a simple melody, which the cow-herds of the Alps are in the habit of playing on their horns. It has been said that half the victories and half the crimes of the great revolution in France were inspired by the *Marseillaise*, and our own *Rule Britannia* has inspired many a deed of bravery; and where is the American who does not feel a glow when he hears *Yankee Doodle*?

Mozart, the great musician, when a boy, fainted at the blast of a trumpet; so powerful was the effect on his nerves; and it is

related of a woman, who heard the organ played for the first time, that she died from the state of rapture into which it threw her. Illness has sometimes been cured by music. Not many years ago, a most remarkable instance occurred in the lunatic asylum at Glasgow. Some of the female patients took tea together one evening in the matron's room, and passed the evening with cheerful conversation and singing; one of the party, however, exhibited such strong emotions, that she had to be removed. The next day she said to the matron: "Do you know why I wept so much yesterday, on hearing that song? It reminded me of some circumstances of which I had long since lost all recollection." A favourable impression had been made; gradually the mind awakened, and memory of the past returned, and in a few weeks the patient was restored to health and to her family.

Not less remarkable is the effect of music on other creatures. It is well known that spiders and lizards are attracted by sweet sounds, and seem to take pleasure in them. Crabs even have left their hiding-places on hearing the whistling of a German peasant, who made use of his power to capture them. Birds, too, and dogs, horses and elephants, have shown extraordinary proofs of the influence of music upon them.

But of all music singing appears to be the most powerful: no instrument has ever yet been invented to equal the human voice, probably because it sends forth living notes—sounds and words that have wings, and fly direct to the heart. Every one, too, has a voice, and it is certain that every voice may be cultivated and improved, and with less difficulty than is commonly believed. Singing is as natural to man as to birds; we hear it from little children before they can speak plainly; we hear it in the street cries—in the hearty chorus of sailors at their work; and the canoe men on the Canadian rivers will sing for hours to time their paddles. Who ever forgets the impression made on hearing a number of well-tuned voices for the first time? Those who listen to Handel's oratorios feel how poor the instruments sound in comparison with the voices; and to hear the *Old Hundredth* sung by the ten thousand charity children at their annual gathering in St. Paul's is a glorious feast of sound. How many great and good men have loved music! To Milton music was an exquisite enjoyment, as appears in many parts of his poems; and in his letter on Education he recommends that it should be taught, for songs, as he says, "if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a

great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions." But singing, as a part of education, has been sadly neglected in England, and it is only of late that attempts have been made to revive it. The author of the "Claims of Labour" observes: "Singing lessons should be greatly encouraged in schools. There are several merits connected with this mode of instruction. It employs many together, and gives a feeling of communion; it is not much mixed up with exultation; the tenderest and highest sentiments may be unostentatiously impressed by its means, for you can introduce in songs such things as you could not lecture upon; then it gives somewhat of a cultivated taste, and an additional topic of social interest, even to those who do not make much proficiency; while to others who have a natural ability for it, it may form an innocent and engaging pursuit throughout their lives."

Mr. Wyse, an active promoter of popular education, says that those who contend that the English are anti-musical, because they can only roar and scream, should remember that the people have never heard anything else but roaring and screaming, but that they may learn harmony as well as other lessons. "A better preservative of pure morals," he adds, "a more delightful addition to innocent amusements, a more cheerful stimulant to all exercises, whether of labour, study, or religion, can scarcely be devised. Nor would its effects be confined to the school-room, or to childhood; it would soon penetrate the paternal dwelling; in another generation it would be natural to the land."

Dr. Channing, too, says eloquently, "A people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. By innocent pleasures I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting the system; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with, and are favourable to, a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal.

Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. A man who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man to take up with those of a brute." Then follow some remarks on the efforts being made to spread a knowledge of music in the United States, and the doctor pursues, "Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favourable bearing on public morals. Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful; and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which the provision is to be enjoyed." How true is all this! and how forcibly it shows our deficiencies!

We come now to a few practical remarks; and the first is, that the cultivation of the voice is by no means so impossible as many persons imagine. Every one who reads does not wish to be a profound grammatical critic; so every one may get some knowledge of singing, without being an accomplished vocalist. A little acquaintance with the simplest rules of music will, in most cases, suffice for family training; and how can a father or mother, a brother or sister, be better employed than in promoting the work of harmony? There are many books of instruction for this purpose, but the best we know of is that published by the late Joseph Mainzer, under the title of "Singing for the Million." There are thousands of persons in England and Scotland who were taught by Mr. Mainzer with remarkable success; and though he was a teacher such as the world seldom sees, it is yet possible for individuals less gifted to make use of his method, and strive for the same results, as we hope to show.

One great advantage in the Mainzerian system is that it may be taught to hundreds of persons at once; for the present, however, our remarks are more particularly addressed to members of a household. Suppose, for example, the father of a family wished to cultivate the practice of singing round his own fireside, he should begin by reading the first two or three chapters of "Singing for the Million." Then, if he knows nothing

whatever of music, it will be necessary that he should get some one to teach him the true sound of *sol*. Or he may buy a tuning-fork or small pitch-pipe, which will always give him the correct tone, and while either of these is sounded he must accustom himself to bring a strong, full *so-o-o-l* from his own throat. After a little practice his voice and ear will be so exercised that he will be able to sing *sol* without difficulty; and once having acquired this, the other notes, above and below, come almost of themselves.

He may now enter on his duties as teacher. The family is to be assembled and seated in one or two rows, according to their number, and those that have the same quality of voice being made to sit together. The first chapter should then be read, and it will be the more interesting if the signs and explanations are drawn on a large sheet of paper, so that all may see them at once.

When these are understood let the teacher turn to the exercises on page 20, where he will find ten exercises on the note *sol*. The first is composed of quarter-notes, eighths, and a half-note; and these are to be sounded in a given time, according to the instructions given from pages 15 to 19 of the book. Thus prepared, let him and all his pupils sing *sol*, taking care to sit upright, to keep the head up, to open the mouth well, and to bring out a bold, clear sound. Those who are afraid to open their mouths well can never become good singers.

Of course there will be difficulties at first; the voices will not keep well together, some will linger a little too long on the notes, others will not catch the exact tone, but a little perseverance will smooth the way and lighten the labour. Constant reference to the chapters of instructions will help to impress their contents on the memory, and then the subsequent exercises may be entered on from *sol la* up to the whole scale of notes. When the learners can bring these out with confidence, one half of them may sing *la* while the other half sing *sol*, so that they may get accustomed to sound one note without mistake while hearing another. It is on the power to do this that part-singing depends. It is good exercise also for the high voices to sing *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*, and for the low voices to follow at an interval of two notes: for instance, the low voices are not to begin until the high voices are at *mi*; in this way a perfect chord is struck, and the result is a lesson in harmony. If this practice be persevered in evening after evening, and if all the exercises be diligently sung over and over again, until

they are familiar to the eye, the ear, and the memory, all engaged will find that before a winter is over they will have made such progress as will encourage them to proceed and multiply their sources of pleasure. For children especially there is no employment so delightful as singing, and they will often follow it up with a constancy which they never display in other pursuits.

We know that there are many families who devote themselves to this cheerful recreation; but they are very few when compared with those who never make the attempt, or make it badly. If all the families in the kingdom would take up singing as one of their fireside enjoyments, the reproach could not long be urged against us that we have no national music. We are not less fond of music than other people, and two or three hundred years ago it was more cultivated and better understood among us than it is now. In Germany every schoolmaster must know how to teach singing, and it is the same in nearly all the poor schools of Holland; and the consequence is, that the people of those countries sing according to rule, and produce effects of harmony which can be heard nowhere else. There are a few churches and chapels in England where the congregations sing in parts, and fill the building with a volume of sound that charms the ear and impresses the heart. It is to be wished there were more such.

We may add, in conclusion, that the practice of singing is highly beneficial to health; it strengthens and invigorates those of weak lungs and delicate constitutions; but it is not to be carried to excess, any more than other pursuits. It cannot be begun too early, for, in the words of Mr. Mainzer, "Childhood is the fittest period for instruction in general, and for singing in particular. All the organs of voice are then soft and flexible, and receive the minutest impressions; the chest expands with unobstructed ease; the muscles and nerves connected with the chest and with the organs of voice yield with greater obedience to the command of respiration; the ear receives and conveys the impression of sound with more readiness, and impressions produced under the guidance of art leave indelible traces behind."

"Of all music," says Feltham, "that is best which comes from an articulate voice, whether it be that man cannot make an instrument so melodious as that which God made living man, or because there is something in this for the rational part, as well as for the ear alone."



## PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP is a choice thing—some famous writer calls it the medicine of life—and a little good medicine is often needed in this rough world, where we meet with many a rub and blow from others, and often smart with pain, or languish in disease, brought on by our own follies and faults. But it would be a sad, and might be a fatal mistake if, instead of medicine, we should take poison, or even rely on that as medicine which possesses no efficacy at all. Such mistakes are not uncommon in the matter of friendship: we take medicine to do us good, and when we speak of having a friend—a particular friend—it is worth while to inquire what good thing this friendship has done us.

THE OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.—Mrs. Green, the weaver's wife, and Mrs. Hall at the bakehouse over the way, were particular friends: almost every day one or the other might be seen running across the road for a little friendly chat, generally intending not to stop many minutes, but seldom returning within the intended time. This friendship was very expensive in point of time and neglect of duties, and yielded very little profit in return. Mrs. Green once ran over with a meat pie to be baked. Seeing her friend in the back room, she could not help going in for a minute's chat. But chat is a boundless sort of thing: whilst the friends went on from one subject to another, time imperceptibly slipped away. At length Mrs. Green bethought herself of home, and abruptly broke off the conversation, saying—"But I must make haste home, or the potatoes will not be ready when my husband comes to his dinner."—"Stay a minute, Mrs. Green," interposed the baker; "you may as well take your pie with you; my oven works as fast as your mill-clack." Away she bustled as fast as she could run; but bustling cannot fetch back lost time—the fire was out—the potatoes raw—the cloth not laid—the breakfast things not cleared away—her husband came home, and sadly put out, as any man would be, to have his dinner in such discomfort. He called the baker's wife an idle gossip, and wished her at New York, or anywhere else, rather than living so near his dwelling as to reap up the peace and comfort of his family by her particular friendship for his wife.

Not very long after this, the baker's wife paid her neighbour a friendly visit: her elder children were at school—the little one, who could just run alone, she had put to

sleep in its cradle in the nursery. As she shut the nursery door she said to herself, "I need not hinder to tell Sally that I am going out; I shall be back long before the child wakes—she is sure to sleep an hour." In about an hour and a half Sally ran over to Mrs. Green's to inquire if her mistresses were there, for master had come home and wanted his tea in a hurry. Mrs. Hall hastened home, wondering why her husband wanted tea so early; but before she could put her wonder into words, or be informed that it was considerably past the regular tea-time, she was alarmed by screams from the nursery. She rushed up stairs, and found her child in flames. On awaking and finding itself alone, it had somehow got out of its cradle and made its way to the fireplace, where the flames caught its clothes. The poor child's life was spared, but its sufferings were severe, and its face and neck much disfigured—and these are but specimens of the results of particular friendship, which, in other words, means nothing more than a habit of spending time together in idle chat.

THE FELLOW-WORKMEN.—James Moss and Edward Slade are "particular friends." They were thrown together by working for the same employer, and, as their dwellings lay in the same direction, they often joined each other on the way to and from work. By degrees they got to take a pipe together, sometimes at one or other of their houses, sometimes at the public-house. At first this was only occasional, but in time it became a regular habit. Perhaps for the last two or three years scarcely a day has passed without this sort of friendly intercourse. But what is either party the better for it? Are the characters of the friends improved, or their interests promoted by it? Perhaps this matter may not have engaged their own attention, but it is not overlooked in their families, nor indeed can it be. Moss's wife is a sharp-tempered woman, and many an angry squabble has she raised with her husband about his staying late at the public-house, and spending the money away from her and the children. Mrs. Slade is a quiet woman, not disposed unkindly to upbraid her husband for conduct which she cannot approve, still less to talk to other people of his faults; but she has misgivings that her husband's sallow looks and frequent bilious headaches are connected with his changed habits. For herself, she certainly does not look so rosy and cheerful as she used to do, when she was often getting a pleasant country walk with Edward and the children on a fine summer evening. Her children

are always neat and clean, but they are not so well shod as they used to be, nor do they so often appear at school with a new hat or frock. As to a new gown or bonnet for herself, it is very long indeed since Mrs. Slade has been able to buy one, or has had one kindly brought in for a present, though such things have happened formerly. She can scarcely help thinking that the money spent in company with James Moss, on tobacco and strong beer, has something to do with lessening the comforts of the family. But there is something that grieves her much more than the scantiness of clothing; it is that her husband seems less fond of home than he used to be before James Moss and he were such particular friends. She sighs when she thinks what pleasant winter evenings they used to have when they gathered round the fire, and Edward read to them some entertaining book from the vestry library, or heard the children repeat what they had learned at school. The elder children remember these things too. They sometimes remark that father never has time to hear them now, and feel a confused consciousness that many things are altered, not for the better. Such remarks cannot always be turned aside from the father's ear, though the mother always tries to do so. The gentle address which she discovers on these occasions, together with her generally meek and quiet spirit, and readiness to suffer long rather than complain, may, it is hoped, make a good impression on her husband, and lead him to reflect whether the friendship of Moss is worth what he sacrifices for it—for Edward Slade is not wanting either in good sense or good feeling, and much more likely to be wrought upon by the good temper of his wife than by angry contentions and bitter reproaches such as Mrs. Moss heaps upon her husband.

**THE BREWER'S CLERK.**—Robert Ryman and his wife—as worthy a young couple as need be—were well-nigh brought to ruin by “particular friends.” Ryman's clerkship at the brewery, and his wife's little property together, brought them in about £150 per annum—a snug little income, sufficient, as they calculated, to support them in comfort and respectability, even allowing for probable contingencies. They did not intend or wish to keep much company, yet they were, as they thought, unavoidably drawn in to see people. To say nothing of a few dinner-parties on special days, just for relatives and a few particular friends—their home being situated rather more than a mile from the entrance of the city, just a convenient distance for a walk, became a

common resort of friends and acquaintance “looking in in a friendly way.” Scarcely a fine afternoon and evening passed without some chance-comer of this kind, the original acquaintance often introducing one or two companions. Both the young people were of a friendly, hospitable disposition: it was natural to invite the callers to stay to tea or to supper. The best that the house afforded was set on the table—perhaps that which was intended for the next day's meal—or a glass of wine, or ale, or porter, was brought out, which would not otherwise have been thought of. The expense was but trifling in itself, and they would have thought it mean to withhold it. But “many a little makes a mickle,” and though the daily cost was scarcely noticed, it was plain at the end of the year that the calculated expenses of housekeeping had been exceeded by at least a guinea aweek. This was accounted for by the very high price of provisions; the family manager, too, confessed herself inexperienced, and hoped to do better another year; and several little self-denying retrenchments were resolved on, and put in practice. But this was only like “stopping one hole of the sieve:” the main cause of the mischief remained untouched and unobserved. In the second and third years matters became worse, and disgrace and ruin threatened. Poor Ryman's depression of spirits was noticed by his employer, a shrewd, yet kind-hearted and considerate man. He encouraged the confidence of his faithful servant—for happily the principles of the young manstoo firm. He had not, as too many in like circumstances have done, resorted to any crooked means to relieve himself of his embarrassments. There was no difficulty in the way of disclosing everything to a real friend, and such his master proved himself to be. “Ryman,” said he, “I must get you to move. I want a confidential person to reside on the premises. The rooms adjoining and over the counting-house are airy and convenient, and sufficiently spacious for your family. It will be more for your interest, and quite as well for your health, to walk out a mile or two for country air, as to keep a sort of public-house a mile or two off for the accommodation of town loungers. Come, cheer up, man: we shall get matters straight now.” The kind suggestion was carried out. The young couple, as it were began life again, somewhat wiser for their three years' experience. Their eyes were opened to the errors of their previous course, and they stood firm to their resolution

neither to visit nor receive visitors until they had completely retrieved their affairs, which they happily succeeded in doing. By the end of the second three years the burdens that had accumulated during the first were more than cleared away: the income was found sufficient to meet the wants even of an increasing family, the parents of which, though they had shaken off a host of unprofitable acquaintances, found themselves not left destitute of real friends.

**THE SQUIRE'S FRIENDS.**—Time was when the particular friends of Squire Hill were almost as plenty as blackberries in the hedge. But that was when he had money, and lands, and houses, and wine-cellars, and horses, and dogs, and many other things to entertain them in their own way. When all these fine stores, by their assistance, were squandered and gambled away, what became of their friendship? Which of them sought his company in a mean lodging, as they used to do in a stately mansion? Which of them, when his coat was shabby, did not pass by him in the street, and affect not to remember him? Which was there to speak a word of comfort to him in his sorrow, or to minister to him in his sickness, or to follow him to the grave? Not one. All the succour he received in adversity was from those who never professed friendship for him in prosperity. True, indeed, is the saying, "Prosperity gains friends, but adversity proves them."

**EMULATION.**—Mrs. Watson has a large circle of "particular friends," every one of whom, as well as herself, may be reckoned worthy, respectable, well-meaning people; and yet the probability is that her friendships do her more harm than good, because she indulges in a spirit of vain emulation to have and to do the same as her friends, whether or not it may be suitable to her circumstances, or good for her family. If Mrs. Fox has a new dress or bonnet for herself or her children, Mrs. Watson cannot any longer endure hers of last year, though but little the worse for wear. Mrs. Serle has a one-pair-of-stairs drawing-room. This set Mrs. Watson upon contriving to have one too. It could only be managed by giving up her own front bed-room, and taking to that of the children, who were transferred to the attic, with the servant. There is no doubt whatever that the sacrifice has been injurious to the health of the family, and not favourable to the young people in other respects. But it was necessary, in order to carrying a point—viz., that Mrs. Watson should not be less genteel than her "particular friend" Mrs. Serle. Mrs. Bland took

her children to the sea-side; then of course Mrs. Watson must do the same. Her husband protested against the scheme, on the ground of its inconvenience in leaving the home and servants without a mistress; of its expensiveness, which he really could ill afford to meet; and of its needlessness, since if Mrs. Bland's reason for going was her children having had the whooping cough, their children had not had it. But whatever reasons might be alleged, poor Watson found it policy to yield for the sake of peace. It is to be hoped that an industrious, careful, peaceable man will not be drawn to ruin by his wife's mistaken notion that she cannot be well off without possessing and peacirising the same as all her "particular friends."

**THE GOOD NEIGHBOURS.**—For many years the two families of Firth and Carr lived opposite each other. If a stranger had inquired whether they were friendly, any of the neighbours would have answered, "Oh yes; they are very particular friends." The parties themselves made no special professions of friendship, but were always ready to reciprocate sympathy, succour, and neighbourly assistance, when really needed and truly valuable. They rarely, if ever, met by appointment as visiting acquaintance, and habitually knew no more of what passed in each other's houses than if they had lived twenty miles apart. Yet the moment sickness or trouble entered either abode, it seemed by common consent to be understood that the opposite neighbours were the persons on whom to call for sympathy and assistance, without fear of disappointment. In fact, though both parties were so fully employed at home as to leave little time for visiting, and less for prying, by that habitual close attention to the duties of home, each had their affairs so completely under control as to render it easy, when circumstances really called for it, to make the requisite sacrifice of time for showing efficient kindness to a neighbour. A tacit compact seemed to subsist between them: "If all goes on well, we do not expect often to meet, but if sickness or trouble arise, or circumstances in any way put it in our power to serve each other, we shall not be neglectful." After more than twenty years' continuance of this neighbourly friendship, the Firths removed to a distance, a circumstance by which the Carrs considered themselves to have sustained an irreparable loss. The regret, indeed, was mutual, and those who, while living close together, had scarcely taken tea in each other's houses, made a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, for the sake of once more meeting their old neighbours.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

AN Irishman comes home to breakfast from hoeing potatoes, and as his wife has a little boy to look after, and also a shop to mind, she is not quite so forward in her preparations for his meal as he thinks his due. The tea is not made; and when she finds a spare moment to brew it, Paddy indignantly remarks that he supposes she thinks he is going to wait till "that thing is drawn." His bacon is burnt to a cinder, and he tells her that if this is the sort of repast he is to have at home, he shall go off to the public-house, where there is plenty of beer, which keeps no one long waiting while it is "drawed." She implores him to stay at home, on which he ironically asks her what's the inducement? Too wise to argue the point, she remarks that she does her best, and is washing all day long for him. This rouses all his wrath. What is her work to make it worth calling work?—A little washing and cooking comfortably at home. She would think rather differently of work if she had to hoe potatoes. She takes him at his word. She will go into the potato-field, and he shall stay at home, keep house, and get dinner ready for her. The bargain is struck, and the husband scornfully sets himself to do the easy trifles his wife calls work. As may be expected, everything goes wrong. He breaks the crockery, cuts the tablecloth, fills up a steak-pudding with a red herring, and insults every customer who comes into the shop. By the time his wife comes home he is wretchedness itself. He would rather work like a galley-slave, for the future, in the fields, than have any more of household work to go through. The happy couple kiss and make friends, and the enlightened husband is prepared for the future to be very thankful if he gets his breakfast at anything like the hour he was accustomed. Such is the plot of a little drama that is still very popular with playgoers.

Gratitude is even cheaper than politeness, and there is not, therefore, very much in saying that men are sure to be grateful who will take the trouble to calculate how very great a gain it is to live through life and have none of the bores of housekeeping. Even the most active and industrious women find housekeeping very hard work. Somehow, people want to dine every day, and to order dinner day after day is no joke. At an hotel, even a lazy man can do the thing without much fatigue; but then home is not at all like an hotel. There is not the possibility of constant change, and there is the necessity of making some use of what is

left. Now, let a man take his favourite nuisance, his great pet grievance in the world, his most disagreeable occupation, and then compare it with the daily bores of women. Perhaps as great a nuisance as men have to go through is that of listening to prosy speeches. It is certainly a horrible bore; but what is it to having a hundred times a year to pronounce what is to be done with the cold mutton? Then all the troubles of servants fall upon the mistress. Most masters have a very simple plan of dealing with their domestics. They acquiesce cheerfully in the exactions and artifices of the kitchen, until some day they suddenly turn round and cut short the servant's career by instant dismissal. Women cannot do this. They have to watch the humours and fancies of their servants. They are thrown into a nervous despondency if the nurse looks glum, and are seriously anxious and restless if she declines veal or pork. They are more intimately connected with their domestics than men are, and are therefore much more afraid of what servants will think and say, and more anxious to prove to servants that they are wrong, and that they ought to behave very much better. Then, again, woman's work is always going on. There is no cessation in household calls. The consumption of everything, the chance of waste, the probability of deception, is unceasing. There are no rests and happy blanks in this routine of petty exertion. Day follows day, and week follows week, and the same wants have to be met in the same way. Rooms are always getting dirty; clothes must go to the laundry every week; there is no period when tradesmen have not to be encountered, and bills to be paid. And in all this trouble and anxiety, so much worse than any that falls to the lot of men, they have only one help and consolation denied to men—there is only one extra support which they have to hold them up. They have the power of taking pleasure in talking about domestic economy. Terrible as it is to go through, it is charming to talk about. It would be most unfair to say that the pleasure of talking about housekeeping counterbalances all its evils; but still it is a great pleasure to housekeepers to talk over their troubles with each other, and we, who owe so much to them, may be very well satisfied that they have any mitigation of their lot.

The Irishman's wife in the play is also quite right in saying that domestic economy is not only a heavy burden, but that it demands very considerable powers. It is not only that the impatient husband won't keep

house, but he can't. Of course there is not much demand on the intellect. A knowledge of arithmetic is the very highest learning required, and even a very considerable haziness in arithmetic may be practically harmless. But to keep house well requires method, tact, and, above all, courage. This last noble quality is so seldom shown by men in little things, that the absence of it would alone be enough to prevent their doing much good at home. It is a very trying thing to have to look a tradesman in the face and fight him for a shilling. It is more than many a bearded husband would dare to do, and yet a timid, modest woman will do it at a moment's notice. Although most women in the great affairs of life have scarcely any sense of justice at all, yet in little things they are exceedingly sensitive as regards all imposition. They cannot bear to be cheated, not on account of the money they lose, but because they lose a battle which is planned on their scale of combat. Then, again, they have to show, and do show, that sort of tact which consists in getting their own way, as against people who threaten to put the domestic economy out. They must manage to have things sent home in time, to repair breakages, to have a supply large enough without waste. They must half quarrel with a great many people of all ranks, and yet avoid quarrelling with them irreparably. They must smooth down the jealousies of servant against servant. They must determine the very difficult relations of governesses with those above and below them. All this is by no means easy, and requires long practice before it comes to perfection. Lastly, they must have unbounded patience. Men have a theory that women are born patient. They are supposed to have a sort of Job's blessing upon them, just as the Southern philosopher supposes the negro has a Ham's curse of predestined slavery. We hope that this theory is true about women. Of course, if it costs them no more to be patient than it costs the nigger to have a hard skull, and to be able to stand a tropical sun, we need not much admire housekeepers for what they go through without murmuring. But we know what a fearful infliction it would be to have to acquire a first-rate feminine patience without the aid of natural instincts; and if women only suffered one-tenth as much under the circumstances as men would do, they deserve to have the handsomest things said in their honour that the art of praise can manufacture.

Paddy, when he comes in for his breakfast, is full of the meritorious industry he has shown in the potato-field, and he thinks it is

comparatively a very small thing to stay comfortably at home and mind the house. Many men quite agree with him. It is they who, as they put it, fight the battle of life. It is they who go through the wear and tear of bustle of care, and endure the strain of body and mind, in order that the wife may have her nice drawing-room, and her happy home, and her liberal housekeeping. They do the rough work, and lay their spoils in the lap of their cozy, comfortable beloved. We wonder whether women are deluded by talk like this, and fail to perceive that here too the men have very much the best of it. Man's work is often a positive pleasure, and if it is a tax on his strength and health, is at least much more agreeable than woman's work. The labourer in the potato-field has to bear the exposure to wind and weather, and on a cold misty morning this is enough to make any one long for his breakfast. But on fine mornings he has all the pleasures of exercise in fresh air. He has all the amusements of his occupation—and even in the humblest occupations there are some. Even a crossing-sweeper has the pleasure of thinking that he keeps his crossing better than other sweepers, and of speculating on the faces of passers-by, and of calculating which of them belong to people who will be foolish enough to pay him extravagantly. A crossing-sweeper is much better off than his wife, who is probably contending against the burden of a large, unwashed, ravenous family, all in one room of an Irish lodging-house. The husband has the open air, and an absence of smells, and the society of the public, and the excitement of possible luck, to console and sustain him. In higher ranks of society most men find their work pleasant. The harder they work the more money they make, and making money by hard work is one of the greatest pleasures on earth. This pleasure is a clear addition on the husband's side. There is nothing like it for women. When their work is over for the day, they are no forwarder; but a prosperous man not only has done his work, but feels the glow of conscious wealth. It is true that he has the care of seeing how his family are to be provided for, and that this is an anxiety from which women are comparatively free. Few women attempt to understand the nature or extent of their husband's income. Some clever women do, of course; but then there are clever women who do everything, and when we make general remarks, we must only think of ordinary people. The husband has this burden on his mind, and, so far, he does bear more than his wife does.

## MEMOIR OF H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

LITTLE did we think that our New Year's number would be solemnized by the record of the death of the good Prince Albert. Alas! that it should be so. With the deepest sorrow we share in the common grief, and sincerely sympathize with our beloved and widowed Queen. Our Royal Family have, by their truly English domestic qualities, come to be regarded as a near and dear portion of the home-circle that includes all which is most honoured by English affections; and our Queen's husband has especially endeared himself to us by the admirable manner in which he has displayed such domestic virtues as constitute the happiness, the honour, and the true enjoyment of human life. To him we are indebted for an example which is not often set by persons holding a similar position. Even in the case of George the Third, exemplary as his private life unquestionably was, he did not possess that intellectual elevation of character that gave so great an influence to the moral conduct of the Prince Consort; while in preceding fathers of Royal Families we really have nothing to state that is praiseworthy. Prince Frederick, George the Second, and George the First, are not worthy to be quoted either as husbands or as fathers; and the entire Stuart dynasty have left us little of their domestic existence that does not show the grossest violation of every moral obligation.

It is only by referring to the state of things known to have existed, almost from all historical time up to the memorable accession of our beloved Sovereign, that we can thoroughly appreciate the power for good which a Prince of so totally different a stamp to any Royal paterfamilias who preceded him was capable of producing. In his relations with the Queen there was an unselfish devotion that regarded her happiness and her interests as the first objects of his study. His Royal Highness was not only Her Majesty's husband, but her counsellor and guardian in all those difficult trials and embarrassments in which the aid of official advisers cannot be available. There is no doubt that in such instances his prudence and sagacity enabled the Queen to ward off many troubles which few queens, few mothers, indeed, few women, can hope to escape.

As a companion, his highly-cultivated mind must have made his society in the greatest possible degree instructive to his consort. Their tastes being directed to

similar sources of gratification, gave a peculiar harmony to their intercourse. In Music, of which His Royal Highness was a proficient from his youth, the Queen was an enthusiast from girlhood. In Art they were both far above the average of Royal amateurs, as their drawings and engravings testify. The Prince Consort practised etching with marked success, as became known through a public trial, when His Royal Highness was forced to prosecute a person who had surreptitiously obtained copies of his works, and had offered them for sale. In Science he endeavoured to identify himself with the progress of intelligence in England as it manifested itself in this advanced portion of the nineteenth century, and took a special interest in the proceedings of the greatest philosophers in Europe. Although Humboldt had the bad taste to sneer at a friendly demonstration from His Royal Highness, we doubt whether any mind of the higher order of European intellects could be found willing to deny the earnestness of the Prince's interest in the most profound subjects of speculation. This Prussian *littérateur* was a vain old man, with an inexhaustible power of scribbling, and great as he had been, he was not above the small conceit of appearing to snub a great personage.

The sincerity, as well as the depth of the Prince's feeling for science, was exhibited in the earnestness with which he threw his heart into the noble project of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851—a magnificent effort made on the very grandest scale, for objects of the very noblest kind. Its success, and the extraordinary impulse it gave to every branch of industry it was intended to foster, are in a great measure owing to the attention His Royal Highness devoted to it. We have a perfect recollection of his profoundly earnest manner when he inaugurated that grand experiment. We also had an opportunity of observing him closely when he closed the Exhibition. It was impossible for any one to have been more powerfully impressed by the nature of the duty he was performing, than was His Royal Highness on these occasions; and Englishmen pursuing the various branches of intellectual industry that add so largely to the real enjoyments of existence, must feel grateful for the Prince, who on these occasions raised their country to a very proud eminence among the nations of the world. Nor was the advantage to commerce less important. The manufacturer was for the

first time, as it were, brought face to face with the purchaser, and an interest in the machinery was added to the ordinary interest in the fabric it produced. The combination of all that was most worthy of observation in the Past and the Present was totally new to the hundreds of thousands who flocked to behold it, and who were thus able to read as in a richly-illustrated volume the memorable achievements of the human mind in various periods of history, and in different stages of development.

The experiment having proved as eminently successful as it was beneficial, a second has lately been organized on a still grander scale. To this the Prince Consort, with the same enlightened views, again devoted his best energies, and the prodigious structure now rising in South Kensington begins to show how grandly a second Exhibition of All Nations has been arranged under his auspices. His Royal Highness has been indefatigable in endeavouring to master its preliminary details and arrangements—no slight labour; and those gentlemen connected with the building, who have had the honour of communicating personally with the Prince, have been as greatly impressed with the extent of his information on abstruse subjects of professional study, as with the sincerity of his anxiety to forward the national undertaking.

No one could doubt the gratification he would have derived in again presenting himself before the British nation, as the fosterer and encourager of a demonstration so intellectual and philanthropic as is this new design. Alas!—memorable example of the uncertain foundation of human anticipations!—a week since the Prince Consort was the life and soul of the enterprise, and now he is a corpse! A week's illness—an attack of gastric fever, which rapidly assumed a typhoid character, and in a few hours' struggle with the destroyer, he sank into the calm that precedes dissolution, and died as gently as an infant.

Thus has passed away from us for ever Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, second son of Ernest Frederick Anthony Charles Louis, late Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. He was born August 26th, 1819; was married to the Queen on 10th February, 1840; and died on the 14th of December, 1861. He had been created Prince Consort, by patent, 28th June, 1857; was a Knight of the Garter, Grand Master of the order of the Bath, Knight of the Thistle, Knight of St. Patrick, and Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. He

was a Field-Marshal in the Army, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade; a Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Chief Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, Ranger of Windsor Great Park, Master of the Trinity House, Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and Lord High Steward of Plymouth and of Windsor.

All these honours, all these titles, and all these offices have passed away, never to return to the same possessor. He who enjoyed them, stripped of all this heap of factitious dignity, has been carried from the chamber of death to the royal vault with all that stately solemnity which distinguishes the passage of royalty to the grave. And now nothing is left of his perishable greatness but the name, which survives annihilation. We look back on his career with a grateful satisfaction; for we remember how, immediately on coming amongst us, he strove to possess the most precious enjoyments and most prized pursuits of educated Englishmen. In his German home we can trace no evidence of a bucolic taste, but very soon after the Prince had become naturalized in this agricultural country, his mind became naturalized also. He took to farming on scientific principles; he commenced breeding and improving oxen, sheep, and pigs, with a zeal scarcely inferior to that displayed by our most enterprising graziers. The Model Farm at Windsor was evidence of his skilful cultivation of the soil, and the prize animals, that year after year were the admiration of the Cattle Shows, and which supplied our markets at Christmas with the prime meat, show how carefully he studied the improvement of farming stock.

Farmer George, as the Third of the Georges was sometimes styled, never carried out his idea of agriculture in so eminently practical a manner; but the Prince Consort's sagacity was often displayed with a more philanthropic development. He looked into the social condition of the industrious classes, and discovered where lay the source of their degradation and their wretchedness. The charity that begins at home took its most benevolent shape in a desire to make that home as comfortable as possible. With this excellent object in view, His Royal Highness made designs for Model Lodging-houses and Labourers' Cottages, simple in construction, picturesque in character, admirable in arrangement. Those who are aware under what circumstances

mechanics, operatives, and agricultural labourers, with their families, are lodged throughout the year, will be able to appreciate the projected improvement, in a moral as well as in a sanitary point of view. The same practical benevolence led him to patronise Baths and Wash-houses as powerful aids in teaching the industrious adult self-respect; while the support he gave to Ragged Schools greatly assisted in checking the social disorganization which had its chief cause in the miserable dwellings and the comfortless lodgings of the bulk of our working population.

This is a lesson in Social Science which we much desire to see more generally studied, for we are sure that there is a philosophy in it that must prove as profitable to those who instruct as to those who are instructed. Every working man ought to take a pride in his home, and the sense of its respectability will secure him from disreputable practices and discreditable ways of life. The Prince evidently felt that in these structures he was laying the foundation of a happy and honourable existence for the multitude of workers in the great social community, and if any memorial should be raised with an intention of doing him honour, we hope it will take the form of these excellent models, carried out on the largest possible scale.

When his mind was directed to objects of a more elevated character, he gave to them the same devotion that characterized his exertions in behalf of his humbler fellow-creatures. Witness the interest he took in all purely scientific proceedings; how eagerly he availed himself of the superior intelligence of a Faraday, an Owen, a Herschel, a Lyell, or any of those truly philosophic minds that confer honour on Modern English Literature. The high intellectual qualities of the Prince were recognized by the scientific world when he was selected to fill the honourable post of President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1860, and it will not be soon forgotten how well he sustained the dignity of his position, as well as maintained the exalted character of the Association by the Address he delivered, and the manner in which he presided over their meetings, in that year.

With the same enlightened spirit he threw all the weight of his influence into the creation of the Museum and Schools of Art at South Kensington. The organization of Schools of Design was a favourite idea with His Royal Highness, and their diffusion over the country, the marked success that has followed their introduction, not only in the general spread of an artistic taste and refine-

ment, but in the sensible improvement of manufactured articles, whether intended for luxury or for comfort, are fairly attributable to him. We have only to look back a quarter of a century to the state of our manufactured articles of ornament or utility, and compare them with the most recent productions of a like nature, to be satisfied that an important advance has been effected. In carpets, paper-hangings, curtains, silk and cotton fabrics, the later patterns are of a very superior kind. In china services and ceramic ware, including Parian statuettes and busts, the improvement is very striking; also in decorative furniture of every description. Indeed, the artistic taste that prevails generally in houses where taste can be displayed, is far in advance of the fashion that existed in houses of the same class in the first quarter of the century, and for at least ten years later.

The aristocracy and gentry have followed the example thus set them by a general patronage of science and art. All the learned societies are thronged with noble and honourable members, the reception-rooms of the leaders of fashion are generally found to contain the most distinguished scholars and the most celebrated philosophers of the age, while on the walls of each brilliant *suite* of rooms glow the finer productions of the English school of Painting, and from the scagliola pillars and other pedestals flash the white marble under the blaze of light that shows to perfection the graceful Sculpture of our Foleys, our Gibsons, and our Carews.

This extensive patronage of English talent may be fairly attributed to the exemplary taste of the Prince; for although some murmurs may have been raised against His Royal Highness's patronage of Baron Marochetti and one or two other foreigners, we do not think that this had any material effect on the interests of English artists; nor can we see that there can be any solid objection raised against the Prince for bestowing some share of his favour on the artists of other nations. Even could it be proved that these his *protégés* were so immeasurably inferior to their brethren in this country as has sometimes been averred, there is no special reason against the Prince employing them, or causing them to be employed, unless he neglected men better qualified for the work who had a more immediate claim on his support. We dwell on this point more particularly, because we feel satisfied that the death of this illustrious connoisseur will be severely felt by the English sculptor and painter. For a long time to come, we doubt that the treasures of art



in our royal palaces will receive any sensible increase. The Queen will now, of course, doubly appreciate those proofs of the Prince's taste and judgment which surround her at Buckingham Palace, at Windsor, at Osborne, and at Balmoral; but, wanting the guide and director in her selections, it is not at all improbable that Her Majesty may be indifferent to similar attractions.

With such varied acquirements, it may easily be imagined that the Prince's companionship diffused a social charm over the Royal circle that made the routine life of royalty, its manifold cares and numberless duties, as agreeable as any ordinary existence without responsibility. All whose privilege it was to enjoy the gratification, even in a limited extent, of this refined intercourse, can bear witness to the high moral tone, and purely intellectual feeling, which the Prince Consort diffused around him. The courtiers of both sexes, who are supposed to live in an atmosphere of ceremonial and insincerity, were made aware that purity of soul and truthfulness of heart were as much prized in the Palace as in the Church—that the ordinary jealousies, intrigues, and empty vanities of Court life were banished from the royal apartments, and that as deep a reverence must be maintained in the palace for what was holy as for what was regal. The female attendants of Her Majesty in particular were made to experience as great a confidence in the honourableness of their position as if they belonged to a Convent instead of to a Court. There never was heard the slightest breath of scandal as affecting the reputation of any one of them—a remarkable change from the state of things that existed at Court little more than a century ago, when the Queen's bedchamber-woman was the King's avowed mistress, and the maids of honour were notoriously unchaste.

As the father of family of nine children, happily all surviving, the anxieties of the Prince Consort must needs have been very great; but he gave the same conscientious performance of his parental duties as he had given to every other obligation he had incurred since his marriage. The tender solicitude with which he directed their education shows its beneficial influence in the character of the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, and such of this interesting group as are passing from youth into adolescence. The Princess of Prussia has left her English home to be a grace and an ornament to a home equally worthy of her dignity and worth. The Prince of Wales is approaching

his majority, but, thanks to his admirable training, has exhibited one of the characteristics of heirs-apparent. We can trace no resemblance between him and his brilliant predecessor in the title; there is also, we are equally proud to say, nothing in common between him and the first two Princes of Wales of the Brunswick dynasty. His education, as far as it has proceeded, has given His Royal Highness an air of true English sincerity, and a sense of true English honour, that render him far more worthy of our love than the meretricious graces and superficial accomplishments of that "finest gentleman in Europe" against whom have been recorded so many ungentlemanly proceedings.

The Princess Alice bids fair to rival her elder sister in those sterling qualities that deserve to be prized above all artificial distinctions. Her Royal Highness is also about to find another home. The arrangements for her nuptials with the Prince of Hesse must, however, now be set aside. Her heavy affliction will leave her in no condition to seek the felicity of a bride. Although a precedent might be found for carrying out her marriage in the union of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., with the Count Palatine of the Rhine, which took place a very short time after the death of her brother, Prince Henry, we feel quite certain that the Prince of Hesse will have to wait till her great sorrow has in some degree abated. As for the Sailor Prince, it is impossible to imagine anything more perfect than the manner His Royal Highness has adapted himself to the position in which he has been placed—the same genial frankness, the same unassuming modesty, and the same quiet reserve, have been impressed upon his character. There must surely be something singularly wise and good in a system of education that can be so successfully carried out as it has been with the members of this remarkable family. Comparing the results with those which arose from the instruction given to the children of George III. and Queen Charlotte, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the happy effects we behold in the family of our beloved Queen and her lamented Consort, are in a great measure due to His Royal Highness's personal influence and example.

England, therefore, owes a large debt of gratitude to him for his unceasing endeavours to elevate and purify society—to raise the intellect and chasten the feelings of the entire community, which obligation His Royal Highness has taken care shall for some time to come be on the increase by given hostages

to time in the persons of his children, that the united force of good example and good precept shall continue to exert its influence amongst them.

To lose such a benefactor, to lose him in the very height of his usefulness, in the prime of his life and of his intellect, is indeed an irreparable loss, and has so been felt. On the Sunday after the day that closed his honourable career, the churches and chapels of the metropolis, throughout which the sad news had been circulating amid almost as much doubt as sorrow—(so sudden and unexpected was the event)—the most popular preachers took advantage of the occasion to dwell upon it as a lesson full of wholesome suggestiveness. In all those congregations scarcely an individual remained unmoved; tears were general, and the sobbing of the more impressionable at times rendered inaudible the words of the preacher. Frequently he was quite as much affected as his flock, and was obliged to stop in his discourse before he could gain sufficient command over his feelings to proceed. If ever a sermon produced a really Christianizing influence, it was on this memorable occasion. It was impossible for any one, young or old, to have quitted the sacred edifice without taking with him or her a sense they had never experienced before, of a national sorrow joined with an awful consciousness of the instability of earthly greatness. The following day the excitement increased. Every shop in this busy hive was partially closed. Those which on the Saturday had been resplendent with the brightest colours of the rainbow, were now uniformly gloomy and monotonous. Hardly any business was done, except buying and selling materials for mourning; and there was but one subject of conversation—the terrible affliction that had befallen the Sovereign and her people.

We can remember but one incident that presented similar features to the observer. This was the death of the Princess Charlotte. At that intelligence the nation was moved throughout the length and breadth of the land, but London surrendered itself to a sorrow that seemed to be without a feature of consolation. The old crone and the blooming girl felt the loss of the young and beautiful Princess as of a beloved daughter or a favourite sister; and the stern man of business forgot the object of his speculations while brooding over such a melancholy evidence of the mere nothingness of objects of human interest. The Prince Consort has been permitted a longer career of usefulness and honour; but the age of forty-two is still too early for the close of a life full of objects

of a noble ambition, and we cannot readily reconcile ourselves to the loss we know we have sustained by his demise. We shall miss that benevolent brow, and those kindly intelligent features, from our Court spectacles: still more shall we miss the energetic intellect that was to have presided at that most magnificent of spectacles fixed for next May; and it will take a prolonged interval before the people, for whose enjoyment he laboured so earnestly, will be able to forget the good he effected. For years the name of the Prince Consort will be fruitful of sorrowful suggestions, largely mixed with tender and grateful recollections, as of a friend lost, but not forgotten.

### THE FASHIONS.

THE influence of that melancholy event which has so recently spread sorrow and consternation, mixed with amazement, over every part of the civilized world, extends also into every household, affecting even the most ordinary and every-day concerns of life. The death of Her Majesty's Royal Consort, unexpectedly stricken down in the prime of life, and in all the pre-eminence of his intellectual powers, is a loss to all grades of society too great to be comprehended in words. His was the fostering care of the beneficial arts of peace; his the untiring industry of talents and energies devoted to their improvement; his the magnificent undertakings which made England the storehouse and exhibition gallery of the world. In all these noble labours the end and aim was the consolidation of peace over the whole world, substituting for those wars which are the curse of mankind a generous rivalry in the arts which bless and make life lovable and happy. But the decree of an All-wise Providence has called Prince Albert hence, and nothing is left for us but to remember his example and honour his memory.

Still we must bear in mind that this national bereavement affects every individual in the country in the shape of dress. Perhaps one of the most melancholy and most imposing of all spectacles is a general mourning, and never could the signs of sorrow be more universal than in the present day.

The manufacturing interests, and those of the houses of business, will be greatly affected by this sudden blow, as many novelties of the season had been prepared, and taste and invention stimulated through the instrumentality of the approaching Great Exhibition. These, of course, must all be laid

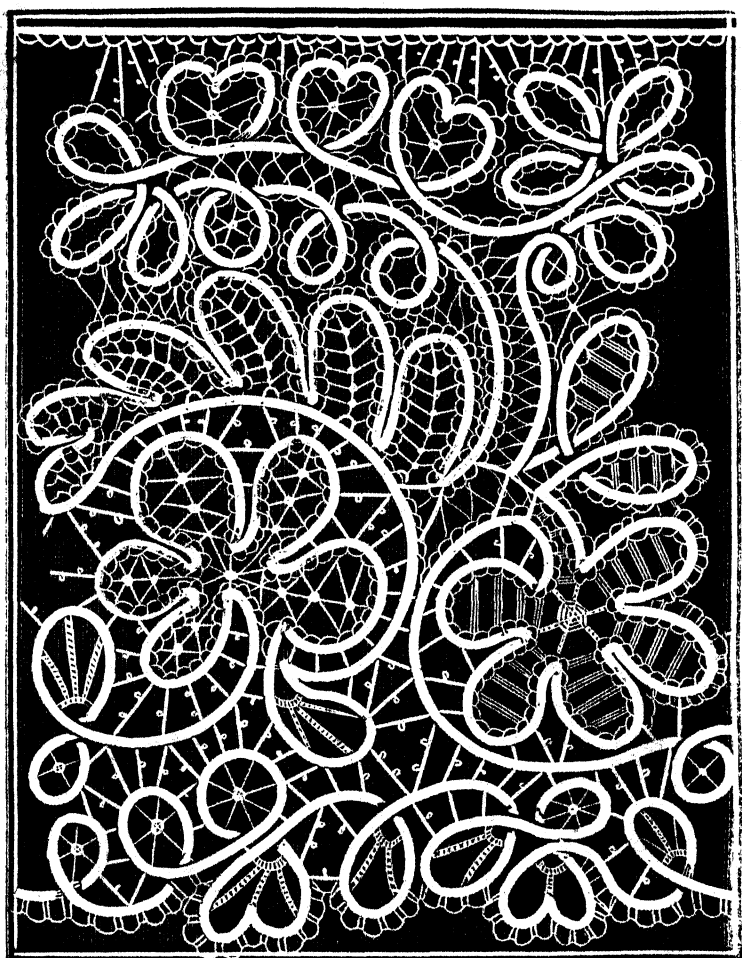


MOURNING CLOAK AND COSTUME FOR JANUARY.

aside, and in their stead the conventional mourning be adopted. Still it is a dress which allows of many elegancies. The mixture of white and black and grey, relieved with jet and crape flowers, black and white *tulle* and feathers, admits of a costume of the most refined taste; and we shall now proceed to our appointed task of giving

descriptions and hints respecting the newest of the fashions.

We commence with our illustration, which has been selected with the double view of meeting the requirements of the mourning, and yet of being useful when its appointed term shall have expired. The material of the cloak is grey French



POINT LACE.

plush, trimmed with black French plush. In form it has a sleeve descending to the bottom of the cloak in length, and open at each side to allow of the arm passing through, being closed by ornamental buttons and loops at pleasure. A thick black cord is carried in loops down the seam of the shoulder, the ends hanging down with a silk tassel.

The dress is of black silk, with one deep flounce on the skirt, on the edge of which are two other narrow ones, surmounted with a band of the black French plush. The body is made with a stomacher, composed of rows of narrow frills, and the open sleeves are covered nearly half-way up the arm with the same. The bonnet is a black chip,

trimmed with the black French plush, and has a coronet *bandeau* of crape flowers underneath.

One of the most useful dresses for constant wear, and likewise quite eligible for the winter months, after the mourning has expired, is a good black alpaca, a material held in high estimation by the Parisian ladies. The skirt may be trimmed with three narrow flounces, having a French hem, and they may be set on in festoons, two festoons to one breadth of the alpaca, each point being finished with a rosette. The body is laid in box-plaits, three behind, and four in front. The sleeve, which is closed up the front, is drawn up with box-plaits, and has a quilling of satin ribbon carried all round, and up to the shoulder. A bow of broad ribbon, with long ends, is worn in front of the waist.

Another style of making an alpaca dress is to have a *tablier* front, composed of small frills, graduating up to the top. Round the bottom is a flounce, seven inches in depth, terminating on each side of the bottom of the *tablier*, and a quilling of the alpaca is placed as a heading to this flounce, being carried up to the waist on each side of the *tablier*. The body is made to fit the figure, and the sleeves have two puffings at the top, and are narrowed to the wrist, being set into the cuff with one box-plait.

The French twill is another of the materials now frequently adopted for mourning costume. This may be made with a plain skirt, or with a band of velvet or cross-way silk round the bottom, and with the body in the style of the Garibaldi shirt. The form of this body is especially easy, and it is fashionable also, but it is only suitable for morning dress.

The Zouave Jacket remains in as great favour as ever. Ladies who have by them black skirts of almost any material cannot do better than complete them by the purchase of a jacket of this sort in black cloth. Worn either with a waistcoat the same as the dress, or with one of black silk, or with an under-body of white muslin laid in plaits, few things are more useful and economical. A wide black silk braid, carried all round, with a very narrow one at a little distance from its edge, is a sufficient trimming.

The Garibaldi Shirt is also a very useful article of dress, being made in different materials from those of the skirt with which it is to be worn. We have seen one of a superior style, made for the general mourning, in white cashmere, each of its plaits being ornamented with a pattern in black braid,

the same being also carried round the collar and cuff.

For Evening Dresses, nothing can be more elegant for young ladies than the black taretan, covered with silver spots, which is far from being an expensive material. Some of these are trimmed at the bottom, with fellings of the same fastened down at regular distances with small rosettes of ribbon. Others have quillings, generally three, carried up and down as vandykes, or in festoons, with a rosette of the same material laid on each point. The bodies are chiefly formed of folds, with one or two puffings for the sleeves. Wreaths of black and silver are worn on the head, and the ornaments are of jet.

For Evening and Dinner Dress some very handsome black silks, ornamented with some design in white, such as rings, spots, diamonds, and even flowers, have been selected for married ladies. Those may have a plain skirt, the material being too handsome absolutely to require trimming; or they may have three rows of quilled ribbon, two black and one white, between them, carried round either in a waving line or in vandykes. The body may be cut square in the front, with one quilling of black and one of white ribbon round the neck, and sleeves trimmed up the front to match. With this may be worn the new Medici Belt, in black velvet, which has two points in front, each of which must be finished with a white silk tassel.

A less expensive, but very pretty dress, may be arranged in the following way. A black silk skirt, either plain, or trimmed in any of the ways which we have described, may be accompanied with a full body of white muslin, having bands of black velvet over the shoulder, crossed with the same in front in the form of a stomacher, and having a bow at the waist of the white muslin, wide, and with long ends, crossed with black velvet at the bottom.

Wreaths composed of black berries and black leaves, of white flowers and black leaves, and of white frosted flowers, are much worn. *Bandeaux* also of black velvet, with four of the same relieved with a small white or black feather, are in very good taste. One of the simplest articles that we have seen is a broad black ribbon laid in a point at the front over the forehead, with the ends crossed behind, having a rather large cluster of black flowers in the front, and a smaller one behind. This may be worn either with a round cap crown, or without, being equally suitable in either way.

A dress which we have just seen made for a little boy is very handsome and effective. Its material is black velvet, ornamented up

the front with buttons of cut steel. Round the neck and sleeves, and turning up from the bottom of the skirt, is carried a bordering of white lace, either of Maltese or of imitation point lace. This dress is really beautiful, and we mention it more particularly, because any young lady can, with the help of the **Work-Table Instructions** which accompany the **FAMILY FRIEND** in this New Year's Number of the enlarged and improved series, make a lace as elegant as can be desired for any purpose.



LITTLE BOY'S DRESS.

As it is not necessary that the very young daughters of a family should assume the deepest mourning, we may mention a little girl's dress which is extremely pretty. This consists of a skirt of scarlet merino, bordered with black velvet, the body trimmed with the same, but having folds up the front covered with braiding in black, and a broad black silk scarf sash, with netted ends in red silk.

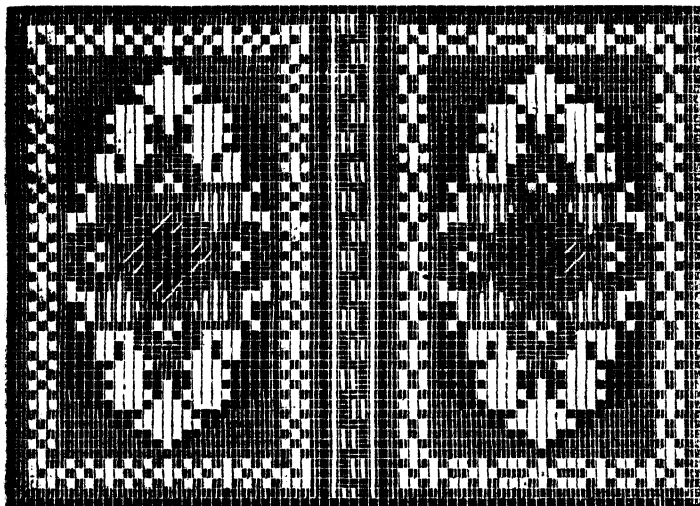
Collars and under-sleeves are made in various ways. Some of the most elegant are in black embroidery, relieved with only a little white, the dress pocket-handkerchief being worked to match. Others have a clear muslin with a broad black border round the edge; others several narrow ones. Others have black borders with chain-work and slight designs worked on them in white.

Knowing how useful such suggestions are to ladies residing in the country, we have inserted amongst our illustrations two juvenile fashions, which will give the best idea of the style of dress now most generally adopted for the rising members of the community. The little jacket is of cloth,

trimmed with braid more or less elaborately, and is to be worn with the Knickerbocker trousers. The other, a dress of linsey, is ornamented with bands covered with ornamental braiding; but these may have others of black velvet substituted, according to taste or convenience.

#### DESIGN FOR POINT LACE.

This lace, when well executed, bears a close resemblance to those much-valued Spanish and Italian point laces which rank among the most expensive fabrics that money can purchase. If they are compared according to the real beauty of the work and the merit of their designs, the pre-eminence ought certainly to be granted to the modern production, as the old point lace can seldom be admired for anything like artistic beauty. Although it has a very elaborate appearance in an illustration, yet those ladies who have acquired a facility by practice make very quick progress in the work, and it well rewards the labour by the elegant effect it produces. If a lady is dressed in black velvet, with a collar and sleeves, and with lappets from the back of her hair, all worked to match in this particular sort of needle-work, it is the most regal style of dress which can be assumed. In commencing the pattern given, or any piece of work in the same manner, it is necessary to have the design which forms the foundation of the work traced on a piece of coloured glazed calico; this is merely the outline, which is formed of braid, the filling in with the stitches all being omitted. A very finely-made braid, about the sixth part of an inch in width, must then be tacked on to the calico according to the pattern. This part of the work requires but little time: wherever the braid touches it should be stitched together, in order to give firmness and strength to the work. A fine linen thread, such as is used for lace-making, should then be used for all the lace stitches; these are chiefly in button-hole stitch of a very fine description. The one known by the name of *point de Bruxelles*, and which consists of a continuation of button-hole stitches, with a short space between each, should be worked all round at both edges of the braid; this requires the thread to be worked back again in every loop, to keep it in its place. There should be as great a variety as possible of lace stitches introduced, as these give the real beauty to the work. The outer edge of the lace should always have a row of *point de Bruxelles* round each flower, but on every loop should be worked three or four stitches of button-hole; this is

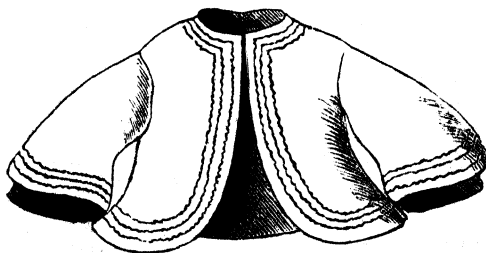


NEEDLE-BOOK IN CANVAS OR BEELIN WOOL.

a very pretty fancy stitch, and gives strength, as well as being a great improvement to the work. This design is extremely handsome for sleeves, or for the bottom of a baby's short frock.

This little needle-book cover has a very

on a light shade of the same for the ground. The canvas for this little article should be fine, and the beads selected to match, as if they are too large the effect of the work is much injured. When the ornamental part of the work is completed, a cardboard, the



LITTLE BOY'S JACKET.

pretty effect, if worked in the following colours. The ground of the border, which forms the edge, in bright French blue, with the little pattern in white opaque beads; the ground of the inner square in a blue of the same brightness, but two or three shades lighter; the pattern in rich shades of scarlet. The small square in the centre is in shades of gold colour; the ends of the four points of the star are in white beads. The pattern down the back is in dark crimson,

proper size, must be cut, over which the canvas must be stretched, and the edges turned over crimson; a silk lining must then be arranged in the inside, and sewed all round the edge; and a cord, either of blue or crimson, must be sewed round the edge to conceal the stitching. Three leaves of white cashmere, worked round with button-hole stitch, or pinked with a pair of scissors, must be laid in the inside, and tied in with a cord, which will complete this useful little article.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE OLD YEAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

THE Old Year lay on his deathbed lone,  
And ere he died he spoke to me,  
Low and solemn, in undertone,  
Mournfully, reproachfully.  
The fading eyes in his snow-white head  
Shone bright the while their lids beneath;  
These were the words the Old Year said—  
I shall never forget them while I breathe:—

"Did you not promise, when I was born,"  
Sadly he spoke, and not in ire—  
"To treat me kindly, not in scorn,  
And to pay the debt you owed my sire?  
Did you not vow, with an earnest heart,  
No inconsiderate hours to live?  
And to throw no day in waste away,  
Of my three hundred and sixty-five?  
"Did you not vow to your secret self,  
Before my beard was a second old,  
That, whatever you'd done to my fathers gone,  
You'd prize my minutes more than gold?  
Did you not own with a keen regret  
That the past was a time of waste and sin?  
But that with me, untainted yet,  
Wisdom and duty should begin?"

"Did you not oft the vow renew  
That never with me should folly dwell?  
That, however the world might deal with you,  
You'd prize me much, and use me well?  
That never a deed of scorn or wrath,  
Or thought unjust of your fellow men,  
Should, while I live, obscure your path,  
Or enter into your heart again?"

"Did you not fail?—But my tongue is weak  
Your sad short-comings to recall;"  
And the Old Year sobbed—he could not speak—  
He turned his thin face to the wall.

"Old Year! Old Year! I have done you wrong;  
Hear my repentance ere you die!  
Linger awhile!" Ding-dong, ding-dong—  
The joy-bells drowned his parting sigh.

"Old Year! Old Year!"—he could not hear,  
He yielded placidly his breath.  
I loved him little while he was here,  
I prized him dearly after death.  
New Year! now smiling at my side,  
Most bitterly the past I rue:  
I've learned a lesson since he died,  
I'll lead a better life with you."

## ADDRESS TO PEACE.

FAIR one! whose gentle presence life endears—  
Whose advent, heralded by seraphs bright,  
Was erst proclaimed to the astonish'd ears  
Of lowly shepherds, in a field, at night—  
(How sweet the sound! how marvellous the sight!)

Illustrious PEACE! thy character and mien  
And mission are the noble soul's delight;  
We recognize thy heavenly origin,  
And mourn that countless foes obstruct thy aim  
serene.

Thy goodliness so long in part concealed,  
Impatiently we wait the promised day,  
When thy full-ripen'd charms shall be revealed;  
And man, accepting thy benignant sway,  
Shall cease to wrangle, wound, molest, and slay;  
When every weapon of unholly war  
Shall be with fixed abhorrence cast away,  
While thou shalt ride in thy resplendent car  
Throughout earth's firmament—the nation's  
guiding star!

S. E.

## WASTE NO TIME.

WASTE no time in idly thinking  
Over what thou hast to do;  
If thy life be dark and stormy,  
Still it must be struggled through.  
Squander not the precious moments—  
Time is ever on the wing—  
Brooding over disappointments  
Serves but to increase her sting.

Waste no time in vainly fretting  
Over things that might have been.  
True it is that discontentment  
Often paints a fairer scene  
Than the landscape that surrounds us,  
Though to an impartial eye  
It might seem a brilliant prospect,  
Smiling 'neath a cloudless sky.

Waste no time in fancy visions,  
That must vanish in their prime,  
When there is so much that's real  
To employ thy leisure time;  
For remember 'tis a talent  
But to us in kindness lent,  
And of which the season cometh  
When the question—how 'twas spent,  
We shall surely have to answer;  
Therefore let us now prepare,  
And be careful stewards of the  
Gifts intrusted to our care.

M. W. MERRITT.

## MOONBEAMS.

A BABE lay asleep on its mother's knee,  
Its lip was dimpling with the glee  
Of childhood's merry dreaming,  
And through the boughs of the linden tree  
The moon's pale rays were beaming.

A knight was alone with a gentle maid;  
They walked in the Greenwood's leafy shade,  
Of a happy future dreaming,  
And o'er the pathway through the glade  
The silver moon was beaming.

'Tis the even after a fearful fight,  
And a lady weeps for her own true knight;  
And fast her tears are streaming,  
As o'er his helm and corslet bright  
The moon is lightly beaming.

A grave is green beneath the yew,  
The marble slab is white and new,  
And there where stars are gleaming  
The maiden sleeps by her lover true,  
And the moon is softly beaming.

CYCLAMEN.



## LUCY'S NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

## A LITTLE STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

It was the day before the New Year—fine, but cold and windy. Lucy had risen almost before it was light, to see if the sky gave promise of snow; but instead of long grey clouds, she beheld a clear bright sky, and the sun was already tinging the east with the tokens of his appearing. Half disappointed, she crept back into her little cot, to wait until it was time to get up. As Lucy lay there, with her face turned to the casement and her eyes fixed on the heaven beyond, her thoughts wandered to the beloved Mother now an inhabitant of that bright home; and fervently did Lucy pray that she might walk sinlessly through this world, keeping "her garments white," and join her Mother at last. And then, as the bright beams of the sun began to fall upon her face and gild her little room, Lucy's half-forgotten wish came to her mind; and jumping up, she began to dress herself with great alacrity, humming, in a low voice, words something like the following:—

'Tis the Old Year's parting day,  
To-morrow will soon be here;  
Oh, I hope the world will be dress'd in white,  
To welcome the New Year!

I hope the snow will fall  
On my plot of garden-ground,  
For my snowdrops haven't come, and there's  
nought

But wither'd leaves to be found,  
I hope the fields and lanes  
Will be array'd in white,  
And the leafless branches of the trees  
Be hidden from our sight.

In the quiet old church-yard  
I hope the snow will fall,  
And cover my sainted mother's grave,  
With a pure and spotless pall.

And, oh! I trust that I  
May welcome the New Year  
With a heart endeavouring more and more  
My Maker to revere.

May holy thoughts adorn  
My youthful heart and mind;  
And day by day may I be found  
More gentle, good, and kind.

'Tis the Old Year's parting day,  
To-morrow will soon be here;  
Oh, I hope the world will be dress'd in white,  
To welcome the New Year!

Lucy was particularly busy that day—helping her grandmother in the morning, and reading and singing to her grandfather in the afternoon. Many times during the day did she run to the window to see if there were any change in the sky; but Lucy could see none. Many times did she ask her

grandfather, "Do you think it will snow soon, grandfather?" and as often received the reply, "I cannot tell, my child; it doesn't look much like it;" and she would turn half-sadly from the window, and seat herself again on the low stool at her grandfather's feet. Towards evening, however, the wind ceased, and the thick grey clouds gathered gloomily round. Lucy was delighted—she ran about the house singing for very gladness—

'Tis the Old Year's parting day,  
To-morrow will soon be here;  
Oh, I hope the world will be dress'd in white,  
To welcome the New Year!

Bright little Lucy! A blessing indeed she was in that little cottage. Lucy's evening prayer was said that night at her grandfather's knee instead of in her own room, and he clasped his arms more tenderly than usual round her little form as she raised her face for the good-night kiss. It was given: and then Lucy went to bed with a very happy heart.

Later in the evening, when the old man returned from attending to his horse and cow, he exclaimed quite gleefully to his wife, as he brushed the snow from his boots, "It's very likely Lucy will have her wish, for it's snowing famously now. It's a queer idea the child has of the world being dressed in white, as she calls it. I declare, wife, I often feel as if that little thing wasn't to be much longer with us. But God knows what is best," added the old man reverently; and in his prayer that night little Lucy was supplicated for, humbly and earnestly.

New Year's morning dawned—calm, clear, and frosty. The sun was shining brightly on the newly-fallen snow, and, as the old people rose, they both seemed glad at the fulfilment of little Lucy's wish. "I wonder we've not heard her stirring before this," said the grandmother, as she went about preparing their breakfast; "but I'll call her when all's ready—I know she'll be glad." Breakfast was quite ready at last, and the old woman went upstairs. "Come, Lucy," said she, as she opened the chamber-door, "it's New Year's Day, and you've got your wish—the world's dressed in white. Are you asleep yet?" she added, as she drew nearer—for Lucy replied not, and her face was turned from her. She walked round to the other side of the bed; but, alas! alas! Lucy, their beloved little Lucy, was passing, passing from DEATH UNTO LIFE. Stricken with grief and astonishment, the old woman called her husband, and in an agony they knelt by her bed. "Grandfather," said the sweet faint voice of little Lucy, "lift me

up, let me see it." They understood what she meant, and bore her crib to the window. "Oh, I'm so glad—so glad," she murmured, as her eyes rested on the snow-covered fields and hedges, bright with the beams of the morning sun. "Grandfather, I'm going to be dressed in white—I'm going to mother." And Lucy died.

Dear little ones, think of Lucy, and welcome the New Year with grateful, happy hearts; and—

May holy thoughts adorn  
Each youthful heart and mind;  
And day by day may you be found  
More gentle, good, and kind!

LUCINDA B.

### MARRIAGE.

"Marriage is honourable in all."—HEB. xiii. 4.

SOME young persons indulge a fastidiousness of feeling in relation to the subject of marriage, as though it were indelicate to speak of it. Others make it the principal subject of their thoughts and conversation; yet they seem to think it must never be mentioned but in jest. Both these extremes should be avoided. Marriage is an ordinance of God, and therefore a proper subject of thought and discussion with reference to personal duty. It is a matter of great importance, having a direct bearing upon the glory of God, and the happiness of individuals. It should, therefore, never be approached with levity. But, as it requires no more attention than what is necessary in order to understand present duty, it would be foolish to make it a subject of constant thought, and silly to make it a common topic of conversation. It is a matter which should be weighed deliberately and seriously by every young person. In reference to the main subject, two things should be considered:—

I. *Marriage is desirable.* It was ordained by the Lord at the creation, as suited to the state of man as a social being, and necessary to the design for which he was created. There is a sweetness and comfort in the bosom of one's own family, which can be enjoyed nowhere else. In early life this is supplied by our youthful companions, who feel in unison with us. But, as a person who remains single advances in life, the friends of his youth form new attachments, in which he is incapable of participating. Their feelings undergo a change, of which he knows nothing. He is gradually left alone. No heart beats in unison with his own. His social feelings wither for want of

an object. As he feels not in unison with those around him, his habits also become peculiar, and perhaps repulsive, so that his company is not desired: hence arises the whimsical attachment of such persons to domestic animals, or to other objects which can be enjoyed in solitude. As the dreary winter of age advances, the solitude of this condition becomes still more chilling. Nothing but that sweet resignation to the will of God, which religion gives under all circumstances, can render such a situation tolerable. But religion does not annihilate the social affections: it only regulates them. It is evident, then, that, by a lawful and proper exercise of these affections, both our happiness and usefulness may be greatly increased.

II. *On the other hand, do not consider marriage as absolutely essential.* Although it is an ordinance of God, yet he has not absolutely enjoined it upon all. You may, therefore, be in the way of duty while neglecting it. And the apostle Paul intimates that there may be, with those who enter into this state, a greater tendency of the heart towards earthly objects. There is also an increase of care. "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." But much more has been made of this than the apostle intended. It has been greatly abused and perverted by the Church of Rome. It must be observed that, in the same chapter, he advises that "every man have his own wife, and every woman have her own husband." And, whatever may be our condition in life, if we seek it with earnestness and perseverance, in the way of duty, God will give us grace sufficient for the day. But he says, though it is no sin to marry, nevertheless, "such shall have trouble in the flesh." It is undoubtedly true that the enjoyments of conjugal life have their corresponding difficulties and trials; and, if these are enhanced by an unhappy connection, the situation is insufferable. For this reason I would have you avoid the conclusion that marriage is indispensable to happiness. Single life is certainly to be preferred to a connection with a person who will diminish, instead of increasing, your happiness. However, the remark of the apostle, "Such shall have trouble in the flesh," doubtless had reference chiefly to the peculiar troubles of the times when Christians were exposed to persecution, the loss of goods, and even of life itself, for Christ's sake, the trials of

which would be much greater in married than in single life.

Bearing in mind the foregoing remarks, you will be prepared calmly to consider what qualifications are requisite in a companion for life. These I shall divide into two classes:—1. Those which are *indispensable*. 2. Those which are *desirable*.

#### FIRST CLASS.

1. *An indispensable requisite is an AMIABLE DISPOSITION.* Whatever good qualities a man may possess, if he is selfish, morose, sour, peevish, fretful, jealous, or passionate, he will make an uncomfortable companion. Grace may do much towards subduing these unholy tempers; yet, if they were fostered in the heart in childhood, and suffered to grow up to maturity before grace began to work, they will often break out in the family circle. However, you will find it exceedingly difficult to judge in this matter. The only direction I can give on this subject is, that if you discover the exercise of any unhallowed passions in a man, with the opportunity you will have of observation, you may consider it conclusive evidence of a disposition which would render you miserable.

2. *The person of your choice must possess a WELL-CULTIVATED MIND.* In order to produce a community of feeling, and maintain a growing interest in each other's society, both parties must possess minds well stored with useful knowledge, and capable of continued expansion. We may love an ignorant person for his piety, but we cannot long enjoy his society, as a constant companion, unless that piety is mingled with intelligence. To secure your esteem, as well as your affections, he must be capable of intelligent conversation on all subjects of general interest.

3. *His sentiments and feelings, on general subjects, must be CONGENIAL with your own.* This is a very important matter. Persons of great worth, whose views and feelings in relation to the common concerns of life are opposite, may render each other very unhappy. Particularly, if you possess a refined sensibility yourself, you must look for delicacy of feeling in a companion. A very worthy man may render you unhappy by an habitual disregard of your feelings. And there are many persons who seem to be utterly insensible to the tender emotions of refined delicacy. A man who would subject you to continual mortification by his coarseness and vulgarity would be incapable of sympathizing with you in all the varied trials of life. There is no need of your

being deceived on this point. If you have much delicacy of feeling yourself, you can easily discover the want of it in others. If you have not, it will not be necessary in a companion.

4. *Another requisite is ENERGY OF CHARACTER.* Many people think some worldly prospects are indispensably necessary. But a man of energy can, by the blessing of God, make his way through this world, and support a family, in this land of plenty, by his own industry, in some lawful calling. And you may be certain of the blessing of God if you obey and trust him. A profession or calling, pursued with energy, is therefore all the estate you need require. But do not trust yourself with a man who is inefficient in his undertakings. This would be leaning upon a broken staff.

5. *The person of your choice must be NEARLY OF YOUR OWN AGE.* Should he be younger than yourself, you will be tempted to look upon him as an inferior, and old age will overtake you first. I should suppose the idea of marrying a man advanced in years would be sufficiently revolting to the feelings of a young female to deter her from it. Yet such things often happen. But I consider it as contravening the order of nature, and therefore improper. In such case you will be called upon rather to perform the office of a daughter and nurse than a wife.

#### SECOND CLASS.

1. *It is desirable that the man with whom you form a connection for life should possess a SOUND BODY.* A man of vigorous constitution will be more capable of struggling with the difficulties and trials of this world than one who is weak in body. Yet such an erroneous system has been pursued in the education of the generation just now coming upon the stage of action, that the health of very few sedentary persons remains unimpaired. It would, therefore, be cruel selfishness to refuse to form a connection of this kind on this ground alone, provided they have no settled disease upon them. A person of feeble constitution requires the comfort and assistance of a companion more than one in vigorous health. But it certainly would not be your duty to throw yourself away upon a person already under the influence of an incurable disease.

2. *REFINEMENT OF MANNERS is a very desirable quality in a companion for life.* This renders a person's society more agreeable and pleasant, and may be the means of increasing his usefulness. Yet it will not answer to make it a test of character; for it

is often the case that men of the brightest talents, and of extensive education, who are in every other respect amiable and worthy, have neglected the cultivation of their manners; while there are very many, destitute alike of talent and education, who seem to be adepts in the art of politeness. However, this may be cultivated by a person of good sense who appreciates its importance.

3. A SOUND JUDGMENT is also very necessary to enable a man to direct the common affairs of life. However, this may also be cultivated by experience, and therefore cannot be called indispensable.

4. PRUDENCE is *very desirable*. The rashest youth, however, will learn prudence by experience. After a few falls he will look forward before he steps, that he may foresee and shun the evil that is before him; but, if you choose such a one, take care that you do not fall with him, and both of you break your necks together.

5. It is a matter of great importance that the person with whom you form a connection for life should belong to the same denomination of Christians with yourself. The separation of a family, in their attendance upon public worship, is productive of great inconvenience and perplexity; and there is serious danger of its giving rise to unpleasant feelings, and becoming an occasion of discord. I think it should be a very serious objection against any man, that he belongs to a different communion from yourself. Yet I dare not say that I would prefer single life to a connection of this kind.

In addition to these, your own good sense and taste will suggest many other desirable qualities in a companion for life.

Upon receiving the addresses of a man, your first object should be to ascertain whether he possesses those prominent traits of character which you consider indispensable. If he lack any one of these, you have no farther inquiry to make. Inform him openly and ingenuously of your decision; but spare his feelings as far as you can consistently with Christian sincerity. He is entitled to your gratitude for the preference he has manifested for yourself. Therefore, treat him courteously and tenderly; yet let him understand that your decision is conclusive and final. If he possess the feelings of a gentleman, this course will secure for you his esteem and friendship. But if you are satisfied with respect to these prominent traits of character, next look for those qualities which you consider *desirable*, though not *indispensable*. If you discover few or none of these, it will be a serious objection against him. But you need not expect to

find them all combined in any one person. If you seek for a perfect character, you will be disappointed. In this, as well as every other relation of life, you will need to exercise forbearance. The best of men are compassed about with imperfection and infirmity. Besides, as you are not perfect yourself, it would seem like a species of injustice to require perfection in a companion.

While deciding these points, keep your feelings entirely under control. Suffer them to have no influence upon your judgment. A Christian should never be governed by impulse. Many persons have, no doubt, destroyed their happiness for life by suffering their feelings to get the better of their judgment. Make the matter a subject of daily prayer. The Lord directs all our ways, and we cannot expect to be prospered in anything wherein we neglect to acknowledge him, and seek his direction. But when you have satisfied yourself in relation to these things, and the person whose addresses you are receiving has distinctly avowed his intentions, you may remove the restraint from your feelings, which, as well as your judgment, have a deep concern in the affair. A happy and prosperous union must have for its basis a mutual sentiment of affection of a peculiar kind. If you are satisfied that this sentiment exists on his part, you are to inquire whether you can exercise it towards him. For, with many persons of worth whom we may esteem, there is often wanting a certain undefinable combination of qualities, not improperly termed the *soul of character*, which alone seems to call out the exercise of that peculiar sentiment of which we are speaking. But I seriously charge you never to form a connection which is not based upon this principle; and that for the following reasons:—

1. Such depraved creatures as we are need the aid of the warmest affection to enable us to exercise that mutual forbearance so indispensable to the peace and happiness of the domestic circle.

2. That the marriage covenant should be cemented by a principle of a peculiar kind will appear from the superiority of the soul over the body. When two human beings unite their destinies, there must be a union of soul, or else such union is but partial. And the union of soul must be the foundation of the outward union, and of course precede it.

3. We may infer the same thing from the existence of such a principle in the human breast. That it does exist may be abundantly proved, both by Scripture and expe-

rience. When Adam first saw Eve, he declared the nature of this union, and added, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife;" implying that the affection between the parties to this connection should be superior to all other human attachments. The frown of God must, then, rest upon a union founded upon any other principle; for by it the order of nature is contravened, and therefore the blessings of peace and happiness cannot be expected to attend it.

But love is not a principle which is brought into existence as it were by magic. It must always be exercised in view of an object. Do not, therefore, hastily decide that you cannot love a man who possesses the prominent traits of character necessary to render you happy. You ought, however, to be fully satisfied that such a sentiment, of a permanent character, does really exist in your own bosom, before you consent to a union.

In your ordinary intercourse with gentlemen much caution should be observed. Always maintain a dignity of character, and never condescend to trifle. But, in your conversation upon general subjects, you may exercise the same sociability and freedom which you would with ladies, not seeming to be sensible of any difference of sex. Indignantly repel any improper liberties; but never decline attentions which are considered as belonging to the rules of common politeness, unless there should be something in the character of the individual which would justify you in wishing wholly to avoid his society. Some men are so disagreeable in their attentions, and so obtrusive of their company, that they become a great annoyance to ladies. I think the latter justifiable in refusing ordinary attentions from such men till they learn better manners. Pay the strictest regard to propriety and delicacy in all your conduct; yet do not maintain such a cold reserve and chilling distance as to produce the impression in the mind of every one you meet that you dislike his society. No gentleman of refined and delicate feelings will intrude his company upon ladies when he thinks it is not desired; and you may create this impression by carrying the rules of propriety to the extreme of reserve. But the contrary extreme, of manifesting an excessive fondness for the society of gentlemen, is still ore to be avoided. By cultivating an acute sense of propriety in all things, with a nice discrimination of judgment, you will be able generally to direct your conduct aright in these matters.

Never indulge feelings of partiality for any man until he has distinctly avowed his own sentiments, and you have deliberately determined the several points already mentioned. If you do, you may subject yourself to much needless disquietude, and, perhaps, the most unpleasant disappointments. And the wounded feeling thus produced may have an injurious effect upon your subsequent character and happiness.

I shall close with a few brief remarks of a general nature:—

1. Do not suffer this subject to occupy a very prominent place in your thoughts. To be constantly ruminating upon it can hardly fail of exerting an injurious influence upon your mind, feelings, and deportment; and you will be almost certain to betray yourself in the society of gentlemen, and, perhaps, become the subject of merriment, as one who is anxious for a husband.

2. Do not make this a subject of common conversation. There is, perhaps, nothing which has a stronger tendency to deteriorate the social intercourse of young people than the disposition to give the subject of matrimonial alliances so prominent a place in their conversation, and to make it a matter of jesting and mirth.

3. Do not speak of your own private affairs of this kind, so as to have them become the subject of conversation among the circle of your acquaintances. It certainly does not add to the esteem of a young lady, among sensible people, for her to be heard talking about her beaux. Especially is this caution necessary in the case of a matrimonial engagement. Remember the old adage:—

"There's many a slip  
Between the cup and the lip;"

and consider how your feelings would be mortified if, after making such an engagement generally known among your acquaintances, anything should occur to break it off.

4. Do not make an engagement a long time before you expect it to be consummated. Such engagements are surrounded with peril.

In short, let me entreat you to cultivate the most delicate sense of propriety, in regard to everything having the most distant relation to this matter; and let all your feelings, conversation, and conduct be regulated upon the most elevated principles of purity, refinement, and religion; but do not carry your delicacy and reserve to the extreme of prudery, which is an unlovely trait of character, and which adds nothing to the strength of virtue.

## PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

**FIRST LESSON.**—*The necessary materials* for commencing pencil drawing will be a sharp penknife; three black-lead pencils, marked HB, F, and B; and some drawing-paper, or cartridge paper, or a drawing-paper book. We advise our readers to use cartridge paper to begin with, and to have it cut into sheets, which should be numbered at the upper right-hand corner, and when finished deposited in a box or strong portfolio.

*To cut your pencil properly.*—As you cannot draw until your pencils are cut, we must request you to cut them, not like *b* in Fig. 1, which is hacked; but cut it to a point like *a*, Fig. 1. In cutting it pro-

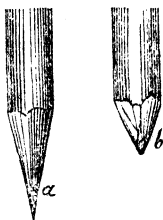


Fig. 1.

perly you must not remove too much of the wood, but only sufficient to expose a small part of the lead; if too much of the lead is exposed it will break.

*Position during drawing.*—It is of great importance that the student should sit to draw in a proper position. Do not have a low table, which obliges you to poke your nose almost upon the paper, and press your chest against the edge of the drawing desk; but sit in an easy, upright position, with your feet straight before you, the left hand resting upon the edge of your paper so as to keep it steady; the copy *before* you and *nearly upright*, and the sheet of paper upon which you are to draw slightly elevated.

*The proper position to hold your pencil* should be that the ends of the fingers are about an inch and a half from the point; and the pencil should not be held *too tight*, the elbow being kept well in towards the side, but not too stiff; by this means you will have perfect freedom of the hand, and complete command of the pencil.

As you are now prepared to commence your drawing, please seat yourself properly at the table, and make an effort to form *straight horizontal lines* like *a*, Fig. 2, and observe that they are to be parallel,

and at equal distances from one another. When you have succeeded in drawing a dozen of these lines the size of the copy, you should then try to form some twice the length, and then go on increasing the length of them, until you are able to draw lines a yard in length with a piece of chalk upon a black board.

*To draw horizontal straight lines.*—First make a dot upon the paper where you are to commence, and another where the line is to terminate (as *c*, Fig. 2); then draw a line between the two, from left to right, the same as between these two points.

Continue to do this until you are able to draw the lines straight and horizontal; then practise making perpendicular lines.

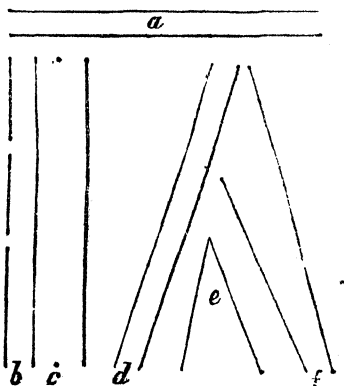


Fig. 2.

*To draw perpendicular straight lines.*—Proceed the same way as in drawing horizontal lines; that is, by making dots or points first, and commence with short lines, like the upper one of *b*, Fig. 2. Then increase the length, until they double and quadruple the original ones.

When you have succeeded in drawing either horizontal or perpendicular straight lines, repeat the exercises with the different pencils, so as to give greater breadth to some lines than to others; and sometimes draw the lines very close together, at other times very wide apart, and afterwards fill up the intervening spaces with lines. By this means you will acquire a correct eye for the measurement of lines and proportion.

*To draw oblique lines*, you should place the dots upon the paper as usual, and prac-

tise forming lines from right to left (as *d'*, Fig. 2), and afterwards from left to right (as *f*, Fig. 2). When you have acquired sufficient command of your pencil to form the various lines correctly, quickly, and freely, join two of them together, as to appear like *e*, Fig. 2.

Draw the lines, whether they be oblique or slanting, perpendicular or upright, and horizontal, or in a line with the floor, in every kind of manner, sometimes beginning at the right-hand side and sometimes at the left; at one time at the top of the line, at another at the bottom of it. Do this, practise often, strive to overcome all obstacles, and depend upon it you will accomplish wonders.

SECOND LESSON.—As you have learned to draw straight lines parallel to one another, it will be necessary to make you connect them in some way, so as to form the outline of an object.

Draw two straight lines parallel to one another like *a*, in Fig. 3; then connect

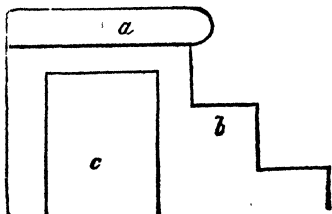


Fig. 3.

the ends of them by a small curved line, and from that draw a short perpendicular and a short horizontal line (as *b*, in Fig. 3); repeat until the outline of a set of steps is complete.

Draw a horizontal straight line, and from either extremity of it draw two perpendicular straight lines as in *c*, Fig. 3.

Draw two oblique lines, so that their lower extremities shall meet, as *a*, Fig. 4.

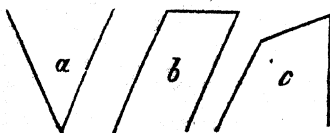


Fig. 4.

Then draw two parallel straight lines, so that the beginning of the upper one shall be almost immediately over the end of the lower one, and join the ends of these lines with oblique lines, as *b*, in Fig. 4.

Draw a perpendicular straight line, and from the upper end of it an oblique line from right to left, then unite the end of the oblique line to another oblique line, as in *c*, Fig. 4.

Draw a perpendicular line, and from the lower part of it draw a horizontal line from right to left, as *b*, in Fig. 5.

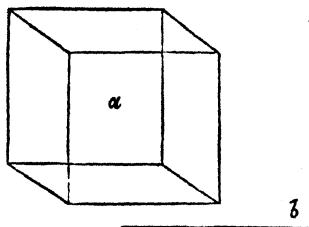


Fig. 5.

Draw four horizontal lines, and then join their extremities by four perpendicular lines, as in *a*, Fig. 5. This will represent a block of wood (called a *cube* in geometry), having six faces, and eight corners or angles, like a die.

Here is another geometrical figure which you are requested to copy. To do so correctly, begin by making two dots, and then forming the upper line; then calculate that the distance of the second line is twice the depth of the fore part of the stone (which is represented in Fig. 6), and draw a *very*



Fig. 6.

*faint short stroke* to fix the distance. You must now fix the place to commence the second line, and you therefore place a dot at about the same depth as the fore part of the stone towards the right, and another dot at about one and a half of the depth from the right of the end of the upper line; then draw a line between the two dots. Join the ends of these two lines by oblique lines, as represented in the figure above, and proceeding in the same manner to place dots upon the paper for the other parts, draw the short perpendicular lines and the oblique and horizontal lines. The figure is now complete in outline, and you must therefore finish it by the addition of a few strokes and dots as shown in the figure.

To form the outline of the figure, use a F pencil, and a HB to fill in the other strokes.

Here is another figure that you must practise frequently, because it will give you a fair knowledge of the combination of form and proportion, and will school your eyes to the perspective of solids. In this, as in all cases, proceed by making dots

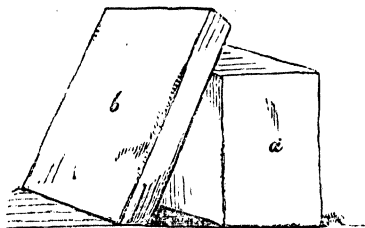


Fig. 7.

before you commence drawing your lines; and we merely repeat this again because we wish our pupils to understand most distinctly that no line should be drawn until

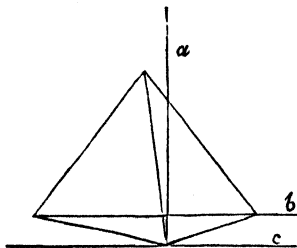


Fig. 8.

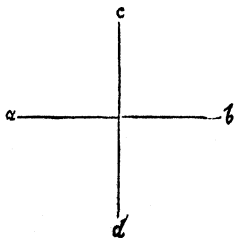


Fig. 9.

the length of it has been marked upon the paper by dots. When you have drawn the upper horizontal line of *a*, in Fig. 7, draw a perpendicular line from each end of it, and

let each of these lines be one and a half the length of the horizontal line; then unite the two lower ends of the perpendicular lines. Now draw a faint horizontal line along the base of *a*, and at about half the height of the oblong *a* place a dot on the faint horizontal line, and another dot at rather more than a third of the length of the dot just placed upon the line from the left lower angle of the oblong. You must then place a dot at about half the length of the above distance above the horizontal line, and the same distance from the second dot as the width of the base *a*. From these several dots draw oblique lines as in

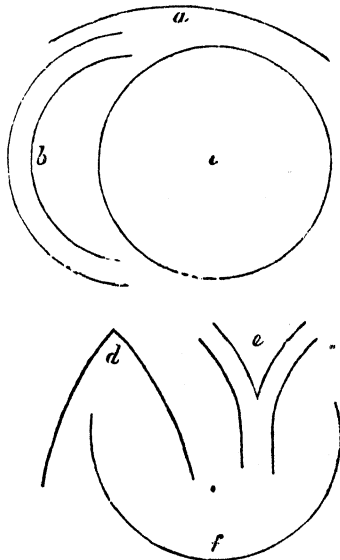


Fig. 10.

*b*, Fig. 7, and join them by other lines as shown in the figure. You must now draw other short lines from the oblique ones to the face of the oblong, and finish the figure by a few short strokes at the base, as shown in the figure.

It is required to represent the two sides of a pyramid. Draw two faint horizontal lines *b* *c*, and another one *a*, perpendicular to them; then draw a line from *c* to *b*, commencing at the place where *a* cuts *c*; then draw another line from *c* to *b*, one-third longer than the line on the right of *a*, commencing at the point of junction between



*a* and *c*. Place a dot on the left of the perpendicular *a*, at nearly the same distance from it as the space between the lines *b* and *c*, and twice the length of the oblique line on the right of its base, between the line *c* *b*. From this point or dot draw lines to meet those drawn before, and the figure will be complete.

Draw a horizontal line, *a* *b*, and then draw a perpendicular line, *c* *d*, across it, as in Fig. 9.

You will have formed four right angles, *a* *e* *c*, *c* *e* *b*, *b* *e* *d*, *d* *e* *a*; but we are not going to study angles now; that is not our object. We wish you to notice our remarks and practise the figure; then, when you can draw this well, you should draw the lines in different directions so near that *c* may be brought nearer to *b*, and *d* to *a*; by this means you will form various kinds of angles.

**THIRD LESSON.**—You must now turn your attention to the drawing of curved lines. Unless you can draw a curved line accurately in any direction, you can never hope to delineate the human figure or animals in a proper manner; for the outlines of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms are made up of curved lines of every variety. It is needless to give a long list of examples; the student will easily observe them in the objects around him, from the horse to the cat or diminutive mouse; or from the gay butterfly that soars above him, to the caterpillar from which it has been transformed; or from the lofty oak to the humble acorn.

Commence practising the formation of curved lines by drawing several like *a*, Fig. 10, and then, when you are able to do so accurately and easily, draw parallel lines with greater curve, as *b*, Fig. 10. When you can enlarge these copies upon a black board, with a piece of chalk, or reduce them with a pencil upon paper, then you may venture to draw a circle like *c*, Fig. 10.

*To draw a circle.*—Commence by making a faint dot upon the paper to mark the centre; then place another dot on either side of it, and at equal distances, and continue placing dots at equal distances all round the central one, until a circle of dots is formed; you must then join all the dots with a steady and slow sweep of the hand, beginning at the top of the circle, and drawing from left to right, and right round from the point at which you started. Practise this several times, as it will give you precision, and enable you to observe the relative distance of the outer part of the circle from the centre. Do not attempt to use compasses to draw a circle.

When you have drawn a few dozen circles by the aid of the dots, draw some without making any marks upon the paper or board; sometimes drawing from left to right, and at other times from right to left.

Draw one circle within another, so that their margins shall be parallel, as in the portion of one shown in *b*, Fig. 10.

Draw a semicircle (as *f*, in Fig. 10), and then practise forming *d* and *e* in the same figure, until you can join lines neatly, sometimes commencing from the lower part of the figures, and at other times from the upper part.

Divide circles into sections, so as to exhibit the half, a quarter, or other divisions of a circle.

Draw squares, polygons, and triangles within circles, and then construct a circle within a square.

Copy the following figure, and then pro-

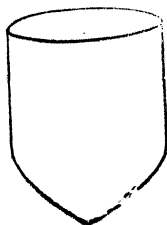


Fig. 11.

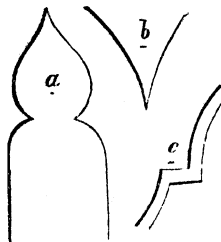


Fig. 12.

ceed to draw the three following outlines, which you will no doubt do correctly and readily, from the practice you have already had in the curved lines. Be careful, in copying *a* and *c*, to make the left-hand lines darker than those to the right, while *b* has lines of each breadth. It is well to use the pencil marked HB for this purpose, the different thicknesses of the line produced by the degrees of pressure employed.

## WILD ANIMALS:

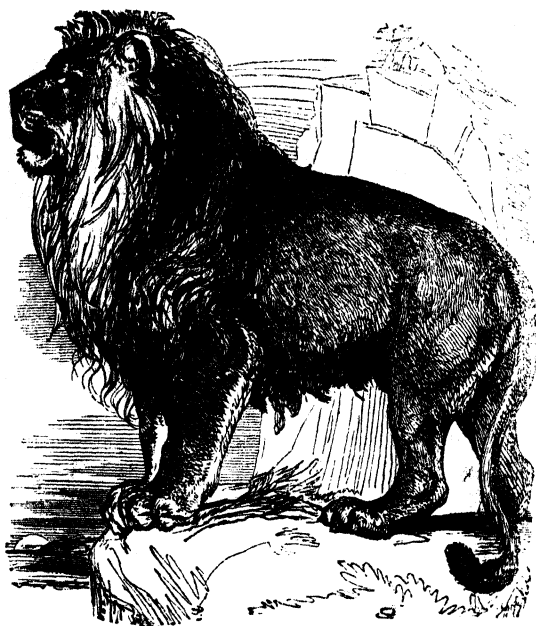
THEIR HOMES, HAUNTS, AND HISTORIES.

## THE LION.

It is in Africa, and especially in South Africa, that animal life appears to have reached its maximum, both as regards size and numbers. All travellers in that part of the world agree in stating that the abundance of wild creatures, and especially those of the larger kind, is perfectly astonishing; and the testimony of Dr. Livingstone is to the same effect. When we read of 900 elephants being killed on one river alone in three years, and this for the sake of their tusks, what an idea does it give us of the amazing numbers of these huge mountains of flesh which must inhabit the almost impenetrable forests and wild wide mountain ranges of torrid Africa! Gordon Cumming, that mightiest of modern hunters, thinks little of bagging his four or five bull-elephants in a day, not to speak of hippopotami and rhinoceri, buffaloes, giraffes, and such small make-weights. He sees the first-named of these huge creatures congregating in vast herds, sometimes a hundred or more together; he rides in, and singles out his bull, and sometimes with three or four lucky shots, but oftener with twenty or thirty, brings him down, after an obstinate fight of some hours, during which the hunter incurs great danger from the tusks, and trunk, and enormous limbs of the infuriated animal, which rushes with shrill trumpeting upon its assailant. This one dispatched, he follows in the wake of the retreating herd, selects another, disables it, perhaps, and leaves it to be finished by his after-riders or other attendants; while he, still eager for more ivory, again overtakes, again slays, and goes on until night and darkness put an end to his exciting sport, or his wearied limbs absolutely refuse to bear him any further. His best horses are worn out with fatigue, or otherwise disabled—and he must rest; and rest he does—amid the trumpeting and snorting, yelling and roaring, of the wild dwellers in the desert, and forest, and the reedy swamp. Sometimes a lion with shaggy mane, and fiery, flashing eyes, looks in upon him as he sits by the fire within his fence of wait-a-bit thorn, seeking for a meal of horse-flesh, or ox-flesh, or man-flesh, whichever comes handiest. The Hottentots are frightened out of their senses at the approach of their dreaded enemy "Tao," but our hunter is calm and collected, while his staunch dogs, let loose, do battle with the intruder, which presently, perchance, receives a shot that

makes him bound off, yelling and roaring, in pain and anger. Sometimes it is ride for your life, with the horn of an infuriated rhinoceros close to your horse's flanks, rushing and crashing, amid rocks and trees, and thorny bushes, and dry water-courses, with many a trip and stumble, and, it may be, a downfall altogether, and a miraculous escape sideways, or other ways, from the snorting pursuer, which plunges on, carrying off some ounces of lead in his leathery hide, or by-and-by tumbles prone, and yields up his horn to the hunter, and his flesh to the hungry natives. Sometimes it is watching from a reedy covert the gambols of a school of hippopotami, taking their morning bath in the waters of the Limpopo, or some other river with an equally euphonious title. Bulls, and cows, and calves are there, all intent on taking their fill of enjoyment; plunging and wallowing, splashing and snorting, now popping up their monstrous heads above the stream, now disappearing altogether beneath it, and again emerging like so many islands of dark grey mud just come to the surface. The finest bull is selected, the ball crashes through the bony plate which protects the brain, and the agonized creature makes a whirlpool amid the waters, dives to the bottom, remains there awhile, rises again to receive another shot, dives again, but finally floats a dead carcass of immense size and repulsive aspect, to be hooked and bound with thongs of buffalo-hide, as it strands on the gravelly bank, and drawn up high and dry, to have its huge head severed from its body as a hunter's trophy, and its flesh carried off as food to the Bushman's hut, or the Bechuana village, or the kraal of some other of the scattered or wandering tribes. Should it be left till night, the lions and jackals, panthers or hyenas, will feast on it; or if it remains in or near the water, the scaly crocodile will leave his basking in the mud to come and enjoy the savoury food; while in either case, stooping from above, the broad-winged and keen-scented vultures will take their share of the feast.

Sometimes it is away over the desert, with the speed of light, pursuing the solitary ostrich, or the troop of zebras or saggas, graceful and beautiful in their every aspect and motion; or the bounding antelopes, the pallehs, the khodoos, the hartebeests, the springboks, and the blauboks, the rough-maned guns spurning the sand with their cloven feet. Chasing the wild boar among the hills, the buffalo in the reedy vley, or marsh, the bush-buck on the river banks, or the little klip-springer, smallest and



nimblest of antelopes, amid the rocks; watching the tall and stately giraffe, as it bends down with its curled tongue the lithe boughs of the lofty trees, on whose tender shoots it loves to feed; or drawing the rock-snake from its hiding-place; sending the clamorous wild dogs flying with a shout or a shot, and scaring the jackal and hyana from their repast on the carcass which has already afforded a meal to their king—the majestic lion.

But we will now proceed to speak more particularly of the wild animals of South Africa, premising that our account must be of the briefest description, having to crowd into a single chapter a whole menagerie of beasts, a full account of the habits and characteristics of which would fill a goodly volume. And first for the lion, the majestic brute whose sovereignty no animal dares to dispute.

Some of our boys no doubt remember Pauline and Emilie's description of "the lion's ride" on the back of the giraffe, where he had sprung from his

hiding-place in the reeds, when the stately creature came to drink. What a ride was that over a blood-besprinkled track! With panting, heaving chest, glazed and filmy eyes, and every nerve quivering with terror and agony, the maddened steed flew on, his royal rider feasting as he went on this triumphal progress over his wide domain. No pause, no rest, while life and strength remained—on! on! with a wild and terrible cry, like the shriek of despair, over the rocky ridge, over the sandy waste, miles and miles away from the green pastures and pleasant woods, from kindred companionship, and the sound of running water. Flecked with foam, bedabbled with gore, is the smooth shining skin; there is fire in every vein, a burning and consuming thirst, a weariness and exhaustion of strength that would prostrate every energy, were it not for the sharp stimulus of rending talons and fangs piercing into the very vitals. Still for awhile he staggers on, with unsteady gait and relaxed speed, and now a sharper pang shoots through his frame, and gives a momentary



PERSIAN LION.

impulse to his mad career; but alas! as Pringle tells us in his spirited lines,—

“’Tis vain! the thirsty sands are drinking  
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;  
The victor’s fangs are in his veins;  
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;  
His panting breath in foam and gore  
Is bathed; he reels; his race is o’er.”

And now, leaving his bones to whiten in the desert, after they have been picked clean by the hyænas, jackals, and vultures, let us confine our attention for awhile to his destroyer.

“Wouldst thou view the lion’s den?  
Search afar from haunts of men—  
Where the reed-encircled rill  
Oozes from the rocky hill,  
By its verdure far described  
Mid the desert brown and wide,”

says Pringle, who thus, in a few lines, gives us a graphic picture of a favourite retreat of the lion of South Africa, where he, perhaps, attains a larger size, and a more perfect development of all his brute powers and faculties, than elsewhere. In such a spot as this, in his rocky hiding-place, to which he must often resort to satisfy the thirst to which all carnivorous animals are more subjected than

those which feed on the juicy herbage, lurks the grim, and oftentimes gory desert-king. Seldom, unless impelled by great hunger, does he stir abroad until the shades of night begin to close around; and there, where the gloom is rendered yet deeper by the shadow of the overhanging rocks, or the interception of the little light that is left by the tall grass or reeds, his fiery eyes may be seen gleaming like live coals, ready for his prey.

Of the Lion, which is the *Felis leo* of naturalists, several varieties, or breeds, are known, but their points of difference are scarcely marked enough to be called specific; they were formerly much more widely diffused throughout the world than they are at present. Africa, some districts of Arabia, and Persia, to the country bordering on the Euphrates, and some parts of India, are now their only habitats; for the Puma—*Felis concolor*, or *Leo Americana*, as some call it—is not properly a lion, but is more nearly allied to the Panther. Of the Asiatic breeds, the Bengal, and the Persian or Arabian lion, we need not here speak, nor of the maneless lion of Guzerat, recently discovered by Captain Smee. At the African

lions there are three kinds—the Barbary, distinguished by having a deep yellowish-brown fur, and full flowing mane; the Senegal, which is more of a yellow tint, with a smaller mane, which is nearly wanting on the breast and between the fore legs; and the Cape, which presents two varieties, one yellowish, and the other brown, the mane deepening into black. This black-maned lion is called by the Dutch settlers *Schwart fore-life*, and is the most dreaded for its strength and ferocity. The yellow variety they call *Chiel fore-life*. Kaffirs, Bechuanas, and other South African tribes, have a great horror of “Tao,” as they term him. Being without adequate means of defence, they are often victims to his murderous attacks. Having once tasted human flesh, he is said to prefer that to any other kind of food, and hence the proximity to the kraal of a “man-eater” fills the whole community with consternation. As a general rule, the lion will rather avoid coming in contact with man, beneath whose fixed glance it has been known to quail, and at the sound of whose voice it has often fled. Time out of mind it has been considered an emblem of strength and bravery. Strong it undoubtedly is, and when pressed by hunger, or infuriated by pain, or the baiting of dogs, or the attack of the hunter, it will, like any other wild creature, conscious of possessing the means of offence, disregard every danger, and fight desperately to the last. But, for all that, we should not consider boldness and bravery as characteristic traits of the lion. It is well placed by naturalists at the head of the family *Felina*, being a true cat in its nature and habits; a skulking, stealthy brute, with padded feet that enable it to move noiselessly; its favourite attitude is crouching, ready for the spring, and it rarely meets its prey even face to face, unless obliged to do so. Cumming, as well as Gerard, frequently went close up to lions, and having the nerve to face them boldly, commonly did so with impunity. If the creature had a way open for escape, it would usually avail itself thereof—that is, before it received its first wound; after that, how to destroy its enemy would be its great object and desire. With a port and presence calculated to overawe the fiercest of its fellow-roamers of the wilderness, and to shake the stoutest nerves—mighty, and majestic, and terrible as it undoubtedly is—we yet see that it is often met and bearded by puny man! Its brute strength is no match for his mental power; and although this king of the desert may, for a time, dispute man’s claim to the

sovereignty of the whole earth—may for a time roam unmolested over those arid tracts which are unfit for cultivation, or lurk unseen in the depths of the pathless forests, yet it must eventually be driven out even from these places of refuge, and become extinct. In many parts of the world, where it was once plentiful, it is now extremely rare.

It is in Africa, no doubt, that the lion will longest retain his place of dominion—this is his more especial realm. Here he finds the most inaccessible retreats—here is food most plentiful; antelopes of various species and other wild creatures roam the sandy plains, and haunt the rocky ravines and grey gloomy forests in countless numbers; and he has only to pick and choose of the best and tenderest. He is something of an epicure in his feeding when not much pressed by hunger, and will take only certain parts of the animal he has slain; he generally takes his meals early in the morning or late in the evening, and slumbers during the heat of the day: then is the best time for attacking him, for he is dull and heavy, not easily aroused. The wild Bushmen, who flee from him at other times, take this opportunity of approaching his lair, and shooting him with poisoned arrows, which, though they may fail to arouse him at the time the wound is inflicted, generally prove fatal in the end. Happily the lion is not a very prolific breeder, nor does it quickly attain maturity, five years being the period which elapses before it reaches its full strength and stature. What that strength is, we may judge from the fact that one of these animals has been known to convey a horse about a mile from the spot where he killed it; and that another, which had seized a two-year-old heifer, was followed for five hours by horsemen, who observed that, through the whole progress of the chase, the lion carried its burden without much apparent difficulty, only letting it once or twice touch the ground. What, then, must a man be in the jaws of such a creature. Let the crushed bones and mangled form of poor Hendrick, Cumming’s waggon-driver, answer the question. He was seized by a fierce man-eater while lying by the fire in the camp, surrounded by a strong edge of wait-a-bitthorn, and safely guarded, as he thought, by the dogs and muskets of himself and companions, as well as by the glare of the burning brands—seized and carried off, as a mouse might be by a cat, and devoured within forty yards of the spot, while his master and terrified comrades sat listening to the growling of the horrid brute, without being able to attempt his rescue.

## OUR CHESS INSTRUCTOR.

CONDUCTED BY HERR LÖWENTHAL.

IN re-commencing a Chess Department in the **FAMILY FRIEND**, it will, perhaps, be as well if we state the course which we propose to follow.

First, we propose to give, in each number, two Diagrams, one illustrating a Chess Problem, the other a Chess Study.

With regard to this department we are happy to state, that our connection with almost every problem composer of note throughout Europe, America, and the Colonies, will enable us from time to time to lay before our readers some of the best specimens of Chess Problems that can be obtained.

In the selection of the Chess Studies, we shall at all times be careful to submit to our readers only such as are distinguished by elegance, ingenuity, and instructiveness.

Second, to give a Review of the Chess Doings of the past Month, and to record, as fully as possible within our limits, whatever is worthy of note in connection with the literature and practice of the game. Our extensive acquaintance among Chess Players and Chess Societies will enable us to furnish intelligence from all quarters of the globe. Our chief object in this branch will be to forward the objects of English Chess, and in this view we shall always be most happy to receive from our friends and correspondents such information as will conduce to that end.

Third, *to give Games*. In these we shall endeavour to select games which have been contested by the most eminent players of Great Britain, America, and the Continent. We have already a large stock of games on hand, but we shall at all times be happy to receive new ones of merit. In order to render these games not only interesting but instructive, we shall occasionally furnish notes on the moves, which will be of an analytical and critical character, which, it is hoped, will enable the reader to examine the games in all their possible aspects.

Fourth, *to Answer Correspondents*. We shall be happy to give replies to any questions relating to Chess, and to furnish any information within our power as regards the theory and practice of the game. All letters sent to us will receive our best and earliest attention.

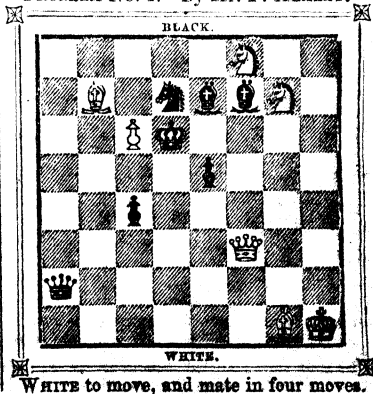
Fifth, *to give Critiques on Works on Chess, Magazines, &c.* All works of this nature intended for notice should be addressed to the Chess Editor. Our criticism shall at all times be candid and impartial, and we shall

have regard to nothing but the merit of the work before us. Having pointed out the plan which we purpose to follow, we now conclude these preliminary observations with a few general remarks on Chess as a science, and the place it holds among intellectual amusements.

Amusements, it is well known, exercise a great influence, either for good or evil, upon the morals of a people. It being universally allowed that the game of Chess is in the highest degree an exercise tending to refine and improve the mind, and at the same time to strengthen the reasoning powers, it follows that the general diffusion of a knowledge of the game, and the spread of its practice, must have a healthy and beneficial effect. We are happy to say that the knowledge of Chess is growing among the English people. Long the amusement, almost exclusively, of the wealthy and the studious, the game is finding its way into the ranks of the middle classes, and the dense masses of the workers. The evidences that this is true are abundant. Chess Clubs are multiplying greatly. Mechanics' Institutions have their Chess Classes; hundreds of Coffee-houses display in their windows the words, "Chess and Draughts;" and the number of newspapers is increasing in which diagrams of the chequered board head a column of Chess matter.

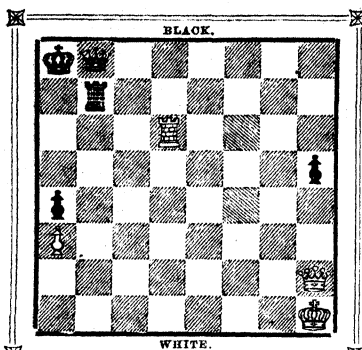
We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following problem, which will be found to be characterized by originality of no ordinary kind. It is the composition of Mr. F. HEALEY, the distinguished English Problem Champion.

PROBLEM No. 1.—By Mr. F. HEALEY.



## CHESS STUDY.—No. 1.

Dedicated, by Mr. LOWENTHAL, to the Rt. Hon. Lord LITTLINGTON, President of the British Chess Association.



WHITE to move and win.

## KOLISCH AND PAULSEN.

The games which we give here are two of those which were played between the celebrated players named above.

## GAME I.

White—Mr. Kolisch. Black—Mr. Paulsen.

- |                            |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.             | 1. P. to K. 4.         |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3.         | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.     |
| 3. B. to B. 4.             | 3. B. to B. 4.         |
| 4. Castles.                | 4. Kt. to K. B. 3.     |
| 5. P. to Q. 3.             | 5. P. to Q. 3.         |
| 6. P. to B. 3.             | 6. Castles. (a)        |
| 7. Q. B. to Kt. 5.         | 7. P. to K. R. 3.      |
| 8. B. to R. 4.             | 8. B. to K. 3.         |
| 9. Q. Kt. to Q. 2.         | 9. Q. to K. 2.         |
| 10. K. to R. sq.           | 10. B. takes B.        |
| 11. Kt. takes B.           | 11. Q. to K. 3.        |
| 12. Kt. to K. 3.           | 12. B. takes Kt. (b)   |
| 13. P. takes B.            | 13. Kt. to Q. 2. (c)   |
| 14. Kt. to Q. 2.           | 14. P. to K. B. 4. (d) |
| 15. P. takes P.            | 15. R. takes P. (e)    |
| 16. R. takes R.            | 16. Q. takes R.        |
| 17. Q. to Kt. 3. (ch.) (f) | 17. K. to R. 2.        |
| 18. Q. takes Kt. P.        | 18. R. to K. B. sq.    |
| 19. Q. takes Kt.           | 19. Q. takes P.        |
| 20. Q. to K. 4. (ch.)      |                        |
- and wins.

## NOTES.

- (a) Kt. to K. 2 is here the preferable defence.  
 (b) It appears to us that Kt. to K. 2 would have been a much better move.  
 (c) Most players would have preferred playing the Kt. to Kt. 5, instead of moving him to Q. 2.

(d) A strange oversight for so careful a player. This unfortunate move costs Black a pawn at least.

(e) Black might have escaped with the loss of a pawn only, by moving the Queen to K. B. 2. By the mode of play adopted, Black sacrifices a piece, and of course the game.

(f) A move which seems to have been entirely overlooked by Mr. Paulsen.

## GAME II.

White—Mr. Kolisch. Black—Mr. Paulsen.

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.           | 1. P. to K. 4.          |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3.       | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.      |
| 3. B. to B. 4.           | 3. B. to B. 4.          |
| 4. Castles.              | 4. Kt. to K. B. 3.      |
| 5. P. to Q. 3.           | 5. P. to Q. 3.          |
| 6. Q. B. to Kt. 5.       | 6. Kt. to K. 2. (a)     |
| 7. P. to Q. 4.           | 7. P. takes P.          |
| 8. B. takes Kt.          | 8. P. takes B.          |
| 9. Kt. takes P.          | 9. Castles.             |
| 10. Q. Kt. to B. 5.      | 10. P. to B. 4. (b)     |
| 11. K. to R. sq.         | 11. P. to B. 5. (c)     |
| 12. K. Kt. to K. 2.      | 12. Kt. to Kt. 3.       |
| 13. Q. to Q. 2.          | 13. B. to K. 3. (d)     |
| 14. B. to Q. 3. (e)      | 14. Q. to B. 3. (f)     |
| 15. K. Kt. to Kt. sq.    | 15. K. to R. sq.        |
| 16. Q. R. to K. sq.      | 16. K. R. to K. Kt. sq. |
| 17. K. Kt. to B. 3.      | 17. Kt. to K. 4.        |
| 18. Kt. takes Kt. (g)    | 18. P. takes Kt.        |
| 19. Kt. to Q. 5.         | 19. B. takes Kt.        |
| 20. P. takes B.          | 20. R. to Kt. 4.        |
| 21. Q. to K. 2.          | 21. Q. R. to K. Kt. sq. |
| 22. P. to K. Kt. 3.      | 22. Q. to K. R. 3.      |
| 23. K. R. to Kt. sq. (h) | 23. R. to R. 4.         |
| 24. R. to Kt. 2.         | 24. B. to Q. 3.         |
| 25. Q. R. to K. Kt. sq.  | 25. P. takes P.         |
| 26. P. takes P.          | 26. P. to K. B. 4.      |
| 27. P. to Q. B. 4.       | 27. P. to K. 5.         |
| 28. B. to Kt. sq.        | 28. R. to Kt. 2.        |
| 29. P. to Q. R. 3.       | 29. P. to R. 4.         |
| 30. B. to B. 2.          | 30. P. to Kt. 3.        |
| 31. B. to R. 4.          | 31. K. R. to Kt. 4.     |
| 32. Q. to K. sq.         | 32. Q. to R. 6.         |
| 33. Q. to B. 3.          | 33. P. to B. 5.         |
| 34. P. takes P.          | 34. R. takes R.         |

And WHITE resigns.

## NOTES.

(a) Undoubtedly the best move at this juncture. It not only checks the vigour of White's attack, but affords Black the means of developing his game.

(b) A very good move, which gives the advantage to Black.

(c) With an excellent game.

(d) Every move made by Mr. PAULSEN is the result of profound combination.

(e) The best move. B. taking B. instead, would not have improved matters.

(f) The admirable disposition of Black's forces renders victory a certainty.

(g) The worst move that White could have adopted: it creates a formidable array of pawns, rendering Black's position almost impregnable.

(h) The only move to avert immediate danger.



THE TURKEY.

## ABOUT TURKEYS.

THE turkey was not known in Europe before the discovery of America, and it has been supposed that this useful and rather singular bird was introduced into Spain by the Spaniards, or brought to England by Cabot, some time during the reign of Henry VIII., or about three hundred years ago. The first turkey ever eaten in France was at the wedding-banquet of Charles IX. in 1570; and we find mention made of the strange creature by Old Tusser, in his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, which was published in 1573. From that time it has gradually grown into favour, and is not unfrequently mentioned in the accounts of festivals and merrymakings in the olden time.

There are three varieties of the turkey in England—the *Norfolk*, or *black*, which is the largest in size, varying from 18 lbs. to 30 lbs., and in some rare instances weighing half a hundredweight, and also the best flavoured and the most easy to rear. It is bred in great numbers in Norfolk, chiefly

for the London market, and is said to be superior to those of other localities, owing to the dry soil of its native county.

The next variety is the *white*, which is not so easily reared as the black; and last, the *copper-coloured*, still more difficult to bring up; these two sorts are, therefore, much less numerous than the black. In France the white is much more frequently met with than in this country.

With regard to choice, the best way is to select those which are most pleasing to the eye, it being a rule that the handsomest are the healthiest. A writer in the *Journal of the Agricultural Society* states that the cock is in his prime at three years old, and the hen at two years. In choosing those for breeding, however, it is desirable to bestow a little watchfulness, and to pick out such as are of steady habits; for turkeys retain much of their wild disposition even in their domestic state, and, like schoolboys, are very apt to be careless and mischievous. The troublesome ones should be got rid of, so that those which are patient, sitters and attentive nurses may be kept unmolested. A turkey-cock



with a well-established reputation is a really valuable animal. One cock is sufficient for fifteen hens.

The two sexes pair in February, March, or April. Before this takes place there is always something in the manner of the hen which gives her keeper to understand that breeding-time has come—she struts about pompously, and with a good deal of noisy cackling, and if not closely watched she will steal away, and lay her eggs in some concealed place. When the laying once begins, some hens lay an egg every day, and some every second or third day, until the number is complete, generally from twelve to twenty. As fast as the eggs make their appearance, the date of their laying should be marked on them with a pencil; they are then to be put away in a box, and well covered with bran or wool, so that their heat may be kept in as much as possible. There are several reasons why the eggs should be thus removed: one is because the turkey-cock is always trying to destroy them—so much so, that, when wild in their native woods, the hens resort to various schemes to prevent his knowing the situation of the nest; another is, to keep them out of the way of rats and weasels, which creatures are very fond of sucking turkeys' eggs when they can get at them. The safest plan is to keep the hens shut up in the turkey-house, where the nests can be properly looked after.

Before commencing the work of hatching, the hens must be watched to ascertain if they really mean to sit, as some will at times take to the nest for a day or two, and then give up. But if one is found to sit steadily for three days, the eggs may then be put into the nest—fifteen or sixteen is a good number; if there are more, she is scarcely able to cover them all. As much as possible the eggs should be all of the same age. It is sometimes recommended to sit two hens at once, in order that, when hatched, the two broods may be reared by one hen, while the other will soon be ready to sit again. Great care should be taken to prevent other hens from laying in the same nest; and also to see that those which are sitting be made to leave the nest at times, or else they will neglect to take food and become weak and poor. But as the turkey is a very forgetful bird, it will also be necessary to see that she goes back again to the nest, otherwise she might neglect it altogether. Twenty minutes is the most that she should be permitted to be off the nest at one time. Another reason why the eggs should be thus now and then uncovered is, that they require air; the shells are porous, and when the heat is a

little diminished the air inside shrinks, and fresh air is forced in from the outside, to maintain the life of the embryo chick within. Hence the necessity for having poultry-houses always well ventilated; for as all eggs are affected in the same way, all should be in a pure atmosphere. The time of hatching turkeys' eggs varies according to heat and cold, being shortest when the weather is warm; commonly from twenty-seven to thirty-one days.

Some people think it necessary to help the young from the egg-shell, but as a rule it is best to let nature take its course in this as in many other matters. Mr. Cantelo, who has hatched thousands of chickens in a few months, says: "Never attempt to free a chicken from the shell, unless the cause of its detention is very evidently an accidental circumstance, which you may know by its loud cries, sometimes caused by the feathers sticking to the shells; but when the chicken is nearly disengaged, or making very violent efforts, there is no danger in pulling open the shell, though the least abrasure of the veins covering the inside of the shell, before the blood is taken up by the chicken, is always detrimental, and generally fatal. In case, however, of the chicken pulling towards the small end, instead of the butt (which sometimes happens), as soon as it begins to cut round the shell, a piece may be removed in order to give a little more room for the exit."

The same remarks apply to turkeys; but if people will persist in stripping off the shell, and if the hen seems inclined to trample on the young ones, they must then be removed and kept warm in soft cotton wool. It is a good plan to put two or three common fowls' eggs under the turkey about eight days after she begins to sit, because young turkeys are stupid, and scarcely know at first how to take their food; but young chickens learn to peck almost immediately, and so act as teachers to their bigger but backward companions, the turkeys. At first, the turkey chicks should not be forced to swallow food: new-born infants require no food for the first two days, neither do newly-hatched turkeys, and the same may be said of poultry in general. The most that should be done is to dip a finger in water or milk, and let a drop fall on the turkeys' beaks.

After that, Mr. Trotter, the writer above referred to, says: "The food we have found to answer best consists of equal portions of oatmeal and the crumbs of white bread, mixed with a little boiling water, a light-boiled egg, and a considerable quantity of the leaves of the dandelion chopped small.

This mixture should be given very frequently in small quantities on a clean floor. The reason why we have recommended the leaves of the dandelion before parsley, nettles, &c., is conclusive, as a person in my service had observed that turkeys, when running about, always devoured greedily the leaves of dandelion, and accordingly they were mixed with the food of the turkey chicks, and with such success that during five years not one was lost; and, moreover, when sold, they were not only equal, but superior to all others in the market. The person who had charge of them never allowed them to be exposed to a single drop of rain, if it were possible to prevent it, until she was pretty certain they were old enough to bear it. About twice a week she gave them buttermilk to drink (always in very shallow vessels); at other times she gave them water or curds, than which nothing can be better. They should be made fresh every day. She gradually discontinued the use of oatmeal and the crumbs, by substituting for them, at first, a small quantity of barleymeal, and increasing it until the chicks were eight or nine weeks old, at which age the oatmeal was left off. A boiled potato, moderately warm, should occasionally be given.

"Undoubtedly the greatest obstacle to the profitable rearing of turkeys in our climate is damp. It is therefore of the utmost importance to have the house in which they are kept thoroughly dry—never allow them to go out when it rains, or when there is any dew: these rules must be strictly enforced until the chicks are nine or ten weeks old, at which age their backs will be found sufficiently well covered with feathers to withstand a shower of rain; still, at this age, they should not be too much exposed. Intense sunshine should all this time be guarded against.

"Some turkey-cocks trample the chicks to death, while others are proud of their young offspring. It is therefore necessary to watch the movements of the cock when first introduced to his family, and should a want of paternal affection be displayed, he must be punished, as he justly deserves, with confinement or banishment. Should, however, the turkey-cock not be ill-disposed, then the nests may be made in the turkey-house, while he is allowed to roost in it as usual; but should his character not be of the best sort, then he must be either excluded from the house, or the nests must be made in some other situation."

The turkey is hardy enough when old, but very tender when young; it is therefore of the utmost importance to have the

turkey-house perfectly dry; if it be not so the hens may be permitted to lay in the fowl-house, or some other suitable place.

"When about two months old, the young are termed turkey-poults. At that time the membranes on the neck and head shoot out, and become of a flesh-red colour; this is called *shooting the red*, and it is a critical change in the turkey's life, more so even than moulting. They then require particular care, and to have the best food. After that they may go about into whatever place their mothers are allowed. If there are any woods near, where they are safe, or can be looked after, they are fond of frequenting them, and picking up fallen acorns, beech-mast, or wild fruits of any kind, as well as insects, or corn in gleanings time."

When six months old the poults are frequently fattened for market. As a rule, turkeys should be fed so as to be always ready for the spit; and although they eat twice as much as fowls, it is most economical to have a liberal system of feeding. There is always a certain sale for turkeys, but it is said that the profit on them is smaller than on fowls.

It has been suggested that some of the royal forests of this country would be good places for turkeys to run at large; they multiply rapidly, and would soon relapse into their wild habits, and form an acceptable addition to our game.

Wild turkeys are still numerous in the forests of America, though by no means to the same extent as formerly; in several of the northern and eastern States they are now never seen. Audubon relates that in Kentucky he has known them to be sold, of 12 lbs. weight, for threepence each. The average weight is from 15 lbs. to 20 lbs.; occasionally, however, some are met with weighing from 30 lbs. to 40 lbs. They are caught in a trap built in the form of a large wooden cage, to which an entrance is gained by a trench strewn with corn. The turkeys pass along the trench, devouring as they go, and when once in the trap never attempt to make their way out again by the same passage, but remain till the hunter comes to seize them. As many as eighteen have thus been taken at once. Great numbers are shot and captured every winter, and sent away in a frozen state to distant markets.

They have many enemies in the woods besides man; the wolf, the wild cat, and the owl attack them at every opportunity, or devour their eggs, owing to which the hens, while hatching, exercise great cunning in contriving their nest.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR LAYING OUT A VILLA GARDEN.

BY GEORGE M. F. GLENNY, JUN.

THERE are few occupations that at once command such ready popularity, and insure to their possessors so much delight and renown, as a taste for gardening; and yet there is scarcely any art in which the attainment of excellence is so rare. Indifference, however, with regard to this matter is, we regret to observe, too universal. Be it our aim, then, to popularise this delightful occupation, for which purpose we shall devote our first paper to LANDSCAPE GARDENING, by giving a brief outline of the way in which a piece of ground, eighty yards long by fifty-six broad, may be laid out to the best advantage, both for profit and beauty.

We propose to plan it out in something after the following style, namely:—A, the house; B, the greenhouse; C, clump of ornamental shrubs and American plants; D, evergreens to face the house; E, manure and compost yard; F, frame-yard; G, flower-beds; H, shrubs and American plants, or evergreens; I, clumps of standard and other roses; J, geraniums, calceolarias, and other bedding plants; K, lawn; L, carriage sweep, twelve feet wide; M, paths, six feet wide; N, summer-house, with rockwork; O, kitchen-garden; P, peach wall; Q, wall for pears, plums, cherries, &c.; R, fountain; S, paths to kitchen-garden, also six feet wide; T, stable and coach-house; U, stable-yard. V, paths, three feet wide.

The above, though not strictly speaking a garden of moderate pretensions, is about the average size of such as is attached to what is termed a villa residence. We do not mean to say that all such dwellings are possessed of ground to this extent, but by far the greater number can claim the privilege of equality in this respect; and as it is generally admitted that there is frequently greater difficulty in making extensive grounds look grand and effective without marring their snug and homely appearance, than in causing, by judicious management, a limited plot to seem extensive, it necessarily requires much ingenuity and good taste on the part of the designer to set off every nook and corner to the best advantage, which, after all, is the chief key or secret to success.

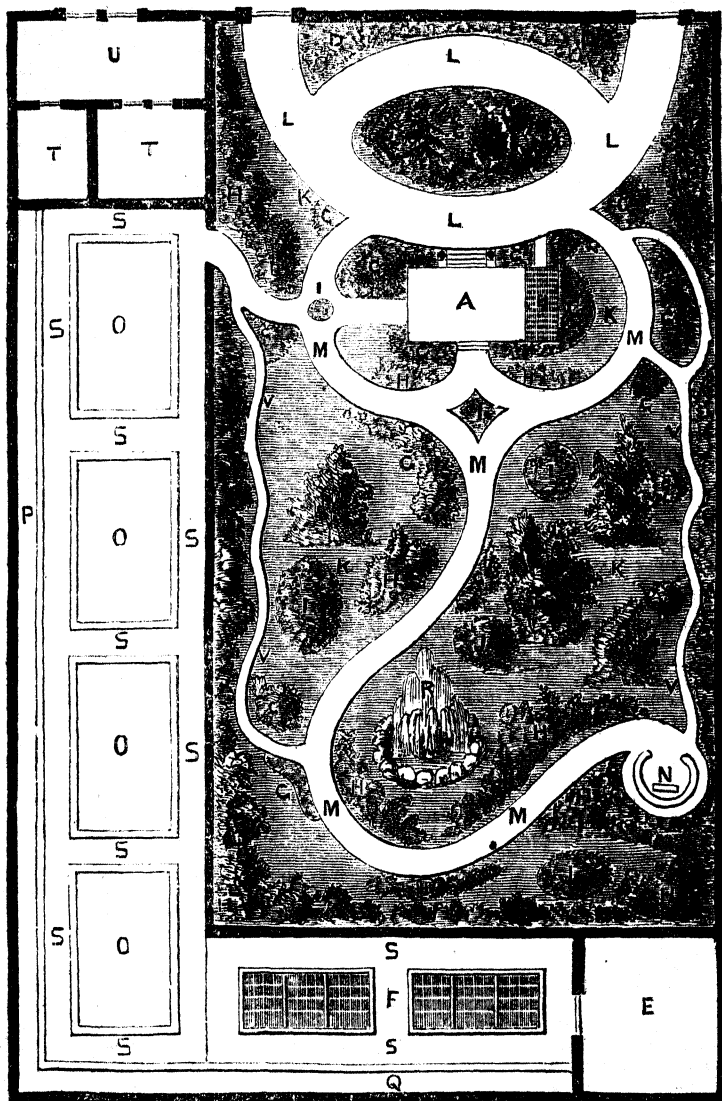
It has been very justly remarked by one who was no mean authority in these matters, that the kitchen-garden is a necessary evil, and for this reason it should always, where practicable, be placed in

such a position as not to be visible from the dwelling; that is to say, if near to the house, artificial means should be brought into force to do away with the so-called unsightly appearance of the same; such, for instance, as a nice assortment of evergreens would provide, if properly planted so as to hide, as it were, the approach to it. Although we must confess there is little, if any, beauty attached to this quarter of the garden, inasmuch as there are no flowers save cauliflowers, still, for our own part, we consider that if it is not strictly speaking beautiful to the eye, it has at least the advantage of usefulness; and if it does not exactly suit the taste in one respect, it provides the means of gratifying the taste in another.

As in a usual way by far the greater proportion of land on tolerably large estates is devoted to lawn, borders, and flower-beds, which leaves but a fourth or third at the most for the cultivation of culinary roots, we would strongly impress upon the minds of our readers the necessity for making ample provision for the more extensive growth of this tribe of plants, which are of as much importance in their way, and even more so where there is a family, than flowers; consequently we would on no account have them depreciated, but, on the contrary, we would try to make the kitchen-garden vie with the pleasure-grounds as far as possible; and with this motive we have been at considerable pains to give this department a neat appearance without detracting from its utility, a plan which we trust will give satisfaction to those about to second our endeavours and duly appreciate our notions in this respect.

It is said that groups of trees, or even buildings, are an advantage when situated near to a garden, for more reasons than one; and we cannot help falling into the same way of thinking, when we consider that where they are placed to the north, they do a very great deal towards turning aside cold winds, and likewise concentrating the heat of the sun—two benefits which fail not to produce good results where early crops are required.

Houses, however, have an advantage over trees, for this reason—that they provide shelter without lessening the nourishing properties of the soil, a fact which encourages us to give the preference to the former mode of security; but as it is not within the means of every one to select for himself in this respect, all we can say is, that where practicable, we should advise, where a choice can be made, houses as a



DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN VILLA GARDEN.

means of protection before trees, or, indeed, anything else that takes away that from the land which is so necessary to the well-being of the various crops.

In our plan it will be observed that the entire frontage north of the house is laid down with grass, while that to the south is devoted principally to the various buildings and kitchen-garden necessary to the establishment; and east of the villa will be noticed the greenhouse, sufficiently protected by trees and shrubs, which, as you will see, surround or border the whole of the grounds.

Ere we close our remarks it will be necessary to say a few words on the subject of **draining**, an operation which is absolutely necessary, provided it has not already been done; for unless you attend to this, you will discover to your future cost that your labour has been entirely thrown away. Should you, upon a minute examination, discover draining to be necessary, your first step should be to ascertain where the water can be most conveniently and effectually carried to; and as soon as you have satisfied yourself in this respect, have a trench opened along the entire width of the ground, which trench should terminate at a well sunk for the purpose of receiving the water that shall drain from the land. Into this trench smaller ones should be led in various directions, from the upper to the lower portion of the ground, which will have the desired effect of getting rid of, or rather collecting, all the superfluous moisture together, which the well will receive. The drains may then be tiled, or, if these are not at hand, a very good substitute will be found by filling them up with stones or brushwood, or, in fact, anything else that will keep the soil sufficiently open, so as to prevent any obstruction to the water which may from time to time collect. These trenches may then be covered up, after which you may proceed with your work without fear of annoyance in future from excess of wet.

#### MEMORANDA FOR JANUARY.

**CARNATIONS.**—Take great care to protect these in pots from excessive rains, hard frost, and snow; for like the auricula, notwithstanding they are hardy and capable of standing the winter in the open air, it is advisable to defend the choicer sorts in bad weather, to preserve them in good strength for blooming to perfection at the proper season.

These pots should be plunged in a raised bed of dry compost at the commencement of winter, and the bed arched over with pliant rods or hoops at that time: this precaution will be of great advantage to the plants, provided you are careful to draw mats over the arches when the weather is severe.

But if the pots were to be placed in the ordinary garden frame, it would be still better; that is to say, if you take care to put the glasses over them in rigorous weather. But when it is mild, and not immoderately wet, there is no need for covering them; in fact, it is much better then to let the plants have the full benefit of the fresh air both day and night.

**HYACINTHS, TULIPS, RANUNCULUS, ANEMONES, &c.**—In severe frosty weather it would be of beneficial advantage if the beds wherein they are deposited were covered over, either with an awning of mats, or, in default thereof, with straw or dry long litter of any description, bearing in mind that so soon as the bad weather has disappeared, it should be removed.

When any of the above-mentioned plants begin to make their appearance above ground, it would be of much service to have the beds arched over low with hoops, so that when the weather is unfavourable a mat or two might be drawn over the arches, and fastened down so that the wind could not blow them off.

While speaking of hyacinths it will not be out of place to say a few words on its cultivation in glasses; but as all the varieties are more or less suitable for this purpose, it is advisable to choose a greater proportion of single varieties, as the chance or certainty of success is much larger than with the double sorts. Mr. Bridgen, seedsman of King William Street, has very kindly furnished us with the following list, which he particularly recommends for amateurs, namely:—

*Red and rose*—Amie du Cœur, Jenny Lind, Wellington.

*Blue*—Ab-el-Kader, Charles Dickens, William I.

*White*—Grand Vainqueur, Grand Vidette, Queen Victoria.

*Yellow*—Prince d'Orange, Victor Hugo, Catharina.

With these twelve, and strict attention to the following directions, you cannot fail, under ordinary circumstances, to prove successful:—

Place the bulb on the top of the glass, and fill up with clean soft water till it barely touches the base of the bulb; then stand them in a dark, cool, dry cupboard, or wine cellar, for a time, that the roots may have grown freely before the bloom-buds are formed. Whilst in the dark they should be occasionally examined, when carefully remove any part that may be decaying, without injuring the young roots. If the water should become foul, change it, but not otherwise. When the leaves have made a little growth, they should be placed in the full light of the window furthest from the fire. Never permit them to be placed on the mantel-piece, as they cannot be grown successfully in such a position: a cool place, inaccessible to frost, is best for them. In mild weather let them have plenty of air, as light and air, with a tolerably equable temperature, are essentials to success.

Letters addressed to the Editor, (for the Gardener,) 122, Fleet Street, London, E.C., will meet with immediate attention, and where the subject requires it, an answer will be sent by post, provided a stamped envelope is inclosed for the purpose.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A THOUGHT OF THE OLD AND NEW YEARS.

THE coming Year! How many visions float  
Across the soul, as to our ear is borne  
That one brief sentence—chiming in the bells,  
Wafted by breezes, echoed by our hearts!  
Nearer it comes, as the dark shadows close  
Around its predecessor. Scarcely we note  
Our old friend's loss, so full of joy are we  
To greet a new companion—one *less* true,  
Perchance, than that we part from.

Such is life!

How soon are we forgetful of the hours  
Made bright by many blessings in our path,  
And turn with longing eyes to that unknown,  
Unfathom'd Future, which *may* prove to us  
No bed of roses—rather one of *thorns*!

To some, the page of life will newly spread  
Its pure white surface, spotless, and unmarr'd,  
A living *present*, but without a *past*.  
Again, the hand of Death will gently close  
The book of Fate to others, and their names  
Become as tho' they were not, save in hearts  
Where mem'ry hallows and enshrines the dead!  
Our life's a ladder, placed upon the earth,  
Yet reaching to the heavens, where the top  
Is covered with a veil of purple clouds  
(The years are steps by which we onward wend);  
While, as we stand on each successive rung—  
And backward turn, behold, the last we trod  
Has vanish'd, and our gazing eye looks down  
On empty darkness!

Soon the midnight hours  
Will hush our souls to stillness, and the bells,  
Breathing their gentle music to the air,  
Will ring their welcome to the glad New Year,  
And toll a requiem o'er the dear old friend  
Now lost for ever in the silent Past:  
From whose dead ashes rise Faith, Hope, Joy,  
Love—

Those angel sisters who surround our way  
Into the dreamy Future. Thus we trust  
Ourselves, our joys and sorrows, to that sea  
Which bears us on its bosom, till we ride  
Safely at anchor, 'mid the storms of Time,  
Into our harbour—Heaven!

#### LINES ON HEARING THE CLOCK STRIKE TWELVE THE LAST EVENING OF THE YEAR.

LISTEN! the clock strikes twelve! another year  
has fled—  
Like its forerunners, numbered with the dead.  
Thus days, and months, and years pass swiftly by,  
While each proclaims this truth, "Thou too must  
die!"

And such, alas! is life—a passing scene,  
Fast flowing onwards like a rapid stream;  
Yet e'en beneath the dark and cheerless day,  
Can Hope's bright sunbeam dawn upon our way.

The future is a blank, and wisely from us hidden;  
The present hour is only to us given,  
In order that we may the paths of wisdom  
tread,

And may by holier ties and bolder hopes be led.

STEPHANIE.

## THE NEW YEAR.

LET us welcome here

The glad New Year  
With a song of praise heartfelt, sincere;  
And a respite give to the weary heart,  
To enable it better to bear its part  
'Mid the sorrows and woes that may up start  
In its path through the coming year.

Clouds gather round,  
And on the ground  
The hardest flower can scarce be found;  
But beneath the snow they are sleeping, all  
Waiting the spring-time's breezy call,  
And then 'neath the hedge and garden-wall  
Will they spring in beauty crown'd.

The snow without  
Is drifted about  
And we catch the school-boy's merry shout;  
He is sliding along in boisterous glee,  
With head uplifted and step so free,  
While another follows—and plainly he  
Is venturing along in doubt.

Ah! now he's slipp'd,  
For a stone has tripp'd  
His foot, and he's soon in the water dipp'd.  
They have haul'd him out with a deafening din,  
And his face is clothed in a wretched grin;  
So we'll leave him there, and look within,  
While the fragrant tea is sipp'd.

The pleasant light  
Shines warm and bright  
On the faces that cluster around to-night;  
The fearful heart doth banish fears,  
The weeping eyes forget their tears,  
And joyous every face appears  
In the pleasant fireside light.

Who dares to say  
On a winter's day,  
When the sky is cloudy, and thick, and grey,  
That no gladd'ning sunbeam doth appear?  
Methinks a voice gentle and clear,  
And a loving smile, have more of cheer  
Than the sun's most brilliant ray.

And the lowliest home  
Doth oft become  
Far happier than the prince's dome.  
A spirit patient, calm, resigned,  
Doth in its heaviest trials find  
Mercy and love lurking behind  
The woes that over come.

Then let us not fear  
When clouds appear,  
But ever remember help is near;  
And though our troubles be multiplied,  
And our hearts be sadly and sorely tried,  
There is ONE above who will be our Guide  
Through this and every year.

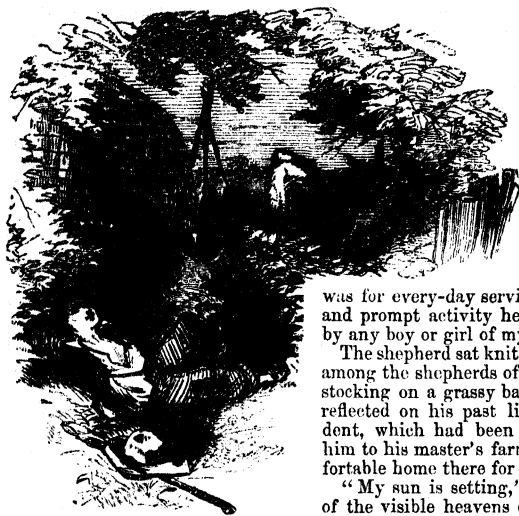
LUCINDA B.

#### LINES ON THE NEW YEAR.

How short, in retrospect, appears,  
Our journey through this vale of tears;  
Each New Year's Day in fancy's view,  
We schemes of untried bliss pursue;  
And think not, while in youth's gay bloom,  
How swift the passage to the tomb.

## SKETCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## No. 1.—PETER, THE GIPSY SHEPHERD.



A GROUP of happy children sported about their father's shepherd at the foot of a woody hill in the North of England. He was an old man, though strong and active; and a cheerful smile played over his wrinkled face as he watched the children of his master gathering the wild-flowers which grew about the slopes, or chasing the sheep-dog. A good fellow that dog

was for every-day service; in his ready obedience and prompt activity he would hardly be equalled by any boy or girl of my acquaintance.

The shepherd sat knitting (no uncommon custom among the shepherds of the North) a grey-worsted stocking on a grassy bank; and, as he worked, he reflected on his past life, especially on one incident, which had been the means of introducing him to his master's farm, and giving him a comfortable home there for the close of his days.

"My sun is setting," thought he, as the king of the visible heavens descended behind the lofty hills that bounded the beautiful landscape; "I the dog before you. But they may be taught. They may be recovered out of the mire, as I am a living example. Your honoured father took me into his service, and I believe I have not disgraced it."

"Papa values you very much; I have heard him say so."

"And well he may," said Mr. Westerton, the owner of an extensive farming estate, coming up unperceived, and placing his hand on the shepherd's shoulder.

"My children," said the farmer, "hear how I found my trusty gipsy shepherd: I was riding late at night over the Craigie Fell, when my horse took fright, and I should have been dashed over a rock into deep water; but Peter sprang out of the darkness, battled with the mad animal at the very edge of the precipice, and, after a sharp struggle, fairly backed him to a safer distance, and brought him to a stand. Nor was this all; he took me, faint and sick, to his cabin on the hill-side, and tended me there until I recovered, when I found every farthing of a large sum of money that I had been receiving at market safe in my pocket. I heard his history; it moved me much. I saw his poverty, and took Peter home with me, to live and die in the old farmhouse."

am near the night; but peace and hope are mine, such as I never knew in my best days of youthful wandering."

His master's two eldest children had been living from their infancy in the care of an aunt in London, and had returned home on her decease. All was new to them about the farm, and Peter, the old shepherd, was one of the objects of especial interest to them. His singularly dark complexion, the intensely black hue of his hair and eyes, the easy freedom of his gait, the independence of his manners, and his interesting conversation, drew their attention; and when he went out in his rustic dress, with his knitting in his hand, to tend the sheep on the hills, they followed him as if a charm hung around his footsteps. One especial charm, indeed, there was—that of a heart delighting in the young.

"I wish you would tell us about the gipsies, Peter," said the eldest boy.

"You are a gipsy yourself, are you not, Peter?" said Ellen, sitting at the shepherd's feet.

"I am," replied he, quietly knitting. "My race are a poor, scattered, wandering folk, having no place of rest for the sole of their foot, more ignorant and despised than

"But what was his history?" asked George. "We must hear that!"

"He was a reclaimed gipsy—reclaimed in a singular manner; he had forsaken his people, who persecuted him, and he was trying to earn his bread honestly by wood-cutting and peat-gathering. A good Providence surely cast him in my path, for a better servant man never had than I have found in Peter."

"But how was he reclaimed?"

"That you shall hear another time; for the sun is down, and the air grows chill and moist. Come, children, home!"

Sitting around the great wood fire, at nightfall, the family listened to Peter's story, which I have embodied in the following verses:—

#### THE GIPSY BOY.

Where the heath is o'erspread with its bright summer bloom,

And the hollows lie hush'd in repose all the day,  
The gipsy-boy sits among heather and broom,

While the donkey beside him doth feed as he may.

The tent is at hand, and the fire on the sward,

And the kettle hung over it merrily boils;  
And the gipsy-boy sits, looking out as a guard—

For his tribe are carousing on honest folks' spoils.

As he lazily stretches his form on the grass,

He snuffs with enjoyment the scents on the breeze;

And he watches the birds and the insects that pass

Through the slow-waving boughs of a group of old trees.

As a heathen he revels in Nature's delight,

With no feeling but sense, no thought of a God;  
He sees not the Spirit Divine in the sight

That sends the quick glow through his wild gipsy blood.

No hand had e'er pointed his way to the Truth;  
But hark! there are voices just round by that tree;

Stealthily—warily—listens the youth;

Strangers are near; and he creeps where they be.

They come with no terrors, their looks are benign,  
They gaze on the flowers and the lofty blue sky;

They speak with calm tones that sound almost divine,

And he thrills as he listens, though knowing not why:—

"How plain is it seen that in beauty and joy  
God delights, and made man in His image, to share

The rapture celestial that hath no alloy,  
Which is breathed from creation all holy and fair.

"O Father beneficent! we must adore thee,  
For all the vast stores of delight thou hast given;

Nature 's only the mantle cast o'er thee,—  
Thyself 't we shall see in the glory of Heaven."

Thus they talk'd;—then the silence of feelings devout

Hung round the poor gipsy-boy there like a spell;

Not a word would he lose, although what 'twas about,

His reason, untutor'd, had fail'd him to tell.

His dark rolling eye glisten'd soft on the strangers,

As if some new feeling caught fire in his breast;  
But then he remembered his tribe and their dangers,

And stole back to the duty he understood best.

But some of those words he ne'er could forget!  
Through long years—in the tent, in the field,

in the jail—

As a youth, as a man, as a felon—they yet  
Hover'd round him like wings that seem'd

never to fail.

And at last a good teacher, who toil'd for the poor,

To help and to save, brought him knowledge and light:—

His wandering feet now would wander no more,  
And the end of the gipsy was peaceful and bright.

#### NATIONALITY OF HANDWRITING.

It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B— states:—"I am acquainted with a Frenchman, who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixing exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and, perhaps, never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style—it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but, with all their professions, and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their handwriting. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can be instantly determined by his handwriting. The difference between the American or English and the French handwriting is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German handwritings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of different nations as in their languages."



## WILD FLOWERS.

QUOTH Tom, "My book is full of fire,  
It sparkles like a jewel."  
"Yes," cries his friend, "that's truth entire—  
It is the best of fuel."

A JESTER in the court of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your Majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

A FAPER of Bangor, Maine, gives the following specimen of Yankee grandiloquence:—"Tell about drummin'—now d'ye ever hear Ben Biglick's drum? He was a cooler, I tell ye, for real sentimental stuff; drummin' round a corner, and such like—he'd drum the coat-skirts off anything ever I heard."

LINGUISTS.—Once on a time a Dutchman and a Frenchman were travelling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped, and called out—"Is de smitty wittin'?" "Shland back," says Hans, "let me shepeak. Ish der blacksmith's shop en de house?"

At the theatre one evening, behind the scenes, Suett observed a performer put something under his cloak, and asked him what he had got there. "Oh, only my dagger," answered the player. Suett, however, drew out a small bottle, and having ascertained that it contained his favourite beverage, drank the contents, and returned him the bottle with these words—"There's the sheath."

DESCENT v. ASCENT.—To an indigent person, who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious successful tradesman, of humble origin, observed, "You, my friend, are proud of your descent; I am proud of my ascent."

A BULL.—A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife of great rank and fortune, lamenting very much that she had no children, a medical gentleman who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked that it was hereditary in some families.

DIRECT ANSWERS TO PLAIN QUESTIONS.—Examination of an Irish freeholder of the olden time: "What's your name?" &c. &c.—"Did you vote at the election?" "I did, sir."—"Are you a freeholder?" "I am not, sir."—"Did you take the freeholder's oath?" "I did, sir."—"Who did you vote for?" "Mr. Bowes Daly, sir."—"Were you bribed?" "I was, sir."—"How much did you get?" "Five guineas, sir."—"What did you do with it?" "I spent it, sir."—"You may go down." "I will, sir."

EPITAPH on a wife whose whole history had been one of gentleness. After her name, age, and time of her decease, there ran these lines:—"She lived a wife for five-and-twenty years, and in all that time she never banged the door."

CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.—A fellow stole a saw, and on trial told the judge he only took it in a joke. "How far did you carry it?" asked the judge. "Two miles," answered the prisoner. "That's carrying the joke too far," remarked the judge, and the prisoner was committed.

## CULTIVATED FLOWERS.

BE PATIENT.—Patience is always crowned with success. This is a rule without an exception. It may not be splendid success but patience never takes anything in hand that it does not succeed with in some form. The great Tartar conqueror Timour is said to have learned this important lesson from an ant. He saw one day this insect striving to drag over a stone a grain of corn as large as its own body, and just as it had it up, the grain fell from its grasp, and the attempt had to be made again. The process was repeated sixty-nine times, and in the seventieth time the ant surmounted the obstacle.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sounds with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure. In its whisper of affection how grateful! For its participation in joy how unspeakable!

THERE is small force in the argument against Christianity, that its spread is limited and slow, and that Christ is yet in a minority as compared with Mahomet, Buddha, Confucius, &c. The answer is—No wonder, because error spreads faster than truth, from the very infirmity of our nature, just as weeds outstrip better vegetation. It requires the constant hoe of the gardener to keep down weeds and preserve the better plants. Soils must be reclaimed; and this may probably be the case with Christianity.

AID TO CONSOLATION.—As the piercing cold of winter prepares the earth for its summer fruit, so the sorrows of life, in piercing the heart, frequently contribute to a similar benevolent purpose.

THE hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

THE HUMAN PANORAMA.—Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of them, like the stars, shall shine for ever and ever.

KIND words produce their own image on men's souls: and a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour and morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

DRUNKENNESS is a social festive vice. The drinker collects his circle; the circle naturally spreads; of those who are drawn within it, many become the corrupters and centres of sets and circles of their own; every one countenancing, and perhaps emulating the rest, till a whole neighbourhood be infected from the contagion of a single example.—Paley.

## FAMILY COUNCIL.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.**—The President, viewing this department of the Council as of especial value for self-improvement among the members in thought, and the power of expressing thought, has gladly acceded to the wishes of many correspondents in regard to an enlargement of space, in order to admit of extracts from the letters as formerly; and also, it is his intention to give a few critical remarks on the various compositions, so as to add to the value of the exercise.

We have a numerous muster-roll of old and new friends to commence the New Year with us, whose letters show thought and care, and, of course, various degrees of skill. One remark will apply to many—the treatment is too meagre. The writers must throw out their powers more vigorously, draw their bows with a stronger hand, and aim right at the mark. Under this point of view we should range Aggie Marie, Marguerite, Terra Cotta, and Florence. W. Y. Somerville still makes decided advances in a letter of more lucidity than usual. But observe, W. Y. S. has not yet quite lost the habit of getting out of his depth in metaphysical obscurities. Alexander Erskine is still too flowery; but his letter, as a whole, ranks the very next to those of Snow and E. Butterworth.

*From a Mother to her Daughter, on the course of time, and how to improve the passing hours.*

MY DEAR LENA,

The beginning of the New Year is suggestive of some very important reflections. No period more emphatically reminds us of the true nature of Time—its onward, progressive, and continuous course. The hours of the day, the days of the week, the months of the year are constantly being repeated; they return again and again in their due order, but the year itself never returns to its former state. Those whose lives are spared will see many other Januaries, but never another 1861: that is gone for ever. Thus time is ever going, going, never receding, but always maintaining the same unerring, invariable, and certain course onward, each moment following the other in strict regularity, no two moments coming together, nor the previous one either faster or slower than its successor.

"The present moments just appear,  
Then slide away in haste,  
That we can never say 'they're here,'  
But only say 'they're past.'"

These considerations are of profound significance and importance, inasmuch as they so nearly and deeply concern our own interests. Time, as it travels thus onward, carries us along with it, we being powerless either to consent or refuse: it is thus inseparably connected with our own existence. "Time," says Franklin, "is the stuff life is made of," and this material we are always consuming; we cannot hoard it or preserve it, but must be constantly spending it, in some way or another, to the end of our career. How long this career will continue, how many years we have to live, it is not for us to know. The poet says:—

"Where is to-morrow? In another world.  
For numbers this is certain, the reverse  
Is sure to none."

It would, therefore, be vain and useless to speculate upon the amount of time each of us will have allotted us, but it is exceedingly useful and important for us to consider the best and most economical means of spending that time, how we may derive the greatest profit from it, and make the most of it.

It is not the number of years that do in reality determine the duration of one's life. Many who have died in their prime have, so to speak, lived longer than others who have passed their threescore years and ten. These former estimated the true value of time, and made the most of it; they were careful to improve to the utmost the passing hours. And how did they accomplish this?

First, by taking care of *odd moments*. These make an important item in life's expenditure, and yet how apt we are to overlook and allow them to glide away without turning them to any account—absolutely throwing them away as good for nothing; instead of which, by setting aside some particular study or occupation exclusively for those periods, we may make great progress in some important or useful work, without breaking in upon any of the larger and more regular portions of our time. Books have been composed and written, languages learnt, and other undertakings begun and completed solely in this manner.

The next thing to be observed is Punctuality, the advantages of which are so well understood as to scarcely need repeating. "Punctuality is the politeness of kings," and it should be of every individual: carelessness in this respect shows a want of courtesy and conscientiousness as well. If we make an appointment with a friend, and do not arrive till five minutes after the appointed time, we not only defraud him of that quantity of his own time, but act in a disrespectful manner, as if regardless of any inconvenience our dilatory conduct may occasion him. It is impossible to calculate the amount of discomfort and annoyance the habitually unpunctual cause to others, or the perplexities, confusion, and lost opportunities to themselves. Always behindhand, never in time, they frequently miss that tide "which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and thus lose many chances of success. But the punctual take this tide "at the flood," and the "current when it serves." Nelson ascribed all his great successes and good fortune solely to his being always a quarter of an hour *too soon*.

Then, again, there is no improving the passing hours without *method*. In this respect Nature sets us a beautiful example—

"Order is Heaven's first law."

Everything in nature is perfectly regular, orderly, and methodical; the return of day and night, the succession of the seasons, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, have all 'their fixed, settled, and appointed times.' "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." Method helps us to get through our necessary duties much easier and quicker, thus affording more leisure for pleasure, recreation, &c. Cecil Lord Buxleigh compared a methodical person to a good packer, who could into a box get half as

much again as a bad one. By having a set time for any particular work, &c., and doing it in that time, we perform it more satisfactorily in every way, and save all unpleasant hurry and bustle.

But, my dear Lena, I fear I shall tire you if I continue much longer in this strain; a few more remarks, then, and I have done.

If we would improve our time to the utmost, we must unite with what I have already advanced *promptitude and decision*. Between punctuality and promptitude there is an inseparable connection. Those who are exact to time will not be dilatory to act; punctuality and procrastination are incompatible with each other. How much time is lost by indecision and irresolution! The prompt, the ready, and the decisive will half finish a work while the vacillating and irresolute are considering about it. But, dear Lena, I would not have you to confound wise decision with intemperate rashness: the latter is action without judgment, and consequently generally mischievous, and even fatal in its effects; but right decision is *ready action* when the necessity and propriety of the act are ascertained.

The last thing to which I shall allude is *industry*—the necessity of which is apparent, as it is, in fact, an embodiment of all the rest; for, without industry, we cannot work up the odds and ends of our leisure time. Punctuality, method, promptitude, and decision are all habits of industry. It is, indeed, possible to be very industrious, painstaking, and laborious, and yet deficient in one or more of those other qualities; but none of those qualities can exist without industry. Idleness is the most prodigal of time-wasters. The dictionary definitions of the word are very significant and comprehensive. Thus, idleness—absence of employment, uselessness, trivialness, inefficacy, worthlessness, &c. Thus idleness not only consists in doing *nothing*, but also in being occupied with trivial, useless, and worthless pursuits.

My dear child, I leave these thoughts for your careful consideration. That you may never have cause to mourn over time mis-spent, an hour wasted, or a day lost, is the hopeful prayer of

Your affectionate Mother,  
EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

MY DEAR EDITH,

It has been the cause of much trouble to me to hear that, your school-days now at an end, there is danger of your sinking into the idle life of modern young-ladyism. As your truest friend, I wish to warn, to advise, to guide you, my daughter, along the dangerous path that is now opening before your young feet.

My health is so little improved that several years may yet elapse ere I and your elder sister will return to England, and during the separation you must remain an inmate of your uncle's house in the gay metropolis, under the care of your pleasure-loving aunt, whose very kind-heartedness will put many temptations to frivolity in your way.

It has been my earnest desire that both my children should grow up deeply impressed with the responsibility of their own mission in this world, and a knowledge of the value of time, without which they cannot fulfil it aright.

Have you ever paused to consider that every hour—ay, and every minute has its allotted task

and that each one mis-spent and trifled with will one day rise against us with fearful import? Consider, my darling, how short our life here is, when stretched to its utmost limits, compared with that boundless eternity that was countless ages before we lived and moved, and will be when we are mouldering dust. To what shall I liken it? A drop of water from the interminable ocean, a grain of sand from the myriads upon the seashore, are larger, in comparison with their kind, than the small span of human life with eternity. Yet though

“Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
Are in comparison a little point  
Too trivial for account,”

man lives as though the present were everlasting.

It, my Edith, the veil that hides the great futurity from mortal sight could for an instant be torn aside, and you were permitted to see our inheritance in the skies, the dwelling of those who trod their pilgrimage here, with weak, indeed, but resolute feet, how would it nerve you for the short fight that intervenes! How determined you would rise to do battle with the difficulties in your way, and to conquer! Could that be, it would do away with that loveliest of all Christian virtues, whose exercise would not be needed—faith. Your belief will be wrong, your faith in Christ's Gospel untrue, if it will allow you to sleep at your post. A true Christian is never idle, for he is truly impressed with the shortness of his time for the great work he has to do.

What would you say if you saw a man in his youth squander away his substance, making no provision for old age? They are acting upon the same principle who waste the precious moments in which they ought to be preparing for that night in which no man can work.

To bring home these lessons practically to your understanding, let us consider, firstly, What is waste of time? and secondly, How time should be used to be rightly used?

It is a great thing to know how to improve each hour as it passes, from early morning until evening, that in reviewing the past day, we may look back upon it as well spent. Some people have an idea that pleasure and duty can never be synonymous: this is an error—they can, and frequently are.

It is our duty to devote so many hours to rest and recruit the body: and so long as this is not prolonged beyond the mere requirements of nature, duty and pleasure agree; but duty flies with necessity, and pleasure alone remains. As members of society we have duties that can seldom be anything but pleasures—the maintenance of social intercourse with our neighbours, and all the little influences in our own family circle that make our homes so happy.

In some respects, pleasure itself is a duty, and we are not wasting our time in giving a few of our valuable minutes to the promotion of merriment; for a cheerful countenance is ever a great delight.

Self-indulgence is always a waste of time! Guard against that, my darling, as you value your happiness here and hereafter, it is a most insidious foe. Whenever, upon examination, you find your pursuits have no other tendency than your own amusement for the time-being, if they denote

no future improvement, physical nor intellectual no benefit to another, and are not necessary for rest nor maintenance, be sure those moments should have other occupation.

Novel reading is often denounced as a waste of time. It is not, if not indulged to the detriment of more important concerns. When the brain is wearied with severe study, often, this gives the very rest required; when assailed by petty trials and vexations which weary and torment the spirit, the perusal of some story by the gifted writers of the present day will frequently, by the examples there given, enable us by comparison to think more lightly of the burdens we thought so heavy; through them we are taught to reverence all that is pure and lofty in character, and to condemn the evil. The aim of the novelist should be, then, to soothe the trials of life, while it points to the only source of lasting comfort.

Late hours at night engender listlessness on the following day, when to lounge over the last new novel is a temptation hard to be combated, and by its difficulty we determine that rest is necessary when in reality it is merely our wills that have become enervated through pleasure and require a spur to exertion. I am not going to condemn late hours altogether, whatever at my advanced age I may really think; but as a rule they are ruinous both to health and industry, and, worse than a waste, are a *mis-use* of time.

And what shall I say of that womanly failing—gossip? It requires more time than in this letter I can afford it; it is one of the greatest evils of the present day, and shows most forcibly what miserable expedients those may be driven to who allow time to hang heavily upon their hands. Oh, that everyone when tempted to indulge in such would remember, "*For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.*"

2ndly, I believe that the right use of time should be based on the knowledge of two great truths; viz. that every hour, every day we live, should be held in trust from God, knowing that in His hands is the fiat of our existence, and that at a moment he can whirl us from this world of probation to limitless space, when centuries will cease to exist and time shall be no more. Further, that now, while years roll on and days and hours flit by, is our only opportunity. When death annihilates time we can no longer labour to work out our own salvation.

Another year will have dawned when you receive this. Let me urge you by all the love you bear me, and every aspiration you have after a better life, earnestly to examine the past year, to mourn over its sins of thoughtlessness and neglect, and with prayer and watchfulness to start forth into the new year, with its spectral paths and untried scenes.

Again the great Festival of our Church has been commemorated; again we have celebrated the birthday of Him whose message was Love, whose mission, Salvation. Must its return be fruitless, its lesson useless? Edith, let the New Year seal your determination—now, while time is, to seek Him—now, in your youth. Even should death or disease not smite you, you know not the callous indifference that grows with age, when the noblest impulses are deadened, and the fresh thoughts that, mounting upwards show their origin, grow

dim; if unobeyed, the world in time will smother all those pure dreams you now have of the Eternal Future, and you will go downwards to that unloveliest sight of all—an old age without religion. The best use we can make of time is, to fill it with His service, by whose mercy alone we live and have our being. Of the believer a sweet poet has written:—

"The season yet shall come when Time Will wait him to repose, to deep repose, Far from the unquietness of life—from noise And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds, Beyond the stars and all the passing scene, Where change shall cease, and time shall be no more."

Your loving Mother,  
Snow.

There is a marvellous amount of indolence inherent in man's nature. It is so much easier to him to sit quietly down, than to march forward steadily and diligently. The young are no less subject to this temptation than the old. When it strives to overcome your good resolves, resist it earnestly. Remember that every moment of your life will leave its good or evil impress on your character, according as it is used or misused, and that no after-repentance of yours, sincere though it be, can ever enable you to trace,

"The imperfect picture o'er again,  
With power to add, retouch, efface,  
The lights and shades, the joy and gain."

LLA.

Time is our most valuable endowment—a talent capable of being employed so as to develop those rich and varied faculties that are implanted in our compound being; and with these to realize all the blessings that God has intended the earth to yield. And more than this, it is His *all-wise* design that those good things he has in store to bless the future life, should be sought and secured in the life that now is. The Scripture emphatically declare, that, *now* is the accepted time. Yes, *now* is the season to sow those seeds which shall spring up, and bloom "when time shall be no more."

Short indeed is man's lifetime, even if it reach to the farthest verge of the allotted span. The fleetness of time is proverbial; its wheels move swifter than all the moving things, with which we are acquainted. It is compared to the eagle's flight, to the speed of the tempestuous wind, and to the rapid stream; but all comparisons fall far short of the reality.

But, in contemplating the shortness of time, and the overwhelming magnitude of the interests that are dependent upon it you may have a depending sense of disproportion, which, by representing the promised boon as beyond your reach, will paralyze all efforts for its attainment. Beware of yielding to such a feeling, for it is founded on a view of the subject which is erroneous. Time wisely improved has produced for others benefits in rich and varied crops; why may it not for you? Let the poet encourage you when he says—

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us,  
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

LILY H.

Life may indeed be aptly compared to a journey through an unknown country, through which every one must pass ere they reach that happy land, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Many are the dangers that beset our path; many the foes we have to dread: yet even in the hour when they press most fiercely on us, and insurmountable barriers seem to rise before us, the thought of the reward, greater than the human mind can imagine, which awaits those who persevere to the end, will nerve us to renew the fight with fresh vigour, and bring us at last in safety to the Land of the Blest.

BLANCHE ALSINGTON.

If we have not made the purposes of Time subservient to those of Eternity, then, in that case, although we had conquered worlds with Alexander, we have toiled in vain; these worlds will perish, or retreat from our grasp, or we shall retreat from them. Yes, this is not our final home. In one word, my son, each human heart, speaking not altogether metaphorically, is as a flash of Heaven to illumine this world; therefore if we do not reveal and *fix* our light, or should we seek light from the world, then the world will darken upon us, and, dark in itself, it will grow darker still; become still more unlovely and unloved; for it is only a lovely world when viewed in the light of the Rainbow of Heaven, to which it forms the avenue and outer portal. \* \* \*

Never let a day pass without spending some of its time in prayer and reading the Scriptures. Ill-spent will a day be if no time has been devoted to Him who is the "Giver of all good things;" and in no case can we expect His blessing unless we have first sought it. Let your first and last thoughts be directed to your Heavenly Father, and then—

"Fear thou not what may befall thee,  
Boldly go where duties call thee."

For recollect that—

"Fleeting though the present be,  
It sets its seal on thine eternity."

Let not any day be passed in indolence and folly: let your motto for the coming year be this, "Not slothful in business." Do not suffer yourself to fall into the habit of lingering over your duties; set about them earnestly; do them, even the most trifling ones, in the best way, and immediately you have finished, set about something else. And that you may fully redeem the time, I would advise you, when dressing of a morning, to think over the duties you will most likely have to perform in the course of the day, and portion your time accordingly, and then strive to be punctual in the fulfilment of your various engagements.

FLORENCE.

Cultivate the passing hours while you may: study with zeal, energy, unflinching resolution, and indomitable perseverance. Who knows but you may yet wring from Nature her most wondrous and artfully-concealed secrets, and drag from the boundless realms of the starry sky, the wondrous depths of the stratified earth, or the abyssal depths of old ocean, wonders such as the mind of man at present would consider madness to entertain? Who will let their minds lie dormant when prizes such as these are to be won?

who shut their eyes to all the wonders which knowledge, as if with a magic wand, conjures up before the eyes of the earnest inquirer?

ALEXANDER ERSKINE.

### NEW EXERCISE FOR COMPETITION.

THE CONGLOMERATIONS during the next six months will give place to short narratives, amusing and instructive, descriptive of Real Life and Character, the incidents of which *have not been drawn from books*—the latter point is strictly to be observed. The materials must be fresh from the writer's experience, and may take any form—biographical, anecdotal, sketches of character, stories, &c. This exercise, it is hoped, will be energetically cultivated by a large circle of candidates for the COUNCIL PRIZE.

### CONTEMPTIBLE.

Peter, when he said—"I know not the man."

—AGGIE MARIE.

1. No created thing. 2. A term, the qualification for which is usually home-made. 3. Yankee brag. 4. That which we cannot be, unless we make ourselves so.—ROLANDO.

The man who cannot say NO.—FANNY.

One who would with smiling face,  
Strive to bring you to disgrace.

—LAGO FEYONAU.

Boys smoking cigars.—G. M. F. GLENNY.

Marrying for money.—TERESA COSTA.

Avarice blinding charity.—J. O. S.

To ape your betters.—ANNA GEM.

1. To soil another's character in order to make your own appear more bright. 2. *Dealing largely in great I.*—ALPHA.

1. Purse-proud arrogance. 2. Trampling upon a fallen foe. 3. The character of a miser. 4. The tricks of a coquette. 6. Meanness with plenty of means. 7. Eaves-dropping. 8. Suffering another to be blamed for one's own fault. 8. To betray a trust.—A. DE YOUNGE.

Evil wishes.—C. T.

The daw attired in peacock's feathers.

—SARAH C.

To desert a good cause on account of the trouble and anxiety it entails upon us.—J. S. WILSON.

To wantonly destroy the wayside flower, which asks but leave to point to us and the lonely traveller the o'flowing love of Heaven.—ELSPIC.

1. The view some philosophers take of mankind. 2. A purely-wrought mud, from premonition, allowing the mental powers to succumb to the physical. 3. To know our faults, and not strive to correct them. 4. To rail against others for faults we daily commit ourselves.—MIGNONETTE.

1. Seeming what we are not. 2. False pride. 3. Soft honeyed words for each and every one. 4. The seeming friend of all, but true to none.

—H. I. H.

The man who drinks his wife's hard earnings.

—FLORENCE.

A fop.—UNCLE BEN.

1. The man that ridicules an old maid. 2. A tale-bearer. 3. The mind that dwells only on its neighbor's infirmities.—LUCINDA B.

One who fawns on the great.—ALTHEA.

The conduct of the First Lieutenant of the American ship San Jacinto, towards the brave daughter of Captain Slidel.—ELLA VON K.

An Englishman without national pride.

—GILBERT ASHTON.

No plant or animal is so contemptible as not to exhibit the power and wisdom of the Creator.

—MAJOR.

Wit, when displayed at the expense of refinement, truth, or kindness.—MARY DAINS.

Gentlemen's sneers at crinolines.

—BLANCHE ALSTON.

1. The male flirt. 2. Cavilling at riflemen because you have not generosity and courage enough to be a rifleman yourself. 3. The ass in the lion's skin. 4. Bartering youth and beauty for wealth and misery.—NELLIE.

PUGNACIOUS.

An effervescing quality that distinguishes false courage from true.—ILLA.

Carlo when deprived of his bone by Miss Tabby.

—AGGIE MARIE.

1. Two rival lovers. 2. "I shan't" and "you shall."—FANNY.

If you e'er should chance to see

Any two men disagree,

Wrangling, talking, most loquacious,

May they not be termed pugnacious?

—JAGO FRONAU.

The pugilist's element.—G. M. G. GLENNY.

"Will yer honour jist be plazed to tread on the tail o' mee coat?"—TERRA COTTA.

A cur snarling at a mustiff.—ALPHA.

Some of our literature.—HECKMONDWIKE.

The attitudes of grandfather John Bull and his grandson Jonathan.—ROLANDO.

The disposition of a cynic, engendering the tastes of a monster.—J. S. WILSON.

A wolf going among the lambs, like the seducer among the bowers of innocence, and who literally makes "life a warfare," and so leaves the world worse than he found it.—A. ELSPIE.

Sticklebacks in a brook.—ALTHEA.

An Englishman defending his honour, his home, and his country.—EVERGREEN.

1. One whose element is strife. 2. One who carries about with him a store of combustibles, which are liable to explode if touched by the least spark of contention.—LILY H.

The Lion of England when aroused.—H. I. H.

A bull dog.—UNCLE BEN.

Pussy when her kittens are consigned to the water.—LUCINDA B.

1. One ever ready to strike the first blow. 2. One trying hard to get up a quarrel out of nothing.—STEPHANIE.

The dispositions of Mr. and Mrs. Naggitt, who delight in wrangling.—ELLA VON K.

What John Bull is often reported to be.—GILBERT ASHTON.

A disposition too often actively evinced by naughty little boys.—ALICIA.

An Irish colony in St. Giles's.—BLANCHE ALSTON.

The feelings of a boy when undergoing bodily chastisement.—MIGNONETTE.

SUPREMACY.

Britain's right over the seas.—MARGUERITE.

"I am monarch of all I survey,

My right there is none to dispute."

—AGGIE MARIE.

The untaught privilege of master minds.—ILLA.

The night of right.—A. D. V.

What the proud covet, and the humble frequently obtain.—ANNA GREY.

A woman's influence over the man who loves her.—A. D. V.

That which the man of wealth oft tries to gain by.—L. S. D.

A thing that's known to blind the eyes

Of those who ought to see.—G. W. F. G.

"A top Sawyer."—TERRA COTTA.

What a gentleman would wish for himself in the heart of the lady he loves.—J. C. L.

The appearance and conduct of the Americans and British at the present time.—J. C. L.

1. What the Pope is fast losing. 2. An oath of contention in the days of King Harry.—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

The prerogative of kings.—LILY H.

The goal of ambition.—ALPHA.

1. That for which many unholy battles have been fought. 2. A naval captain upon his quarter deck. 3. Cook in the kitchen. 4. The power of Love. 5. That which the three estates of the realm unitedly possess—but which belongs separately to neither.—A. DE YOUNGE.

The mistletoe hung among its green compeers.

—LILY A.

Christmas over all other festivities.—GILBERT ASHTON.

The lark, when at "Heaven's gate singing."—C. T.

Britannia ruling the waves.—SARAH C.

1. The authority of Love. 2. The desire of every "creation-whipping-critter."—ROLANDO.

The power of Him whom Angel hosts obey,

Who rules the universe with perfect sway.

—H. I. H.

England's "Open Sesame."—LUCINDA B.

The sway of crinolines.—F. W. B.

That which causes contention between the wives of the grocer and baker.—ALTHEA.

A spirit of tyranny, which in some people strives

hard to gain the rule over others.—STEPHANIE.

The superiority of mind over matter.

—ELLA VON K.

That which the FAMILY FRIEND asserts and maintains over every other Family Magazine.

—MAJOR.

That which England boasts of in freedom of speech among other nations of Europe.—ALICIA.

The state I aim at in the FAMILY COUNCIL.

—FLORENCE.

Victoria's place in English hearts.—NELLIE.

1. The soul's empire over the body. 2. The power a strong mind holds over a weak one.

—MIGNONETTE.

TRIPLE DEFINITION.

J. A. S. W.—"I am individually in such a state of mental irritation, that I can think of nothing more contemptible than the Washington Cabinet, more Pugnacious than the Northern States of America, or more worthy of Supremacy than our own Union Jack! May Heaven preserve it!"

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

APPLICATION. | BASKFUL. | MONOMANIA.

## CARD-PLAYING.

## TERMS USED IN WHIST.

**Finessing**, is when a card is led, and you have the best and third of that suit, you put the third best on that lead, and run the risk of your adversary having the second best of it, which if he have not, you gain the trick.

**Forcing**, means the obliging your partner or adversary to trump a suit.

**Long trumps**, means one or more when the rest are out.

**Loose card**, means a card in hand of no value, and the best to throw away.

**Points**: every trick above six, counts as one point; as many as are gained by tricks or honours, so many points are set up to the score of the game.

**See-saw**, each partner trumping a suit.

**Score**, is the number of points, which are set up in the following manner:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
A=3						o	o			o=3
B=1 o	oo	ooo	oooo	oo	ooo	oo	ooo	oo	o=1	
C=5						o	o	o	o=5	

**Slam**, is when either party wins every trick.

**Tenace**, is having the first and third best cards, and being the last player, you touch the adversary when that suit is played.

**Trice**, is a sequence of any three cards in a suit.

**Trice Major**, is ace, king, queen, of a suit.

**Quart**, is a sequence of four. **Quart Major**, ace, king, queen, knave, of a suit.

**Quint**, is a sequence of five of a suit. **Quint Major**, ace, king, queen, knave, ten, of a suit.

## STANDING RULES.

1.—Lead from your strong suit, and be cautious how you change suits, and keep a commanding card to bring it in again.

2.—Lead through the strong suit and up to the weak; but not in trumps, unless very strong in them.

3.—Lead the highest of a sequence; but if you have a quart or cinque to a king, lead the lowest.

4.—Lead through an honour, particularly if the game be much against you.

5.—Lead your best trump if the adversaries be eight, and you have no honour; but not if you have four trumps, unless you have a sequence.

6.—Lead a trump, if you have four or five, or a strong hand; but not if weak.

7.—Having ace, king, and two or three small cards, lead ace and king, if weak in trumps; but a small one, if strong in them.

8.—If you have the last trump, with some winning cards, and one losing card only, lead the losing card.

9.—Return your partner's lead, not the adversary's; and if you have only three originally, play the best; but you need not return it immediately, when you win with the king, queen, or knave, and have only small ones, or when you hold a good sequence, have a strong suit, or have five trumps.

10.—Do not lead from ace, queen, or ace knave.

11.—Do not lead an ace, unless you have a king.

12.—Do not lead a thirteenth card, unless trumps be out.

13.—Do not trump a thirteenth card, unless you be last player, or want the lead.

14.—Keep a small card to return your partner's lead.

15.—Be cautious in trumping a card where strong in trumps, particularly if you have a strong suit.

16.—Having only a few small trumps, make them when you can.

17.—If your partner refuses to trump a suit, of which he knows you have not the best, lead your best trump.

18.—When you hold all the remaining trumps, play one.

19.—Remember how many of each suit are out, and what is the best card left in each suit.

20.—Never force your partner, if you are weak in trumps, unless you have a renounce, or want the odd trick.

21.—When playing for the odd trick, be cautious trumping out, especially if your partner be likely to trump a suit; and make all the tricks you can early, and avoid finessing.

22.—If you take a trick, and have a sequence, win it with the lowest.

23.—KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

## THE GAME OF MATRIMONY.

**MATRIMONY** may be played by any number of persons, from five to fourteen. This game is composed of seven chances, usually marked on a board or sheet of paper, as follows:

Best:

The Ace of Diamonds turned up.

King and Knave. Confederacy.	INTRIGUE		King and Queen. Matrimony.
	OR,		
	KNAVE AND QUEEN.		

Pairs.

The Highest.

The game is generally played with counters, and the dealer stakes what he pleases on each, or any chance, the other players depositing each the same quantity, except one; that is, when the dealer stakes twelve, the rest of the company lay down eleven each. After this, two cards are dealt round to every one, beginning on the left, then to each one, another card turned up, and he who happens to get the ace of diamonds, sweeps all; if it be not turned up, then each player shows his hand, and any of them having matrimony, intrigue, &c., takes the counters on that point; and when two or more persons happen to have a similar combination, the eldest hand has the preference; and should any chance not be gained it stands over to the next deal.

N.B. The ace of diamonds turned up takes the whole pool, but when in hand ranks only as any other ace: and if not turned, nor any ace in hand, then the king, or next superior card, wins the chance styled best.

## THE GAME OF BRAG.

**BRAG**, a game not near so much in vogue as formerly, is played with a whole pack of cards,

and rather variously conducted by different parties, but the following is given as one of the most scientific methods:—As many persons as the cards, leaving a few for stock, will supply, may play at a time, all of whom are to lay down three stakes a-piece; one for the best whist card turned up in the deal, the second for the best brag in hand, and the third for the eldest hand obtaining thirty-one, or the next number under that. The dealer is to give three cards at once to every player, turning up all round the last card belonging to each player; and the best card reckoning from ace downwards, amongst those so turned up, wins the first stake. If two or more superior cards of a sort be turned up, the eldest hand always of course has the preference; except in case of the ace of diamonds, which, at this part of the game, takes place of every other.

The second stake is won by the person possessing the best brag-hand, or often, rather, by the boldest bragger, who sometimes only pretends to hold good cards, such as pairs, flushes, sequences of flushes, and so on, similar to cribbage, excepting fifteens. In this state of the game there are usually two favourite cards, viz. the knave of clubs and the nine of diamonds, which are reckoned with any others to form pairs-royal or pairs; that is, the two aforementioned favourites combined together with one, or either of them with two aces, kings, &c., are styled a pair-royal of such cards; or, singly, either of the favourites with another card rank as a pair; only natural pairs-royal are to precede artificial ones, as three aces, kings, &c., take place before a pair-royal, formed by assistance of the two favourites, though a natural pair does not supersede an artificial one made by help of a favourite, into which situation only the knave of clubs is admitted.

The principal sport of the game is occasioned by any player *bragging* that he holds a better hand than the rest of the party, which is declared by saying "*I brag*," and staking a sum of money: if no other answer, by a similar or larger deposit, then the bragger wins the second stake; but if any one reply, either by putting down the same or a greater sum, in the manner above stated, and the first bragger declines the contest, the answerer then takes both the money put down and the second stakes: though, if the first bragger goes on, he is to say "*again*," and ventures another sum, whether similar to that laid down by the opponent or not is of no consequence, provided only that it be not smaller; and if the other so reply in like manner, "*again*," the parties continue betting, each laying down a sum not less than last ventured by his adversary, till either one of them, frightened, give up the contest; by which the player holding out longest gains all the money wagered, including the second stake; or, if either party lay down a stake, saying "*Let me see you*," or "*I'll see it*," in which case, both the hands are to be shown, and the strongest wins. When more than one person wishes to answer the first bragger, the eldest has the preference.

The third stake is obtained by the eldest player who may hold either from the cards dealt, or obtain by drawing in addition from the stock, thirty-one, or the highest number under that: each ace, king, queen, and knave, being calculated as ten, and the rest according to their pips: any one drawing above thirty-one, loses, of course.

The player who is so fortunate as to gain all the three stakes in one deal, is, strictly speaking, entitled to three more from each of his antagonists, though in most companies this is declined, as savouring too much of gambling.

### HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

The time is midnight: the scene a saloon in a magnificent palace. In the darkness and silence of night a select party of noblemen are seated around the room. The dread silence is unbroken, save by the anxious whisperings of foreboding evil. Suddenly the sound of a fiddle is heard; footsteps approach nearer and nearer, and, in an instant, in jumps an elderly gentleman. For full half an hour he capers about, performing all sorts of dancing, gymnastics, and calisthenics, with music accompaniment. At length, not having taken the least notice of his guests, he whirls out of the apartment in the same frenzy of excitement in which he entered it; and his panic-struck visitors are requested by a slave to consider themselves dismissed. —*TRAPEZITA.*

I see an aged monarch seated on his throne; two men come in disguised as peasants, and while the king is hearing their pretended dispute, they attack and kill him with axes, which they had concealed under their dress. —*CLEOPATRA.*

In an eastern city see  
Men of high and low degree  
Crowding down the dusty street,  
All regardless of the heat;  
Shouting some, and others quiet,—  
Is it a rebellious riot?  
No! on almost every face  
Joy triumphant you may trace.  
Most are soldiers; hark! their cries  
Seem to rend the distant skies,  
As they move with hasty feet  
Down the overcrowded street.  
See what rivets every eye;  
Yonder, madly dashing by,  
Down the pavement horses drag  
Something in a leathern bag;  
As it rumbles o'er the stones,  
Listen! is it smothered groans,  
That from yonder bag appear,  
Feebly stealing on the ear?  
List! if you can catch again;  
No! from the excited men,  
Savage yells, exulting cries,  
Higher still and higher rise.  
On they urge the madden'd steeds;  
On the human torrent speeds,  
Till, all tired and dusty, they  
Seem to think it time to stay;  
And the steeds begin to flag.  
Now they stop—they ope the bag;  
Out they draw a human form,  
From whose veins the life-stream warm  
Still from numerous punctures oozes,  
O'er a mass of mingled bruises;  
Every sign of life has fled.  
Yes, alas! the man is dead.

ROMEO.



## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &amp;c.

## 1.—A GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. There's a country in Europe, romantic and fine,
2. And a river in Wales, below mountains sublime.
3. A country in England, in the west you may see;
4. Isles in the Atlantic, eight or ten there may be.
5. A city in Scotland, for learning ranks high,
6. A river whose source is not far from the Wye.
7. Isles off the Land's End, where pilot boats ply.
8. A Spanish town next, on the Ebro it stands;
9. Another in Naples, a good trade it commands.
10. An Asiatic gulf south of China now find;
11. A river in England receives some of its kind,
12. And one in Silesia in size not behind.
13. In England a town once famed for a ghost;
14. Another north of it, but on the east coast.
15. An American river, a large one no doubt,
16. A much smaller near Bury, if you'll look well about.
17. The greatest city for trade in the world now behold,
18. And a county in England where hardware is sold.
19. A country in European Russia you'll see,
20. And a city intercepted by a gulf there will be.
21. An island so cold, in the North Ocean it's seen;
22. Then a large town in France, much warmer I ween;
23. A river that rises among mountains so vast,
24. And another south of Moscow, and that is my last.

ANNA GREY.

## 2.—LADIES' NAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Gain, and three-fifths of a diadem.
2. A part of the body curtailed, a consonant, and an interjection.
3. A vowel, to rest against, and a conjunction.
4. To damage, and a consonant.
5. A town in Switzerland, and water congealed.
6. The queen of fairies, and a measure curtailed.
7. A man's name, a preposition, and a vowel.
8. An island curtailed, and an interjection.
9. One of the Christian virtues.

GILBERT ASHTON.

## 3.—CHARADE.

*My first*, some affirm, belongs only to youth,  
But of this there is not one iota of truth,  
Inasmuch as the aged are as guilty at times  
As the young, and commit quite as heinous crimes.

*My second* to various uses is brought,  
After due preparation, of course, which, in short,  
Is essential, or else it could never be made  
Into all kinds of articles needed in trade.

*My third* is the name of a river, which you  
May have seen in your travels, perchance; at least,  
*few*  
Who have been any distance from London can say  
'Tis a stranger to them in a general way.

The initials of these three small words will explain  
What those wish for who play with the object of  
*gain*;

Or, in other words, that which we one and all  
strive

To make sure of, in doing which many connive.

GEORGE M. F. GLENNY.

## 4.—ENIGMA.

Though in stature I'm short, and in face I am  
small,  
I'm a match for a giant when thwarted;  
And therefore 'tis high time to caution you all,  
Lest by some misadventure my vengeance you call  
Into force, that I'm what is reported.

There are always two sides to a picture 'tis said,  
So there are to a story or question,  
For while in despair I mourn over the dead,  
Life without me would be but a cipher instead  
Of a blessing—a fact worth digestion.

At a public banquet where nobles and peers  
Are invited to join each other,  
I aid in their speeches, resound in their cheers,  
Which does much towards soothing an amateur's  
fears—

An infirmity some cannot smother.

In the Houses of Parliament, day after day,  
I sit with a patience surprising,  
As none of the members could do much, they say,  
If perchance I thought fit to keep out of the way;  
But of course this is only surmising.

I'm the greatest in Eton, where gentlemen go—  
Or are sent, I should say—to the College,  
To learn all that's really essential to know,  
Such as Latin, French, German, *et cetera*, so  
That they may not be wanting in knowledge.

I am ever in debt, therefore none would believe  
They could save a large fortune, provided  
They followed my steps; but I'll soon undeceive  
Those who doubt, when I tell them to get rich I  
thieve,  
Which they'd soon do, if they did as I did.

Delighting in bloodshed and strife, I am found  
To go shares with the felon in sorrow;  
Yet where peace and pleasure are rife, I abound,  
By the home fireside where the youngsters sit  
round  
To hear riddles, or ghost tales of horror.

I'm the miser's best friend; yet, though strange  
it may seem,

I'm averse to a mean disposition;  
And yet it is said I assist him to dream  
Of great wealth, which must be a most glorious  
theme

For this man, whose mind's out of condition.

Without me Napoleon would feel ill at ease,  
For he'd no longer satisfy any  
Of those who now use their best efforts to please  
His Imperial Highness, who'll laugh when he sees  
This enigma by GEORGE M. F. GLENNY.

5.

An English river, read reversed,  
At once will bring to view  
A tree that everybody knows,  
For it is English too.

G. GUYON.

6.

*My first* is a river in England; *my second* is  
used to unloose a fastening; *my whole* is a useful  
animal.

HECKMONDWICK.

## 7.

I am a delicious fruit; but, behold me and I  
am what schoolboys often do in sunny days;  
again behold me, and I am what horses do.

ZANONI.

## 8.—DECAPITATION.

*The Complete Word.*

'Tis the evening of a sultry summer's day,  
And out in the fields we'll take our way,  
And list as we walk to the murmuring brooks,  
And the hoarse rough caws of the home-bound  
rooks;

While gently borne on the freshening breeze,  
Mingled with songs of birds in the trees,  
We hear in the distance a tinkling bell;  
What it betokens we know full well:  
'Tis Colin, the shepherd, on his iron-grey foal,  
Driving his sheep to the care of my *whole*.

*The Word Beheaded.*

On a cold winter's day, in a poor Irish cot,  
A widow was sitting, and sad was her lot;  
Her husband was dead—and her children, save  
one,

Had sickened and died. The other was gone  
To a far-distant land to seek fortune and fame.  
But, alas! ere long the hand of death came,  
And struck with an icy chill that poor feeble  
frame;

And if I'm beheaded, you'll doubtless soon see,  
That in sorrows, if not in years, she was me.

## 9.—ANAGRAM.

*A firm notion is what I admire**In any one, no matter who.**Inasmuch as it shows a desire**To carry out all that they do**In a way to meet approbation,**Which all things accomplished well**Must meet with, and causes sensation**Among those who cannot exult.**For the want of this very ingredient,**If I may make use of the word,**To express my ideas more expedient,**E'en though it sounds somewhat absurd.**However, I'll take it for granted,**My readers will pardon the use**Of a term which cannot be supplanted**Without a substantial excuse;**And describe very briefly my notion**Regarding the same, which has made**Such a wonderful stir and commotion**In private, as well as in trade.**'Tis the source from which merchants acquire**Their wealth, and from day to day learn**The state of the funds, which go higher**At times, and then lower in turn.**'Tis the means by which sound education**Alone is obtained, and the way**To succeed in whatever occupation**You have to fulfil through the day.**It is also the cause of progression**In music, in science, and art,**And aids many in their profession**To play a conspicuous part.*

GEORGE M. F. GLENNY.

## 10.

In all my *whole*, and at all places, the gallant  
and sturdy *seconds* of my *first* are gladly wel-  
comed.

ROLANDO.

## 11.—CHARADE.

Young Graham was a valiant knight,  
And well he loved fair Lady Maud;  
But, sad to say, such love with spite  
Was witnessed by De Beauvoir's lord.

A mortal feud between the two  
Had given rise to enmity;  
And Maud De Beauvoir only knew  
Young Graham's love's intensity.

Each knew no consent could be gained  
From De Beauvoir that they might wed,  
So they—poor schemers—had ordained  
A flight and private match instead,

And now impatient Graham waits,  
With rein in hand, for Lady Maud,  
When open fly the castle gates,  
And forth rides out De Beauvoir's lord.

With hasty *first* young Graham mounts  
Upon his gallant courser's back;  
And twenty men-at-arms he counts  
Now issuing out upon his track.

Then off at break-neck, topmost speed,  
While clattering in the rear they came;  
But, fatal chance! young Graham's steed  
Unto my *second* quickly came.

In vain he whipped, in vain he spurred;  
Lame with my *whole*, the helpless horse,  
Could not be moved, could not be stirred,  
By all young Graham's urgent force.

And now he draws his maiden sword,  
And firmly stands on his defence;  
But, vain attempt! down, down they bored  
Young Graham with rude violence.

And then they took his body back  
Unto De Beauvoir's castle wall,  
And hung it up beside the track  
Where Maud must pass at matins' call.

She saw the body, hacked and torn,  
Her heart was chilled with deadly fear,  
And ere the sun to rest had gone  
Maud lay upon her funeral bier.

ROLANDO.

## 12.

My *first* is a tin vessel; my *second* is a lady's  
name; and my *whole* is a State in North America.

LITTLE GIGGLE.

## 13.—ANAGRAM.

"*Honor est a nilo!*" a hero once replied,  
When requested to reveal his proper name;  
And handing forth his card, he said, "I leave you  
to decide

Whether I can hold the title that I claim."  
"Without a doubt you can," the servant said,  
"for I

Have ability sufficient to perceive  
That the title you have chosen very aptly to defy  
Curiosity is right; so by your leave,  
If you will walk this way, I'll usher you upstairs  
In a manner which I'm positive will please,  
And if they don't expound your name, why you  
and I'll go shares,  
By keeping up the mystery to tease.

GEORGE M. F. GLENNY.

## 14.—REBUS.

A term applied to persons unacquainted with the arts;  
 Another word for wonderfully, excellently done;  
 A plaited cord or piece of work of most intricate parts;  
 An instrument to fasten doors—though not the only one;  
 An act of great severity which feeling men would scorn  
 To countenance, and very right; to do a great deal more  
 Than requisite; a burden known to thousands who are born  
 To slavery—in other words, to earn their bread before  
 'Tis given to them. Read the heads of these straight down, and they  
 Will bring to light a large vehicle very seldom seen.  
 The finals, upwards read, will show—or point out, I shoud say—  
 The title merited by those who ride in this machine.

G. M. F. GLENNY.

## 15.

Two-fifths of a goose, and a very small stream,  
 Combined with the third of an age,  
 Will show you an animal—ladies, don't scream—  
 That at present is wholly the rage.

ROLANDO.

## 16.—CHARADE.

My second came to me one day,  
 A handsome sum of cash to pay,  
 And in my first for him I made  
 A bill as proof that it was paid.  
 Now if my whole you wish to see,  
 Go view the troops of cavalry.

ALTHEA.

## 17.—REBUS.

1. A well-known town in Wales.
2. A strong narcotic.
3. A town in Northamptonshire.
4. One of the calendar months.
5. A French word signifying an equal portion.
6. The name of one of the patriarchs.
7. A beautiful annual.

The initials joined will show the name of a man of great celebrity, and the finals, his native country.

IRENE.

## 18

My first a preposition is;  
 My next all tell-tales do;  
 My third a pronoun personal  
 Much used by me and you.  
 My fourth you'll meet when in the street  
 Or in the lanes you stroll;  
 And if he be a friend of yours,  
 I hope he is my whole.

LUCINDA B.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &amp;c.

(On pp. 360, 361, 362, 363, Christmas Volume.)

146.—Because it is the better for a good trimming.

147.—Because you are a deal plainer.

148.—Heat-hen. 149.—Crow-land. 150.—Peppermint.

151.—1. GlogaU. 2. RoscommonN. 3. Empoli. 4. Ararat. 5. TriesteE. 6. Bagdad. 7. RosS. 8. IngoldstadT. 9. TiticacaA. 10. AnholT. 11. IlfracombeE. 12. NaplesS—Great Britain; United States.

152.—Leaf-less.

153.—1. Armada. 2. Mab. 3. Italy. 4. England. 5. Nelson. 6. Shakespeare—Amiens.

154.—Log-wood. 155.—Arm-chair. 156.—Level.

157.—Mo-hawk.

158.—1. TournamentT. 2. HonoluluU. 3. AnacreonN. 4. MelonN. 5. EddystoneE. 6. Skull—Thames Tunnel.

159.—Boot-less, signifying useless.

160.—1. ActiaA. 2. LysanderE. 3. EdoniI. 4. XerxesS. 5. AlecT(o). 6. NeroO. 7. DotT(o). 8. EthelL. 9. RomeE—Alexander, Aristotle.

161.—Rose-mary. 162.—Water-fall. 163.—Ply-mouth Break-water.

164.—1. TrentT. 2. YE. 3. NightshadE. 4. EmphasisS—Tyne, Tees.

165.—And-over.

166.—1. Wakefield. 2. Ipswich. 3. Newcastle. 4. Darlington. 5. St. Neot's. 6. Oldham. 7. Reading—Windsor.

167.—Blue-bell. 168.—Heartsease. 169.—Onslow. 170.—Mary-gold.

171.—1. April. 2. LoO. 3. IOU. 4. Caspil.

4. EagleS—Alice, Louis.

172.—

173.—Foot-step. 174. Harebell.

175.—1. Scur-borough. 2. Milton. 3. Redruth. 4. Canter-bury.

176.—Cent-re. 177.—Funeral, Real, Fun. 178.—2s. 7<sup>d</sup>. 179.—Spar-row.

## KEY TO MAZE.

On entering, turn to the left, and take the second to the right, and go up, passing under two bridges; we then meet two branch roads, turn down to the right, and when we have passed over one bridge and under another, we come again to two branch roads; pass down to the right, cross over a bridge, and turn up to the left, passing under the bridge. In continuing our road up we come again to two branch roads, take the left, pass over and under seven bridges, and then take the second turning to the right. Passing on to the right, we come round to an opening where the roads diverge: continue to the right. In advancing round we leave the next two openings to the left, and follow the road round near the left top corner, and then come down to where two roads cross each other, leave the two openings on the right and left, and pass on under the bridge, and turn round up to the left, leaving two openings on the right. The road then branches off into two; take the left, or lower road over the bridge, and pass straight on under the next bridge, leaving the opening to the left. Come down and continue the road downwards, leaving the opening to the right, and when we have passed over two and under two bridges, the road again divides; turn down sharply to the right, and again to the right at the next branch of the road, and this path will lead up to the temple of fame.





PULCHERIS AND MARIE—(See p. 101).

## HEARTS OF GOLD;

OR THE,

CHILDREN OF THE SEA.

A TALE OF NORMANDY.

## CHAPTER III.

IN fact, Pulcherie, on entering the cottage, threw herself into Pelagie's arms. Onesime was sitting up, but still pale and weak. Berenice was making lace at her brother's side.

"Ah! here's Pulcherie," she cried.

She threw her lace frame aside. The colour returned to Onesime's cheeks.

"Well! are you better, Onesime?"

"Yes, Pulcherie. Have you come back to stop? The house is very dull and lonely since you went away. Do you like being at Benzeval better than here? In the first place it is a long way from the sea, and then who is there for you to play with?"

"I don't play at all. It's true there's a big basin in the garden, but there is nobody to rig my little boats to launch in it; and—and I quite pine for all of you."

"And we!—we talk about you all day. This morning I said to Berenice, 'Tell me, Berenice, does Pulcherie think of us now?' Berenice said yes."

"What a pretty frock you have!" said Berenice.

"I have only just come to see you and know how Onesime is. I must go back directly. Mamma Dorothee said——"

"What!" cried Onesime, "you have no longer the same mamma as we have?"

"I have two—Mamma Pelagie and Mamma Dorothee."

"But Madame Malais is not your mother: she is your aunt."

"But no more is Mamma Pelagie."

"Now listen! look at that—Mamma Pelagie is no longer her mother! In that case I am no longer your brother, and Berenice no longer your sister."

"Madame Malais wishes me to call her mamma, and she is very good to me. They wish me to leave off saying Mamma Alain, but I say it all the same. Look, see what good things I have brought you."

And she gave them a basket filled with cakes and dainties.

"Listen, Onesime: Mamma Dorothee says when you are better you must come up with Berenice and spend a week at the chateau."

"I am quite well."

"Did she really say so?" asked Pelagie.

"Yes, Mamma Alain, she said so."

The servant who accompanied Pulcherie confirmed the statement.

"Well!" said Pelagie, "I am very grateful to her; it will console the poor children a little. If Madame Malais will allow, I will bring them up on Sunday."

"And now I must go," said Pulcherie.

"Wait a bit, while I rig you a boat to sail in your basin. One must be miserable when one hasn't a boat."

"Oh yes; but I can't wait now; we were told to get back directly."

"*Eh bien!* I'll bring it you on Sunday. I'll rig my best boat for you all fresh."

"The sloop?"

"No, the cutter; that one on the top of the cupboard."

"What fun we shall have on Sunday!"

"And all the week."

"Adieu, Berenice! adieu, Onesime! adieu, Mamma Alain! Papa Alain is out fishing with Cesaire."

"Yes, and they won't be back till night. Adieu, Pulcherie, till Sunday!"

"Till Sunday!"

Sunday arrived; Pelagie took the two children with her to the chateau of Benzeval. She carried in a basket a splendid turbot *Risque-tout* had caught during the night. Onesime carried his cutter with the new rigging. Cesaire and his father followed them as far as the outer railings. They did not dare enter; but it was agreed that Pelagie should bring Pulcherie out to the gate for them to kiss. M. and Madame Malais received them rather patronizingly, but affably enough. They wished Pelagie to stay to dinner; she refused, saying, "I must get back home to get dinner for my people. I will beg of you, Madame, merely to allow Pulcherie to come with me as far as the gate, because Tranquille and Cesaire are waiting there, and dying to see her."

M. and Madame Malais consulted by looks, after which M. Malais said—

"Go and tell them, my good woman—go and tell them that I invite them to dinner with you and the children."

"Oh! they will never dare —"

"I will go and tell them myself."

When M. Malais arrived at the gate he found Pulcherie in the arms of Risquetout and Cesaire. Directly she had learnt they were so near to her she had scampered off to see them, without waiting for the reflections or the decision of Madame Malais. Another personage was also by this time outside the gate; this was Eloi Alain, the miller, who had caught sight of his kinsmen in passing the house, and was waiting to go back with them to his mill at Benzeval, and thence to Dive. M. Malais issued his invitation.

"Oh yes, do, Papa Alain, and you too, Cesaire," said Pulcherie, drawing them towards the house.

"Why, we can't very well, M. Malais. Many thanks for your kindness, but here's the cousin Eloi I've just asked to come and share our soup with us at Dive, and we are only waiting for Pelagie to go back all together."

M. Malais was not excessively fond of the miller, but his weakness with regard to public opinion, by which his mind was unceasingly occupied, caused him to feel continually uneasy at the habitual coldness of Eloi towards him. He took advantage of the occasion to invite him to dinner with the rest. Eloi hesitated for a moment, then reflecting that he would not only cause his relations to lose a good dinner, but would himself be likely to enjoy a much better one at the chateau than at Dive, he consented with a tolerably good grace. Eloi Alain was a more embarrassing guest than the others; he was rich, and looked upon in the neighbourhood as a species of *monsieur*. His opinion had great influence, and M. Malais would have had no objection to stand well with him. Unfortunately their overwhelming vanity stood in the way of the little good sense nature had accorded to the master and mistress of Benzeval. To do greater honour to their guests, and

also in the hope of stupefying them with admiration, they covered their table with their entire stock of plate. Madame Malais put on her celebrated dress, of the town fashion, that she had had made in Paris twelve years before, and upon the model of which she had had all her dresses made ever since, thinking that the fashion of "town" was the same in principle as those of certain localities; as thus, a cap in the fashion of the district of Caux never changes, any more than does one in the fashion of Carantan. She had enjoyed the consciousness of being dressed in the fashion of Paris, in the said robe which she had had made during the empire, and which she still wore under the restoration, the epoch of our story.

The miller was envious, and, moreover, bore an old grudge against the Malais family. At the sight of this unwonted luxury it appeared to him that he was perhaps not so rich as he had pleased to believe, and that he was not the equal of the Malais. Accordingly, with all the cunning of the Norman peasant, he neglected no opportunity to hurt the feelings of his hosts, always under the pretence of wishing to say something agreeable to them. He found nothing so efficacious as talking incessantly about a family from which the Malais were by no means proud of having sprung.

"There was your grandfather, now," said Eloi, "Malais the cattle-dealer, he was a Dive man; he had a famous cob, and it must be said he was a famous horseman. He rode once from Dive to Poitou to buy cattle, eighty-four leagues; he managed that journey without slackening girths. He was a first-rate fellow. The cob was a dapple grey, a model of a horse."

Madame Malais assumed an absent air. M. Malais filled his guests' glasses; but Eloi, seeing the thrust had gone home, continued—

"I didn't know him myself, but everybody remembers him in these parts. When anybody wants to speak of a good horseman—a man who can drink hard, and isn't frightened of fatigue—they are sure to say, 'Just like Malais of Dive!' Again, if they want to speak of a man

who thoroughly knows what business is, they say, 'This fellow will be like Malais of Dive; he'll leave his children enough to let them do nothing, and his grandchildren will have a chateau.' Everybody knows all about Malais the cattle-dealer, down to the little children."

Madame Malais succeeded in turning the conversation by addressing some remarks upon the fisheries to Risque-tout, who was enabled to cut off the discourse from his cousin. This, however, was not destined to last long. Tranquille having alluded to the custom-house officers who had taken from him a little barrel of spirits he had picked up on the sea, Eloi recovered his position, and said—

"Listen, Tranquille! You should not talk of custom-house officers before M. and Madame Malais, it might offend them. They had an uncle who was a custom-house officer, and no great things with it;—he was own son to Malais the cattle-dealer. We are not answerable for other people's failings. Malais, the custom-house officer, was a shabby rascal; that doesn't hinder Malais of Dive, the cattle-dealer, from having been a good father, who knew how to leave a pretty penny to his family; that doesn't hinder the father of M. Malais, here present, from having been a man who sold his money rather dearly perhaps, but who, however, never got into any trouble with the law."

M. Malais again made haste to pour out wine and to fill the miller's glass, but this glass of wine only served to increase the loquacity of Eloi Alain, who had already drunk a great deal, and to furnish him with a transition for continuing:

"May this glass of wine," he said, "which I drink to the health of M. and Madame Malais, be my poison, if I have been able to bear the sight of a custom-house officer since that time. I should tell you, that being a young man (you were only a child then, M. Malais), I did a little business in smuggling. An honest man always—no one having a word to say against me; but smuggling is only taking money from government, and taking money from government is no robbery, everybody knows that. Well, Malais, the custom-house officer, own son

to Malais the cattle-dealer, and brother to Malais the money-lender, the father of M. Malais who is now entertaining us, here's what he said to me—"Tell me, Eloi, they say you do a good stroke of business occasionally at—you know what." I had known him from a child; I would no more have mistrusted him than Tranquille Alain here. Well, from one word to another it got to this: I said to him over a cup of cider, 'Will you make one?' 'Yes,' said he. 'Good, I'm your man!' 'I'm yours!' I should tell you it was an affair of tobacco, and a little English cutter was to bring it to us about a league and a half from Caen. The thing came off to perfection—nothing could have been better, but that when we were going to land the goods, it turned out that Malais, the custom-house officer, instead of helping, had informed against us. They were down upon us, and seized the whole cargo. I and two others, whom I need not name, had three months each in prison, and Malais had, some say a third, some half of the prize. I had, however, the consolation of serving him out afterwards. But that's all over. I shall never forget Malais, the custom-house officer. Monsieur and Madame, to your good health, and that of all honest people."

The proprietors of Benzeval were wonderfully relieved when the dinner was over. When the guests departed, there was no thought of requesting them to renew the visit; far from it. Madame Malais said to Pelagie—

"Pelagie, you know the two children are to spend the week with Pulcherie; I will send them home on Sunday."

When they were once more alone, Monsieur and Madame Malais complained bitterly of the weary day they had spent.

"I don't believe they as much as noticed the beauty of our plate. This is what it is not to have genteel people to come and see us. Of what use are our chateaux, our mahogany furniture, and our plate? May Heaven send us a son-in-law worthy of Pulcherie; then we shall be able to say that we have really begun to live. Pulcherie is nearly twelve; when she has been four years at the



Royal Academy of Saint Denis she will be sixteen. I was scarcely more when you married me. Talking of Pulcherie, I must really speak seriously to her; she has got a habit of *thou-ing*\* Pelagie's children, who *thou* her. To see them playing together, it would really seem as if they were children of the same class. All this must come to an end."

"Listen, Dorothee,—have a little patience: that would look rather strange. People would say we were giving ourselves airs; in fact, what would they not say? Pulcherie will soon be going away; when she returns for the holidays she will have spent a year at the Royal Academy of St. Denis—she will be quite a young lady; it will be plenty of time then to teach her how to conduct herself; and, besides, the young Alains will not dare to be so familiar with her then. We must be careful as to what is said about us."

The children passed the week in a state of unmixed happiness, except that, on the fourth day, Onesime said—

"*Tiens!* Pulcherie, I get very dull when I don't see you; but I get just as dull when I don't see the sea. I should like to go out fishing with my father every day, and find you in the house when I came back to eat my soup; but I could never get used to being always in a garden."

On the eve of their departure he said—

"Suppose we were to go and take a walk outside?"

The children jumped at the proposition immediately, and, as they were at the extremity of the garden, they thought it would be easier to get over a little hedge that separated them from the open country than to go round to the gate. The two girls needed very little help from Onesime to follow his example, and they found themselves in the fields that skirt the edges of the Benzeval river. A few wild roses and honeysuckles, which,

after climbing up the willows, fall in perfumed garlands to the water's surface, were still in bloom. The field-queens and the red Flora's bells, which abound on those coasts, were no longer in flower; but the myosotis, the forget-me-nots, with their little heaven-blue petals, still flourished, bathing their tiny feet in the stream. The three children seated themselves in the shadow of an old hollow willow, and talked over their little prospects.

"And so you are going away, Pulcherie?" said Onesime.

"Yes; I am going to school in a house where there are the daughters of all decorated officers—like my father."

"Shall you stay there a long time?"

"Nearly four years, they say."

"We shall be four years without seeing each other?"

"Oh no! I shall come home every summer."

"What do they want to send you so far away for, Pulcherie? Can't the parish clerk teach you everything in the world?"

"It appears not."

"Do they want you to be a school-mistress, and take Mother Buchard's place?"

"I don't know."

"In four years we shall be quite big, all three of us," said Berenice. "What shall we all be doing in four years?"

"I don't know what we shall be doing," said Onesime; "but I know what I should like to do. I should like to command a big boat, to go after the herrings and the mackerel; to have her well rigged, and full of all sorts of tackle—and live with you two, who should make good soup for my dinner."

"I," cried Pulcherie, "I should like to be handsome—so handsome—and well dressed in silk frocks, like Mamma Dorothee, and have a fine coach and a fine horse, like M. Malais, and then marry a prince."

"What! marry a prince!" cried Onesime. "And my soup! Who is to make my soup for me when I come back from the sea?"

"You should be the prince. We would

\* *Futuyer*. In the original, Pulcherie and the Alain children address each other in the second person. To preserve this peculiarity would have been to give an air of pedantic stiffness to their conversation, quite opposite to the easy familiarity it really expresses in the French language.—TRANSLATOR.

have a servant to make the soup, and we would eat meat soup every day; you should only go to sea in the fine waather; you should always wear a hat and a blue coat, like M. Malais. And you, Berenice, what would you like?"

"I should like to make lace so well—so well, that I could earn fifteen sous a day."

"And who shall be your husband?"

"Onesime shall be our husband for both of us."

"You are going to learn everything down there, Pulcherie?"

"Everything in the world—so they say."

"To write too?"

"It appears so."

"Then you will write to us?"

"Make sure of that—when I know how. I am learning from the clerk, and I can write a little already."

"Well, then, Berenice shall learn to read—to be able to read me your letters, for I shall never learn. I shall have to go to sea and learn my trade well."

"I shall learn to read and to write too," said Berenice; "to send you news about us, and tell you all that happens here; for you will not forget us down there—will you?"

"There is no danger. No more will you two forget me, will you?"

The three children kissed each other.

"Listen," said Berenice; "when you come home every year let us meet together here, in this place. What time of year will it be when you come back?"

"Almost the same as it is now."

"Very well. We shall not be sorry to find the shade of the old willow again. We will come and sit down together here where we are now; we will say that we still love each other, and will tell all that has happened. If I could write I know what I would do."

"What would you do, Berenice?"

"I would write our three names on the back of the old willow."

"But I could write them well enough if I had a knife. Give me your knife, Onesime."

Pulcherie took Onesime's knife, and after grave deliberations it was agreed

that the first letter in each name would be sufficient. It took Pulcherie at least an hour to engrave on the trunk of the tree B — O — P.

It was very near dinner time; the three children kissed each other again, promised to love each other always, to write often, and to return together every year to the old tree on which they had inscribed their names. Then they returned to the house; they had been sought for, and were well scolded; but this gave them little trouble. The next day Pulcherie, accompanied by a servant, conducted her friends back to Dive. The good mother, Pelagie, had prepared a dish of curds for Pulcherie, who was surprised to find it not so good as formerly; the kitchen of the chateau had already destroyed the flavour of her treats of other days.

Berenice and Onesime continued to visit Pulcherie every Sunday; but the winter came, and there were no more walks in the fields. Berenice went occasionally by herself, in the week, to spend an hour with Pulcherie, from whom she received lessons in reading and writing, to assist those she took from the clerk almost every day. Onesime persisted in the idea that it would be enough that his sister should be able to read him Pulcherie's letters, and that there was no earthly reason for his becoming so learned himself. At length the day of Pulcherie's departure for Paris and Saint Denis arrived. There was great weeping at the separation. M. Malais took Pulcherie in his own carriage as far as Honfleur. From Honfleur they proceeded to Havre, where the diligence was taken for Paris. Berenice kissing Pulcherie had said to her:—

"Think of the old willow of Benzeval."

#### CHAPTER IV.

For a considerable time Dive was a desert place for the two children. They were never happy but when alone together, because then they could talk of Pulcherie and their approaching hopes, and their projects for the time when they should be grown up. However, Onesime

became an able seaman, in proportion as his strength increased; he had courage equal to any test, and acquired the reputation of being *lucky* as a fisherman. Berenice, while making progress in the art of lace-making, which announced the achievement of her wish—to earn fifteen sous a day—being the first to be accomplished of the three made under the old willow, began also to read and write passably.

A fortnight after Pulcherie's departure, M. Malais, who had accompanied her to Saint Denis, met Berenice by accident, and said to her,—

"We arrived all safe. Pulcherie is installed in the *Royal Academy* of Saint Denis. She told me to be sure to call and tell you, but I have not had time."

PULCHERIE MALAIS TO BERENICE ALAIN.

Saint Denis.

MY DEAR PULCHERIE,

Everything about me is so changed that I ask myself if I am dreaming, or if I am really myself. Fancy, first of all, that I am no longer called Pulcherie, but Pulkerie; that there is no sea here, and that I never go outside a big house, in which there are three or four hundred young girls. I have been two months without writing to you, because I have been so bewildered by everything around me, that I have not been able to find words to tell you about things altogether different from anything we know about. We are all dressed alike—black frocks, black straw bonnets, blue cotton stockings in summer, and, they say, in winter grey worsted. They are so particular about our being exactly the same, that I was scolded the other day for having a flower in my waistband. One of the pupils, who had had some brought to her privately, gave it me, and I did not notice that she concealed hers. We all dress our hair alike; parted in the middle, and in bands on each side. We are divided into classes just as it is at Epiphane Garandin's, the clerk of Dive. The pupils of the different classes are distinguished by the colour of their waistbands, so I wear one of blue with a white edging. Every six months those who have got on well

change their bands to go up into a higher class. This is the order they go in; you will see that I was thought advanced enough not to be put at the very beginning:—

Green, edged with white; plain green; violet, edged with white; plain violet; primrose, edged with white; plain primrose; blue, edged with white; plain blue; *nacarat*, edged with white; plain *nacarat*; white, edged with *nacarat*; plain white; and then there are first whites and second whites; but these are grown-up young ladies. The finishing class has a band striped with the colours of all the other classes. We have two ladies to each class; a lady superintendent and a lady instructress. They wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour on their bosoms.

PULCHERIE.

BERENICE ALAIN TO PULCHERIE MALAIS.

MY DEAR PULCHERIE,

Do not love Marie more than me, or even so much; above all do not show her my letter, which must be badly written and full of mistakes. I am doing my best to learn, and Maître Epiphane is pleased with me. I have read your letter to the whole house. All are pleased that you remember them, and embrace you with all their hearts. Onesime says that he does not like your *comrade*, and that you seem in a great hurry to make new friends. I, on the contrary, am glad that you have found a friend so soon; but for that you would miss us as much as we miss you. We are not very happy this winter, the sea is almost always rough. For the last fortnight, father, Cesaire, and Onesime have not set foot on it. Onesime is quite a sailor now; he goes to sea every day, when it is fit for any one. The herring fishery has been good enough, but the little boats can do nothing, so Cesaire talks of going away to the whale or cod fisheries. They are a long, long way off, and very dangerous, above all, the whale fisheries; and mamma cries whenever he mentions it; however, he seems decided, and I think he will go. Everybody is complaining; however, up to the present, God has been so good as not to let us want bread. By working hard, I can

manage to make eight sous a day with my lace; it is no great things, but still it helps a little, and I am very happy to be able to bring something to the house. If the sea continues to be so cruel, papa says he will go and work as a farm labourer in the fields; but it is plain to see the thought makes him very sad; the sailors can never bear to leave the sea. We pray to God and wait. We have not been able to pay Cousin Eloi, who lent us money for the boat—your god-child; he is very angry, and I heard him tell papa it would cost him very dear if he made him wait. He will be here again tomorrow, and we cannot pay him yet; but God will not desert us; our people are not lazy, and they are great fishermen. The sea, as papa says, has the fish, which are their property, and she must give them up.

I tell you all this because, though you have a different name, you are one of our family. However, do not be uneasy on our account; the wind, which has been "sou'-west" for a fortnight at least, seems at this moment inclined to go gently round to the "sou'-east;" perhaps we may be rich by the time you receive this letter.

We talk a great deal of you. The other Sunday, as it was raining, we took the almanac—Onesime and I—and counted how many days we should have to wait for what you call the holidays, to see you again; there were still two hundred and ninety-eight! Every evening, with Onesime, we cross off the day that has passed, so that when we shall have crossed off this one, that will make no more than two hundred and ninety-four. It is a long time, but it will pass. Above all, I again beg of you do not show this letter to Marie. When I look at it, I am frightened to see how badly it is written. You write already much better than when you left. I shall never be so learned as you; but I do not wish to make you ashamed when I write to you. Adieu, my dear Pulcherie! What is *nacarat*? No one in the house can tell me what it is. We embrace you with all our hearts. Mamma says she hopes you are still her daughter; but in any case she will always be your mother.

BERENICE.

## CHAPTER V.

As Berenice had announced to Pulcherie, the wind veered gently round to the south-east, and the sea grew calmer, maintaining, however, a slow balancing movement, rolling, as it were, all in one piece, the result of the agitation it had recently experienced. Tranquille Alain and his sons did not wait for the fine weather to be thoroughly re-established to put out to sea. Two or three other fishermen followed their example. As, towards the close of the day, the boats appeared on the horizon, Eloi Alain came down from Benzeval and waited on the beach for their landing. A few whiting had been caught. Onesime was proud, as it was on his line the greater part of the fish had been taken.

Risquet-tout, who had started in the morning a little prematurely, without waiting for the calm to be thoroughly reassured, experienced a feeling of fear and embarrassment when he perceived the miller.

"Have you got anything?" inquired the latter.

"A few whiting. Will you come in and eat one with us?"

Eloi made no answer; but when the boat, relieved of its tackle and cargo, had been washed out and moored to the beach, he followed the fishermen to their home. Pelagie was equally nervous at the sight of the miller; she asked him, as Tranquille had previously done, if he would take a whiting, to which he replied,—

"Well, not to annoy you by refusing."

Then, while the fish were being disposed of in fresh baskets, he took two, and posing them a long time in his hands, repeated, "These are two fine whiting—two really fine whiting," until Pelagie had said to him,—

"You must take them home with you, cousin."

Eloi made no reply. They took their seats at the table; he disapproved of the quality of the cider, which did not, however, prevent him from drinking a great deal of it.

"*Ah ça!* Tranquille," he said at length; "it is to-day you have to pay me

the hundred and twenty crowns I lent you."

Neither the intrepid Risque-tout nor any member of his family dared to remark that he had not lent a hundred and twenty crowns, but only a hundred, for which they had to repay him a hundred and twenty.

"It is true," said Tranquille Alain, "it is true; but the reason which made me unable to pay you the other day puts it as much out of the question now; it is only to-day we have been able to get out to sea."

"I am very much distressed for them, the hundred and twenty crowns I lent you, cousin. I had counted upon the amount to-day for a payment I have to make; I took it from a sum I had put away on purpose, and here I am to-day thrown overboard."

"I am more sorry than you can be, cousin, but a little patience and all will go well."

Again Tranquille had not the courage to say that Eloi could not be embarrassed by the want of the hundred and twenty crowns, as it had only been agreed that he should pay half at the commencement of the season, and the rest at its termination.

"And when will you pay me?"

"Well, cousin, at the end of the season."

"We will pay you both halves together," said the more intrepid wife.

"But it is to-day I want the money. I shall miss a speculation on which I should have made fifty crowns. It is rather annoying to oblige other people and then find yourself in a corner. Look here, Risque-tout, I am so much in want of money, that if you will give me two hundred francs I will give you your two notes for sixty crowns each; here they are."

"You know-very well that I have no money, Eloi."

"No matter; I say it to show you what sacrifices I would make to get hold of money to-day."

Again, no one dared to tell the miller that it was hard to believe him, when he expressed his willingness to lose a hun-

dred and sixty francs to get hold of a sum which, by his own account, was only to bring him in a hundred and fifty.

"What is to be done?" he added.

"I wish I had any money, Eloi."

"You mean to say, then, that you will not pay me the hundred and twenty crowns you ought to have paid me to-day till Michaelmas?"

"That is to say, cousin," said Pelagie, always more courageous or less patient than her husband, "that we ought to have paid you half of it."

"Yes, but that was a fortnight ago; and besides, this half inconveniences me so that, look you, cousin, just now I offered you your notes for two hundred francs. Well! pay me one, and I will give them both up to you. That is not acting like a dog, nor caring much for money, is it? I have lent you a hundred and twenty crowns, and will let you off for sixty."

"Cousin, I repeat that I have no money; and besides, if I had sixty crowns I would give them you, which would not prevent my giving you the other sixty at the proper time."

"Then there go sixty crowns that I lose on the speculation I shall miss for want of money!"

Pelagie burned to say that a few minutes back it had only been a question of fifty; but she contained herself.

"I am not a Turk," said the miller. "Come, I will renew the notes for you. Give me one for a hundred and fifty crowns at Michaelmas."

The husband and wife looked at each other; Pelagie spoke,—

"What, cousin, a hundred and fifty crowns! that makes thirty crowns interest from now to Michaelmas, and for only sixty crowns, or indeed only fifty, as only half the amount is due, and out of the sixty crowns there are already ten for interest."

"I don't deny it; you think it is too much to give me thirty crowns interest. Well! and I offer you sixty; give me sixty crowns, and I will return you both your notes, and, what is more, will thank you, and you will have done me a great service."

"Ah, cousin! I wish I had never borrowed the money of you."

"So do I; in that case I should not be distressed for it to-day. And why am I so? To prevent your being so; because if I chose to give your two notes in payment of the affair I spoke of, you would be made to pay—you would be made to sell your two boats for it. But I would rather the embarrassment fell upon me, for, after all, we are the sons of two brothers, cousin, and it is our duty to help one another along a little in this life."

"All's one for that, cousin, it is very dear—thirty crowns!"

"Yes; and I should be quite satisfied, if you would give me sixty crowns for the hundred and twenty I lent you. But never mind, add nothing to the note, if you like, that's all about it; let me lose everything."

"It is only fair that something should be added, Eloi."

"*Dame!* since you think it too much to give me thirty crowns, when I wish nothing more than to give you sixty, add nothing, or add thirty crowns."

Tranquille and his wife looked at each other.

"Well," said Risque-tout, "I will do as you please."

"Bear in mind," said the miller, "that it is not I who wish it. What I should wish would be to get back my hundred and twenty crowns, fresh as they came out of my pocket. Next to that I wish to receive sixty crowns, and let you off the rest."

"Write the note. I will put my cross."

Eloi wrote; then, as he was about to put the amount down on the stamp he had brought with him, he stopped.

"Tranquille," he said, "the stamp cost me five sous. It is not fair that it should come out of my pocket. Give me five sous."

"We have not a sous in the house," said Pelagie.

"Then we will put it down on the note with the amount. There: 'I promise to pay on Michaelmas day next, to my cousin Eloi Alain, the sum of four hundred and fifty-one francs—we can't very

well put down four hundred and fifty francs five sous, it would look so poverty-stricken)—of four hundred and fifty-one francs he has had the kindness to lend me, in current coin of the realm. As witness my hand.' There, put your cross, and you, Pelagie, put yours also."

When the signatures were given, Eloi returned the old notes of hand with the air of a benefactor, on the grandest scale of magnificence.

"This time, cousin," he said, "be exact. I shall pay your note away instead of cash to a miller at Cherbourg, and if you don't take it up when due, you will not find him so accommodating as you have found me; for I can tell you those four hundred and fifty-one francs would be very serviceable to me if I had them in my pocket, instead of having lent them to you. Four hundred and fifty-one francs are not to be picked up in the streets; it isn't every day we meet with cousins who lend us four hundred and fifty-one francs."

No one ventured an observation upon this pretended loan of four hundred and fifty-one francs.

"Well, I must be off. I may have lost my temper a little, cousin, for really you have disappointed me sadly. You must know that to have reckoned on four hundred and fifty-one francs, and then receive—what? not a brass farthing! is rather trying; but, however, I will put up with it as well as I can. I'm rather hasty, and was put out of the way, I own; but we'll say no more about it. It is over."

He then took the two whiting that had been put aside for him. He took a third out of the basket, and compared it with one of his own.

"I think this is the finest."

He poised them, one in each hand.

"There is not much difference," he said.

He changed them from one hand to another, re-weighed them, and appeared in a state of the greatest embarrassment, till he was relieved by Tranquille.

"Don't distress yourself, cousin; take the three."

"Here, Onesime," said the miller,

"tie their gills together with a bit of string."

Onesime strung them on the end of a strong cord, and as he was about to cut it off, Elloi stopped him, exclaiming,—

"*Mon Dieu!* how extravagant the children are. He would cut a bran new cord!"

And he carried off the whole cord, with his three whittings, after having again several times exhorted Risque-tout to punctuality, and having kissed Berenice, saying,—

"Adieu! my dear children, I am delighted to have done you a service."

"He's a hard and avaricious man, our cousin!" said Pelagie.

"God does not pay his workmen every night," said Tranquille, raising his woolen nightcap, "but he always pays them at last. Every one shall receive the price of his labour."

## CHAPTER VI.

### PULCHERIE MALAIS TO BERENICE ALAIN.

I am in great distress, my dear Berenice; you are my only friend. Marie has betrayed me. I am writing this secretly, and though I have to complain bitterly of Marie, it is she who will get this letter sent off for me, without knowing, it must be understood, what is in it. We had agreed, you know, that I should not send any more letters for you through Mamma Dorothee. Some one comes to see Marie every Thursday, but sometimes, and indeed most frequently, it is only an old servant who brought her up that comes. She will take my letters, and you must send yours addressed to her. My letters will come to you post-paid; do not trouble yourself to pay the postage of yours. I will tell you the history of my distresses. I am writing in the piano-room, for I learn the piano; but you have never seen a piano. The piano is a sort of music much grander than *Maitre Epiphane's* flageolet, that is thought so agreeable to dance to; you would never be able to listen to it if you could once hear a piano.

Madame Medard is a black lady, like

Mademoiselle Sophie; her duty is to superintend the piano-room; she spends most of her time taking snuff, and is not at all deep. We can read or write on our pianos if we want to; so as she hears us thumping from time to time on the piano she is quite satisfied. I am obliged to interrupt my letter every now and then to play a gamut.

Where was I? Madame Medard has been looking in my direction for some time, and I am obliged to make believe that I am working. Oh! I have got to tell you about my quarrel with Marie.

The day before yesterday, in the very room I am writing in, was the examination; that is to say, the time when they see who has got on well enough to change their classes. There is an examination every six months. The drawings and paintings of the pupils are exhibited. It was superb! There was the Marshal Chancellor of the Legion of Honour in the midst of all our ladies. The biggest pupils were examined by the Marshal, who asked them questions. Afterwards M. Massimino's pupils sang, played the piano, &c. Then all the classes went up in turns before the Marshal, who distributed the prizes, and gave the new bands to those who had deserved to go up into the classes whose colours they were to wear for the future.

There was one thing very sad. A great pupil, a *nacarat* white-edged, was condemned to the grey class for her backwardness. The Marshal gave her the grey band, which she took sobbing and crying. She will have to wear it a very long time, during which she will have to walk last in the class, and wait upon all the others. Some keep the same band and stop in the same class for six months longer, till the next examination. Marie, who was a plain *nacarat*, was passed to the white *nacarat*-edged, and received her band from the hands of the Marshal.

You must know, Berenice, it is considered a great proof of affection to get any one you are fond of, lady or pupil, to fasten on your new band for you; and this is so important, a pupil will sometimes wait till the next day to meet with the person on whom she intends

to confer this mark of friendship. Well, Marie received her new band, white-nacarated-edged, from the Marshal's hands; I was as happy and as red as she was, so sure was I that she would come to me to ask me to fasten on her band for her. *Eh bien!* Would you believe that she went up to Madame Felicie d'Aizac, the lady of the class she had just left? Madame d'Aizac is a lady who makes verses. Ah, but do you know what verses are? They are a sort of song. Madame d'Aizac kissed her on the forehead, and fastened on her band for her; as to me, I was suffocating. When my turn came, when the Marshal gave me a plain blue band, I had a good mind to do as Marie had done, to punish her, and get Madame A—, the lady of my class, who is rather humpbacked, but I didn't mind that neither, to put it on for me. However, at the moment, my courage failed me, and I went up to Marie, who was already in the thick of the white-edgeds, and beginning to do a little of the great lady.

"Mademoiselle," I said to her, "will you have the kindness to fasten on my band for me?"

"Willingly, my little one," she replied.

She fastened the band on carelessly, and then turned round again to talk to her new friends. I ran away and hid myself in a corner, where I consoled myself with a good cry. I scarcely closed my eyes all night, and the next morning, yesterday, I wrote on the wall, under the place where Marie and I had written our names together: *264 is a wretch and an affected prude.*

I must finish this letter another time. The bell has rung for the second breakfast, which consists of dry bread.

\* \* \* \* \*

My dear Berenice, I have made it all up again with Marie; she has explained everything to me: she had promised Madame d'Aizac that she should fasten on her band for her, before I came to the school: I have been to scratch out what I had written on the wall before she could see it. You ask me what is *nacarated*; *nacarated* is a red colour, not like our fishermen's nightcaps, but rather like the

large gilliflowers, the seeds of which come from Bolbec, and which flower every year behind your, or rather behind our house.

Adieu! I embrace you all.

PULCHERIE MALAIS.

BERENICE ALAIN TO PULCHERIE MALAIS.

We have also been, and still are, in great distress. Cesaire has been drawn for the naval service, and left yesterday for Cherbourg, to join a government ship. My father has no one to help him but Onesime; it is true that Onesime, to hear the fishermen talk about him, is a child on shore, but a man at sea. My mother especially cannot accustom herself to the sight of Cesaire's place at table; he is her eldest son, and she has a sort of respect for him, apart from the love she bears us all. I am beginning to make lace very well, and get on very quickly, so much so that I have been able to buy myself a plain blue waistband, so as to be like you: I also wear my hair in bands, with a parting down the middle. Yesterday, Sunday, at mass, I wore a plain blue like you; I have not got a black frock, but I have one of dark brown, which looks almost the same thing.

We have crossed off thirty-three days on the almanac since I last wrote to you. Onesime has a new friend—a dog, that the shepherd at Benzeval gave him. The dog never leaves him, and even goes with him to the sea. The other day, as the dog was barking at some one who is not accustomed to come to the house, Onesime, as if the poor animal could understand him, began talking to him about you, and the dog looked up at his master, trying to make out what he was talking about.

"I hope, Mopse," he said, "you will not bark at Pulcherie when she comes back; Pulcherie belongs to the house;" then he added, addressing me, "Mopse must know Pulcherie; I am sure by the time she has caressed him two or three times, he will be fond of her."

When we had read your last letter, Onesime, who does not like Marie, said he wished he knew how to write.

"And what for?" I asked him.

"Listen," he said to me; "you can do it for me. I should like to write on



two or three walls, *264 is a wretch and an affected prude.*"

We were obliged to ask Maître Epiphane the meaning of a prude. Onesime was as sorry to hear you had made it up with Marie as I was glad.

"As if she wanted any friends besides us!" he repeats, continually.

"But you yourself," I say to him; "do you love nobody but her? Do you not love papa and mamma, and Cesaïre, and also, just a tiny bit, your little sister, Berenice?"

"It don't hinder from loving you, too."

On that point it is impossible to make him hear reason. When we take a walk, we go up the Benzeval river to see the tree on which we wrote our three names.

"If Pulcherie ever puts an M there," he says, "I would knock the tree down."

I send you, in this letter, a little rose, from a wild-rose tree, that we picked for you close by the old willow. Kiss Marie for me.

#### BERENICE ALAIN.

Some more letters were exchanged; then the time of the holidays drew near. M. Malais was called to Paris by important business. "This would be," Dorothee said, "an excellent opportunity to fetch Pulcherie." Unfortunately, the business was a long time in progress. Marie's relations proposed to M. Malais that Pulcherie should stay with them till her departure; they lived in the country in the outskirts of Paris. M. Malais was attacked with a short indisposition; then he re-applied himself to business. All this swallowed up the time. Only a fortnight of the holidays remained when all things were in readiness to start. It was suggested that this would be absorbed in going and coming back. Pulcherie's head was a little turned by the new life she had been leading. The De Fondoï mixed in society; there was dancing to the piano almost every evening, and occasional visits to the theatre. She forgot those two poor children whose only happiness consisted in looking forward to seeing her; she forgot Pelagie, who had been her real mother; she was enchanted when she heard it decided that she should

not return to Benzeval this year, but was to remain with Marie to the end of the holidays. She merely requested M. Malais to tell Berenice, Onesime, and Pelagie, that she was sorry she should not be able to see them that year, but that it must be for the following year.

It was a great sorrow and a crushing blow at Dive when the news arrived. The two children were completely prostrated for some time; they went together to the old willow, and embraced one another. Their poor little hearts seemed bursting, and they were choked by tears.

"It's bad!" said Onesime. "M. Malais said, plain enough before us, that he did not insist, because he could see that Pulcherie was *dying* to stay with her friend Marie. It's bad! She no longer loves us! How can people change so quickly?"

They recalled with bitterness all the details of their ramble at the foot of the old willow.

"*Eh bien!*" said Berenice; "then let us two love each other alone. We two can never forget—never betray one another."

They kissed each other and wept again, but less bitterly; they promised to forget Pulcherie, since she had so easily forgotten them; but a month afterwards Pulcherie wrote them a very affectionate letter, speaking of the approaching holidays. They leaped with joy, read the letter ten times over, and Berenice answered it with the tenderest affection. The correspondence was resumed, and Berenice and Onesime once more began to count the days. Onesime, in nautical language, declared himself *fresh painted*. Some more letters were exchanged. We possess only the two preceding almost immediately the moment looked forward to with so much impatience. The foregoing ones had made it known that Pulcherie had received the *nacaral*-edged band, and Marie the plain white. This time they had fastened on each other's band. One or two storms had obscured the horizon of this friendship in the course of the year; but the clouds had never taken long to dissipate.

At the fisherman's house there had

been, as always, alternations of good and bad fortune. They had only been able to pay Alain a part of what was owing to him: it had been necessary to renew the note on more and more oppressive conditions. The miller, who had in reality lent a hundred crowns,\* had already received four hundred and twenty francs, without counting the fish he never failed to take home with him when he called, and two hundred and odd francs were still owing. He complained bitterly, spoke of himself as an ill-used man, very badly recompensed for having served a kinsman; but, however, he said he had always been ruining himself for his family. News of Cesaire, whose ship was in the Levantine seas, had been received once. Onesime's dog, Mopse, became extremely learned; he fetched and carried at the word of command.

#### PULCHERIE MALAIS TO BERENICE ALAIN.

It was a beautiful day yesterday, my dear Berenice, and never had fine weather been prayed for with greater fervour—never did the fishermen address more ardent prayers to Heaven on the same subject. We had been thinking for two months previously of the Fête Dieu; and for one month before we could think of nothing else. It is celebrated at Saint Denis with great pomp: I question if my description can give you an idea of it. When the weather is fine, a magnificent altar is dressed at the end of a beautiful avenue, to which we go in procession; whereas, if the weather is uncertain, the procession cannot go out, and the ceremony is performed in the cloisters. The altar in that case is dressed in one of the angles, where there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. But, however, it *was* fine yesterday, and nothing was wanting to the solemnity of the Fête. Everything was filled with flowers; all the balconies of the cathedral, which is at the end of the avenue, were crowded with people. I will give you the order in which the procession advanced. Madame Cointet, the dancing mistress of the house, superintends the procession with regard to order and elegance: it seems to us

that she is always going to take her little violin out of her pocket. All the pupils who have no part to sustain in the representation are in two rows; also all the ladies, who have enormous bouquets. At the head and in the middle is carried the banner of the Virgin—carried by a pupil of the white-edged class. Other pupils of the same class hold the cords of the banner, a large muslin veil covering them entirely. Behind them the sacristan carries the cross; two pupils of the plain-*nacarat* class are in a line with him, carrying wax-tapers. They are also covered with a large muslin veil placed on their bare heads, above which is a wreath of honeysuckle. Afterwards come a troop of forty little girls, the least in the school. They walk four abreast; they have each a veil, with a wreath of *blueets*, and carry each a basket filled with rose leaves, which they scatter before the steps of the priest who carries the holy sacrament. I was one of the four *nacarat*-edged pupils who walk after the little ones, carrying the censers. Afterwards come four young girls taken from the plain-blue class—I was one of those four last year. These are the virgins: it is the finest part in the procession. The choice is very much disputed beforehand; I scarcely dare tell you that it usually falls on the prettiest. Read this alone, and skip the line if you read the letter to the family. They are all crowned with white roses and jasmine. At last comes the *dais*, carried by eight pupils of the plain-white class, others of the same holding each one of eight cords. Four of the white-edged class follow, carrying tapers. On each side are ranged the singers; they have also white veils, but no wreaths. Arrived at the altar, they conceal themselves behind it, and sing, without being seen, *O, salutaris hostia!* Marie, who has a beautiful voice, and has been taught by Madame d'Auby and M. Massimino, was one of the singers. The procession will take place again next Sunday. I send you a daisy from my wreath in exchange for the little wild rose from the Benzeval river you sent me last year. We are not allowed to have flowers except at the Fête Dieu; I don't know why, but hey

\* A French crown is three francs.

will not allow us to have the smallest bouquet during the rest of the year. The infraction of this rule, however, is a crime that is frequently committed, in spite of the difficulty of procuring them. Adieu! Marie sends you her love.

PULCHERIE MALAIS.

BERENICE ALAIN TO PULCHERIE MALAIS.

MY DEAR PULCHERIE,

We also had a grand procession for the Fête Dieu. All our fishermen, most part of whom have often escaped great dangers at sea through the intercession of the Holy Virgin, followed bare-headed. Afterwards the curé blessed the sea and all the boats.

Two strange families have come to stay at Dive; one of them has taken lodgings at the auberge at Marais; the other at the point, at the auberge just below Benzeval. Both families, who were strangers to each other at first, but who now talk together and visit each other in the evening, have come for the sea-bathing. It is said that they are very rich people.

Let us hope we shall not suffer the same disappointment this time that gave us so much pain last year, and that you will really come and spend some time with us. Let us hope—I am called away in great haste; what can be the matter?

\* \* \* \*

I have left my letter for three days. At the moment when I was called away, a great misfortune had happened to us, and I dare not think of that which may happen in consequence of it. My father and Onesime had returned from fishing; it was blowing heavily, and the sea was very rough; a wave struck and upset the boat; both disappeared in the foam. Onesime soon came up, and looked round him; but not seeing anything of our father, he dived under the water for him, and had the good fortune to bring him up. Poor father, who swims so well, must have been sadly hurt to have remained in this manner. In fact, the boat had struck him on the head; he was quite senseless, and covered with blood. It was then they called to us, while some other boatmen were helping Onesime to

carry our poor dear father to the house. His wound is not dangerous—he scarcely feels anything of it now; but at the same time with the blow on his head he also received one on his arm, and that arm he will not be able to use for some time. What are we to do? What will become of us? For some time past everything has gone badly with us. Onesime said this morning—"We have had misfortune enough since Pulcherie left the house; she took away all our luck with her." My father is wretched to find himself unable to work at the best part of the season. Onesime has courage, and says he will find means to earn whatever is wanted. I think, with Onesime, that if you took away our good fortune you will bring it back to us this year. Adieu! Love us and think of us.

BERENICE ALAIN.

## KANGAROOS IN TASMANIA.

OUR old pointer, Don, always accompanied us in our rides and walks, and sometimes started a brush kangaroo, giving chase most gallantly, though without the remotest chance of catching his hopping game, which went bounding off, over tussocks and logs, through scrubs, and under and over anything in its way, in a half-flying style, most marvellous and incomprehensible to our good old English dog, who, after a long chase, used to come panting back to us, wagging his tail, and *looking* his apologies for the failure, as plainly if he said, "I really beg your pardon, master, but the hares I used to hunt at home have not the ugly trick of hopping which these practise, and positively I don't understand it."

My beautiful spaniel, "Dick Swiveller," generally shared the chase and the disappointment, but being a Tasmanian by birth, perhaps the puzzle was less to him.

English sporting dogs point the kangaroo as they do any other game, and Don always chased the creatures most determinedly, but in vain, until one day when, in hunting a rabbit, he jumped over a great old fallen tree, and hit upon a poor kangaroo that was asleep under



KANGAROOS IN TASMANIA.

its shelter. Don, although quite as much astonished as the kangaroo, killed it on the spot, and when his master carried home the prize, followed it closely, smelling and gently licking it, and then looking up at me, telling me with his expressive, honest old face, how great a triumph had at last thrust itself upon him. Poor fellow! he hunted more than ever after this glorious affair, and several times disturbed a fine brush kangaroo very near our house, chasing it often across our path, and once as we stood still in a shady part of the public road, listening to the *thud, thud, thud*, of its measured jumps as it approached us, the beautiful, gentle-looking, deer-faced creature leaped almost amongst us, and then instantly turning short round, hopped over a log, and away into the thick scrub, but at no violent speed; he had been pursued by old Don too often to deem that necessary, and, as usual, away went

Don and Dick after him, and with the same result. The dogs used here to hunt the kangaroo have the shape and general character of the greyhound, but are very much larger in size, and coarser altogether, uniting great strength with speed.

As I have mentioned the kangaroo, perhaps my most systematic method will be to give a short description of the indigenous animals of Tasmania, rather than introduce stray sketches of them in the accidental manner in which I have made their acquaintance.

I commence with the largest, the Great, or Forest Kangaroo (*Macropus giganteus*), the "Forester" of the colonies, which I have not yet seen in its wild state. Many years ago they were very numerous, and might constantly be observed feeding in the daytime in the open country in groups of from five to twenty. The oldest and heaviest male

of the herd was called a "Boomer," probably a native term. When chased, these patriarchs of the forest being large and heavy, were always the least swift, and, consequently, most frequently taken, until at length the great boomer kangaroo has become in all the inhabited districts an extinct animal. The females, and younger males or "bucks," are much less, the elderly gentlemen alone attaining the great size described by the early settlers.

So many idle vagabonds have been in the constant habit of roaming about with packs of twenty to thirty huge dogs each, to procure kangaroo skins for sale, that the forest species is now very rarely seen. An excellent Act of Council was introduced by Sir Hardley Wilnot, and passed into law, tending to the partial protection of the kangaroo, preventing persons from hunting on Crown Lands without licenses, which are granted by the police magistrates. If the latter always took the proper means to ascertain the character of those who apply for licenses, and conscientiously refused them to men of known bad character, the benefit conferred by this act would be very great. But as many of the so-called "kangarooers" are notorious cattle and sheep stealers, the want of proper discrimination in the magistrates is productive of infinite evil, and, in some instances, not only neutralizes the effect of the act, but adds to the mischievous power of the vagabond "kangarooers," by permitting their location on any of the Crown Lands, however close to private property, thus enabling them to carry on their nefarious transactions with success and impunity. Formerly the size attained by the old "boomers" was enormous; the hind quarters frequently weighed, when skinned and dressed, from 70lbs. to 90lbs., and the whole animal from 120lbs. to 160 lbs. These were large powerful creatures, measuring in their common position about five feet in height; but when they rise on their toes, with their strong thick tail serving as a prop and support, they stand about six feet high. When brought to bay, the old boomers fight very resolutely, and if one can take up his

favourite position, in water about three feet deep, so that the dogs must swim to reach him, he can keep off a whole pack. As each dog swims up, the kangaroo lays him under water with his hand-like fore paws, holding him down until another claims his attention, and so disposes of one after another until the dogs are exhausted, and sometimes he tears them dreadfully with the long, sharp, solid claws of his fore feet, which he uses most adroitly, ripping and cutting in any direction with sure effect. It is, I believe, generally supposed that they inflict the most severe wounds with the hind feet, but this is not the case until they are overcome and thrown down, as, when fighting erect, they always raise themselves on their hind toes. Their general colour is dark grey or ash colour, lighter beneath. Mr. Meredith on one occasion, long ago, saw a pure white kangaroo, and, more recently, we heard of another white one having been seen; these, I imagine, are albinos, which seem to occur occasionally among all animals.

The ordinary jump of the large kangaroo is about sixteen feet, and they can clear a four-rail fence about five feet high, in their course, without any visible alteration or exertion.

All the species of kangaroo are easily tamed, and become as familiar as any other domestic animal; but as all dogs here are accustomed and trained to hunt and kill them, pets of this kind are certain sooner or later to come to an untimely end. One that was reared here some time back at last stood higher than the woman it belonged to, and used to accompany her whenever she left home, just as a dog would do, hopping along by her side in a most friendly and companionable manner; but one day, meeting some strange dogs, it was unfortunately hunted and killed. The young of all species of kangaroo are commonly called Joeys, without regard to sex, but I am not aware if this is a corruption of some native name, or one bestowed by the early colonists.

The Brush Kangaroo (*Macropus Bennettii*) stands three feet high in its usual position, with the hind elbows or knees

bent up. Its colour is dark iron grey, lighter beneath. The doe, like that of the forest species, has one young one at a time, which she carries and shelters in the pouch, until the baby so much outgrows its cradle that the long legs and tail poke out.

The sweet gentle expression of face peculiar to the kangaroo tribe is most beautiful and winning; their eyes are full, dark, and soft; and the erect, animated, wide-open ears in perpetual motion give at the same time a keen yet timid expression to the head. I never had so good an opportunity of observing the different species of kangaroo as in the collection which Sir Eardley Wilmot kept as pets in a wooded and bushy paddock close to Government House, Hobarton, where, within the paling fence, they enjoyed their liberty, and, being tolerably accustomed to visitors, allowed themselves to be looked at very composedly; but in a perfectly wild state a passing glance is all that can be obtained. The habits of the brush kangaroo are different from those of the forester; they are never seen feeding in herds by day, and if two or three chance to start from the same vicinity, they all set off in different directions. Usually they are not seen until roused from the bush log or tussocks they have been crouching in, like a hare in her form: their common average jump is about twelve feet.

I have now (1850) two young brush kangaroos, Joey and Beppo, living in a grassy inclosure close to the house, and associating with my poultry very amicably, though they sometimes slyly creep after the peacock, as if with the intention of biting his long gorgeous train when it looks green in the sunshine, supposing it perhaps to be some new vegetable. They are fed with green food, bread, or corn, and are fond of new milk. They hold grass or leaves in their hands, and eat very daintily and elegantly, never seeming in any hurry, but helping themselves with a degree of refinement and deliberation that might offer a salutary example to some nobler animals. For a year I had only Joey, and an old hen

turkey annoyed him exceedingly at one time, in her stupid terror lest he should hurt her chickens, and chased him round the inclosure at a furious pace; but by putting the old lady under a coop, I restored poor Joey's peace and tranquillity. Both he and little Beppo (which we have reared this year in the house like a pet kitten) sleep some hours during the day under the bower of boughs over their kennel, and hop about and feed chiefly in the night-time.

The Wolloby is the species next in size to the brush kangaroo in this colony; the name is usually spelt wallaby, but the full native pronunciation can only be correctly represented by using the *o* instead of the *a*. In the aboriginal languages of these colonies the vowels are sounded peculiarly full and round.

The Wolloby, in its common position, stands about two feet in height; the fur is grey, mingled with a brown tan colour, and is much softer than the larger kangaroos, being much more like that of the opossum. These animals frequent thickets and the dense close scrubs near rivers and water-courses, where they baffle the most active dogs by winding and popping in and out like a rabbit in a furze-brake. In chasing kangaroos, or, as it is technically termed, "kangarooing," large powerful dogs are used; but in thickly wooded and scrubby places a sharp clever little dog is also required to put the game out of the thickets, where the great dogs could not penetrate. The wolloby and brush kangaroo often visit gardens and fields at night to banquet on the dainties they find there; and by far the greatest portion of those destroyed are caught in snares set for the purpose in the tracts or "runs" they frequent. There is, it would seem, about the same difference in the habits of the forest, brush, and wolloby kangaroos as that existing between the deer, the hare, and the rabbit.

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ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

## WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

## A DOMESTIC STORY.

"WHAT a terrible thing poverty must be!" exclaimed a young girl, who was standing at the window of a luxuriously-furnished room, impervious to the cold piercing wind that was raging without. The soft Wilton carpets yielded to the foot: the heavy velvet curtains shielded the large deep windows: the cushioned chairs with opened arms invited the idle and weary, and a bright coal-fire burned merrily in the grate. The table was set with beautiful porcelain and richly-chased silver, and well might the fair speaker look with pity on the many that passed before her, exposed to all the horrors of cold and hunger—the hundreds who were homeless by night as well as by day. "What a terrible thing poverty must be!"

"It is, indeed," said Mrs. Herbert, in a low voice.

Alice turned round—her mother's eyes were full of tears.

"Dear mother," said she, going up to her, "what affects you thus?"

"You little know, my child, how deeply I can feel for the poor," said Mrs. Herbert, returning her fond caress; "for, although I have not suffered from that actual poverty of which you were thinking, I have been sufficiently near it in my life to understand its terrors."

"You, mother, you!" and her children crowded round her. There were five in number—Wallace, a fine spirited youth of eighteen; Alice, two years younger; Mary, Bertha, and Frank, a little rogue of eight summers.

"When was that, darling, best of mothers?" said Wallace, seating himself at her side. "Tell us about this sad time of which we never dreamed."

"Be silent, children; Frank shall sit on my knee, and Bertha stand here." The mother smiled fondly on the little group, and passed an arm over Mary's shoulder.

"You all look so full of eager interest, my dear children, that I am afraid you will be disappointed; but my own experience may benefit you, should such trials

ever be your share—which God forbid!—and I will relate mine, and beg you to remember who cares for His own in the midst of suffering.

"Your father and myself were very young at the time of our marriage—too young, in fact; and I would not like to see my daughters leave their home at the age that I left mine. But lovers are ever sanguine, and we thought it impossible that anything but an unclouded future could be in store for us. Your grandmother was in favour of our early union; she could urge her own happiness as a powerful argument, and your grandfather yielded to her entreaties and ours. A few months previous to this, there came on the commercial horizon a dark spot, which, when we deemed ourselves comfortably settled for life, burst over our heads, in spite of your father's struggles to avert it. He had been lately taken as a partner in the house to which he belonged, and all therein were crushed and ruined by the failures of thousands. Our happy home had to be given up, and I returned with one child, Wallace, to my old homestead, where I was received with open arms. Your poor father never lost his spirits or his energy, and to work he went again with a small capital advanced him by my own father; for, like many others, his relatives now talked about the imprudence of our marriage, and left him to his own exertions. I never missed my comforts, for I could not feel their absence where I was, and cheerfully gave up my accustomed style of dress to wear plain bonnets and shawls. I am sure neither of us breathed a sigh of regret for our lost fortune; and with our dear boy to love and care for, kindness from those around us, and a competence, we began life anew. Alas! how little human hearts foretell the storms that roll over them! My father, too, was a victim to the prevailing times. He had endorsed largely for others, and invested part of his fortune in Stocks that proved worthless. His failure was to him a terrible blow. He had no youth to spur him on—he had no strength to recommence, and he sank under his misfortunes. Mother was very delicate—she had long been an

invalid, and ere long I was left an orphan and penniless again. We were then dependent on the prosperity of your grandparents for a salary; and never, never shall I forget my agony, as I left my childhood's home to strangers! All was given up, and I must have died, but for my husband's firmness under all this. He was the first to comfort and bid me smile again. He still hoped on, and busied himself with providing us a shelter in the storm. It was a small, poor place, my children, and boasted of three rooms. We furnished it as we could, and never dreamed of comfort, when it was hard to get food and raiment. This was about two months before Alice was born. I thought of my mother's tenderness, and the constant care with which she had surrounded me at Wallace's birth! I had not even clothes now for my little one, and set about cutting up *my* worn-out dresses, to convert them into a wardrobe for the coming stranger. It was neatly made, and I tried hard to think it pretty, but the faded calico seemed shabby enough by the side of one or two embroidered robes that had been worn by Wallace.

"It was bitter cold, my Alice, when your sweet eyes first opened to the light, and I pressed you close to my heart as my tears fell over you, wondering if God would spare you amidst so much exposure. We hired a woman to work and attend to my wants, but I knew full well how unable we were to indulge in the luxury of a nurse. So in spite of your father's entreaties that I would not overtask myself, I soon dismissed her, and resumed my household duties. Little Wally could rock his baby sister, and watch the fire while I went about other things. Your father brought me water and coal for the day before he set off to his business; and you cannot imagine how happy I was to sit down by my two little ones after the house was in order and baby dressed. At night I had a bright fire in the dining-room, supper prepared for my weary husband, and his gown and slippers all ready for his coming. Then we met so gladly, and chatted so cheerfully together, that no one would have imagined we had ever been otherwise

than poor; but we knew the folly of re-pining, and the sinfulness of murmuring, and thus kept light hearts as long as there was enough for the morrow. We never despaired of making a way in the world and having comforts once more—and you should have seen our pleasure when your father brought home some little present for Wallace or Alice! Now it was a new toy, a pretty cup or mug, that served to ornament the chimney-piece, and hold the fresh flowers I gathered each day from our little *parterre*. Sometimes a dress for baby, whose making was as interesting to Alfred as to me. We thought her such a beauty after it was on, and Wally's corals fastened on her neck and arms!"

"And where were my father's sisters?" asked Alice, whose deep blue eyes were filled with tears, while Wallace covered his face with his hand. "Could they not help him, mother?"

"They were worldly women, and seemed to look upon our reverses as the effect of an imprudent union. They came occasionally to see us, but I learned to dread their visits and rude questions, as they glanced around our humble home, and wondered how I managed to make it so comfortable. They never allowed me to suppose that they knew we were in want of anything, though Detaria once or twice sent you and Wallace a small gift that I longed to refuse, but accepted for your father's sake. They were of that number to whom poverty is as a disgrace; and brought up as they were, I could not blame them that they avoided us."

"Oh, mother! do not say that!" cried Alice, kissing her. "How could they let these poor hands toil so hard, and never offer to lighten your labours?"

"It was as well that we could feel independent, my love; and we were all glad when we left our native place to settle here."

"And did they bid you farewell?" said the same indignant questioner. "Did they let you leave without coming forward to your assistance?"

"We did not see them, my child—why should they have affected to care whether we left or not? It would have mortified



them to contemplate our forlorn state; and the day we bade adieu to the scenes of our prosperity and adversity, they were preparing for a magnificent ball, that was afterwards mentioned in the newspapers. They could not regret our leaving, and they did not pretend to do so.

"We arrived here in good spirits, and left all regret behind us. Your father had secured us board and lodging in a very respectable family, reduced like ourselves. Here I had nothing to do but to see to my children, of whom I was inordinately proud, for wherever they went, people stopped to admire them. I began to long for the means of dressing them handsomely, and often have redarned one of my own dresses that I might wear it longer and purchase some bright stuff for Wally. At length your father insisted on getting a servant for me, and I was once more free to spend my time as of yore. But you will smile, my dear ones, when I tell you of one cause of sorrow to me at that time. It was an old coat of your father's, that was entirely threadbare; his 'Sunday-suit,' as he called it, laughingly. How industriously I brushed that coat every Monday for two years, folding it carefully, and laying it in a drawer, with the vest and scarf, I could not tell you! But now it seemed so old and shabby, so worn, that I could not help crying bitterly every time I put it away. Often have my tears helped to clean it as I rubbed the spots, or sought for the thin places to darn before it commenced to tear. As you may imagine, we never went to places of amusement; but when I saw your handsome-looking father sally forth once a week in this much-cared-for suit, I regularly burst out into a flood of tears that I took good care he should never see. But there came a ray of sunshine—then another, and we held up our heads. The day I saw your father dressed like himself once more I nearly cried for joy; and when I found myself house-keeping again, with something of the old comfort around us, I blessed God that he had given us trials, and taught us how to live.

"In my new home my little Alfred was born, and I thought myself the hap-

piest of mothers. We did not improve much in wealth, but we became no poorer; and to us our way of living was quite a luxurious one compared with the past. I spent my time alone, until your father returned to his meals, for we made no acquaintances, and I rejoiced at it. I preferred centring my happiness in my loved ones at home. I was too secure of it, my darlings, for the year after I lost my little boy—my 'summer child!' Alas! I then found that I had never known sorrow before—none but a mother who has parted with her treasure can tell what I suffered——"

Mrs. Herbert paused, and the tears rolled over her face. Until now, she had been unmoved throughout her recital of their early misfortunes, but she could not recur to the death of her child without strong emotion. Alice pressed her hand fondly, and she went on after a pause.

"I no longer looked upon my comforts as things to gladden me; and poverty was a blessing compared with this! It is said that trials never come singly, and we were an example. Your father's health gave way under his terrible fatigues, and he was very ill for some time. His depression of mind increased his malady, and for three months he was an invalid, unable to leave the house. All that we had in the world was a small sum he had laid by in case of emergency, and day by day I saw it lessen, concealing from your father as well as I could the privations I underwent to make it last. As he retired early, I put out the light as soon as he was gone to bed; and often, in the delightful spring evenings, I would sit at the door in the moonlight. When the moon rose too late to be my lamp, I would light a candle and sew on some piece of work laid by for the next day. I ate a piece of dry bread as I gave you your supper at night, but dispensed with my own tea, that the sugar might last longer. I often wept when you have begged for something better than dry bread and tea, but we could not afford more, and I had to comfort my three little ones with caresses that they loved. My great care was to keep all this from your father; and many a time have I excused my extinguishing

the light, by promising to sit on your bed and tell stories. How much I had to invent! My imagination was well-nigh exhausted; but I borrowed a book of fairy tales, and read them as I nursed Mary to keep her quiet while her father slept. Without his knowing it, I had dismissed my servant. There was little enough to cook, and as I always attended to our own room he did not miss her.

"One day he turned to me with a mournful look. 'Alice,' said he, 'your funds must be exhausted; my dear wife. Send Janet to me—I must make the trial at least.'

"What trial, my dear Alfred?" said I, trying to smile. "I am not, indeed, as poor as you think. There is enough to last for some time yet. Do let that relieve your mind, and leave Janet alone. Eat your toast, and don't wait until it is cold."

"Alice," said he, looking at me fixedly, 'you are trying to conceal it from me—I know that you have no more money in the house.'

"I went to the drawer and brought him what still remained in the box I used to call my bank."

"But you must pay Janet—she cannot work for nothing. And then what will be left?"

"Janet is paid, Alfred; do compose yourself," replied I, trembling now lest he should agitate himself too much.

"Then to whom do you owe this?" asked he.

"Neither 'butcher, baker, nor candlestick maker,' can say I am in debt to him. This is fairly ours, and it will last until you are strong again; so look cheerful, dear husband, and take me for the fairy Good-Will."

"Alice!" he cried, 'then you and my children have been starving!'

"He burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. This I could not bear, and almost on my knees I implored him to be calm. He once more called for Janet. I asked him what he wanted with her."

"I want to write a note to Preston—he will lend me money. That small sum cannot support us for any time. Let me do it, Alice—I must. Tell Janet to get

ready to go down to the office with my letter.'

"Put it off until I tell you I have no more, will you, Alfred? You might grant me this.' And I sat down by him with a look of entreaty that he said he could not resist—so I conquered. The assurance that we were not starving, and his conviction at length that I could mete out my little sum yet awhile, strengthened him greatly. I wish you could have seen him, dear children, the day he was well enough to go out—how proudly he walked into the yard, and called Janet! But no Janet came, and not wishing to disturb me, he went as far as the kitchen door. Then he found out my secret, and then he scolded and laughed by turns."

Mrs. Herbert had not seen her husband enter, he stole softly behind the little group, and looked fondly on the sharer of his early vicissitudes. As she paused at this part of her narrative he threw his arm around her. She turned her head to smile upon him, and he sat down beside her with her hand in his.

"Your mother has not told you all, my children," said he, with glistening eyes. "How often she went to the door and called Janet, long after she had discharged her, pretending to take from her hands at the door whatever I had asked for. How in the morning early she arose, and with our dear boy's help, set a box of wood and coal just within reach, that the invisible Janet might hand it in whenever I rang for it. It is singular how long I was deceived; but illness had made me inattentive, and I fear selfish, with regard to my Alice."

"Hush, Alfred! hush!" cried she, putting her hand before his mouth, "you were never selfish."

"Ah, dear one! you were ever a merciful judge, but you must be blinded by affection. She did not tell you, Wallace, how her scanty stock of rings were sold to buy shoes for you and Alice while we were so poor. The very one your mother wears with her wedding-ring I redeemed with the first sum that I dared to spare after I grew stronger. Do not sob so, my dear child—my good Alice! We would not now give up that time of trial

when our affection was so tested—our hearts so oppressed. We look back with gratitude for it all—assured now that we have been permitted to fulfil our marriage vow to the letter. I succeeded, after a few years, in establishing myself in a position of much advantage. I grew wealthy, and gained many friends in consequence, who *fêted* us and sought our society. But, through all, we found one who stood by us fast and firm. He is yet our beloved and esteemed guest; as often as the week comes round, do *you*, my children, welcome him as we do."

"Mr. Eldon!" they cried. "Is it not Mr. Eldon?"

"It is, indeed, my dears; and to this day, he cannot recall, without emotion, his absence from the city at the time of my illness. He was travelling on urgent business, and my letters never reached him. We had known him then but a short time, yet we knew him to be a friend—we would have felt it no shame to be under obligations to him. When he left us we were doing tolerably well, and he expected to return after a few weeks, but he was detained, and your parents were in actual want before this best of friends reached our poor little home. His coming was like an angel's visit of mercy. He took up his residence with us, and never left until he was sure of my own certainty of success, enabling us by his generous bounty to live comfortably once more. He would never allow that we were under obligations to him, as he delicately insisted that he merely paid his board and lodging. We were much grieved when he left us long after we were on the high road to fortune, but his sister and her son were destitute, and he sent for them to come and live with him, proving himself the noblest of protectors, the kindest of brothers, and the best of uncles. I dare say, Alice, that you do not like Mr. Eldon the less for this—eh, girl?"

Alice blushed, and hid her face on her mother's bosom. Mr. Eldon's nephew was no indifferent person, it would appear, and the parents exchanged smiles as the mother's gentle hand fondly stroked

the shining hair that floated over her arm.

"I thought, dear mother, that I could not love you more than I have hitherto," said Wallace, kissing her tenderly; "but my affection must be twofold after to-day. The aim of our lives shall be to make ourselves worthy of such a devoted, self-sacrificing mother."

"I honour you for such sentiments, my fine fellow," said Mr. Eldon, entering familiarly, and holding out his hand. "I am sure we must all be proud of my friend Herbert's wife and children."

"And we, dear sir, of your friendship," said Wallace, as they gathered around the kind old gentleman. "We did not know until to-day how much we owed you, dearly as we love and respect you. Mother has been telling us——"

"Pshaw, pshaw, my dears!" interrupted he, with glistening eyes, and smiling merrily, "don't believe her! don't believe her! She makes it bigger every time she tells it, and I'm going to forbid the story's being told again."

"Ah! but you could not forbid our gratitude, Mr. Eldon," said little Mary, nestling up to him; "you can't do that, sir."

He stopped her mouth with kisses, and seating her on his knee, took a letter out of his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Herbert. "I took this out of the office for you, as Calvert told me you were not down yet."

A visible change came over Mr. Herbert's face as he read it, but a smile followed the change. He looked up at his wife as he finished it, and placed it before her.

"Read that aloud, my love, it concerns us all. The offer is a singular one, and the condescension rather equivocal. It is a letter from my sister, Mrs. Blunt."

An exclamation of astonishment escaped each one; but Mrs. Herbert was allowed to read it uninterupted.

"DEAR BROTHER.—It must be seven or eight years since we have heard anything of you, and I am almost afraid that you have left the place you preferred to this one. As your circumstances were very poor, and you must have now a large family of children, I

write to say that you can send one of them to me—one of the girls I should prefer—and I will adopt her as my own—for I have none, and Mr. Blunt's great wealth will allow me to bring her up and provide handsomely for her. Let her be sent on as soon as possible—you needn't mind giving her clothes, as I will save you that expense.

"If your wife is still living, you will remember me to her. She must be looking very old after working so hard. If you have any boys, Mr. Blunt might do a little to advance them—his business connections are very extensive and high. Your other sisters are well and advantageously married. I expect an immediate reply.—Your affectionate sister, OCTAVIA BLUNT."

The indignation with which this tender epistle was received was indescribable, and Alice was chosen to answer it by the entire assembly. So on the following morning she presented her father with her reply.

"DEAR AUNT,—Since you last heard of my father, he has been assailed by ill-health and extreme poverty. From these two evils he was rescued by the affectionate care and wise economy of the best of wives, who, I thank God, is not only well, but looking as youthful as a woman of twenty-five. They have found, too, a friend, who helped them kindly through their misfortunes, and still clings fondly to us all. I am the eldest girl; Mary and Bertha come next. My brother, Wallace, is two years my senior, and Frank is the youngest of all. Within my recollection we have always lived in the most comfortable manner. We now manage to get on as decently as people can who have only four thousand a-year, and beg to decline your very obliging offer of adopting any of us. We are the happiest family in the world, and pride ourselves upon the patience and firmness with which our parents bore their youthful trials.—Very respectfully, &c., ALICE HERBERT."

"That will do, my love," said her father, placing the letter in its envelope. "In a few days we shall certainly have an answer, and I predict a very different style from the first, or Blunt has altered wonderfully since I knew him. He worships gold."

A few days after Mr. Herbert brought home the following epistle, over which Alice's beautiful lip curled involuntarily:—

"MY DEAR HERBERT,—Octavia was much affected by your dear girl's communication. We were all so glad to hear from you at last, for we had often thought of, and feared you might be in distress. I cannot tell you how glad we are to find how successful you have been. It has relieved our hearts of a load indeed. (Here Mr. Eldon gave a kind of groan, and tossed Frank over his shoulder. Mr. Herbert smiled sadly, but continued to read.) Your sisters are very anxious to see you and your lovely family, so you may look for Octavia and myself about the beginning of next month. With kindest love to Mrs. Herbert and your children, I bid you adieu.—Very sincerely yours, MACDUFF B. BLUNT."

"They shan't come, shall they, mother?" cried Alice. "We do not want them to care for us now."

"For your father's sake they must be kindly received, my daughter," was the mother's reply. "They may yet learn to give us credit for whatever virtues we have, and excuse our faults."

"And it is never too late to mend, Ally," said Mr. Eldon, patting her shoulder. "'Forgive and forget,' is a beautiful motto, my dear."

Alice blushed, but held out her little white hand.

"I am ashamed of my childishness, and do poor credit to my darling mother. Do try and let it be forgotten, and I will make up for it by playing the agreeable to my aunt, because she is my father's sister."

"And more than that your father cannot expect, my children," said Mr. Herbert, laying his hand on her soft locks. "He sees however, one good to be derived from your aunt's visit."

"I know, I know!" cried Bertha, clapping her hands.

"Well, what then, little prattler?" asked her father.

"Why you mean that we can now practise what we find it so hard to do—forgive as we would be forgiven?"

"That's my good little Bertha!" said her mother, kissing her fondly; "that's my attentive Sunday-scholar. I do not waste my time when I preach in the afternoons."

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And so, when Mr. and Mrs. Blunt

arrived, they were agreeably surprised with the reception they met. The Herberts made no professions—they were too sincere for that, but they were all polite from the beginning of the visit to its end. Mrs. Blunt was delighted with her brother's wife and family; and when, two years after, she was invited to Alice's wedding, she presented the bride with a beautiful silver pitcher, to which Mr. Blunt added a set of crystal for young Mrs. Eldon to begin housekeeping with. Alice sighed as she looked at her splendid gifts, and thought of the time when half their value would have made her poor mother feel rich! But with the bright tears in her soft eyes, she wound her arms around that beloved mother, and laid her young face against hers.

"Dear mother! those who need not such rich and costly things are always filled with them. My uncle Eldon has to-day settled on me alone—independently of what he gives Edward—an annuity of two hundred a year. I have resolved to lay by so much a year for benevolent purposes, and together we will seek out the poor and the needy. Best of mothers! I cannot equal you in goodness, but I will do my best not to waste the great blessings God has given me!"

#### MISS BELLAMY'S LODGERS.

"Now, dear Miss Bellamy, is it possible that I could have been more economical? Can I reduce my expenses more than I have done?"

"I really think not, my dear madam. I must say that, considering your rank in life, the circle in which you move, and your expectations, you have been remarkably frugal. I wonder that Mr. Wilson should say you have been extravagant."

Alas! how our foolish talking rises in judgment against us; and the sins of our youth, how they make us blush, even in old age! And their consequences, too!—but I am anticipating my story. I fancy I hear some one say, "And pray who was Mr. Wilson?" I am coming to him directly.

The honeymoon was not quite over, when Charles Wilson and his young wife, returning from their wedding excursion, took up their abode in that part of my large old house which it was my pleasure to let as lodgings. Mr. Wilson was a young friend of one of my friends. He had, a few months before, been appointed to a tolerably lucrative office in our town, and had consequently taken to himself a wife.

I cannot tell exactly how it was that I began in the slightest degree to interest myself about my lodgers; and indeed, at first, I secluded myself from all possible intercourse with them. It was understood that of the two entrances to our joint habitation, they were at liberty to use but one; their apartments were far enough away from mine; they had their servants, and I mine,—that is, I had a single attendant who had been my nurse when a child, and who still clung to me, or suffered me to cling to her—which amounted to the same thing—when my misfortunes, with which I will not trouble my readers, came upon me. A useful and kind woman was old Sally; she did all the business part of the lodging letting; so it happened that a whole month passed away before I had seen either Mr. Wilson or his wife; and it was from Sally alone that I learned anything of their domestic economy,—such as that Mr. Wilson regularly left home every morning at ten o'clock to go to his office, and returned at three to dinner; and that Mrs. Wilson had thus far generally occupied the interim in receiving and returning wedding visits.

My first intimacy with Mrs. Wilson was brought about by our mutual acquaintance, who told us that as we lived under the same roof, we should find it greatly to our advantage and comfort, he thought, if we were to live on friendly terms with each other. At first I shrank from the contact, but my female lodger was good-tempered, and met my cold advances more than half way; and as time gradually subdued the poignancy of my recent grief, I was glad of some slight intercourse with my own sex a little more polished than that of good old Sally. In course of time

I began to notice the peculiarities of my new acquaintances: but long before this, the "better half" of the two had furnished me with a large amount of information respecting her family, and other matters which she thought it necessary that such dear friends as we were to be should hold in common. As for me—ah, dear!—I had nothing to boast of, and so my story was soon told.

What a happy pair were Charles Wilson and his wife for six months after their marriage! how attractive to each other, and anxious to please! how good-humoured and pleasant! I had not then known many young married couples; and, in my simplicity, I could not help thinking what a pity it was that all the wedded part of the world were not matched so nicely as my young friends.

What, then, was my astonishment when, one morning about six months after our acquaintance commenced, the door of my little sitting-room opened, and admitted the young wife in a paroxysm of tears. She had undergone a cruel mortification, she said,—such as she had never expected. Her husband had refused to purchase some trifling superfluity, upon which her heart was set, and had, moreover, hinted that a little more economy in some personal and domestic expenditures might be convenient.

Had I been wise—but, alas, I was not wise! so I encouraged the young wife to hope that her husband would think better of the matter, and, if she persevered in her demand, would give her the coveted luxury. And so he did; for the next day my friend again came to me, her face irradiated with smiles, and exhibited the proof of her victory, as she termed it. Her victory! It was a sad victory for them both.

After this it was April weather with my poor lodgers: now a remonstrance from Charles, terminating with, "We really cannot afford it;" succeeded by a counter-remonstrance, and, "I cannot do without it;" and followed up by another victory, narrated in words such as these to the sympathizing friend, "Well, Charles is a dear, good fellow, after all; for I have got what I wanted."

At one time it was an extra servant to which an objection was made. "But," said the lady, "I have never lived with so few servants as a cook and a house-maid. It did very well for us at first; but now—and in my circumstances, too—" It was enough, and a lady's-maid, or something of the sort, was added to the establishment. Then, again, a suit of furs was the object of dispute, and, "How I do hate," said Mrs. Wilson, "to hear you continually saying you cannot afford it,—with your income, too, and my expectations!" So the sable muff, &c., &c., were bought and exultingly worn. A party to celebrate the christening of the first-born was the next cause of another violent altercation; but to avoid a threatened fit of illness the party was invited; and uproar enough it caused.

It would be a waste of time to tell all the scenes of this kind of which I was often a witness, and to which I was, in some degree, and far too often, a party. At that time, I thought my friend's husband was close and stingy; now I know he was wise and prudent, and only too yielding. Perhaps, however, he sometimes might have remonstrated to advantage with a little less acrimony; but I don't know; for it was only at second hand that I heard of his remonstrances. However this might be, a single year had made lamentable changes in both of my lodgers. The joyful alacrity which each of them manifested at the approach of the other, and the oneness of interest they had at first shown in all that concerned them, were gone. Charles became moody and disputatious; his wife peevish and uncontrollable. Sometimes, for whole evenings, Mrs. Wilson was left alone to console herself with the extravagances she had, from time to time, gathered round her at such a fearful cost; and when her husband returned late at night, it was too evident that he too, in his own case, had discarded the hateful idea—"I cannot afford it."

And thus time wore on, until at length the poor wife's constant complaint was that it was a difficult matter to obtain money from her husband, even for the purchase of common necessaries—"and



with such an income too," was the perpetual wind up of her disconsolate harangues—"with such an income as his, and such expectations as mine;—it is too, too bad!"

It was nearly the end of his second year of wedded life, when Charles Wilson one day returned from his office at an earlier hour than usual, and not finding his wife in their drawing-room, he sought her, where she was but too often to be found—in my own sitting-room. Poor fellow! he was pale with excitement; his lip quivered, and his whole frame was agitated.

"What is the matter, Charles?" was Mrs. Wilson's first exclamation; but I believe she rightly interpreted his looks; for she had, even then, been opening to me the apprehension of some such scene as followed, and with which she had, as she said, been haunted day and night for weeks past.

Charles drew from his pocket two tradesmen's bills, and laid them on the table without speaking. I had just heard the history of those bills, and I felt sorely for my friend, while, for the first time, I perceived how erroneous had been the tendency of my former sympathy and advice. The silly and misguided woman had determined that if she could not indulge her luxurious propensities in one way, she would in another; and since it was so difficult a matter to extract money from her husband's pocket, she opened accounts with the tradesmen around, hoping to discharge the debts as secretly as she contracted them. This had gone on for more than a year, and Mrs. Wilson had been able to give nothing but promises in exchange for goods, until the patience of some of the creditors was exhausted, and their suspicion aroused. The bills, too, when all their sums were put together, amounted to so large a result that poor Mrs. Wilson was seriously alarmed. She wrote to her friends, but, whatever her expectations might be from them, they had nothing to lend to needy borrowers; and now she dreaded to tell her husband what she had done. This was her pathetic narration, which the entrance of her husband had all but in-

terrupted. The bills which he silently, but emphatically and significantly, laid upon the table, fully explained the cause of his agitation.

"Oh, Charles, Charles!" she exclaimed, as she laid hold of his trembling hand with one which trembled yet more, "I have been very wrong—forgive me!"

He did not return the convulsive grasp; but, coldly drawing away his hand, he laid it on the papers: "Are there any more of these things?" he asked.

"No—yes—no—only—only——" But I need not, and will not, describe the scene that followed. All I have to do is with results.

By the interest of our mutual and good friend, Charles Wilson borrowed money enough to pay these secret bills; and the poor mortified young wife promised faithfully and submissively to avoid future extravagance and illicit dealing, while, to be enabled to repay the borrowed money, the young couple prepared themselves to retrench their ordinary expenses. The first fruit of this was in a change of residence which deprived me of my lodgers, and, in some degree, severed the acquaintance with my poor friend. They also dismissed the superfluous servant who had been one cause of contention many months before.

Mortified, but not humbled, was my unhappy friend; and her foolish propensity to despise the "I cannot afford it" system clung to her with terrible tenacity. The effects of this were eventually ruinous. In the course of years Mrs. Wilson's great expectations, one after another, failed of their accomplishment; her husband became violent in his reproaches; her children were mismanaged; her home was a scene of perpetual discomfort and frequent distress. Wilson became extravagant too, but in other forms than those in which his wife delighted. For some mismanagement, amounting almost to embezzlement, in his office, he lost at once his situation and his character—his energy had long before been lost,—and he died of—yes, of a broken heart, when his eldest son was about twelve years old. Mrs. Wilson died in a lunatic asylum.

## THE LITTLE GLUTTON.

I FEAR, my dear children, that many among you are greedy, and that you fancy there is no great harm in being so. Sugar, cakes, fruit, and comfits are so good that it is very natural to like them. Listen, then, to this story, and see what this liking, which you think innocent, may lead to if not checked.

Little Helen was a gentle, good-tempered child, who would never have caused her parents much sorrow but for her greediness. When she was quite little she could never see sugar or other dainties without teasing for them; and when they were refused her she would begin to cry. Unhappily, she had an old nurse who spoilt her very much, and tried to satisfy all her fancies. From eating so many delicacies, Helen at last fell ill: her mother, seeing that this was owing to her foolish nurse, sent the woman off, and put Helen under the care of a young girl, who had orders not to give her the slightest thing to eat without the permission of her parents. The little glutton found this very hard, and cried frequently for a cake or piece of gingerbread.

"Nurse," said she, one day, "do give me a lump of sugar, and I will not ask you for anything more all day."

"You know very well, Miss, that your mamma has forbidden me to do so."

"Only a little lump, just as big as the top of my finger, that cannot do me any harm, and mamma will not scold you, because she will not know anything about it. I do so wish for it."

"It is very wrong of you, Miss Helen, to want me to disobey my orders. Instead of teasing me so, go and ask your mamma if I am to give you the sugar."

Helen went down to look for her mamma in the dining-room, then in her bed-room, but could not find her; and was so vexed that she was beginning to cry, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a box of comfits lying open on the table—there were green, red, blue, and white ones—and they were so pretty, and appeared so good, that she looked at them for a minute, and then said: "If mamma were here she would certainly give me

some; and as she is not, there is no great harm in taking one." She ate a blue one, and found it delicious; then made for the door, intending to go out, but stopped with her hand on the lock, turned round, looked at the box, and felt such a great desire to know if the red comfits had the same taste as the blue, that she could not refrain, but came back, tasted a red, then



STEALING THE LOZENGES.

a green, and perhaps would have taken many others if a slight noise which she heard had not made her afraid of being surprised. She quickly escaped into the nursery, and told nurse that she had not found mamma. Helen was quite out of spirits all the rest of the day, for she could not help continually thinking of the fault she had committed, and fearing that it would be perceived some of the comfits were missing.

At night, on going to bed, her mother asked what was the matter with her. Was she poorly? "No." Had she done anything wrong, which she was afraid to confess? "No," she again hesitatingly answered.

Poor Helen! she would have spared herself much pain if she had acknowledged what she had done. Her mother might, perhaps, have punished her; but,

at the same time, she would have made her feel how naughty she had been, and she would also have told her to ask God's pardon, and to pray to Him that she might not give way any more to this temptation; and, most likely, she would never again have done so. But, instead of this, finding that she was not discovered and punished, she began to think that after all it was not so very bad to help herself to dainties, since others had the cruelty to refuse her them. So every time she went into the dining-room and found the sideboard open, or the sugar basin, or a dessert dish on the table, she would ascertain that no one saw her, and then snatch whatever she wanted, and go into a corner to eat it.

Helen's parents had a beautiful garden, full of pretty flowers and fine fruit, and the gardener's name was Martin. He had a little girl, rather younger than Helen, called Lizzie, and these two children often played together in the garden. Helen was very fond of Lizzie, for she was a gentle child, and always ready to do what Helen wanted. One fine summer's day they had been left alone in the garden to amuse themselves as they liked, and had run about till they were quite hot and thirsty. Suddenly Helen stopped before an espalier.

"Oh, Lizzie! look at these beautiful apricots; they seem quite ripe. I have a mind to take one."

"Oh, Miss Helen! you must not do that. You know very well that we are forbidden to touch the fruit."

"Oh! but, Lizzie, they look so tempting, and I am so thirsty. We shall not be scolded, for no one can see us."

"Father says, when no one is by, still we are seen by God."

"God has often seen me take things, Lizzie, and has not punished me, and that must be because He does not think it wrong; for if mamma had seen me, I know she would have punished me at once."

"But God may, perhaps, punish you some day. I am afraid it would be thieving to do what you want."

"No! for the apricots belong to my parents, which is the same as belonging

to me. Stop, I will give you that beauty; so it will not be you who take it, and I will eat this one. How good it is! Come, eat yours."

Lizzie still hesitated. She could not help feeling that what she was going to do was wrong; but Helen was her friend, and was also a young lady, and she thought she ought to know better what was right or wrong than a poor gardener's child; so she ended by not only eating this apricot, but many more.

The following day they paid more visits to the apricots, and afterwards to some fine peaches which grew near them; and so often did they help themselves, that at last Helen's mamma began to perceive that her finest fruit was disappearing. She thought it must be Martin that took it to sell, which troubled her very much.

From eating so much fruit, which often was only half ripe, Helen became seriously ill. Her mother, seeing that she did not get much better, and thinking that change of air might do her good, sent her to stay a month with an aunt who lived in the country. This aunt was very kind, and took great pains with Helen. It was not long before she began to suspect her little niece of secretly helping herself to sweetmeats. To make quite sure, and at the same time correct her, she hit upon the following plan. She left open, on the mantel-piece, a box full of lozenges of a peculiar shape.

Though they were not very tempting-looking, greedy little Helen, the first time she found herself alone in the room, did not fail to take one; and, as it tasted pretty good, she ate one after another, a great many. In a quarter of an hour she began to feel uncomfortable, and very sick.

Her aunt, seeing her look very pale, sent her to bed, and said nothing to her all that day; but, next morning, she called her to her, and asked if she had touched the lozenges that were on the mantel-piece.

"No, aunt," said she, hesitatingly.

Scarcely had she spoken when her aunt looked very grave and sad. "Ah!" said she, "I see it is but too true that my

niece, my unhappy little niece, is not only greedy, but tells fibs, is disobedient, and a thief."

"Oh, no, dear aunt, do not say that!"

"But," said her aunt, "I counted the lozenges, and they had something in them to make you sick. So you see I am quite sure you took some of them, for that is why you are poorly."

Helen hid her face in her aunt's lap, and said, sobbing, "Yes, I did take the lozenges; but I did not think it was so wicked. I never thought that I was a thief. I have often done the same thing at home."

"All thieves, Helen, begin by taking trifles. If you are not able to resist helping yourself to sweetmeats both here and at home, where I know you get everything your parents think good for you, what would you do if you were a poor child that could not get enough to eat? Your greediness may make you steal from strangers, perhaps even from shops, when you go to buy something, and then you will be taken up and put in prison."

"Oh, aunt! oh, aunt! do not say such horrible things! I am sure I have never taken anything except here and at home."

"Because, perhaps, you have not had any temptation to do so; but you are not the less guilty in the eyes of God. He will judge far more severely children who are well brought up, have a good example set them, and are surrounded with everything they require, if they commit such faults, than poor children who have none of these advantages."

"I will never do so again," said poor Helen, crying so bitterly, that she could scarcely speak. "Do tell me, dear aunt, what I must do to make God forgive me."

"If you say to Him how sorry you are for what you have done, and strive with all your might to correct yourself, praying to Him for His grace to help you, then He will pardon, and once more love you. It is your greediness which has led you into the other faults; it is that which you must overcome."

"Oh yes, aunt, for the future I will not eat any sweet things."

"I do not think that would be a good plan; eat in moderation of what is given to you, and occasionally deny yourself anything you are too fond of. If I see that you really strive to correct yourself, I will not tell your mamma, for I know that it would grieve her so very much."

Helen followed her aunt's good advice, and set a careful watch over herself, that she might not relapse into her old faults. For long she was sad and ashamed; for if any one looked at her, she fancied they could read in her face that she had been a thief and a story-teller. Another thing, too, distressed her, and that was that she, older and better instructed than Lizzie, should have given her such ill advice, and set her so bad an example. She remembered, too, what her aunt said of the many temptations that beset the children of the poor; and this took such hold of her mind, that she often dreamed Lizzie had been caught stealing, and sent to prison; and that when she went to see her, the latter bitterly reproached her, telling her that it was through her fault she was brought into this sad place; and now she might see that, sooner or later, God always punished those who disobeyed Him. Or, again, she would dream that Lizzie was accused of a crime which Helen knew she had not committed; but it was in vain she told the judges so, or that Lizzie herself protested her own innocence. Neither of them was believed, because, it was said, they were in the habit of not speaking the truth. Just as Lizzie was going to be sentenced, Helen would wake up in great terror, and hardly dare to go to sleep again, for fear of dreaming the same thing. The very first thing then she did, on returning home, was to run into the garden to look for Lizzie; she called to her, and searched for her everywhere, but all in vain; she then went into the gardener's cottage to ask for her; but, to her great surprise, instead of Martin she found a new gardener. She immediately rushed back into the house, to ask her mamma what had become of Martin and Lizzie.



THE SUSPECTED GARDENER.

"Oh, I was not at all pleased with him I sent him away soon after you went."

"And since then, mamma, have you not seen him and Lizzie?"

"No, my dear, I don't know where they have gone."

Helen was very sorry to hear this; she sadly missed her little companion; and she would have wished, now that she had

corrected herself, to try and undo the harm she had done Lizzie, by giving her good counsel, instead of the bad advice she had formerly given her, and for which she now reproached herself; feeling that, but for her, Lizzie never would have done what she did. Several months passed without her hearing anything of Martin and Lizzie.



## THE TEMPTATION.

Winter had come; the ground was covered with snow, and it was bitterly cold, when, one morning, the nurse told and hands were blue with cold; and she seemed afraid to lift her eyes from the ground.



## THE DETECTION.

Helen that there was a little girl wanting very much to see her.

Helen ran down stairs, and found a poor little girl at the kitchen door: she was clad in a thin gingham frock; her face

Helen stood perplexed for a moment, and then exclaimed,—

“Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie! Is it you? You are so altered, I scarcely knew you.”

“Oh, Miss Helen! My father and I

have been in such distress since I last saw you."

"What has happened to you? Tell me. Why did mamma send your father away?"

"Don't you know? You had scarcely left, when your mamma said to my father that she perceived her finest fruit disappeared, and that it must be he who took it. As she did not wish to injure him, she would not mention it to any one, unless obliged to do so; but that he must immediately quit her service."

"And you never said it was we who ate them! Oh, if I had only known it was for this you were sent away, I would have told mamma; but I had not the slightest idea of this. When mamma said she was not satisfied with your father, it never struck me she had missed the fruit we took, and suspected him; and as she did not say exactly why he left, I never asked her, because she does not like me to put questions to her about the servants."

"I was sure you were too good, Miss Helen, to let my father be punished for our fault. When I saw him so miserable at being accused of theft—he who had always been so honest—I told him all. Oh, he was very angry—very angry with me, and said, 'What use it it telling me this? Do you think that I should have the heart to go and confess to the mistress that my child is a thief; or do you wish me to break her heart, by telling her that it is her child who has perverted mine? No! I would rather be suspected. I know, at least, that I am innocent.' So we went off without saying anything; but it was a bad time of the year, and my father has not been able to get a place. We spent all that we had, then sold our furniture and what clothes we could spare. Father fell ill from trouble; and this morning, when I got up, there was neither bread nor coal in the house; so I said to myself, it will be better to go and find Miss Helen than die of cold and hunger."

"Oh, can it be that I have brought all this on you? But why did you not come to me before?"

"My father would not let me; when I asked him, he said, 'No, no; she has already done you enough harm; it is better to let your body suffer than put your soul in danger.' I remember this expression, because he repeated it many times; but I don't know what it means."

"Oh, I know what he meant by it—that it was better that you should suffer cold and hunger than become a thief, as I used to dream you were. But I will never again persuade you to do anything naughty; I have suffered too much by what I did. But come, and let us find mamma, and I will tell her all."

Helen's mamma listened very attentively to her little girl's story, never once interrupting her. She saw that Helen was really very sorry for what she had done, and, with God's help, had overcome her greediness; so she forbore to reproach her. She only said, "Let us go immediately to Lizzie's father. I am sure you wish to ask him pardon for all the ill you have done him, and to tell him that in future he need not fear your companionship for Lizzie. I will send him all that he wants; and as I am not quite satisfied with the gardener I took in his place, he can come back to us. As for you, my dear child, I feel certain, that if ever you are tempted to fall again into your old faults, the sight of Lizzie will give you strength to overcome the temptation."

### VALUE OF REPUTATION.

What shall we pretend to calculate the value of the inheritance of a good name? Its benefit is often great when dependent on no stronger ties than those which accident or relationships have created; but when it flows from friendships which have been consecrated by piety and learning, when it is the willing offering of kindred minds to departed worth or genius, it takes a higher character, and is not less honourable to those who receive than to those who confer it. It comes generally from the best sources, and is directed to the best ends; and it carries with it an influence which powerfully disposes all worthy persons to co-operate in its views.

## MUSCULAR EDUCATION.

THE three aristocracies—Blood, Brain, and Muscle—opposed and antagonistic as they are, meet upon the common ground of birth-right. Genius may ridicule high birth and despise ancient lineage; the man of gentle blood, and he of still gentler mould, may look with mingled envy, admiration, and despair upon the young Hercules of the soil; but ordinary mortals, boasting no title to any of these estates, can see that the genuine specimens are all born poets, born peers, and born Hercules. The surest inheritance of all, however, is health and strength, and perhaps this is at the same time the most to be envied and the most enjoyable. For what is it to have the blood of the Plantagenet in one's veins, if it requires to be filtered at every pore, and drained at every joint? And who would choose the path of genius, that leads so often along the brink of madness, meets misery and disappointment, death before the prime, and eternal deafness to the praises of posterity? The stream of noble ancestry is constantly diverted and lost in streamlets and muddy channels; and as to genius, Nature seems ever to bar the entail, as though she were jealous lest a Promethean race should spring up and annihilate her ancient sons of Earth; but the succession to a strong race is like the rising of the sun and the recurrence of the seasons—sure and recreative. The strong man by constitution inherits a reality, not a mere name; he enjoys the honours of his family, and feels a pride in himself and his race, which has an independence and genuineness about it that places him in an aristocracy of his own. Many a Plantagenet may well regard him as a superior, and offer to barter, if he could, all his antique virtues and all his old possessions for that one priceless estate of health and strength. But no wealth can purchase this ancestry, and not even physical education can supply the stamp of robust and vigorous parentage.

At the very head of our subject, then, stands good birth. Not but that the child of robust parents may be so badly brought up as to become a very weak man, and that by proper training the offspring of weakly parents may be moulded into a fair average specimen of manhood; but that to possess health and strength of the normal vigour, or to attain exceptional prowess amongst the strong, is not granted to any but those who are born strong.

Though there has been so much dispute upon the point, there is no doubt that

we inherit many qualities from our parents.

The mere family likeness is a fact familiar all the world over; and though the same form in appearance may not always be associated with the same qualities, and though rare instances occur of very great differences between the child and the parents, yet the fact of transmission of individual characteristics is too universal to be resisted. The whole origin and permanence of races in man and animals rest upon this. To mention an extreme case, Negro husbands of white women have a progeny more or less marked by the Negro peculiarities, we may say for endless generations; and the children of Europeans married to Negresses follow the mother. The Jewish physiognomy is preserved to the present day in a marked and striking manner, resembling the type of the ancient race, as we may see it so admirably delineated on the sculptured walls of the Assyrian palaces. This, it need hardly be said, is wholly attributable to the universal adherence of the Jews to their law of not intermarrying with any but their own race. But, as illustrative of our argument in reference to the bodily peculiarities, none can be more convincing than the well-known facts about the breeds of dogs and horses. It is difficult to conceive how two animals of the same kind could be so very different as a King Charles's spaniel and a greyhound,—the one small, round-headed, short-legged, and altogether dumpy, with long hair and feathered legs; the other with long sinewy limbs, provided with immense muscles, a body lanky and slim, bearing a pointed head, and finished off with a finely-tapered tail. We see at a glance that the one animal is doomed to be a lady's lap-dog, or if he escapes being thus spoiled in his youth, the best he can do is to ferret about in the thick brushwood and start the game, without a chance of catching it; but the hound is made for speed, and hunts his game not by the nose, but by the sight, and he catches it. If these dogs did not transmit their qualities, they would never have become a race, and the pedigree of a greyhound would not be a matter of the consequence it is. A mongrel greyhound—as, for example, one with a dash of the setter or terrier—might be a very clever dog, but he would assuredly have lost his muscular haunches and his long, sinewy, slender, but light and powerful legs. His capabilities as a racing and hare-catching animal would be destroyed. From similar causes the Arabian race of horses differs so widely from the little Shetland pony, or the



huge Flanders animal, compared with which it is "Hyperion to a satyr." If we want, however, to produce a race of good useful animals, not fleet and wild as the Arab, and high-mettled as the racer, the *sang pur* must be sacrificed to an alliance with rude bone and weight. In this way the nerve and muscle of the aristocrat of the desert are infused or grafted into the duller and more plodding brute. But the race-horse breeder, without being a deep physiologist, has learned his craft by observation. He knows that the strong points of dam or sire will come out strong in the foal. An animal having come to the front amongst a host of well-bred competitors rarely disappoints the expectations formed of him, or her, in the progeny, for the reason that the characteristic peculiarities are transmitted. The success of the breeding depends upon the skilful combination of the strong points in the parent animals. The celebrated Abdel-Kader was recently appealed to by General Daumas, of the French army, who had a long experience with the Arabs, as to whether the sire or the dam was the most valuable for breeding purposes. The answer was—"The experience of centuries has established that the essential parts of the organization, such as the bones, the tendons, the nerves, and the veins, are always derived from the stallion. The mare may give the colour, and some resemblance to her structure, but the principal qualities are due to the stallion." Though the muscles are not mentioned in this description, we must presume that it was meant to say that the qualities of strength and speed were inherited from the sire. Mr. Orton, in his lectures on "The Physiology of Breeding," so far agrees with this opinion of Abd-el-Kader as to say that the male gives the locomotive organs, while the female gives the internal organs. The most reliable statement of this subject will be found in Mr. Lewes's "Physiology of Common Life." Mr. Lewes, after showing that the laws of hereditary transmission are not yet perfectly apprehended, points to certain modifying influences—in *atavism*, or ancestral influence, as when a child resembles its grandfather or grandmother, and not its parents; "potency of the individual," as when some strong peculiarity of feature or constitution predominates, and produces the decided resemblance to the father or mother; and "potency of organization" at a particular period, as when the offspring of an old father and a young mother partakes most of the mother's qualities, according to the health and vigour on the maternal side.

The transmission of any tendency to disease—or, as it is commonly spoken of, any "taint"—from parent to offspring, is unfortunately a fact but too certain and natural. Injuries to the limbs, and even the vital organs, are happily not bequeathed, though deformities of many kinds are repeated with pretty general regularity; and the same may be said generally of those peculiarities which are called "mother's marks." But by far the greater number of family diseases are those which are well known to be the result of what we have spoken of as a "taint." It may be gout, scrofula, consumption, insanity, epilepsy, or even the drinking propensity. The seeds rarely lie dormant long in any of these cases, although the potency of the "taint" is sometimes seen to be reduced, if sound health exists on one side, when only some of the progeny are affected. We not unfrequently see, in families admitted to be consumptive, perhaps one individual of fair average health and strength, attaining the threescore and ten years. On the other hand, when the diseased tendency exists strong on both sides, the exceptions are so rare as only to prove the fatal rule. Nothing can be more to be regretted than the constant dissemination of disease which is kept up by the ill-assorted marriages of this kind; indeed, those who have given most consideration to the subject of public well-being would be inclined to extend the dominion of the Divorce Court over those about to marry. Such an innovation would be met with a great outcry at first, but the results would eventually be not less important and efficient, in benefiting the physical welfare of the community, than the law which relieves from the disabilities of incompatible dispositions and offences against the matrimonial conventionalities.

It is a question of vital interest to the race, and of great importance in physical education, whether the hereditary taint cannot be counteracted, and even eventually eliminated from families. If we could be permitted to select partners for our friends, the first step might be taken towards improving the stock; and as we have already alluded to the probable superior influence of the mother over the vital organs, it would be in the selection of healthy wives that most reliance should be placed. This would be attacking the evil in the most direct manner; but it has also this additional advantage, that as the infant for some time derives, or ought at least, its food from the mother, and just when the young organism is most susceptible of receiving the stamp

and mould of its future developed condition, it would, with a "good mother," stand a better chance of being able to combat any diseased tendencies. In this way the influence of the mother extends beyond that of the father; and if it happens that she should be affected with any unhealthiness, there can be no question that the chances of health and long life for the child are immensely improved by the nursing of a foster-mother, who can always be selected for her health. The practice may not be one that can be very cordially recommended, because it involves certain possible contingencies not agreeable, such as the resemblance in temper, and even in feature, to the acting mother, who may turn out a criminal. Still, as a vital expedient, it is a good resource. It is to be hoped that the infant stock has gained some fraction at least in its health chances since the extinction of that horrid race typified by "Sairey Gamp,"—those besotted and infatuated old crones that took a sort of grim delight in getting into a dark corner to cram butter and sugar, with a drop of gin to follow, down the throat of an infant. But even now amongst the poor and ignorant of the country villages, and the reckless, hard-hearted, and equally poor of the large towns, thousands of children are destroyed for want of the most ordinary care. Amongst the middle and upper classes children are splendidly groomed, but not generally so well fed; neither are their rooms kept as they should be. It is often said that most children are over-fed. This is partly true, for they have generally too much meat; the pudding should be the *pièce de résistance* for strong and healthy children, and this with plenty of sugar. It is a great mistake to suppose that the teeth are decayed by eating sugar: Negroes are remarkable for fine teeth, and they half live on sugar in some form. The natural taste which children have for sweets does not misguide them; and mamma should never scold when the sugar-basin and the jam-pots are such constant objects of the stealthy thievery of her youngsters.

The very foundation of future health and strength is to be laid in infancy and childhood. As we say of the disposition, "Which ever way the twig is bent, the tree will grow," so it is much the same of the body—the strong man does not grow from the weak child. Fresh seeds of disease, too, are frequently sown in childhood, and little is done to eradicate those which are congenital. Children with weak lungs are probably huddled together in a warm room thickly car-

peted; and lest they should breathe the cold air, they are kept to the house, perhaps even to the nursery, for weeks. There is no necessity for "hardening" children by exposing them to all manner of trials, which in most instances rather make them tender and delicate than hardy. Because cold washing is the best through the greater part of the year, it does not follow that in winter and early spring children are to suffer the misery of ice-cold baths because papa, who is a great sanitarian, likes to bring up his children hardy. These "hardenings" remind us of the New Zealanders thrusting stones down their infant's throat to give him a strong heart, and make him a fearless warrior; or of Brantôme's story of his uncle Chastaigneraye, whose father, as soon as he was weaned, by the advice of a great physician of Naples, had gold, steel, and iron powdered, and given to him in all his food—"pour le bien fortifier"—till he was twelve years old. Chastaigneraye grew up so strong that he once seized a bull by the horns and held him fast. There is nothing to which moderation and common sense are so indispensable as in the healthy management of children. The art is in adapting clothing and food to the season and the temperament of the child. Perhaps an apology ought to be made for saying so much upon an "old woman's" subject; but there is a vein of practical science to be worked in every *ménage*, as every one who has had experience in the breeding and rearing of prize animals, from a Cochinchina fowl to a race-horse, will understand. Everything depends upon the judicious feeding and the care bestowed upon the young animal while getting its growth.

• Genuine specimens of the boy and girl are to be met with still amongst the multitude of fast young gentlemen and airified young ladies; but the tendency of the age to hurry life, to anticipate the knowledge of good and evil, which comes too soon for most of us, is making young people grow old before their time, and in many ways obliterating the period of youth, so full of delightful memories. Besides these fast inclinations, the intellectual culture of the day shows the signs of being forced often beyond its strength in striving to surpass the high level which is demanded. Competitive examinations for the army, and everything worth having under Government; middle-class university examinations and trials, for the mere honours; education of the million by a host of national pedagogues,—are all so many influences threatening to dwarf the energies of the body, and usurp Nature's will over the material

education of the race. If cramming and forcing of the mind could give us the works of genius; if they could sustain a race of soldiers and sailors whose deeds are to be recorded with those of Nelson and Wellington; and if National education—provided, like water laid on at every one's door, for twopence a week—did not make thousands of good tillers of the soil and handicraftsmen above the business that Nature intended them for,—one might feel no anxiety in watching this preponderance in the promotion of intellectual and moral culture. It is true that, contemporary with it, we have the satisfaction of knowing that a sanitary police has charge of the public health, by which any of those sweeping attacks of epidemics which have carried off thousands of victims will probably be prevented; but beyond this the individual health and strength of the masses should receive their share of attention. Particularly is this desirable in the National Schools, where it often happens that a crowd of boys are collected from all sorts of homes, some poor, some well-to-do, in a room but very ill constructed for health purposes. All private schools of any importance are now provided with a regular gymnasium in addition to their play-ground and cricket-field, and the public schools should possess similar means of educating the body as well as the mind. In London an open-air gymnasium could not always be had; but where it could not, a room would answer the purpose, and the boys might be exercised in classes, while the others looked on. Of public gymnasia we shall have something to say hereafter; the point to be observed with regard to National Schools is, that here we have large numbers of boys brought together,—this alone is a *point d'appui*; and, having caught our hares, should not the opportunity be seized of systematically training and exercising their bodies as well as their minds? Might we not in this way raise the average health and strength, the agility and the general vigour of the working-class in large cities?

It is a serious question whether, in private schools, there is not an evil influence set up by the throwing open of so many tempting avenues to worldly success in the competitive examinations. Parents are urging their sons to work hard, not for the sake of the knowledge, or on account of any remarkable aptitude which a boy may have, but to obtain some capital berth in *perpetuum*,—a commission in the army, with a life and death in India, or the *dolce far niente* of a Government office. Schoolmasters, naturally alive to the honour of their school, have

a keen eye to the middle-class examination lists, and too often join the anxious parent in working the willing horse to death. Few boys, especially if they happen to have the talent, would not feel the spur under these circumstances, and tax their brains when they ought to be stretching their limbs. It may be safely said that the students of a school may be picked out from the players; there is a look of thought and care about their faces that speaks of work and emulation; and if they were observed out of school, we should see that they were seldom the ring-leaders either in games or mischief. Now brain-work will rarely injure adults. Cases do occur now and then of decidedly bad effects from over-mental exertion; but generally it is the neglect of the bodily health which in students and literary men is so mischievous. In youth, however, the brain and nerves have quite enough to do in superintending and assisting the growth and perfection of the body,—they are active accordingly; therefore it is more especially a fatal error to overtax their higher function in young persons. Every schoolmaster, and especially if undertaking the domestic care of his pupils, ought to be a cunning sanitarian, and acquainted with the principles of physiology. He should know that health and the education of the body are of equal importance with scholarship. For his own interest, as well as that of his pupils, he should plan a dietary properly varied with fruit and vegetables, be careful about the ventilation of the sleeping apartments, have a quick nose for tobacco-smoke, and a sharp eye for boys that shirk the play-ground and retire into corners to read novels. Above all, like the ancient Greek Academicians, he should frequent the gymnasium, and show his interest in all the feats of strength and games by a word of praise and encouragement; still better if by example he can show himself a master in some of the manly arts, and assume the priestly dignity of the *Gymnasiarchus*. There is no difficulty in ordering the games and exercises of boys; their natural instincts generally direct them to those best adapted to bring out their muscles, and put a healthy stress upon their general stamina. The play-field and the river—cricket, rounders, prisoner's base, foot-ball, hockey, and boating, which ought to include swimming, that most healthy and nerve-giving finish to school training—embrace the curriculum of a boy's physical education. Military drill has the best effect in giving boys a smart, and what soldiers call a "well-set-up" carriage to the body; it has its influ-

ence also in teaching them the value of command, and the importance of subordination to general plan in the use of combined action of individuals. There are points where physical education trenches upon, but assists, general education; for the drill not only enables boys to arrange and control, or to work with, a staff engaged in the ordinary business of life, but it confers at least some knowledge of military art, and thus leads them to understand the past and future battles of their country's army. The actual combat, however, of wrestling, boxing, fencing, and single-stick is not advisable for boys, because, in the first place, their temper is too easily roused into anger, and next, their limbs are not sufficiently "set" to prevent serious accidental injuries. These exercises should be reserved till the time of young-manhood, when "a hit, a palpable hit," is owned to without being felt as more than a healthy stimulus to the encounter, which by rights should always be strictly gladiatorial. The great principle in training boys seems to be, to expand their lungs and develop their natural strength into a lasting endurance without overstraining, at the same time keeping all the muscles in play. There is a famous old game which does all this in the most invigorating and agreeable way; it is called "Hare and Hounds." The hare, chosen as the best runner and jumper in the school, and of admitted pluck, starts across country with his pockets full of "scent"—i.e., old copy-books and Latin exercises torn into scraps—to be scattered as he runs. He gets a little "law" before the pack are laid upon his track, and very often leads them a fine chase over hill and dale, through the wood and through the brook—for it must be something like a river to stop him when his blood's up—before he is run into. A fast and a "foxy" hare will sometimes escape entirely, and be at home in time to cool and offer his congratulations to the pack upon their admirable training, to their intense disgust. This sport has the recommendation of never straining a boy beyond his powers: the willing horse comes to a check and gets his second wind, the lazy one is obliged to keep up, or suffer the sneers of the whole school for lagging. The ancient Greeks adopted a similar plan for encouraging good running in boys without overdoing it; they had a race called *Lampadedromia*, in which every lad carried a lighted torch, and the winner was the one who came in first bearing his torch flaming: thus a certain temperament of speed was insured, for the flame would be extinguished by running at too high a speed.

Confessing to an inveterate interest in boys' games—a strong persistence of the old leaven—must be the excuse for having said perhaps too much already about them; there remains, however, this important reminder to all potent, grave, and reverend signors: when we shuffle off the scene, these boys come on to play the part of progenitors. Youth is the time to lay in a stock of health, as those know well who have found out the immense value of physical strength, even for the most intellectual pursuits and duties of life. It is for the old heads to encourage the young bodies; not to make schools the forcing-houses for precocious talent, which, nine times in ten, turns out a mushroom growth, born to be shrivelled up by the first noontide heat of real-life service.

We have already had something to say of the high behest of mothers; let a word, then, be directed to those under whose care young ladies are advancing to bear their part in sustaining the honours of the race. Happily the days of back-boards are, we believe, gone, and those frightful instruments of torture by which a young lady was made to keep her feet, or, as the phrase was, "her toes turned out," not in any natural form, but with each foot all but in a line with the other, the heels being kept close together—these "stocks" are also only to be found in the archaeology of millinery. The same, it is to be feared, however, cannot be said of those steel-ribbed corsets which for many years were allowed to claim their hecatombs of lovely victims to a fashionable shape, and let loose a whole legion of distortion doctors, with their thousand-and-one artificial spines. Fashion has fortunately begun to reform itself; at least it is presumable that while short waists and round waists are in vogue, the heart and lungs must be emancipated to a great extent, although, of course, it is still possible to exercise a severe control over the play of those organs by some insidious ligature beneath the pretty belt and buckle. Still, we are warranted in the supposition that there are signs of a healthy revolt against these most mischievous aids to a style of beauty which emanates entirely from the clever artists of *Le Follet*, and even they must be driven to Nature soon for their models.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PRINCIPLES OF THE HEART.—The heart is to the man what the sun is to nature. The richest principles in one, and the most vegetative powers in the other, would lie dormant without the enlivening warmth of the soul of morals, or of the universe.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FEBRUARY.

THE snow from the mountains is passing away,  
And the streams roll along with their musical lay;  
O'er the face of creation is change to be seen,  
For the hoar-frost's resplendent and glittering  
screen

Is fading away,  
Like the dark shades of night  
When the gorgeous array  
Of morning so bright  
Bursts on the gazer's eye.

And the soft sweet voice of the new-born Spring  
Is borne on the folds of the zephyr's wing,  
And the streamlet scatters a shower of spray  
To welcome the flowers in their bright array;  
And together they sing,  
"Oh! welcome again,  
Our mistress Spring,  
With her gorgeous train,  
Who deck the verdant mead."

"Not a streamlet now shall be held in chains,"  
Cries the laughing river in joyous strains,  
As it murmurs along through the shady dell,  
Where the white-robed snowdrop loves to dwell,  
Where the crocus blooms  
'Mid the waters' flow,  
In the silent gloom  
Where the daisies grow,  
And shed their choice perfume.

Nature now seems to awake from repose,  
And like Venus, when out of the ocean she rose,  
Her robe all bespangled with globules of spray,  
Which gleam in the light of the sovereign of day,  
She breathes on the flowers,  
And they gladly appear;  
She calls on the showers,  
To the parched earth so dear,  
And they strew the ground with their tears.

ALEXANDER ERSKINE.

## SIMPLE WORDS.

WHAT earnestness, what might  
Is there in simple words,  
Reviving to the weary heart  
As songs of woodland birds!  
We turn from stately style  
To hear their grateful sound;  
No polished speech hath half the power  
That in simple words is found.

Faith chooses simple words  
To express the heart's firm trust,  
While varnish'd words of subterfuge  
Truth tramples in the dust.  
Love, holy, pure, and strong,  
Filling the human breast,  
In earnest, fervent, simple words  
Alone can be express'd.

Gentle, yet strong are they,  
Overcoming polish'd speech,  
That perchance may please the ear,  
But the heart can never reach.  
Unstudied, fresh, and free,  
Are the songs of woodland birds;  
So the heart's true language ever flows  
In honest, simple words.

LUCINDA B.

## A MOTHER'S WORDS TO HER VOLUNTEER SON.

THE Rifles form, the world doth know,  
Old England's glory to uphold,  
To drive away the daring foe  
That e'er should face this country bold.

It is a noble path, my son,  
'Tis in a good and righteous cause;  
But oft, alas! we find, my son,  
This great work stain'd by broken laws.

Whene'er you join the soldier-throng,  
Oh! watch well then and guard each thought,  
That no black curse defile your tongue,  
Nor devil's work by you be wrought.

When mingling with the world, my son,  
Ever remember whose you are,  
And strive to win, when life is done,  
The bright and precious "Morning Star."

Oh! be not dazzled by the world,  
Bow not to pomp, bow not to fame,  
For at the last you'll find the world  
Is but a dead and empty name.

That *last* to you, my son, may be  
Amid the battle's din and roar,  
When death by wholesale you will see  
Upon the field of war and gore.

It *may* be so, I only say,  
But still your life will have an end.  
Be up, then, while 'tis called "to-day"—  
While God to man a day doth lend.

EXCELSIOR.

## JED FOREST.

BONNY Jed Forest, how peaceful thy braes,  
Thy tree-tufted steeps, and low-trodden ways,  
Thy sweet rinnin' stream, embankit in green—  
Oh! tell me whaur nature's sae sweet to be  
seen.

Round thee, Jed Forest, what revelrie rings,  
What heart-thrillin' music ilk little bird sings;  
How fragrant and rich is each wild-flower bed—  
Oh! there's nae stream on earth half sae sweet  
as the Jed.

Bonny auld river! upon thy cleir breist,  
As if in a paintin', thy verdure's confest;  
And grand are the tints that the lang summer  
flings

On ilk blade o' beauty around you that springs.

Bonny auld Jethart! around you's the shrine  
O' the spells and the charms o' beauty divine,  
For your lassies are fairies wha anare wi' their  
bloom—

Oh! happy the laddie wha shares sic a doom.

In Jethart's auld burgh, when I was a boy,  
I'd blink o' sweet pleasure I'll ne'er main-  
enjoy,

When nestin', and crackin', and viewin' the  
scene,

I trysted and coorted my ain bonny Jean.

O ancient Jed Forest, peace be to thy ways!  
Lang may thy young lovers rin o'er thy green  
braes,

And ne'er may the fitfa' o' sorrow alicht  
On bonny Jed Forest while time has a flight.  
GEORGE MATTHEWSON.

## PLEASURE-TAKING IN GERMANY.

AN old French chronicler, writing some two hundred years ago on the habits and customs of the English, said, "The people of England do take their pleasure sadly;" and, what then so struck the observation of a foreigner is perhaps equally noticeable now, by those who compare the ways of different nations. That sort of recreation to the mind and body which we call pleasure-taking, is, to most other nations, a necessity of existence; and by no means the rare, ponderous, and expensive affair which we make of it. In Germany, for instance, it forms part of the routine of life, rather than the exception. It is looked upon as being quite as essential to a healthy tone of mind, as food and air are needful for the health of the body; and, while the habit of such recreation helps to preserve a greater cheerfulness of spirit and evenness of temper, it is equally certain that it is unaccompanied by the excitement which often attends our more far-fetched and dearly-bought amusements; and is attended with less of what may be called the dissipation of the French. As we have remarked in a former paper, the towns of Germany abound in public gardens, either close to the outskirts of the town, or within an easy walk. A view over the surrounding country, a neighbouring ruin, a distant view of a mountain, or a river flowing past, is sufficient attraction to the townspeople to render such a garden a favourite place of resort. The garden, supplied with tables and benches under trees or in bowers, and supplied with refreshments from the "guest-house" to which it is attached, differs very little from an English "tea-garden," except in the fact of its being frequented by classes much higher in life than are to be seen in places of the kind in England. In the large cities or watering-places, an excellent band of music is generally to be heard in such gardens; and among the crowds who frequent them princes and dukes of royal blood are as sure to be seen, as the families of rich merchants and manufacturers. But, as we wish to confine our remarks to the doings of the middle-classes, we will draw a picture of the pleasure-taking of a citizen-family, living, as we have described before, in a capacious and airy flat or story of a large massive-looking house, in a second or third-rate town.

It is a promising afternoon, in the middle of April, and the children not having taken for a long time their favourite walk to Kronberg, or Weinberg, or whatever may

happen to be the name of the village where the *pleasure-garden* is, which they have visited in former springs—persuade mamma that no better day could be fixed on for going there. Mamma consults papa, and papa is agreeable. Then, as with Germans such pleasure-taking loses half its charm unless it is shared with friends and neighbours, little Wilhelm, the eldest boy, or Kätchen, the maid, is sent in to ask the Müllers or Schmidts, in the next street, (number 20, on the third floor, it may be, or number 30, on the ground floor), whether they will join their party to the —berg gardens, to take coffee, that same afternoon. The Müllers and Schmidts are only too ready, and promise to be at the gardens in question at the appointed hour, or fix on some gate, bridge, or tree, where they will join the party, so as to walk in company. Four o'clock comes, and all business and schooling being over at that hour, the papas and mammas, and various little Wilhelms, Friedericks, Julies, and Minnas, have a happy walk across the fields to the appointed spot. On the road, perhaps, they meet with another party of acquaintances going in the same direction, and the party swells into quite a formidable group. So much the better. The excellent little cakes, or particular sweet kind of bread, for which the place is celebrated, were never known to be limited in supply; and as for the coffee and hot milk, when did they ever fail to be found in abundance at a German "*guest-house*?" As they walk along, the children chatter together, run races, or play—while one papa has a long discourse with Professor C—, who has joined them, on the last new discovery in science; and another papa falls into company with a friend, engaged, like himself, in commerce, and they discuss together the effects of free-trade in England, or the *Zollverein*, a customs union of their own country. The mammas walk together, and have a gossip about the best way of making pancakes; communicate to each other some new crochet or knitting mystery; or—we must not fail to add—quite as likely, talk over their children's progress in education, or the last new book they have read. What a bustle when all have assembled at the place of rendezvous! What hunting out the pleasantest nook for the coffee taking, where there will be shelter from the sun, and yet a nice opening in the trees for seeing the distant blue mountains. Every face beams with satisfaction and pleasure, when a table in the best possible situation is found vacant and secured; and, if the party has become so large as to make

it necessary for the children to have another table at the side to themselves—so much the better! The papas can then continue their talk undisturbed, and the children their chatter undisturbed. What a host of nice little white china coffee-pots, cups and saucers, presently make their appearance on the table! What jugs of foaming hot milk, high piled sugar-basins, and stocks of delicious little cakes, sweet-bread, brown rye-bread, rusks, and pots of the freshest butter! Every body has seen the same thing over and over again, and yet somehow they are

excited and pleased at the sight, as if they had never drank coffee, eaten bread and butter, or tasted those particularly delicious little cakes before! Professor C— leaves off talking science, and makes all sorts of fun over the cutting of bread and butter, and division of cakes among the children, and the mammas are very busy with the coffee, until all are served. Then comes a sort of lull over the party round the grown-up table. The English fine lady who happens to be passing turns up her eyes with astonishment, or turns them aside with disgust—but there is no mistake about the matter—each gentleman has pulled out and lighted his pipe or cigar, and each lady taken out her knitting. Knitting-needles *click click* with the rapidity of lightning. Pipes and cigars send out puff after puff with calm and measured slowness, and the talk is only interrupted by quiet little laughs now and then; for there is nothing in the least noisy about the affair. Then comes the sinking sun and reddening of the western sky to remind the party that it is time to return. The children are summoned from their ramblings amid the winding paths of the garden, and bonnets that were slung up on branches of the trees are taken down again and tied on. A waiter is summoned, and the reckoning being paid, the expenses of the repast are found to amount to the sum of about fivepence each! And the party return home over the fields again, lighted before they reach their own doors by twinkling stars or a rising moon. But do not let us imagine that as they part the enjoyment of all has been such as to make them determine that each spring they will join together in such another walk and coffee-drinking at the Kronberg Gardens. No such thing! for before they part, it is settled that not only on the some day of the next week they will go to Kronberg, but that in every week all through the coming summer they will meet again to join in the same walk—drink the same coffee, and eat the same delicious little cakes. And such

engagements are not only often made, but are as faithfully kept as health and weather will permit. As the season advances, however, a little variety will be given to the weekly meetings, perhaps by changing the nature of the refreshment. As the days become longer the afternoon coffee will be taken at home, and the meals taken in the *pleasure garden* at Kronberg will assume something of the form of supper. The party will then be regaled with a bowl of *May-drink*, a sort of punch, which the Germans are exceedingly fond of in the spring. Our readers, however, must not imagine that any of the usual concomitants of punch are required for this national beverage. A little light Rhine wine or sweet cider, flavoured by being poured upon the sprigs of the sweet-scented woodruff, (*Asperula odorata*), sugar, and a few slices of orange, are the simple materials which compose this pleasant beverage. All over Germany, through the months of May and June, no party or friendly meeting is perfect without a bowl of *May-drink*. In the markets and at the corners of streets, are to be seen baskets full of little tufts of the Woodruff, exposed for sale for the purpose. An epicure in the drink will make the brewing of it, or rather the combination of the ingredients, a very grave and important affair, and will throw into the bowl several other spring wild flowers, such as violets, ground-ivy, &c. But the hay-like perfume of the woodruff is the prominent flavour given to the wine; and from among its fan-shaped leaves and little star-like flowers at the bottom of the bowl, the transparent beverage is ladled out into the glasses. As summer advances *May-drink* gives way to another favourite delicacy which is sure to make its ap- at such social gatherings as we have described, and this is nothing more or less than "*sour milk*," as it is called, or milk which is clouted or curdled by being allowed to stand for a day and a night in a cold cellar. It is eaten in soup-plates with sugar and powdered cinnamon, and all through the hot summer months is a most universal dish at such suppers in the open air—to yield in its turn, perhaps, to pancakes eaten with salad or stewed prunes; or—but we will not run the risk of exciting a smile of contempt by enumerating any more of the simple materials of repasts, in the partaking of which our German neighbours extract so much harmless enjoyment.

We have drawn above a strictly family picture of such pleasure-taking; but for similar doings it is by no means necessary that an excuse should be found in the pre-

sence of children. Groups of friends and neighbours drawn together by sympathy in tastes or pursuits—artists, professors of the different branches of learning, students at universities, band themselves into little companies and societies, for taking such recreations on stated evenings, and, besides the casual visitors, are to be seen at all the numberless *pleasure gardens* of Germany, from early spring to late autumn; and these sit at the same little tables, and enjoy with quite as much zest the coffee, *May-drink*, *sour milk*, and pancakes, as the children of the Müllers and Schmidts. Rich and poor, old and young, learned and simple, no one prides himself or herself, on the possession of a taste superior to such pleasures. No one is too wise or too *genteel* to enter into them, and while they make little or no difference in the year's expenses; and interfere with no domestic duties, they take from every day's life its monotonous and prosaic character, and open the heart to cheerfulness and sociality; and if there be nothing in them to strengthen the mind to endure more patiently life's greater trials and vexations—they have the power to refresh and cheer the troubled spirit, and help it to—forget them.

#### PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

FOURTH LESSON.—In drawing lines, the hand should rest upon the last two fingers. If the lines are short the motion of the hand should not extend beyond the wrist joint; but if the lines are long, then the hand will glide over the paper easily, if it is carefully balanced and rests upon these fingers, while the motion of the hand proceeds from the elbow or from the shoulder.

As you have already practised curved

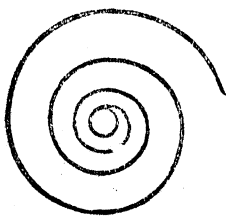


Fig. 13.

lines and circles, you will no doubt be able to copy this example, which is the outline of the volute of an Ionic capital from the Eriotheum, at Athens. It is needless to

describe how it should be drawn, because, if you have attended to the rules already given, you will be able to know how to proceed at once. Copy this example over and over again, enlarging and diminishing the copy, until your eye has become familiar with the figure; then endeavour to form its outline without having the example before you. When you have accomplished your task, you will be better prepared to copy the next example.

This drawing is a combination of curved

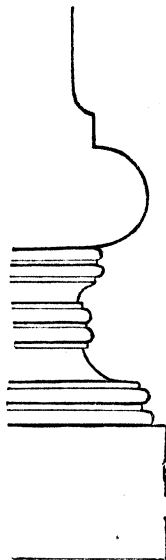


Fig. 14.

and straight lines, so arranged that they form the outline of the base of a column; and by copying this example frequently, you will acquire a very good idea of proportion. If you had not exercised yourself in drawing straight and curved lines, you could not have drawn this figure. You may, therefore, look upon straight and curved lines as the letters or alphabet of drawing.

Here is another example, composed of straight and curved lines, but differently arranged. In drawing this, commence by making a *faint* horizontal line upon the paper; then place a dot at a proper distance above, for the centre part of the arch; from this dot draw the right-hand curved line until it meets the horizontal one, then place



another dot a little above the horizontal line, at nearly the same distance as the height of the arch from it, and draw two parallel curved lines close together, from

of the right-hand curved line; connect these two dots by a curved line, and then sketch in the masonry of the archway, as in the example. All that now remains for you to do

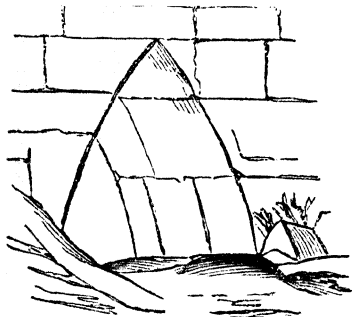


Fig. 15.

the top of the first curved line to the dot you have just placed on the paper. You have now formed the outline of the arch. Draw a horizontal line from each side of the top of the arch, and at the respective

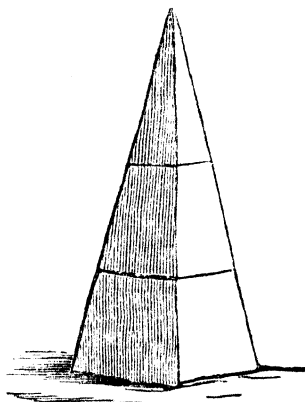


Fig. 17.

is to fill in the shading, which is done by marking short parallel strokes at equal distances from each other, as in the example before you.

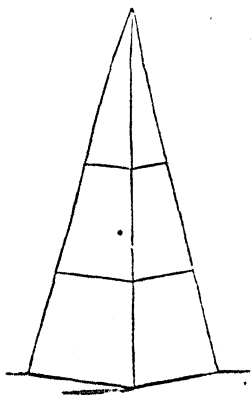


Fig. 18.

distances draw other lines parallel to it; then draw perpendicular lines between the horizontal ones, and you will now have formed the masonry. Sketch in the lines of the two banks, commencing with the left one, and afterwards sketch in the stones on the right of the base of the arch. At rather more than half the length of the left-hand curved lines place a dot, and another at about two-thirds the distance from the base

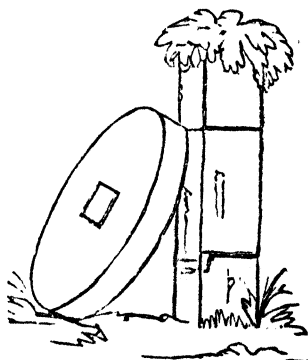


Fig. 18.

The next object that you are required to copy is a pyramid, and you observe that the first example is sketched only in outline, in order that you may clearly understand how it is done.

When you have drawn the outline correctly several times, you may commence the next example (Fig. 17), which, you observe,

is carefully shaded by drawing fine perpendicular parallel lines between the transverse lines, and all of them at equal distances. The shading at the base is drawn in a similar manner; the only difference being that the lines are horizontal, instead of perpendicular.

The next example is the outline of a pillar with a millstone resting against it (Fig. 18); and when you have sketched this, it must be filled in the same as the other example (Fig. 19), which shows the

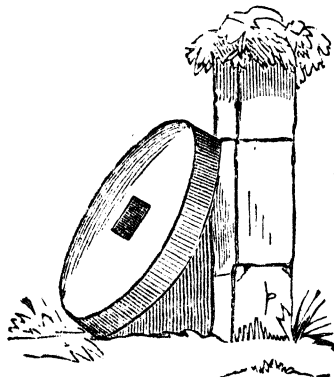


Fig. 19.

same objects shaded, according to the method we have already pointed out. The weeds and grass require a few extra touches with an HB pencil, and the outline should be strengthened in the dark parts.

Practise these examples frequently, particularly the weeds at the top of the pillar, and the shading.

When you are able to draw these examples as they are represented here, draw them backwards; in other words, place the millstone on the right instead of the left of the pillar.

Draw examples 17 and 19, and shade them as if the light was on the left.

**FIFTH LESSON.**—Before submitting the examples we have prepared for this lesson, it will be necessary to make a few observations upon copying.

We will suppose that you have to copy a drawing,—perhaps an architectural one. How would you commence? Most probably differently from your neighbour, who would also commence differently from his neighbour, and so on, unless guided by correct principles. Do not imagine that what we state is without foundation—it is

perfectly true; for, not long since, we placed two drawings of the same subject before four pupils, and requested them to copy them, and each one commenced differently. One of them began at the right-hand side, the other at the left, another at the top, and the fourth in the centre of the drawing. What could illustrate more forcibly than these blunders that attention to the rules of the art is *absolutely necessary*?

You ask, “How am I to commence?” and to this question we will at once reply. First, inclose a certain space by means of four lines, if for a landscape; or by an oval or circular line, if for a portrait, &c.: this

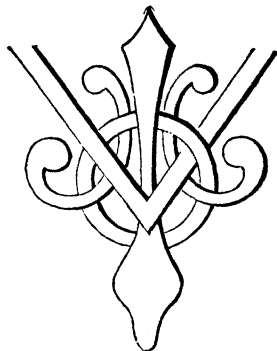


Fig. 20.

is called the *boundary-line of the drawing*, and is used to confine a certain portion of a landscape or other subject. The importance of attending to this rule will be obvious to every person; and when we treat hereafter of sketching from Nature, you will then find how essential it is to adopt this method. When the boundary-line is formed, your next care should be to determine the relative positions of the principal objects, points, or features, &c.; and if you have attended to the instructions given in the former lessons, you will not have much difficulty in doing so by faint lines and dots. In a landscape you will have to fix the height of the horizon, which should be done by first placing a dot at each side of the boundary-line, and then, if you have judged the distance correctly, uniting the two by a faint line drawn through the picture; this is called the *horizontal line*. When that has been done, determine the nearest *conspicuous* object to the boundary-line, its height, width, and relative position to the horizontal line, and other objects; then fix

the position of the trees, distance, and foreground, by means of faint outlines or dots, or both, taking care to observe their relative situations, inclinations, and measurements are regulated by their proximity to the boundary, horizontal, and base lines of the picture; the last-mentioned line being the bottom or lower boundary-line of the drawing.

In Fig. 8 you were directed to draw a line perpendicular to the horizontal ones; this was done for the purpose of enabling you to judge the relative distances of the several angles of the pyramid from each other; and you will find it very useful to draw a line through the centre of any object that you have to copy, because it serves as a guide to the proper disposition of the several other parts. Of course, as you become more and more proficient in the art, *this will not be always necessary.*

We will now commence some practical illustrations of the preceding remarks. You are required to draw Fig. 20, which is a centre-piece for a border, or an ornamental panel. Fig. 21 is a diagram illustrating

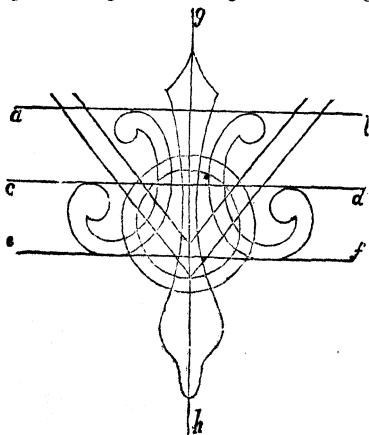


Fig. 21.

the method of doing so, which is thus: First draw three horizontal lines, *a b*, *c d*, *e f*, and bisect them with the perpendicular line *g h*. You have only to determine the relative distances of each point by means of dots, and to draw the curved and straight lines faintly, as shown in Fig. 21, and afterwards to rub out the superfluous lines, and strengthen the outline by broad touches with an HB pencil.

We have found it an excellent plan to cut the India-rubber, used for rubbing out architectural and fine drawing, in a triangular shape, because the angles enable us to remove very small lines or dots. The India-rubber should not be more than 1-4th to 3-7ths of an inch thick.

Our next example is of a different character, being the outline of an antique vase (Fig. 22). In drawing this figure, a circle

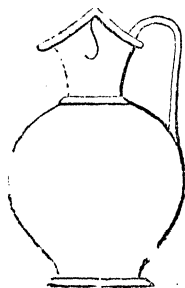


Fig. 22.

is first of all drawn, and then it is divided by two perpendicular lines (as shown in Fig. 23), and a horizontal line drawn above

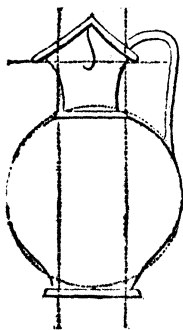


Fig. 23.

the circle. These lines are sufficient to enable the pupil to construct the figure with ease.

Our next exercises are taken from antique vases, and given without any diagrammatic illustrations to enable the pupil to construct them; because, having already given ample directions, we wish our pupils to think for themselves, so as to be able to act at times without the aid of an instructor.

*(To be continued.)*

## BOOKS OF MARK.

## DESCRIPTIVE TALES OF SOUTH AMERICA.\*

THE recent hostile expedition of Britain, France, and Spain to Mexico, and the war now unhappily raging between North and South America, have drawn special attention to those parts of the world. The singular career, previous to his Italian campaigns, of the great chief Garibaldi in those regions, has also tended to invest them with peculiar interest. In France especially has this been the case, and Gustave Aimard's exciting Tales of Mexico and California have been read with an eagerness strongly reminding us of the period when Fenimore Cooper bewitched the English public with his fascinating descriptive Novels of Red Indian Life.

A new field of romance then appeared suddenly thrown open, the more delightful on account of its apparent reality. Since that day the public has been in some measure disenchanted, though much of the poetic halo still remains about the Red men that charmed us in the "Last of the Mohicans" and his kin.

The Tales of Aimard have been admirably translated by Captain Wraxall, and we think them calculated to delight English as much as French readers. They abound in information, in striking incident, and in picturesque delineation of national character and manners. They are, therefore, as instructive as they are amusing.

The author lived for many years as an Indian among the Indians. He is acquainted with their language, and has gone through all the extraordinary phases of a nomadic life in the prairie. He has woven into these stories the marvellous events of which he has been witness during his chequered life. His pictures of Mexico and the Great Indian Desert are such as, once read, can never be forgotten. Every feature appears to lie out of the range of ordinary life, yet is evidently unexaggerated truth. Indeed, the tales are eminently truthful. Aimard does not flatter his own countrymen, nor the Indians with whom he has associated them in South America. His views are not very favourable to the Red men. He attributes to them, as a body, low cunning, falsehood, treachery, and many other despicable vices; but he blames the Spaniards for the degradation which has enveloped the aborigines of the soil, the

consequence, as he believes, of the lengthened oppression which the primitive race has endured. He thinks the French greatly underrate the Indians, and treat them in America with insulting arrogance.

This series of tales is based on one plot, though each is complete in itself. The principal character is a Parisian nobleman, a ruined and unscrupulous exile, who, by means of a mysterious introduction to a powerful secret society in South America, acquires great power and wealth, and is the leader of a Free Company in Mexico.

The following extract from the "Tiger Slayer" will convey a good idea of the picturesque style of the narrative:—

Nothing is so agreeable as night travelling in Mexico. The earth, refreshed by the night breeze, and bedewed by the copious dew, exhales acrid and perfumed scents, whose beneficent emanations restore the body all its vigour, and the mind its lucidity. The moon, just on the point of disappearing, profusely scattered its oblique rays, which lengthened immoderately the shadow of the trees growing at intervals along the road, and made them in the obscurity resemble a legion of fleshless spectres. The sky, of a deep azure, was studded with an infinite number of glistening stars, in the midst of which flashed the dazzling southern cross, to which the Indians have given the name of *Poron Chayké*. The wind breathed gently through the branches, in which the blue jay uttered at intervals the melancholy notes of its melancholy song, with which were mingled at times, in the profundities of the desert, the howling of the cougar, the sharp miaow of the panther or the ounce, and the hoarse bark of the coyotes in search of prey.

The count, on leaving Guaymas, had hurried on his horse; but subjugated, in spite of himself, by the irresistible attractions of this autumn night, he gradually checked the pace of his steed, and yielded to the flood of thoughts which mounted incessantly to his brain, and plunged him into a gentle reverie. The descendant of an ancient and haughty Frank race, alone in this desert, he mentally surveyed the splendour of his name so long eclipsed, and his heart expanded with joy and pride on reflecting that the task was reserved for him perhaps to rehabilitate those from whom he descended, and restore, this time eternally, the fortunes of his family, of which he had hitherto proved such a bad guardian.

This land, which he trampled under foot, would restore him what he had lost and madly squandered a hundredfold. The moment had at length arrived when, free from all hobbies, he was about to realize those plans for the future so long engraved on his brain. He went on thus, travelling in the country of chimeras, and so absorbed in his thoughts, that he no longer troubled himself with what went on around him.

The stars were beginning to turn pale in the heavens, and be extinguished in turn. The dawn was tracing a white line, which gradually assumed a reddish tint on the distant obscurity of the horizon. On the approach of day the air became fresher; then the count, aroused—if we may

\* The "Tiger Slayer." "The Gold Seekers." "The Trail Hunter." "The Border Riders." "The Prairie Flowers." "The Indian Chief" by Gustave Aimard. Price 5s. 6d. each. London: Ward & Lock, Fleet Street.

employ the term—by the icy impression produced on him by the bountiful desert dew, pulled the folds of his zarapé over his shoulders with a shudder, and started at a gallop, directing a glance to the sky, and muttering—

"I will succeed, no matter the odds."

A haughty defiance, to which the heavens seemed prepared to respond immediately.

The day was on the brink of dawning, and, in consequence of that, the night, owing to its struggle with the twilight, had become more gloomy, as always happens during the few moments preceding the apparition of the sun. The first houses of the rancho were standing out from the fog, a short distance before him, when the count heard, or fancied he heard, the sound of several horses' hoofs re-echoing on the pebbles behind him.

In America, by night, and on a solitary road, the presence of man announces always, or nearly always, a peril.

The count stopped and listened. The sound was rapidly approaching. The Frenchman was brave, and had proved it in many circumstances; still he did not at all desire to be assassinated in a corner of the road, and perish miserably through an ambushade. He looked around, in order to study the chances of safety offered him in the probable event that the arrivals were enemies.

The plain was bare and flat: not a tree, not a ditch, nor any elevation behind which he could intrench himself. Two hundred yards in front, as we have said, were the first houses of the rancho.

The count made up his mind on the instant. He dug his spurs into his horse's flanks, and galloped at full speed in the direction of San José. It seemed to him as if the strangers imitated him, and pressed on their horses too.

A few minutes passed thus, during which the sound grew more and more distinct. It was, therefore, evident to the Frenchman that the strangers were after him. He threw a glance behind him, and perceived two shadows, still distant, rushing at full speed towards him. By this time the count had reached the rancho. Reassured by the vicinity of houses, and not caring to fly from a perhaps imaginary danger, he turned back, drew his horse across the road, took a pistol in each hand, and waited. The strangers were still pressing on without checking the speed of their horses, and were soon within twenty yards of the count.

"Who goes there?" he shouted in a loud and firm voice.

The unknown made no reply, and appeared to redouble their speed.

"Who's there?" the count repeated. "Stop, or I fire!"

He uttered these words with such a determined accent, his countenance was so intrepid, that, after a few moments' hesitation, the strangers stopped.

There were two of them. The day, just feebly breaking, permitted the count to distinguish them perfectly. They were dressed in Mexican costume; but, strangely enough in this country, where, under similar circumstances, the bandits care very little about showing their faces, the strangers were masked.

"Hold, my masters!" the count shouted. "What means this obstinate pursuit?"

"That we probably have an interest in catching you up," a hoarse voice sarcastically replied.

"Then you really are after me?"

"Yes, if you are the stranger known as the Count de Lhorailles."

"I am he," he said without any hesitation.

"Very good; then we can come to an understanding."

"I ask nothing better, though, from your suspicious conduct, you appear to me to be bandits. If you want my purse, take it, and be off, for I am in a hurry."

"Keep your purse, caballero; we want to take your life, and not your money."

"Ah, ah! 'tis, then, a trap, followed by an assassination."

"You are mistaken. I offer you a fair fight."

"Hum!" the count said, "a fair fight: two against one—that is rather disproportionate."

"You would be correct if matters were as you assume," the man haughtily replied who had hitherto taken the word; "but my companion will content himself with looking on and taking no part in the duel."

The count reflected.

"Pardieu!" he said at last, "it is an extraordinary affair! A duel in Mexico, and with a Mexican! Such a thing as that has never been heard of before."

"It is true, caballero; but all things must have a beginning."

"Enough of jesting. I ask nothing better than to fight, and I hope to prove to you that I am a resolute man; but before accepting your proposition, I should not be sorry to know why you force me to fight you."

"For what end?"

"Corbleu! Why, to know it. You must understand that I cannot waste my time in fighting with every ruffian I meet on the road, and who has a fancy to have his throat cut."

"It will be enough for you to know that I hate you."

"Caramba! I suspected as much; but as you seem determined not to show me your face, I should like to be able to recognize you at another time."

"Enough chattering," the unknown said haughtily. "Time is flying. We have had sufficient discussion."

"Well, my master, if that is the case, get ready. I warn you that I intend to take you both. A Frenchman would never have any difficulty in holding his own against two Mexican bandits."

"As you please."

"Forward!"

"Forward!"

The three horsemen spurred their horses, and charged. When they met they exchanged pistol shots, and then drew their sabres. The fight was brief, but obstinate. One of the strangers, slightly wounded, was carried away by his horse, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. The count, grazed by a ball, felt his anger changed to fury, and redoubled his efforts to master his foe; but he had before him a rude adversary, a man of surprising skill, and of strength at least equal to his own.

This man, whose eyes he saw gleaming like live coals through the holes in his mask, whirled round him with extraordinary rapidity, making



THROUGH THE WINDOW.

his horse perform the boldest curvets, attacking him incessantly with the point or edge of his sabre, while bounding out of reach of the counter blows.

The count exhausted himself in vain against this indefatigable enemy. His movements began to lose their elasticity—his sight grew troubled—the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. His silent adversary increased the rapidity of his attacks; the issue of the combat was no longer doubtful, when the Frenchman suddenly felt a

slip-knot fall on his shoulders. Before he could even dream of loosening it, he was roughly lifted from his saddle, and hurled to the ground so violently that he almost fainted, and found it impossible to make an effort to rise. The second stranger, after a mad course of a few moments, had at length succeeded in mastering his horse; he returned in all haste to the scene of action, the two men so furiously engaged not noticing it; then, thinking it time to put an end to the duel, he raised his reata and lassoed the count.

So soon as he saw his enemy on the ground, the unknown leaped from his horse and ran up to him. His first care was to free the Frenchman from the slip-knot that strangled him, and then tried to restore him to his senses, which was not a lengthy task.

"Ah!" the count said, with a bitter smile, as he rose and crossed his arms on his chest, "that is what you call fair fighting."

"You are alone to blame for what has happened," the other said quietly, "as you would not agree to my propositions."

The Frenchman disdained any discussion. He contented himself with shrugging his shoulders contemptuously.

"Your life belongs to me," his adversary continued.

"Yes, through a piece of treachery; but no matter—assassinate me, and finish the affair."

"I do not wish to kill you."

"What do you want, then?"

"To give you a piece of advice."

The count laughed sarcastically.

"You must be mad, my good fellow."

"Not so much as you may fancy. Listen attentively to what I have to say to you."

"I will do so, even only for the hope of being promptly freed from your presence."

"Good, *señor conde de Lhorailles*. Your arrival in this country has caused the unhappiness of two persons."

"Nonsense! You are jesting with me."

"I speak seriously. Don *Sylva de Torrès* has promised you his daughter's hand."

"How does that concern you?"

"Answer!"

"It is true. Why should I conceal it?"

"*Dona Anita* does not love you."

"How do you know that?" the count asked with a mocking smile.

"I know it; I know, too, that she loves another."

"Only think of that!"

"And that the other loves her."

"All the worse for him; for I swear that I will not surrender her."

"You are mistaken, *señor conde*. You will surrender her or die."

"Neither one nor the other," the impetuous Frenchman shouted, now perfectly recovered from his stunning fall. "I repeat that I will marry *Dona Anita*. If she does not love me, well, that is unfortunate. I hope that she will presently alter her opinion of me. The marriage suits me, and no one will succeed in breaking it off."

The unknown listened, a prey to violent emotion. His eyes flashed lightning, and he stamped his foot furiously; still he made an effort to master the feeling which agitated him, and replied in a slow and firm voice,—

"Take care of what you do, *caballero*. I have sworn to warn you, and have done so honestly. Heaven grant that my words find an echo in your heart, and that you follow the counsel I give you! The first time accident brings us together again one of us will die."

"I will take my precautions, be assured; but you are wrong not to profit by the present occasion to kill me, for it will not occur again."

The two strangers had by this time remounted.

"*Count de Lhorailles*," the unknown said

again, as he bent over the Frenchman, "for the last time, take care, for I have a great advantage over you. I know you, and you do not know me. It will be an easy thing for me to reach you whenever I please. We are the sons of Indians and Spaniards. We feel a burning hatred; so take care."

After bowing ironically to the count he burst into a mocking laugh, spurred his horse, and started at headlong speed, followed by his silent companion. The count watched them disappear with a pensive air. When they were lost in the obscurity he tossed his head several times, as if to shake off the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him in spite of himself, then picked up his sabre and pistols, took his horse by the bridle, and walked slowly toward the *pulqueria*, near which the fight had taken place.

The light which filtered through the badly-joined planks of the door, the songs and laughter that resounded from the interior, afforded a reasonable prospect of obtaining a temporary shelter in this house.

"Hum!" he muttered to himself as he walked along, "that bandit is right. He knows me, and I have no way of recognizing him. By Jupiter, I have a good sound hatred on my shoulders! But nonsense!" he added; "I was too happy. I wanted an enemy. On my soul, let him do as he will! Even if *Hades* combine against me, I swear that nothing will induce me to resign the hand of *Dona Anita*."

At this moment he found himself in front of the *pulqueria*, at the door of which he rapped. Naturally impatient, angered, too, by the accident which had happened to him, and the tremendous struggle he had been engaged in, the count was about to carry out his threat of beating in the door, when it was opened.

"*Valga me Dios!*" he exclaimed wrathfully, "is this the way you allow people to be assassinated before your doors, without proceeding to their assistance?"

"Oh, oh!" the *pulquero* said sharply, "is any one dead?"

"No, thanks to Heaven!" the count replied; "but I had a narrow escape of being killed."

"Oh!" the *pulquero* said with great nonchalance, "if we were to trouble ourselves about all who shout for help at night, we should have enough to do; and besides, it is very dangerous on account of the police."

The count shrugged his shoulders and walked in, leading his horse after him. The door was closed again immediately.

The count was unaware that in Mexico the man who finds a corpse, or brings the assassin to trial, is obliged to pay all the expenses of a justice enormously expensive in itself, and which never affords any satisfaction to the victim. In all the Mexican provinces people are so thoroughly convinced of the truth of what we assert, that, so soon as a murder is committed, every one runs off, without dreaming of helping the victim; for, in the case of death supervening, such an act of charity would entail many annoyances on the individual who tried to imitate the good Samaritan.

In Sonora people do better still: so soon as a quarrel begins, and a man falls, they shut all the doors.

In conclusion, we wish to draw attention to the effective engravings which ornament these Tales. The specimen given with this brief notice is but one of many equally beautiful and spirited as artistic productions. These tales would form an admirable gift for boys fond of adventure.

### INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON HEALTH.

CHEERFULNESS is a great blessing, and is the parent of many others. It gives a relish to simple fare, adds a charm to plain features, and keeps down petty troubles. Cheerfulness, in fact, is another name for health; it is difficult for people, when out of health, to be cheerful. There are causes of cheerfulness, as well as causes of gloom and despondency; on dull, foggy, or rainy days we feel less animation than in fine, sunshiny weather, and light, if not the chief, is one of the principal causes of cheerfulness. Unless there be light in the dwelling we can hardly hope for light in the heart.

The ill effects consequent on a deficiency of light, though often brought under notice, have not yet been considered with due attention. And it is a lamentable fact that, even in situations where a full supply of light may be obtained, people are often unwilling to take the necessary pains for its admittance. There may seem to be a good reason why houses in the narrow streets and alleys of towns should be gloomy, but there can be no good reason why cottages and houses in country places should be dismal also. Yet we often see dwellings by the side of broad commons, or on the slopes of breezy hills, with windows so small as not to admit a tenth of the light required.

Darkness and gloom have a depressing effect on the health and spirits. The light of the sun is as necessary for the health and growth of human beings as for plants. Who is there that has not noticed the vocal liveliness of birds under bright sunshine; animals frisk about in the warm rays, and insects, which are seldom or never seen in cloudy weather, come forth by thousands. Infants, too, enjoy light; they turn their eyes eagerly towards it, and when restless or cross, are often quieted by the beams of the sun or moon. Plants grown in the dark, or by lamp-light, instead of being green, are of an unhealthy white hue, and the pores which open from every part of the stalk and leaves in the natural state, are but very few in number, or altogether wanting. Hence the plant is unable to perform its

most important function, that of transpiration—or breathing, an act entirely due to the influence of light, for the pores of healthy, growing plants open in the sunshine and close in the dark. During the day they take in carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and give out oxygen; but in the night they take in oxygen, and give out carbonic acid. The taste of plants, too, is affected by light; some which are sour in the morning, become tasteless at noon, and bitter at night. The peaches grown under the sun of America, are as much superior to those of England as the latter are to sloes. Gardeners and farmers find that plants when crowded together struggle towards the light. Chlorine and hydrogen gases, if mixed together and kept in the dark, will never unite; the light of day causes them to mingle slowly, but in direct sunshine they combine instantaneously, and explode with a loud report. Colours fade in a strong light; and, as most readers know, portraits are taken by the action of the light. Some trades cannot be carried on without a good light: dyers find that brighter colours are obtained under a clear than under a cloudy sky. People who work in dark rooms, or in mines, are sallow and sickly in complexion, and sometimes deformed. One great cause of despondency and illness among emigrants while on board ship, is want of sufficient light between decks. Some animals are tamed by being deprived of light; and it is a well-ascertained fact that tadpoles, which are young frogs, will never grow into frogs if always kept in the dark.

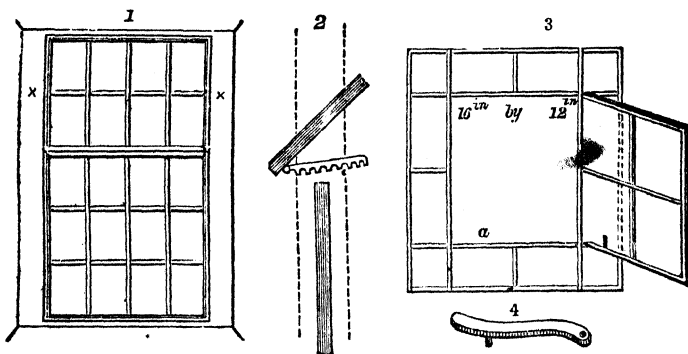
Bearing these interesting facts in mind, we shall better comprehend the reason why dwelling-houses ought to be built so as to admit plenty of light. Unfortunately, the reverse of this is what mostly prevails, and the cottages and tenements inhabited by the working-classes in this country, are neither so salubrious nor comfortable as they ought to be. In the first Report of the Health of Towns' Commission, a case is recorded of a lady who lived in a narrow street in Paris, in a small room, on which the sun never shone. She had been ill many years without amendment; at last the physician ordered her removal to a cheerful apartment, when she immediately recovered; her illness arose from want of light. • At St. Petersburg, also, it had been observed during several years, that the soldiers lodged on one side of a large barrack, which was dark and gloomy, were ill three times as often as those on the other side who had sufficient light. Medical men



agree in stating that light greatly improves and promotes health. Mr. Ward, a surgeon in London, affirmed, in evidence before the Commission, that children reared in dark and dimly-lighted places were stunted in growth, and would be less able to work than others more favourably reared: the mind, too, is stunted and injured as well as the body. "The more dark corners," he observes, "you have in the dwellings of the poor, the greater amount of dirt and filth;" and he advises "young people who are about to marry, and can afford only one or two rooms, to choose the largest room they can find, and in which they can obtain the greatest quantity of solar light; the amount of disease in light rooms as compared with that in dark rooms being infinitely less." If direct light cannot be had, then borrowed light will be better than none at all. A large proportion of disease prevailing at one time among the humbler classes in Liverpool, was caused by their living in dark and dismal cellars, with scarcely any light but what came in at the door. The same evil is complained of in all large towns, and wherever improved dwellings have been

built a beneficial result has followed for the occupants.

It very often happens that a person who lives in an ill-lighted house is obliged to work all day also in a gloomy workshop; this doubles the evil, and it becomes a duty with those who employ workmen to provide such shops as may not affect the health of their people. Improved villages have been built in some parts of the country, and in others measures have been taken to improve windows, particularly in small houses. In Mr. Chadwick's valuable Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population, we read that the Highland Society offered a prize for the best cottage window. "Various specimens were sent in. Some were made of zinc; but these were rejected on the advice of tradesmen, as being too weak to admit of repair by an unpractised hand. Wood and lead are, for the same reason, equally unsuitable. One was constructed with astragals (bars) of malleable iron, so thin as very little to impede the light, and consequently admitting of glass of a very small size. Cast-iron, however, appears to be the material least liable to objection. Frames of this



No. 1 is a drawing of the Highland Society's window. The size of the sash is 39 inches by 24 inches. It is made in two parts; the lower one, which includes three panes in height, is fixed; the upper one is made to turn on a pivot at  $\times \times$ .

No. 2 is a side view of the same window when open. The upper portion slopes outwards, whereby ordinary rain is thrown off, and may be fixed at any required angle, according to the weather, by means of the rack, the notches in which catch on the head of a stud, as shown by the black dot. The rack is attached to the right side of the sash, and when this is closed it hangs down inside without being in the way.

No. 3 is called the Belper window. It was invented by Mr. A. Strutt, of Derby; weighs 60 lbs. without the glass, and costs 12s. The size is 34 inches by 25 inches; that of the centre portion is given above; it is made so as to open easily without rubbing, and the weather is kept out by the rabbet on the edge of the frame, and a drip-shelf above. It may be kept open to any distance by the guide bar (No. 4); the hole in the end of this fits over the pin seen on the lower bar of the sash, and the pin seen on the under side of the bar drops into holes in a plate fixed inside the window at  $a$ . When the window is shut, the guide bar rests against the frame, and thus the inconvenient hook dangling outside is altogether avoided.

kind are made by Messrs. Moses M'Culloch and Co., Gallowgate, Glasgow; and, without the wooden frame, the cost of each is 5s. Glass for such a window may be purchased at 2½d. per square. These windows would appear adapted for farm-houses and workshops, as well as for cottages. They admit of being made of every variety of size, and in most cases they may be fitted with ease to houses already built. In many situations, it will thus deserve consideration whether it may be better to repair the glass of old frames, or to adopt windows of this construction, which may be purchased and kept up at so very moderate an expense. It is understood that Messrs. M'Culloch intend to establish agencies in all parts of the country, and light and pure air will thus be supplied to the humbler classes everywhere, at a much cheaper rate than they have hitherto been obtained."

Although these observations apply more particularly to Scotland, there is no reason why they should not be adopted all over the kingdom. Even where houses are not so well built as they ought to be, the inmates can do something towards improving them. How often is the remark heard from landlords, that it is useless to put small houses in repair, for the tenants take no pains to keep them so! Surely such a complaint as this ought not to be heard in what is called a Christian country. We would recommend all those who live in houses with broken windows, to pull away the rags and patches of paper, and have the panes mended, either by making some arrangement with the landlord, or by saving for a week or two the money that would be spent in beer or spirits, and they will at once feel the good effects of increased light. It is often said that if a man has on a decent hat and clean shoes, he looks respectable; so a middling sort of room will look respectable with clean windows. Some readers will remember that excellent narrative "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and how delighted Mrs. MacLarty's servant-girl was after cleaning a long-neglected casement; she could scarcely believe that clean glass would look so bright, and let in so much light. And so it will be with every one who tries the same experiment; they will be gainers in every respect, for the more light that comes into the house the less encouragement is there for dirt; holes and corners will be routed out and purified, and what was once a dingy hovel may become a cheerful home. Surely where light is such a blessing, it will not be thought too much trouble to clean both sides of the windows once a week.

## THE MONASTERY BELL.

### A LEGEND.

A GREAT and powerful man was the Baron of N—. His estates stretched far and wide on the east side of the Rhine. He maintained a large number of retainers at a great expense; yet, in accordance with the customs of the age, this was considered indispensable. N— Castle, in which his ancestors had lived before him, was a massive piece of old architecture, and prodigiously strong. At no great distance from the place where it stood was a Benedictine monastery. One of the monks, Francis by name, was brother to Baron Wilfred; but he was of quite a different character. Wilfred was brave, open, unsuspecting, without the least reserve or deceit. He knew little about letters and learning, and, perhaps, cared less. How to excel in fighting, tilting, swimming, hunting, or any manly sport and exercise, was his highest ambition. Careless at times, he sometimes offended by the roughness of his speech and manners, yet was always first to acknowledge or forgive an injury. His table was open to all, friend and foe, his hospitality lavish and unbounded, and his generosity unrestrained by passion or prejudice. His ear was open to every tale of sorrow, his sympathies ever enlisted in the cause of grief, and his resources always free to relieve. Though unwilling to undertake a dispute on his own account, his sword was always unsheathed to protect the oppressed and punish the oppressor. Though powerful and wealthy, yet he was not exalted with pride. He could tell a tale of the brave and olden time, or sing some stirring song of his forefathers' days, or quaff the sparkling goblet in the company of his meanest retainer. Thus he was a general favourite with those who were beneath him; they loved him, and would have followed him to death itself.

How different from his brother the Benedictine! In appearance Francis was anything but prepossessing. There was something almost supernatural in his height—his stature was far above that of ordinary men. He possessed also what is called the evil eye: no person could meet that withering stare. It was rumoured that all upon whom it rested in wrath became more or less subject to his power, and were sure to befall some dire calamity. This, however, might be only suspicion, or rather superstition. Nevertheless the expression of his countenance betokened the deepest and most settled malignity, and wore invariably a sort

of scowl. Added to this, his complexion was dark and swarthy.

And the inner man corresponded with the outer. His subtlety was deep and inscrutable: he was supposed to have something to do with the black arts. His brethren never were able to discover what took place in his bed-room; they shunned his company and hated his sight. When they had retired to rest, the light still burned long and late in his room. How his nights were passed they never could tell: he might, during the still hours, be rectifying his perdition and sealing his destiny in his own blood, adjoining their apartments, and they knew it not. Except in devotions he never spent an hour in their company; he never conversed with any, but kept his own counsel, and lived to himself alone. The abbé never questioned him with respect to his habits and practices, as his family had richly endowed the monastery, and powerfully supported it since the commencement.

The dark monk never loved his brother. Their father had married twice. Wilfred was the son of the first, and best beloved; his bright and happy nature endeared him to all in his boyhood, and the same love followed him in his riper years. Francis, on the other hand, for his evil disposition, was unnoticed, uncared for. The boys were not congenial spirits. In their youthful quarrels the younger found little sympathy. He grew up a discarded solitary, cherishing the darkest passions, and hating the race to which he belonged, and to which, as it were, he had been born a scourge.

Wilfred, when he attained his majority, entered upon his vast possessions, his father having died a year or two previous to that time. Francis retired to the neighbouring monastery to brood over his wrongs, and right them when the first opportunity presented itself.

The monastery was situated upon a rocky base, past which flowed a small stream, a tributary to the Rhine. At a short distance from the monastery the smooth course of the stream was broken by a fall of great height. On one side was a small platform, several feet above the level of the water, and just overhanging the abyss into which it rushed. This was a favourite resort of Francis. For hours he would stand there, until, covered with the spray, he was compelled to retreat from the perilous and dizzy spot.

Sometimes he would be seen there gesticulating violently, and trying to raise his voice above the roar of the waters. On account of this and similar practices, his brethren would charitably hope that he was

only mad, and not so bad as appearances would warrant.

Francis sometimes, though rarely, visited his brother. Wilfred, frank and open-hearted as usual, would urge him to make his calls more frequent, and, when he did come, would entertain him in a princely manner. Francis cared little for this: he loved not as other men loved; their pleasures afforded him little enjoyment. He visited the castle regularly on a New Year's Eve. It was a great festal night that with Wilfred, as it then was and still is throughout Christendom. Why he should come on such occasions astonished many. He did come, and never deigned an explanation. He did not participate in the amusements of the night, but observed a distant and reserved air, as he was wont at other times. He generally remained until the gathering broke up, and sometimes stayed an hour later.

It was one New Year's Eve, the last song had echoed through the festive hall, the last guest had left its forsaken tables, and the brothers were closeted together.

"Brother," said the monk, "I have a request to make."

"Name it."

"That you accompany me to the platform."

"A strange request, Francis."

"It may appear strange, and yet I have a reason for asking you to do so. Last night I discovered something remarkable there, and I wish to draw your attention to it."

"What is it?" inquired the baron.

"Nay, that I cannot tell; I should not have asked you if I had known. I thought perhaps you would have been able to explain it."

"But you can tell me what it is like."

"Well, it is something which seems to play about just underneath the rock."

"Perhaps a fish or a water-fowl," suggested Wilfred.

"Not that, Wilfred; it is like *nothing* I ever saw before."

"Well, it appears to me that some of your brethren, who know something more about supernatural things than I do, would be better able to explain it," said the baron.

"Possibly," returned the monk; "but during my seclusion I have not yet cultivated sufficient intimacy to warrant the liberty of asking of them such a favour. Besides, I do not think any of them dare go with me to that place."

The crafty monk had struck the right chord at last. Yes, Wilfred dared do anything, and he said,—

"Well, Francis, when do you want me to go?"

"To-night—now."

"Rather in a hurry, I think. Will not to-morrow evening answer your purpose as well, when it will not be so late?" asked Wilfred.

"It will be better now."

"Well, then, I go."

And they went. Baron Wilfred of N—— returned no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

New Year's Eve has returned again, and N—— Castle is once more the scene of festivity. Once more the minstrels swell the joyous song and celebrate the glory of the house of N——. Numerous and powerful is the company come to honour the first entertainment of the new baron, for Wilfred sits no longer at the head of the laden board. Francis, once the monk of the monastery of St. Benedict, is there. Wilfred, supposed to have been suddenly and mysteriously killed last Yule, left no heir behind, and his brother took to himself the castle and estate of N——. The finger of suspicion was pointed at him, but fear of his power would not permit investigation. To conciliate the abbé he endowed the monastery handsomely, with the promise to bequeath more at his death.

Fast and uproarious has grown the merriment, loud and louder swells the song, yet he joins not in the laugh and the glee; he sits there unmoved, and still as if in fear; his eyes wander to the door and out into the night; his features quiver, and his body shakes convulsively. This fit has just come upon him as it is approaching the midnight hour: his guests have drunk too deeply to notice it.

Ah! what is that? The monastery bell! It is twelve o'clock.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! They knell on his ear, and echo in his heart.

The baron tries to rise, but falls back in his seat; his eyes glare and burn; the word rises to his lip and dies away.

The music stops suddenly. He hears the distant waterfall and the gurgle, and the dreadful words,—

"We shall meet again on New Year's Eve! I shall come when I hear the Monastery Bell!"

A sound of awe sweeps through the galleries above. It comes nearer, shaking the castle to its foundations. The guests start from their merriment, sobered by fear; the face of their host has changed to an ashy colour; the abbé is counting his beads, for

a sight at the door has frozen the life-blood in the hearts of all.

A figure, clothed from head to foot in mail, has moved into the assembly. With his vizard down, he has seated himself at the extreme end of the board, immediately opposite to the baron. The musicians shrink back into a corner, and the flow of wine and song has ceased.

The guest slowly discloses his features, and a feeling of horror has fallen on that assembly. In that livid countenance they recognise the face of the dead—Wilfred of N——! Yes, he has come back, the spectre at the feast. The bold eye of Francis quails beneath that firm, unwavering stare. The living and the dead have met to read each other's thoughts in the silent hour. The baron rolls uneasily in his seat; his tongue refuses its office; to him the silence is more awful than the roar of battle. The eye is on him still; wherever he glances it seems to be there. It looks out from the dark corner, glances through the wine, burns in the fire, till wearied, his own seeks the original, set in that face of stone at the other end of the board. The figure rises and moves to the door. The baron shrieks out, "I cannot go!" It looks into his face, and in the silence is heard the roar of the waters.

That is the answer. The baron hears it, and is drawn forward as if impelled by some resistless force. He stares wildly around him, as if wishful to linger; but the eye is on him still, and he hurries onward again, and is gone from the castle for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

A monk from the monastery had wandered out that night, and, in passing the fall, saw a strange sight. On the platform stood two dark forms in bold relief against the light and silvery background. In one of them he recognised the Baron of N——; the other was armed to the teeth. The moonlight slept quietly on the rock and on the water. The attention of the monk was distracted for a moment; when he looked again, the two figures were gone. All was calm and still, except the hurry and splash of the waters; yet, from out their roar, there seemed to rise a sound of woe to the stars, sweeping silently through the gallery of night. Yet, undisturbed in their placid beauty, they still shed out their pale effulgence on the dark, marching out before the coming of the day.

The monk crossed himself and returned to the monastery, where he joined his brethren in the little chapel in chanting their New Year's Hymn.

R. W. G. HUNTER.

## LAYING OUT COTTAGE GARDENS.

BY GEORGE M. F. GLENNY, JUN.

WE earnestly disclaim all intention of detracting from the acknowledged merits of our learned predecessors, and are willing to confess that we have gleaned much from their writings; but at the same time we desire to say that our aim in this volume will ever be to popularize their principles, and to simplify and extend their various processes in practice. We, however, intend sedulously to avoid those redundant and often merely controversial discussions by which many of their literary productions are entailed. Still, as we are convinced that LANDSCAPE GARDENING, like the other fine arts, is of a progressive nature, and that its ascertained principles compose a fabric to which successive writers have yet to add, if they have not already added, each his stick or stone, as it were, at all events we will endeavour to do our part; and if we do happen to have a tumble (which is not very likely), we feel convinced there is nothing like getting up again, and philosophically putting the best face upon the matter. While, however, we have not been inattentive to the literature of our profession, we have looked even more intently at Nature; we have from time to time sought to draw immediately from her inexhaustible stores; and in offering to our friends the results of our observations, we humbly and faithfully hope that we shall not only contribute to the progress of the art, but add enjoyment to those who look to us for help in the hour of need.

Among the most interesting and important portions of the pleasure-grounds is the Flower Garden, provided the place is sufficiently extensive to afford room for its being formed into a separate department; but as we are this month about to say a few words on the laying out of grounds attached to small residences only, we will confine ourselves to the subject at issue, merely prefacing our remarks by observing, that, whether you have several acres or a few rods to plan, care should always be taken to bring it into harmony with the surrounding scenery, of which, indeed, it should form a constituent. On this account the principles which regulate the formation of the dressed grounds generally, should also be held as applicable, with modifications, to the flower garden.

A garden, then, whether geometrical or otherwise, should be so constructed or arranged as not only to produce an effective whole, but also to exhibit an agreeable appearance when viewed in positions from

which the entire cannot be comprehended. From the want of conformity with this very principle, flower gardens have often a fine effect when seen from two or three points of view, but when more minutely examined lose much of their interest, and in fact stamp them at once as defective, or, to use a milder term, deficient, with regard to collective beauty. Having said thus much with respect to taste, our next object will be to determine the position the flower garden should take; so

“Let us anew our journey pursue,”

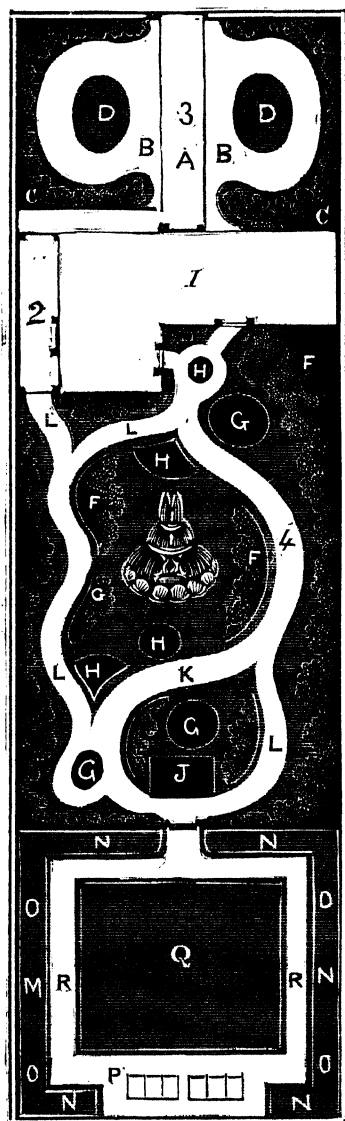
and describe as plainly as possible what our notions are upon the subject.

For the better accommodation of access, it is necessary that the flower garden should be at as short a distance from the dwelling as possible, and for this reason we affirm that where the kitchen garden is not remote it may take an intermediate position between that and the house, provided a boundary of ornamental trees and shrubs separate the two. Two things should likewise be borne in mind; first, that the spot chosen, if, indeed, a choice can be had, should be warm, sunny, and dry and well sheltered, but not shaded; and secondly, that the beauty of the flower garden arises more from its graceful arrangement and proper culture than from fine scenery existing from without its limits; therefore, as such views are not positively essential to complete it, and a searching after them may possibly deprive the garden of that shelter so necessary to the health and happiness of plants generally, we advise our friends rather to look to aspect than to outward appearance.

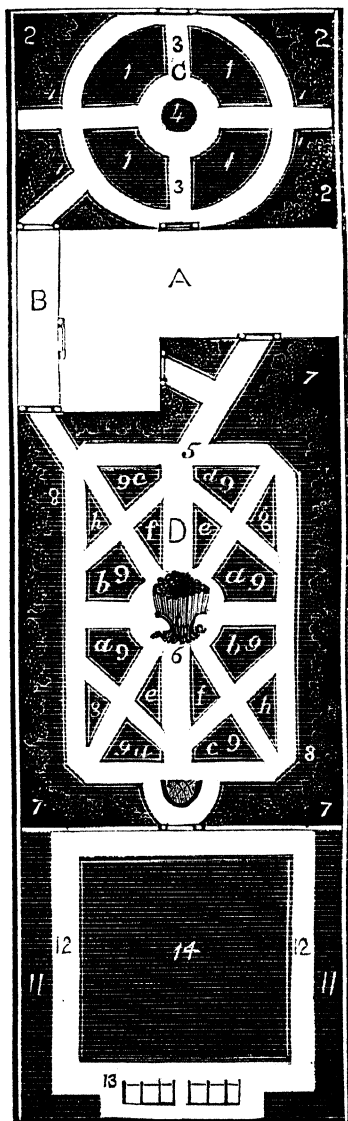
In Plans 1 and 2 our readers will readily perceive we have given in detail that which we conceive to be the best methods of laying out COTTAGE GARDENS; but as these vary in size according to circumstances, we take a medium course, choosing a plot of ground 26 feet wide by 96 feet deep for our purpose; of this we apportion 18 feet in depth to front garden, 13 feet to the dwelling, 36 feet to the flower garden, and the remaining 24 feet to the kitchen garden. As a matter of course, in a limited space like this, economy necessitates simplicity of design, inasmuch as vague plans would only double the labour without producing that result which is aimed at here—beauty in a small compass.

The flower garden may, if preferred, be formed with walks, borders, and flower-beds, without any intermingling of lawn; and if properly laid out and kept in nice order, will have, in summer and autumn, when the ground is covered with plants, a rich and varied appearance; but at other seasons

No. 1.



No. 2.



it will have, do all you know to avert it, a very bare effect, presenting little else but the sombre hue of the naked ground—a sight little calculated to interest or attract the spectator. On the other hand, if produced on a ground-work of lawn, with walks and borders carefully arranged and attended to, it will at all times have a clothed and gratifying appearance, for while the grass has, in winter, a less lively tint, it will still look like a house well carpeted, even though that carpet be somewhat faded. However, as it is not our desire to depreciate the one style, nor to exalt the other, we have given a design for each—Fig. 1 being laid down with grass, Fig. 2 with box-edging—that our friends may choose for themselves.

Suppose, for example, that, in the first plan, No. 1 represents the dwelling; 2, passage up to side door; 3, *Front Garden*—A, gravel walks, that up to the front door 3 ft. 6 in. wide; side-walk, 2 ft. 6 in. B, grass; C, shrubs; D, flower beds. 4, the *Flower Garden*—E, lawn; F, shrubs; G, rose-clumps; H, flower-beds; I, fountain surrounded with rockwork; J, bower; K, main walk, 6 feet wide; L, return paths, 3 ft. 6 in. 5, *Kitchen Garden*—M, peach wall; N, wall for plums, cherries, pears, &c.; O, fruit borders, edged with strawberry-plants; P, frames; Q, vegetable bed, edged with strawberry-plants; R, paths, 3 feet wide.

The second plan. A, to represent the dwelling; B, passage up to side door; C, *Front Garden*—1, flower-beds; 2, shrubs; 3, walks, 3 feet wide; 4, rose-clump. D, *Flower Garden*—5, paths, 3 feet wide; 6, vase; 7, shrubs; 8, borders; 9, flower-beds; 10, summer-house. E, *Kitchen Garden*—11, fruit borders, edged with strawberry-plants; 12, walks, 3 feet wide; 13, frames; 14, vegetable-bed, edged with strawberry-plants. You will now have some idea of what these sketches are intended to convey.

If the geometrical garden be filled with the following plants, arranged after this manner, it will have a very pleasing appearance:—*a*, white verberna; *b*, pink verberna; *c*, erysemum, orange-colour; *d*, scarlet verberna; *e*, lupinus nanus, dark purple; *f*, nemophila insignis, bright blue; *g*, dwarf yellow calceolarias; *A*, dwarf brown calceolarias.

#### MEMORANDA FOR FEBRUARY.

**Box Edgings.**—Plant box where wanted for edgings to borders and beds, this being the best time of year for such work, as the box will very soon root. To make neat edgings you should get

some short bushy box, and having parted it into moderately small slips, with a bit of root to each, and not only cut the long woody roots away, but trim the tops even, the method of planting it will be as follows:—Stretch your line, if for a straight edging, along the edge of the bed or border, and let that part be trodden lightly and regularly along to settle it properly down, and then with the spade make it up full and even according to the line. Secondly, on the side of the line next the proposed walk, let a small neat trench be cut out about six inches deep in a slanting direction (that is to say, the roots of the box should be, when planted, two inches nearer the walk than the tops), turning the earth out towards the walk. Thirdly, the box is to be planted in this trench close against the slanting side of the line, placing the plants near enough together to form immediately a close compact edging without appearing too thick or clumsy, and with the tops of the plants as even as possible, all of an equal height, which must not be more than an inch above the surface of the line; and as you proceed in planting, draw the earth up to the outside of the plants; so as to fix them in their due position, and when you have planted the row out, then with your spade trim in the earth almost to the tops of the plants, and tread it down neatly and evenly thereto, and make up the walk to correspond with the level of the bed or border. For circles, ovals, or any other fanciful designs, pegs of wood must be used in making up the edge.

**SEEDLING FLOWERS.**—Boxes or pots of seedling flowers should be removed to a warm quarter, placing them where they can have the full sun all the winter, but sheltered from cold and cutting winds. They should be carefully cleared of weeds, however, both before they are placed there and all the time they remain in the same situation.

**TENDER ANNUALS.**—About the middle or towards the latter end of this month you may begin to prepare for sowing some of the more choice kinds of tender annuals, such as *Thumbardia*, *Egg-plant*, *Cockscomb*, *Balsam*, *Globe Amaranthus*, *Ice-plant*, and many others. The above all require to be brought forward in a hotbed in order that they may bloom early and to perfection; therefore, prepare some new horse-manure, by throwing it up in a heap, and in eight or ten days it will be in good condition for making the bed, which should have three feet thick of this manure, the top levelled, the frame put on, and the glasses closed. As soon as the burning heat is over, lay on six inches of rich, light, and perfectly dry earth; then smooth the surface, and either sow the seed on this or in pots, covering them in either case with just sufficient mould to hide or bury them, and no more. If sown in pots, bury or sink them in the compost of the hotbed. As soon as the plants make their appearance, give them a little fresh air every day, provided the weather is mild; but whatever you do, never neglect to cover them up at night with mats or some other substance that will keep out frost and cold.

**HARDY ANNUALS.**—Most of these may be sown about the end of the month in the open border, if the weather is at all reasonable; such, for instance, as *Lupinus nanus*, *Dwarf Larkspur*, *Nemophila insignis*, *Convolvulus*, *Candytuft*, *Sweet Pea*, *Hawkweed*, *Malope grandiflora*, and others. These should be sown where you intend

them to flower, as they do not bear transplanting. The following is the best method of sowing:—Dig with a trowel or small hand-fork patches wherever you desire them to grow, and having well broken the mould, level the surface, then draw a little of the earth off the top to one side, sow the seed, each sort in separate patches, and cover them with mould enough to bury them, and no more. As soon as the plants appear above ground, see that they are not too thick, and where they are, thin them out a bit, giving each one, according to its habit, sufficient room to grow.

**THE GREENHOUSE.**—Great attention should be paid to this building, both for the purpose of giving plants occasional waterings and fresh air and for affording the necessary protection against frost and cold. In watering, do not go about it mechanically, but examine every pot or tub to see which requires moisture and which does not, giving water only to such as appear to need it, and then not by halves, but supply them with as much as the ball of earth will hold.

**MUTILES.**—Where any of these have naked or irregular heads, you may, with safety, during the present month, provided we have mild open weather, get them into shape by pruning and cutting back more or less, according to circumstances, to the place where you desire shoots to rise, to form the head regular, for they will break out freely even in the old wood; As soon as they are headed down, as it is termed, they should be shifted, especially if in a weak state, in order to add a little fresh compost to their roots. Let the plant be taken out of the pot, but preserve the ball of earth entire, and trim off with your knife any very matted dry root-fibres round the outside, and also some of the loose old earth from the bottom and sides of the ball; then, having some fresh compost ready, put some into the bottom of the pot, place the plant therein, fill up round the ball, shake the pot on the bench to settle the mould firmly, and give them a good supply of water. The same directions will equally apply to Orange and Lemon trees.

**TEN-WEEK STOCKS AND MIGNONETTE.**—There is not an annual that can eclipse these two in point of fragrance, and none make a more agreeable appearance in pots or in the open ground. Such being the case, they should on no account be overlooked, but, on the contrary, freely cultivated; and as this is a very favourable time for sowing the seed of either, you cannot do better than put in a pinch or two of each. They may be sown in pots of natural earth, in a hotbed, or in the open ground on a warm border, any time during the present month.

#### THE GARDENER TO HIS FRIENDS.

In this department we earnestly solicit correspondence on all subjects relating to gardening, and trust that our friends will not go short of information for the want of asking, especially when we assure them we shall be only too happy to give them all the assistance we can, on the principle that "Tis to the pen and press that people owe all they possess, and almost all they know."

**MARY ANNE.**—To make Ivy cling.—How could we refuse so polite a request? As you very justly remark, "Where there is a will there is a way," but the puzzle is, sometimes, to find out the way.

We have been fortunate enough to overcome that difficulty, and with pleasure give "Mary Anne" the benefit of our experience. By a little management the Ivy may be made to cling perfectly: that is to say, by adopting the following method:—Whenever a branch grows without attaching itself to the wall, cut off the loose part close to a leaf beneath which the attachment is perfect. Continue this process till the wall is covered, and always afterwards cut away all hanging branches, or by the force of the wind they will detach others besides themselves. When the ends of growing Ivy lose their hold, they are never still sufficiently long to be able to attach themselves; but by cutting away to the point of contact, they are enabled to proceed to the new growth, and thus hold fast.

**HENRY SMITH (CHELTENHAM).**—*Extirpation of Moss from Lawns.*—This may be got rid of by means of salt. The salt should be sown broadcast, and in a few weeks after its application the moss will begin to wither, and in a short time will be entirely destroyed. In its place sweet grasses and nutritious plants will spring up and cause the lawn to look as even and perfect as a carpet. Care should be taken not to use too much salt, or the grass itself will suffer injury; the proper quantity is four bushels per acre.

**AMATEUR.**—*Bulbs, and Where to Buy them.*—*Gladiolus* vary from 3d. to 1s. per root, and the best kinds are, *Floribundus*, *Brenchlyensis*, and *Gaudances*. *Polyanthus Narcissus* may be had from 3d. to 6d. per root, or a mixed dozen for 2s. 6d. *Ranunculus*, 5s. per 100, *Anemones*, 1s. per doz. Mr. Bridgen, seedsman, 52, King William Street, City, E.C., has all the varieties of each, and undertakes to supply them true to name.

**MAZEPPA.**—*The Mistletoe.*—This plant will only grow on trees such as the apple, ash, and some other soft wooded kinds, and upon which it is sometimes propagated for curiosity. By sticking some of its berries on the under side of some smooth branches, making a small incision or slit in the bark, and placing therein several berries, they will closely adhere by their surrounding glutinous matter; and some will strike root under the bark and produce plants in their common pendulous growth with the head downwards; for by the birds feeding on the berries, and which being accidentally carried by them to different trees and lodging on the branches, the plant is thereby propagated in its natural growth.

**GEORGE THE FOURTH.**—*The Anemone.*—Take a five-inch pot, and fill with good porous soil, plant therein three or four roots, and place them in a cold frame, giving very little water till they begin to sprout. In spring remove them to the greenhouse or window, and you will be sure to succeed in blooming them to perfection.

**JOHN GREEN.**—*Seeds.*—We have anticipated your wish, inasmuch as we are preparing to send out a select packet of seeds for twenty postage stamps. Our collection will comprise *Candytuft*, hardy annual, crimson, white, and purple mixed; *Nemophila insignis*, hardy annual, bright blue; *Dwarf Rocket Larkspur*, hardy annual, twelve varieties mixed; *Anagallis grandiflora rosea*, half hardy annual, bright rose; *African Marigold*, half hardy annual, orange; *Lobelia ramosa rubra*, half hardy annual, red; *Imperial India Pink*, hardy perennial, white, purple, and striped, mixed; *Double German Wallflower*, hardy peren-



nial, yellow, lilac, and blood-red, mixed; *Double German Sweet William*, hardy perennial, twelve varieties mixed; *Delphinium formosum*, hardy biennial, bright blue and white; *Striped Antirrhinum*, hardy biennial, twelve varieties mixed; *Polyanthus*, hardy biennial, six varieties mixed. Twenty postage stamps and a directed envelope, addressed to George M. F. Glenn, jun., 41, Church Street, Chelsea, S.W., or to "The Gardener," care of the Editor, FAMILY FRIEND, 122, Fleet Street, will meet with immediate attention.

## OUR CHESS INSTRUCTOR.

CONDUCTED BY HERR LEWENTHALL.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All contributions in the shape of Games, Problems, Chess Intelligence, and other matter connected with our department, should be addressed to the Editor of the FAMILY FRIEND, 122, Fleet Street; the word CHESS to be written on the envelope.*

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1.

*White.*

*Black.*

- |                                       |                        |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Kt. to K. 8. (ch.)                 | 1. B. takes Kt.        |
| 2. Q. to Q. 5. (ch.)                  | 2. K. takes Q. (or A.) |
| 3. P. takes Kt. (dis.ch.)             | 3. K. moves.           |
| 4. P. takes B. (becoming a Kt.) Mate. |                        |

(A.)

- |                       |                |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| 3. Kt. to K. 6. (ch.) | 2. K. to B. 2. |
| 4. P. mates.          | 3. K. moves.   |

### SOLUTION OF STUDY No. 1.

*White.*

*Black.*

- |                          |                             |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. R. to R. 6. (ch.)     | 1. R. to R. 2.              |
| 2. Q. to Kt. 2. (ch.)    | 2. Q. to Kt. 2.             |
| 3. B. to Q. B. 6.        | 3. R. to Q. R. 4. (best)    |
| 4. K. to R. 2.           | 4. K. to Kt. sq. (or A)     |
| 5. Q. to Kt. 3. (ch.)    | 5. K. to R. sq.             |
| 6. Q. to K. B. 3.        | 6. K. to R. 2.              |
| 7. Q. to K. 3. (ch.)     | 7. K. to R. sq.             |
| 8. Q. to K. 4.           | 8. K. to Kt. sq. (or B)     |
| 9. Q. to K. B. 4. (ch.)  | 9. K. to R. sq.             |
| 10. R. to Q. B. 7.       | 10. Q. to Q. Kt. 7. (ch.)   |
| 11. K. to R. 3.          | 11. Q. to Kt. 6. (ch. best) |
| 12. K. to R. 4.          | 12. R. to Q. Kt. 4.         |
| 13. R. to Q. B. 8. (ch.) | 13. R. to Kt. sq. (best)    |

If 13 K. moves, White mates in two moves.

- |                       |                            |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 14. R. to Q. B. 4.    | 14. R. to Q. Kt. 4. (best) |
| 15. Q. to K. 4. (ch.) | 15. K. to Kt. sq.          |

- |                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 16. Q. to K. 8. (ch.) | 16. K. to R. 2. |
| 17. Q. to Q. 7. (ch.) | 17. K. to R. 3. |

(If 17 K. to R. sq., White replies with R. to K. 4, winning easily.)

- |                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 18. R. to B. 6. (ch.) | 18. R. to Kt. 3. (best.) |
| 19. R. to B. 8.       | 19. K. to R. 4.          |

(If 19 R. to Kt. 2.

- |                             |                  |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| 20. R. to R. 8. (ch.)       | 20. K. to Kt. 3. |
| 21. Q. to Q. 6.             | 21. K. to Kt. 4  |
| 22. R. to Q. B. 8 and wins. |                  |

- |                          |                  |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| 20. R. to R. 8. (ch.)    | 20. R. to R. 3.  |
| 21. Q. to Q. B. 7. (ch.) | 21. Q. to Kt. 3. |
| 22. Q. to K. 5. (ch.)    | 22. Q. to Kt. 4. |
| 23. Q. to Q. B. 3. (ch.) | and wins.        |

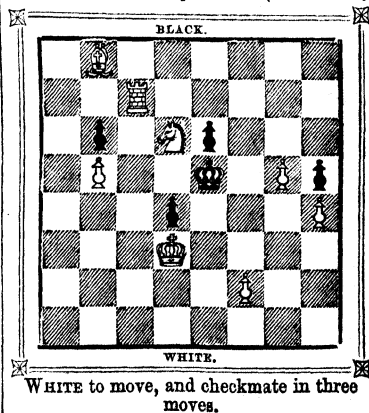
(A.)

- |                                       |                           |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 5. R. to R. 6. (ch.)                  | 4. R. to Q. Kt. 4.        |
| 6. Q. to Kt. 8. (ch.)                 | 5. K. to Kt. sq.          |
| 7. Q. to B. 7. (ch.)                  | 6. K. to B. 2.            |
| 8. Q. to K. 8. (ch.)                  | 7. K. to Kt. sq.          |
| 9. Q. to K. 7. (ch.)                  | 8. K. to B. 2.            |
| 10. Q. to K. 6. (ch.)                 | 9. K. to B. sq. (best.)   |
| 11. Q. to Q. 6. (ch.)                 | 10. K. to Kt. sq. (best.) |
| 12. R. to R. 8. (ch. and wins Queen.) | 11. Q. to Q. B. 2.        |

(B.)

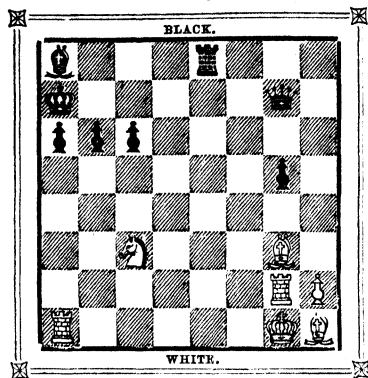
- |                        |                           |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 9. Q. to Q. 4. (ch.)   | 8. K. to R. 2.            |
| 10. R. to Q. 6.        | 9. K. to R. sq.           |
| 11. K. to R. 3.        | 10. Q. to B. 2.           |
| 12. R. to Q. 7.        | 11. Q. to Q. B. sq. (ch.) |
| 13. K. to R. 4 & wins. | 12. R. to R. 3. (best.)   |

PROBLEM No. 2.—By W. W. (of London.)



WHITE to move, and checkmate in three moves.

## CHESS STUDY No. 2.—By HERR HORWITZ.



WHITE to move and to win.

## CHESS IN 1861.

THE meeting of the British Chess Association at Bristol was the great Chess event of the past year. The gathering of Chess players which took place on this occasion, was the largest and most successful ever known in this country. One of its principal features was a series of games played between Messrs. Paulsen and Kolisch. Great interest was also excited by the marvellous blindfold play of Mr. Paulsen, and by a match between Bristol and London through the medium of the electric telegraph. But, perhaps, the most important result of the meeting was the steps taken to carry out a great International Chess Congress during the year 1862. A contest between Mr. Paulsen and Mr. Kolisch, at the London Chess Club subsequently attracted much attention. Mr. Anderson, the celebrated Prussian player, encountered Mr. Kolisch at the same club.

A most important part has been played by the London Chess Club throughout the year. At least a dozen matches between players of a high order have taken place at its rooms. This Society has also taken a leading part in promoting the proposed Chess Congress of 1862. Among the best players belonging to the London Chess Club we may mention Mr. Mongredien, the President, Messrs. Maude, Medley, and Slous.

The St. George's Chess Club, held at the Palace Club Chambers, King Street, St. James's, distinguished itself by a Tournament, in which the following noblemen and

gentlemen took part. Lord Cremorne, Lord Arthur Hay, Sir T. Metcalfe, Sir John Trelawny, M. P., the Hon. H. Coke, the Rev. C. F. Blackstone, and Messrs. Worrall, Hampton, Stewart, and "Alter." In this contest the well known "unknown" "Alter" carried off the prize. This club until lately was presided over by the Earl of Eglinton, whose decease left a vacancy which has not yet been filled up. The Vice-Presidents are Lord Cremorne, — Talbot, Esq., M. P. In the list of the committee will be found the names of Lord Ravensworth, Lord Lytton, Lord Arthur Hay, Sir Charles Marshall, Albany Fonblanque, Esq., &c. Among the honorary members those of W. Lewis, Esq., Paul Morphy, Esq., Herr Heydebrand, Major de Jaenisch, Mons. de St. Amant, and Herr Lowenthal. At the St. James's, the youngest of the metropolitan Chess Clubs, great interest was excited by a match between Count Koucheleff, the distinguished Russian amateur, and Herr Lowenthal, the President of the Club. The match was won by Herr Lowenthal. The St. James's has also contributed largely to the project for holding a great Chess Congress in 1862. Several distinguished persons are members and frequenters of this club. We may mention Lord Cremorne, Lord Arthur Hay, Captain Kennedy, Messrs. Lewis, Walker, Boden, Hannah and Wormald. This is one of the most useful institutions for young players, opportunities being frequently afforded for the practice of Chess with players of all grades. The President is ever ready to give instruction and counsel to amateurs. The Grand Divan, in the Strand, is well known to the Chess public as a favourite resort of Chess players of all societies. Every visitor will here find some one of his own strength to contend with. The Divan last year was the scene of an interesting match by telegraph with Bristol, and also of two exhibitions of Mr. Paulsen's blindfold play. This gentleman played ten games simultaneously, against as many players, without seeing any of the boards. On the last occasion he won five games and lost one; four were drawn.

A novelty, in the shape of popular lectures on Chess, was introduced during the year by Mr. Lowenthal. That gentleman lectured at the Polytechnic Institution, at the Sussex Hall, and the City of London College for Ladies. He also introduced Chess Classes at the Polytechnic. Great spirit has been shown during the twelve months by the clubs of Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Dublin, Worcester, &c. The doings of these clubs were rendered more

than usually interesting by the visits of Messrs. Kolisch, Paulsen, and Kling.

The literature of Chess has been more widely popularized by the introduction of Chess departments into various newspapers and periodicals throughout the country. We may therefore look upon 1861 as the year of a great revival for Chess, which we fully trust will bear excellent fruit in the year upon which we have now entered.

The great event to which all Chess players are looking forward in 1862, is the grand International Congress, which is to be held in London during the time the Exhibition is open. The association which has undertaken the management of this great gathering, will be presided over by the Right Hon. Lord Lytton, who has kindly consented to be present on the occasion. The acting management of the undertaking has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Mongredien, Mr. Medley, Mr. Hampton, and Mr. Lowenthal. It is expected that the meeting will take place in June.

#### MR. PAULSEN'S BLINDFOLD PLAY.

Some months ago Mr. Paulsen accepted an invitation to visit the Manchester Chess Club. On this occasion he contested ten games simultaneously, blindfold, with some of the best players of the club. We give two of the games: they will be found highly interesting and instructive.

#### GAME I.

*White—Mr. Paulsen. Black—Mr. Blackburne.*

- |                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.      | 1. P. to Q. 3.         |
| 2. P. to Q. 4.      | 2. P. to K. 3.         |
| 3. B. to Q. 3.      | 3. P. to Q. Kt. 3.     |
| 4. Kt. to K. 2.     | 4. B. to Kt. 2.        |
| 5. Castles.         | 5. P. to Kt. 3.        |
| 6. B. to K. 3.      | 6. B. to Kt. 2.        |
| 7. Kt. to Q. 2.     | 7. Kt. to Q. 2.        |
| 8. P. to K. B. 4.   | 8. Kt. to R. 3.        |
| 9. Kt. to K. B. 3.  | 9. P. to K. B. 4.      |
| 10. P. to K. 5.     | 10. Q. to K. 2.        |
| 11. Q. to Q. 2.     | 11. Kt. to B. 2.       |
| 12. Q. R. to Q. sq. | 12. Castles. (Q. R.)   |
| 13. P. to Q. R. 4.  | 13. P. takes P.        |
| 14. B. P. takes P.  | 14. P. to K. R. 3.     |
| 15. P. to R. 5.     | 15. P. to Q. Kt. 4.    |
| 16. P. to R. 6. (a) | 16. B. to R. sq. (b)   |
| 17. B. takes Kt. P. | 17. Q. Kt. takes P.    |
| 18. Kt. takes Kt.   | 18. Kt. takes Kt.      |
| 19. Q. to B. 3.     | 19. Kt. to Kt. 5.      |
| 20. Q. B. to B. 4.  | 20. P. to K. 4.        |
| 21. P. takes P. (c) | 21. Kt. takes K. P.    |
| 22. Kt. to Q. 4.    | 22. P. to B. 4.        |
| 23. K. R. to K. sq. | 23. R. takes Kt.       |
| 24. R. takes R.     | 24. Kt. to B. 6. (ch.) |

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 25. P. takes Kt.         | 25. B. takes R. (ch.) |
| 26. K. to Kt. 2.         | 26. Q. to R. 5.       |
| 27. B. to Kt. 3. (d)     | 27. Q. to Kt. 5.      |
| 28. Q. to Kt. 3.         | 28. P. to Q. B. 5.    |
| 29. B. to Q. B. 4.       | 29. Q. to Kt. 4.      |
| 30. B. to Kt. 8. (e)     | 30. B. to K. 6. (f)   |
| 31. R. takes B.          | 31. P. takes R.       |
| 32. Q. to Kt. 8. (ch.)   | 32. K. to Q. 2.       |
| 33. Q. takes R. P. (ch.) |                       |

And Black resigns.

#### NOTES.

(a) B. takes P. would have been of no avail Black would have moved Q. Kt. takes P. in reply.

(b) Black properly declined the capture of the proffered pawn. White had then obtained a very fine attack by R. to Q. R. sq., &c.

(c) The game has now assumed a position of great interest, and both attack and defence are admirably conducted by the two combatants.

(d) The play on the part of Mr. Paulsen, throughout this game, elicits the highest encomiums.

(e) The speediest mode of securing the victory. Black has no more resource.

(f) There was nothing better.

#### GAME II.

*White—Mr. Paulsen. Black—Mr. Schessinger.*

- |                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.       | 1. P. to K. 4.        |
| 2. P. to Q. 4.       | 2. P. takes P.        |
| 3. P. to Q. B. 3.    | 3. P. to Q. 4.        |
| 4. K. P. takes P.    | 4. Q. takes P.        |
| 5. P. takes P.       | 5. Kt. to Q. B. 3.    |
| 6. Kt. to K. B. 3.   | 6. B. to K. Kt. 5.    |
| 7. B. to K. 2.       | 7. R. to Q. sq.       |
| 8. Kt. to Q. B. 3.   | 8. B. to Kt. 5.       |
| 9. Castles.          | 9. B. takes Q. Kt.    |
| 10. P. takes B.      | 10. K. Kt. to K. 2.   |
| 11. P. to B. 4.      | 11. Q. to Q. 2.       |
| 12. P. to Q. 5.      | 12. B. takes Kt.      |
| 13. B. takes B.      | 13. Kt. to K. 4.      |
| 14. B. to K. 2.      | 14. Castles.          |
| 15. P. to K. B. 4.   | 15. Q. Kt. to Kt. 3.  |
| 16. P. to B. 5.      | 16. Kt. to K. 4.      |
| 17. P. to B. 6.      | 17. K. Kt. to Kt. 3.  |
| 18. P. takes P.      | 18. K. takes P.       |
| 19. Q. to Q. 2.      | 19. P. to K. B. 4.    |
| 20. R. to Q. Kt. sq. | 20. P. to Q. Kt. 3.   |
| 21. R. to Kt. 3.     | 21. R. to B. 2.       |
| 22. R. to K. R. 3.   | 22. K. to Kt. sq.     |
| 23. B. to Kt. 2.     | 23. Q. to Q. 3.       |
| 24. Q. to B. 3.      | 24. P. to B. 5.       |
| 25. B. to R. 5.      | 25. Q. to B. 4. (ch.) |
| 26. K. to R. sq.     | 26. R. to K. sq.      |
| 27. R. to K. sq.     | 27. R. to B. 4.       |
| 28. B. takes Kt.     | 28. P. takes B.       |
| 29. R. to R. 6.      | 29. P. to B. 6.       |
| 30. P. takes P.      | 30. R. takes P.       |
| 31. Q. to Q. 4.      | 31. Q. takes Q.       |
| 32. B. takes Q.      | 32. K. to Kt. 2.      |

33. R. to R. 4.      33. R. to B. 4.  
 34. R. from R. 4 to K. 4. 34. K. to B. 3.  
 35. P. to Q. R. 4.      35. R. to K. 2.  
 36. P. to K. R. 4.      36. R. to K. sq.  
 37. R. to K. 3.      37. R. to K. R. sq.  
 38. K. to Kt. 2.      38. R. to K. sq.  
 39. K. to Kt. 3.      39. R. to K. 2.  
 40. R. takes Kt.

And Black resigns.

We give insertion to the following highly interesting game; it exhibits, in a remarkable degree, the force of the attack in the "King's Bishop's Gambit." It was played between Messrs. L. and S., two highly talented amateurs.

"KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT."

White—Mr. L.—

Black—Mr. S.—

- |                              |                            |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.               | 1. P. to K. 4.             |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4.            | 2. P. takes P.             |
| 3. K. B. to Q. B. 4.         | 3. Q. to K. R. 5. (ch.)    |
| 4. K. to B. sq.              | 4. P. to K. Kt. 4.         |
| 5. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 3.        | 5. K. B. to K. Kt. 2.      |
| 6. P. to Q. 4.               | 6. K. Kt. to K. 2.         |
| 7. K. Kt. to K. B. 3.        | 7. Q. to K. R. 4.          |
| 8. P. to K. R. 4.            | 8. P. to K. R. 3.          |
| 9. K. to Kt. sq.             | 9. Q. to K. Kt. 3. (a)     |
| 10. P. takes P.              | 10. P. takes P.            |
| 11. R. takes R. (ch.)        | 11. B. takes R.            |
| 12. P. to K. 5.              | 12. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 3. (b) |
| 13. Q. Kt. to his 5.         | 13. K. to Q. sq.           |
| 14. K. B. takes P. (c)       | 14. Q. takes B.            |
| 15. K. Kt. takes P.          | 15. Q. to K. B. 4. (d)     |
| 16. Q. to K. R. 5. (e)       | 16. K. Kt. to his 3. (f)   |
| 17. Q. B. takes P. (g)       | 17. P. to Q. R. 3. (h)     |
| 18. Q. R. to K. B. sq.       | 18. Q. R. P. takes Kt.     |
| 19. Kt. to K. B. 7 (ch.) (i) | 19. Q. takes Kt.           |
| 20. B. to K. Kt. 5. (ch.)    | 20. Q. to K. 2.            |
| 21. Q. takes B. (ch.)        | 21. Kt. takes Q.           |
| 22. R. to K. B. 8 Mate.      |                            |

NOTES.

(a) Up to this point the game has been opened with great accuracy on both sides.

(b) P. to Q. B. 3 is worth consideration.

(c) A dashing stroke, which certainly seems to have been a surprise.

(d) Black seems not to hit upon the best mode of beating off White's headlong and spirited attack. We think the Queen better posted at Kt. 3 than at B. 4.

(e) White sustains his onslaught bravely; he has measured his ground admirably.

(f) Necessary for the defence of the Bishop, and to prevent White's threatening move, Kt. to K. B. 7, (ch.) winning Queen.

(g) Excellently followed up.

(h) Taking the Bishop with Knight would involve the immediate loss of the Queen, or if Queen takes it, it is but little better.

(i) Every blow is accurately aimed, and strikes home; not a move but contributes with fatal precision to Black's doom.

THE OAK AND THE OLIVE TREE.

A FABLE.

A BROAD spreading oak, in full foliage, growing in the neighbourhood of an Olive-tree, thus addressed it:—"I am the monarch of the forest—I have strength and stability above all other trees—several generations of men have passed away since I first struck my roots into this spot, where I still flourish in undiminished luxuriance. The beasts of the wood take shelter under my branches, the cattle feed on my fruit; but my chief glory is that of my strong trunk, out of which ships of war are built, which carry the thunder of the cannon round the world—while, for the extension of empire, navies constructed from my substance transport armies to distant shores. I was also honoured by once sheltering a deposed and persecuted king in my branches, until he regained the throne of his ancestors, and, still to commemorate that auspicious event, a grateful nation annually pluck my branches and wear them in my honour. Thus am I distinguished, while you, an insignificant and useless shrub, grow without observation, and die without honour." When the Oak had ceased speaking, the Olive-tree replied,—"I cannot, indeed, boast of great strength, neither can I glory in contributing in any degree to the promotion of war—yet I am not without use to mankind; for from my fruit is expressed the rich oil which is valued and used throughout the civilized world,—and, as for honour, if you esteem it a dignity to have served monarchs, I can truly say that I have served the King of kings, whose high priest Aaron was consecrated, by the command of Him, by my sweet, unctuous oil being poured upon his head. So was David the king and prophet and poet of Israel, by my oil, anointed to his high office. My oil was constantly used by Divine appointment in the sacred service of the tabernacle and temple of old, and it was my pure beaten oil that filled the golden bowls of the seven-branched golden candlestick in the temple, and supplied the holy place. And what shall I more say? Can your antiquity bear any comparison with me? When Noah's dove went forth from the ark, did she pluck a leaf from your branch? Did she not alight on my peaceful bough, and thence carry a leaf to the venerable patriarch, as a proof and an emblem of peace and reconciliation between high Heaven and offending earth? And has not my perennial branch been the accredited emblem of peace between all nations ever since?"

## DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

## No. 1.—NEEDLE-MAKING.

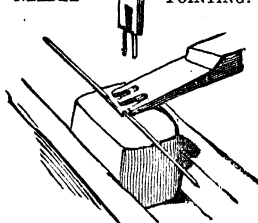


This is one of the most remarkable industrial pursuits of our country, both technically and locally. In a technical point of view it is striking for the number of processes which every individual needle passes through; while it is not less noteworthy on account of the grouping of the manufacture in and around the town of Redditch, in Worcestershire, where it has been calculated there are sixty or seventy millions of needles made every week.

In commencing the manufacture of a needle, soft steel wire of the required thickness is first cut into lengths of about five inches, and these lengths being placed together in a bundle, are bound together by means of iron rings, five inches in diameter, placed at each end of the bundle. This bundle is then placed on a cast-iron table, and rolled to and fro upon it, under the pressure of a flat bar of iron, by which means the wires are made perfectly straight. About a dozen and a half or two dozen of these wires are then taken by the grinder, and together are pointed on a small dry grindstone. This, like the dry grinding of the Sheffield cutlers, is a very deleterious employment, towards the amelioration of

NEEDLE

POINTING.



PIERCING.

which the workmen render very little assistance, unfortunately for themselves.

When the pointing is finished, the wires are cut into the required lengths, and the holes or eyes are perforated. This operation is usually performed by females. The tools employed are a small anvil fixed on the work-bench, a hammer, a finely-pointed and well-tempered steel punch, a pair

of pliers, a file, and a block of lead. The woman first slightly flattens the unpointed end by a stroke of the hammer, then makes an indentation on one side by means of the punch and hammer; the needle is then taken from off the anvil, and being placed with the indented side downwards on the block of lead, the perforation is completed by striking with the punch and hammer on the opposite side of the needle. Holding then the needles in the pliers, the head is somewhat bent, and with the file the *guttering* is performed, which is the forming of the channel that may be seen on each side where the perforation is made. The head is then smoothed by passing the file over it. Needles to which the name *drilled-eyed* is applied are perforated in the manner here described, but the additional process is used

of smoothing the eye by means of a drill after it is perforated.



STAMPING.

For making the eyes and gutters in large needles machinery is employed. The wires used for making these needles are pointed



STRAIGHTENING.

at both ends, and the channels and eyes are formed in the middle, when the two needles thus made are cut asunder, and their heads smoothly filed.

These operations being performed when the steel wires are in a soft state, they are more or less bent, and must be straightened, which is done by rolling them on one plate

of metal under the weight of another. The needles are then placed, many thousands together, in a kind of crucible, and covered over with ashes, when they are put into a close furnace and exposed to a cherry-red heat. When this degree of heat has been obtained, the crucible is withdrawn, and the needles are dropped into cold water, from which they are taken out and put upon an iron plate almost red-hot, where they are turned about so as to cause the heat to apply equally to all, and as fast as the needles become of a blue colour they are removed as being of proper temper. Such of the needles as now appear crooked are straightened on a small anvil by blows from a hammer.



The needles are next ranged in parallel rows upon a coarse cloth, which has been smeared with a mixture of oil, soft soap, and fine emery powder. In this cloth, from 40,000 to 50,000 needles are rolled up, and several of these rolls are placed together in a machine like a mangle. The rolling to which they are here subjected is continued, by means of steam or water power, for two and sometimes three days.

**FRUITLESSNESS OF COVETOUSNESS.**—Rich people who are covetous are like the cypress tree: they appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so: but they should consider they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good, than merely in having it. They should not reserve their benevolence for purposes after they are dead; for those who give not till they die, show that they would not then, if they could keep it any longer.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Who was St. Valentine? In what kind of society did his parents move? Where was he born and educated? Mention a few noble incidents of his virtuous youth. How did he obtain his strange authority over birds, and cause them invariably to mate on his day? Give some account of what is meant by sending a Valentine, and choosing a Valentine.

Those who particularly care to know who St. Valentine was will be sorry to hear that very little is known of the history of that sweet-named and eccentric man. There is another party of the same name, who is often mentioned in fairy history as an exceedingly virtuous, well-educated, dashing gentleman, who wore gaudy armour and went to Court; but we can scarcely imagine that the two were related. It is, however, true that he had an unfortunate brother, who turned out very wild and never shaved. This brother might in after life have reformed, gone into the church, and been canonized, but this is a mere guess. The dashing Valentine is evidently an entirely different personage from the founder of the "curious customs," for although he is spoken of in the highest terms as a sober, honest, and industrious man, still he was no saint, because he married a beautiful princess, had a large family of lovely children, and "lived happily all the days of his life," whereas saints, as is well known, were strictly forbidden entering into the connubial state, and led the most miserable existences it is possible to imagine, keeping up no establishment beyond a damp cave, with a skull or two by way of furniture, preferring cold water at their meals, and seldom taking anything for dinner beyond a few wild fruits at dessert time. Besides, the Valentine in the fairy histories is not reported to have taken any interest in the study of ornithology, and it is probable that, beyond chirping to the canary in the parlour, or occasionally talking to the parrot of Madame la Princesse, his lady, he cared nothing about uncooked birds.

Wheatley has endeavoured to explain the origin of the custom of choosing Valentines. In allusion to the subject he tells us that the saint "was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival took its rise from thence." We don't consider this explication as at all satisfactory. According to this style of argument, every excessively virtuous man ought to give rise to some peculiar usage. Then

why has our dear friend Meeks, as virtuous and good a soul as ever wore gloves, originated no eccentric fashions? He is a man of "most admirable parts," Heaven knows; for he has the handsomest nose in all Gower Street, a thoroughfare at least a mile long! Is he famous for charity? Ask his medical man, who forbade him from going to any more dinners at the London Tavern, because, although his heart is immense, his neck is alarmingly short and apoplectic. Is he famous for love? His first wife's portrait is in the servant's bed-room, the miniature of the second adored one hangs in the nursery, and his third partner is yet living. This, and the two published cases of breach of promise, must be a sufficient answer. Yet there is no Saint Meeks in the calendar, no customs do honour to his festival, and beyond half a dozen shirts from his maiden sister, and an extra bottle of port after dinner, his birthday passes by unnoticed. Therefore we hold that Wheatley's explanation is ridiculous, and that Valentine's virtues did not give rise to Valentine choosing.

If we were asked our own private opinion of the history of St. Valentine, we should say that it ought to be something like the following sketch:—

Valentine we should take to have been the only and beloved son of an industrious bird-fancier, residing in Broad Street, Holborn, and who at an early age gave strong evidence of future greatness. Scarcely was he nine years old when the idea of his first great discovery entered his mind. As he was seated in his parent's humble, but clean shop, his sensitive heart was struck with compassion for the solitary imprisonment to which pretty birds around him were for their short singing existence condemned. Inspired by mercy, he inwardly exclaimed, "Why should they be separated?" That very night his resolves were taken, and within a week the first breeding cage the world ever beheld was ready for immediate occupation! The speculation was successful. The poor bird-fancier became a man of wealth, and his gentle son entered the church.

Valentine had but one enemy—a man in the employ of Government as a letter-carrier. This fellow carried his impertinence to such a height, that at last punishment became inevitable, and "Valentines" were originated. In one day no less than half a million of letters passed through the Post Office for delivery in London alone. The revenge was glorious and complete. The injured man had the satisfaction of be-

holding his enemy sinking with fatigue from excessive toil, his shoes worn from his feet, and his hands blistered with knocking.

When dying, Valentine called his friends around him, and begged of them to institute some curious customs in honour of his spotless life. His weeping admirers readily assented.

Among his papers was found his will, but all it contained was a request that on his tombstone might be engraved these words:—"He was unmarried himself, but the cause of marriage in others."

Owing to a want of funds, this last injunction was not complied with.

The 14th of February is, it appears to us, slipping by very quietly this year; perhaps it is because we have given up sending Valentines, that we fancy the custom to be going out. There was an old gentleman who, in the year 1645, observed that "the custome and charge of valentines is not ill left, with many other such costly and idle customes, which by a tacit generall consent wee lay down as obsolete;" and yet the "custome" survived him, you see, and went on getting more and more popular, and no doubt is even now in great favour in parts of England we know nothing of. We don't think the young fellows in Norfolk likely to let the "custome" perish, for there it has more to do with money than love, and it is astonishing how human nature will cling to a habit when there is a shilling or two to be made by it. In that high-feeding county the children "catch" peeples for Valentines, always taking care to run after those who are likely to be liberal. The mode of catching is by saying, "Good morning, Valentine," and if they can repeat this before they are spoken to, they expect to see the hand go down into the pocket and come up again with a sixpence between the fingers. It must be done, however, before sunrise, otherwise, instead of receiving a sixpence, they are told they are *sunburnt*, and perhaps get a box on the ears. The prudent arrangement of stopping this sort of fun after sunrise enables a vast number of late rising persons to keep their money safely in their purses.

Ah, how have we degenerated! It makes the heart ache to read of these wonderful doings, and then to turn to our present ways and habits. What is St. Valentine's Day now? Look at yonder hardbake shop; its glass panes are filled with penny drawings, all of them insulting in design and execution. How coarsely are they coloured! Notice the red dab in the cheeks and nose of that washerwoman—see the gin-bottle

next the tub. Alas! where are the gallant meetings of the days of Charles the Second? What kind of poetry is this to send in an unpaid letter, and make an unhappy woman pay twopence for?

"Come, scrub away, dear Betty Suda,  
At napkin, shift, and shirt;  
No one, I'm sure, with you can vie  
In getting out the dirt;  
But that vile practice, drinking gin,  
You really must resign,  
Or else you never can expect  
To be my Valentine."

Here is another drawing, representing a gentleman airing himself in Regent Street. He has only four teeth, and eyes painted like cannon against his nose—

"A picture of yourself I send,  
Besides a splendid new rope's end;  
You jolter-headed, stupid elf,  
Talk not of love! go, hang yourself!"

Most likely some poor youth will be roused from his morning's slumbers to read this insult. Dear! dear! what is the world coming to?

A diabolical attempt upon the form of a female cook makes us tremble for the nation's morality. The figure holds a spit and a basting-ladle. Perhaps a poor, hard-working female, with a six years' character from everybody, will open this very letter, filled with delight at fancying she has received news from home. She will tremble as she reads—

"Bandy-legged, and pigeon-toed!  
You ugly, squinting, snub-nosed toad!  
Such a hideous thing as thee  
My Valentine shall never be."

That day the parlour dinner will be spoilt.

Let us rush away, and hurry over to the stationer's, where the lace-edged note paper and the silver doves resting on red satin roses will soothe our ruffled feelings. This is polite and as it should be. But how expensive are the higher emotions! The insults were only a penny each; here you cannot touch a temple of love under a shilling. The poetry is simple, natural, and to the point.

"If you will be mine,  
I will be thine;  
So answer 'yes,' my Valentina."

That's business-like, even though it is not worthy of the poet laureate. Everything depends upon how the words are spoken, and how could they be wanting in the finest expression when read off *such* superb satin note paper, with *such* richly embossed edges, and *such* a golden chariot, drawn by doves perched up at the top?



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL  
HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great  
man fallen this day?"—2 *Samuel* iii. 38.

Ox! woe to our land, for its joy hath departed;  
Our Queen's noble consort lies cold in the tomb;  
We mourn for the loss of the brave and true-  
hearted,

And the light of our country is shrouded in gloom  
He is gone to the grave, and its dark portal  
closing

Has hid the beloved from our souls' tearful gaze;  
We have left him in darkness and silence reposing,  
Cut off like a flow'r in the midst of his days.

Tho' the world to its uttermost confines is shaken,  
And England has sent forth her message abroad,  
She forgot all her wrongs when her loved Prince  
was taken,

And the hot tears fell fast on her uplifted  
sword.

Long, long in each breast will fond memory  
cherish

The deeds and the virtues so richly renown'd;  
Too deeply engraved for Time's hand to imperish,  
His name widely honour'd will ever be found.

Oh! weep for our Queen in her sad desolation,  
Thus left in her sorrow—a widow—alone!

Let *one* fervent prayer fill the heart of our nation!  
"May God in His mercy now comfort His  
own!"

The soul of our dear Royal Mistress is bending  
'Neath woe the most bitter—'neath grief most  
severe;

And murmurs of war with the dark tide are  
blending,

While he who could guide her no longer is near.

Then pray that our God, who is loving and tender,  
Would sheath His bright sword ere it cut us  
in twain;

That England, though robb'd of her gallant de-  
fender,

May still the sweet title of *peaceful* retain.

DAISY H.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

'Tis not for us to rail at Fate,  
Or quarrel with our present state,  
But patiently to work, and wait

With heart and hands in readiness;  
With what we have to strive, content  
That He, whose watching eyes are bent  
Upon us here, all troubles sent

To test our strength and steadiness.

'Tis not for us, if Fortune's wheel  
Out to our eager hand should deal  
Blank after blank, downcast to feel:

No, struggle on still pluckily;  
For Fortune, if she can't subdue  
The courage and the faith in you,  
A vanquished vanquisher will sue,  
And you will draw more luckily.

ROLANDO.

## THE DEAD MOTHER.

We miss her—oh, how sadly!—

When the evening shadows come,  
And the fire and lights are burning  
Within our pleasant home;

And a blank is in our sad hearts  
As we see the accustomed place,  
The old familiar easy chair  
Which she was wont to grace.

We miss her—oh, how sadly!—

On a bright, warm summer's day,  
When, with flowers and trees in blossom,  
The garden looks so gay;  
And we long for the lost gardener,  
Our loved and blessed one.

'Tis hard to realize the fact  
That she is really gone.

Yet, happy, sainted mother,

We will not wish thee here,  
For when we feel to miss thee most

One thought shall check the tear—  
The thought of that far better land,

Those "many mansions," where  
Exulting thy freed spirit stands  
Without a doubt or care.

Yes, when we long to have thee here

To grace our earthly home,  
We'll think of thy celestial one,  
Where sorrow cannot come.

And when we miss thy dear, dear form  
Amongst the trees and flowers,  
We'll think of flowers that ever bloom  
In the celestial bowers.

Then when the trumpet-call shall sound

At the great final day,  
May all thy children meet thee there,  
Not one be found away—

There, clad in robes of purest white,  
Through Jesus' blood set free,  
We'll live with thee to part no more  
Through all eternity.

JENNY.

## THE SAILOR-BOY'S FAREWELL.

King Æolus is busy

In his mountain cave,

Forging winds, sweet Lizzie,

To bear me o'er the wave,

But fear not, my own darling,

For aught that he can do;

'Twill but bring me, Lizzie,

Sooner back to you.

And when I'm far off, Lizzie,

On the dancing sea,

Each time the wind blows hard, Lizzie,

Then I'll think of thee.

The wind shall thus be, Lizzie,

Our message-bird at sea;

By it each evening, Lizzie,

I'll whisper back to thee.

And if it should blow hard, Lizzie,

When I'm away at sea;

Still our prayers shall rise, Lizzie—

I know you'll pray for me.

And now, before I'm gone, Lizzie,

Let us yet once again,

Commend our souls to Him, Lizzie,

Who watches over men.

ALICIA.

## THE FASHIONS.

THE interests of her subjects being dearer to the heart of the Queen than the outward manifestation of their deep sympathy with her great sorrow, it has pleased her Majesty to make the term of the general mourning as short as is consistent with the universal respect entertained, not only by her own people, but by the world at large, for the worth and merit of the departed Prince. Knowing the extensive injury to commerce that must have ensued by a longer continuance of the outward marks of a nation's grief, the widowed Queen desired that society should resume its usual aspect of outward cheerfulness. Henceforth, therefore, the public must honour the name of him who is gone, not in the trappings of woe, but in the memory of the heart.

We turn, then, to the fashions of the day, and our first duty is to give the necessary explanations which belong to our illustration. The dress is composed of a combination of black and violet colour silk; the skirt is of the black silk, made extremely wide. Round the bottom is a border of the violet silk, pointed upwards to accommodate itself to the form of the *tablier* front. This last is made of frills of the violet silk, the ends of each being finished with a rosette, forming a trimming up each side. The body is low, with a short full sleeve made of the black silk, but over this is a trimming of folds of white *tulle*, spotted with black, meeting in the front and over the shoulder, so as almost to cover the under black silk sleeve. The Medici belt should be worn with this dress, which must be seen to be appreciated for its superiority of style.

Ladies who are paying visits from home, and do not wish to be encumbered with much luggage, will find it a great convenience to have the spotted *tulle* folds made so as to be easy to remove, and to wear the skirt with a *Zouave* jacket, on those occasions when full dress is not required. This jacket should be of the black silk, trimmed all round with two narrow frills of the violet.

So much is this style in fashion, that a dress has been made for a lady of rank in the following way:—Round the bottom of the skirt is a white lace flounce, and up the front narrow frills of the black silk, edged with narrow white lace. The body has a stomacher formed of the small frills; the sleeves being short and open, in the way of one deeper frill edged with two of the same narrow ones, leaving a short full under-sleeve of clear white muslin to be partially seen underneath.

A chestnut colour silk, made with an ample skirt trimmed in the following manner, has a very pleasing effect, and is suitable for all occasions:—Round the bottom a quilling of either black ribbon or a brown to match the silk in colour is set on in the Greek pattern. The body is low, cut square in the front, and finished with a quilling all round the neck; at the top of the sleeve is a jockey of the silk, trimmed at its edge with a quilling of the ribbon; an under-body of clear white muslin, with a narrow quilling of lace round the throat, and very wide sleeves to match, complete this simple, but ladylike toilette, which, although of a sober hue, is relieved by the full white sleeve and body. Here too let us notice that all the skirts made of heavy materials continue to be set in with double and treble box plaits round the waist.

Another variety of the same style of dress is a blue or ruby colour silk made with the skirt quite plain, with a low body buttoned up the front, cut square, trimmed round with a quilling of ribbon, and worn with a chemise, open up the front, and edged with two rows of narrow lace. The epaulette is cut up the middle, and is trimmed with quillings of the ribbon, as is also the long white sleeve, which is closed at the wrist. Judging from present appearances, white under-bodies and white sleeves will be much in favour during the coming season.

One of the most comfortable of the winter dresses is made of the liney, which is a warm and durable material; but this must be of a good quality to have a ladylike appearance. A claret colour and a deep lavender are both good. These are made with a velvet round the bottom of the skirt of a quarter of a yard in depth, having a band of fur of an inch wide at each edge. The *Zouave* Jacket, trimmed with the velvet and the fur, is the accompaniment of this dress, which is both suitable for the season and in very good taste. The same material may be made with a quilling of ribbon laid on in vandykes round the skirt, and carried round the edge of the jacket.

The Garibaldi Shirt is gaining in favour, having been sufficiently well supported to carry it through the formidable opposition with which it was at first encountered. We are told that the Emperor of the French, on first seeing the Empress in one of these articles, expressed the most forcible disapproval; but this being in a clear white material, might, as we imagine, make the objections all the stronger. These Garibaldi shirts are now made in coloured flannels and other wool manufactures, and they have the merit of being warm and comfortable,

and inexpensive, leaving to the limbs all that freedom of motion which is essential to health. Stripes of white and some gay colour are now the most fashionable, but scarlet, and Solferino, and violet are also much worn. Almost every lady has in her wardrobe one or more silk dresses, of which the skirts have survived the bodies, and these are extremely suitable for wearing with these Garibaldi shirts, making a stylish morning toilette, and, at the same time, preventing the necessity of purchasing new dresses. Dark-coloured silks are also made up in the same way, with the fronts, cuffs, and collars stitched in white by machinery, and in these the skirt and the body are sometimes alike, and sometimes different. Thus, a black skirt may have a violet shirt, a brown one a black, or the reverse. For the young ladies of a family between the ages of eight and twelve, these loose bodies are extremely suitable; for instance, a black or a French blue merino skirt, bordered with five or six inches of scarlet, and worn with a Garibaldi body of the same scarlet, has a very good effect; or the black may have the same accompaniments in the blue, with equal propriety of taste. For a young lady under eight years of age, a brown Brussels cord, having a band of French blue silk turned up from the bottom, and a narrow velvet of a little darker colour laid on the silk half an inch from its upper edge, makes a very pretty dress, with a large circular cape, trimmed to match.

This Garibaldi shirt is also made in black and white stripes of different widths, all of which have a very striking effect.

One of the most striking fashions which has just appeared in Paris, the example being set by the Empress, is the Hungarian Jacket. This has the peculiarity of having no sleeves, those of the dress with which it is worn being left uncovered. The best material is velvet, but cloth and satin are also used. In form this jacket has no *basque*, being made not to descend lower than the waist, and it is bordered all round with either sable or chinchilla fur, including the arm-holes. The front is left open to show the body underneath, trimmed with a row of ribbon bows from the waist to the throat.

It is necessary that we should say a few words and give a few hints respecting Evening Dress, on account of those festivities which are expected always to accompany the opening of the New Year. For married ladies, black and the various shades of violet-coloured satin are much in favour, having no other trimming but white swan's-down, which contrasts well with the rich-

ness of these materials. For particular occasions terry velvet is also now in favour, being relieved in the same way with the pure snowy swan's-down. Coloured silks sprinkled over with *bouquets* of flowers, on grounds of white, or black, or claret colour, or violet, are equally fashionable, and poplins remain as much esteemed as ever.

For young unmarried ladies, tarletan and *tulle*, trimmed, with a profusion of narrow ribbon on double and treble skirts, are the most prominent. These have the ribbon laid on in many rows, but others have a depth of puffings at the bottom, relieved with bows of narrow satin ribbon at regular intervals. The body is formed of folds, which meet over the short sleeve, covering all but its lower edge, and being joined up with a row of bows. Another style is to have velvet braces deep over the shoulders, and narrowing at the ends, which, crossing over the front of the body, leave a white stomacher and the white puffings of the sleeves. Sprigged and spotted *organdis* are also extremely pretty, made up in the same way. The Scarf is now returning into fashion, and is sometimes worn passed over the left shoulder, and the ends linked together under the right arm. For an economical dress, which may be looked upon as new as often as it returns from the laundry, a clear white muslin embroidered either with white, purple, green, or rose-coloured spots, and trimmed with a few bows of ribbon to correspond, is as pretty as very many far more elaborate and of much higher price. Young ladies who have leisure for the work can produce handsome and ornamental dresses for themselves, simply by means of the pleasant occupation of the needle, embroidering a rather thick cambric muslin for morning wear, and a clear muslin for the evenings. For dress occasions they may also produce, by the same means, imitation point-lace flounces as beautiful as the real, which can be transferred from dress to dress, or used for any different purpose, just as occasion may make the most convenient.

One of the prettiest dresses of the season for a young lady in the ball-room is of white *tulle*, made with three skirts, all of which have the material double, without any ornamenting at the edges, the body being trimmed with folds of the same. The hair is looped up in plaits behind with a gilt or tortoiseshell comb, but has no other decoration. This toilette is distinguished for its simple elegance.

Another of more striking character amongst the novelties of the day is a skirt

made of double white *tulle*, and trimmed with very narrow flounces of a slight white silk, pinked at each edge and set on in festoons, the body being made of white silk, trimmed with folds of the white *tulle*.

Similar dresses are also made in rose colour or azure blue, the narrow flounces set on in festoons being in silk to match in colour. With any of these dresses a wreath of wild roses on the head is a very pretty accompaniment.

For morning *négligé* costume the French ladies are now wearing a skirt of cambric muslin, enriched with handsome embroidery up the front in the *tablier* style, and a new sort of *robe de chambre* of a peculiar form, made of the same material. The bottom of this reaches to about a quarter of a yard above the skirt, is rounded in front, slightly gathered in at the neck, has a large collar which spreads over the shoulders, and open hanging sleeves. All round a little trimming of embroidery is carried, and a bow of coloured ribbon is worn at the throat. The same dress is made in chequered muslins, both of white and coloured, and also in slight silks, narrow frills being substituted for the embroidery, and in each variety has an extremely good effect.

The French *fichu* is a pretty variety of those useful articles which have lately been so prevalent. It is made of clear muslin laid in box platts, joined up over the shoulders, and coming down to a point both before and behind. It is finished at the neck with two rows of narrow lace, having a narrow black velvet in between, and braces of black velvet, wide at the shoulders, but narrowing towards the waist, are laid on its outer edge. At the back there is a bow of black velvet without ends, and in the front one with ends. In making this *fichu* care must be taken that it shall fit the person for whom it is intended, and it is especially necessary that the velvet braces should fit the figure.

One of the most striking novelties of the season is the cloak of scarlet cloth, now best known as the Gipsy Cloak. This is, in fact, the circular shape, not now cut either on the cross or in the width of the cloth, but with a join down the back, and the simple hood drawn up all round. The other cloak of the season, sometimes called the Galway, and sometimes the Colleen Bawn, is also now fashionable, made in scarlet cloth. This cloak has its large cape drawn up behind with two rosettes, a shape which was fashionable in the summer as a sea-side wrap, and the form having become a favourite, it is now made as a winter-cloak,

substituting the red cloth for the lighter materials.

The most favourite Cap of the season is formed of a round crown, set into a narrow band, which just encircles the head. This band is trimmed in various ways, sometimes with quillings of blonde, sometimes with bows of ribbon, and sometimes with the two intermingled. One of the prettiest that we have seen in this style has its crown of white *tulle*, a full double quilling of the same set on all round, the band being pointed over the front, just in the middle of the forehead; two long lappets of the same, edged with a quilling of narrow *tulle* set on the front of the cap, and thrown back over the crown to hang down over the shoulders; and on the point in front a large rose, with a number of little sprays turned towards the back, the rose resting on the forehead, and the sprays turning backwards over the lappets. Another extremely pretty and simple head-dress is made by covering a band with clusters of bows, not too regular, but rather varied in form, and fastening it behind with a lace or *tulle* lappet. For full-dress occasions few articles are prettier than wreaths made up of flowers and sprays of imitation pearl, these being at present composed with a taste and ingenuity never arrived at before. The *casse-peigne* of the same elegant construction deserves also to be much admired.

### THE WORK TABLE.

THE interests of home are closely connected with the industry of the Work Table. Comfort, respectability, order, and elegance can only be secured to any family through its influence and instrumentality. By means of that little implement, the needle, the house is stored with domestic blessings, the table is spread with dainty linen, windows and couches are hung with flowing drapery, and every member of a family possesses a wardrobe stored with every sort of garment, adapted to every change of weather, and every occasion, ordinary and extraordinary. It is pleasant to think of the feminine portion of the family happily engaged in lively conversation during those hours of productive labours which fill their homes with comforts, and win for them the love and admiration of fathers, husbands, and brothers. Economy is also justly considered, and many a small income enhanced in value through the industry of a mother and her daughters. Listlessness and low spirits are things unknown, for constant occupation brings its own reward of cheerfulness and peace of mind, spreading an atmosphere of light-



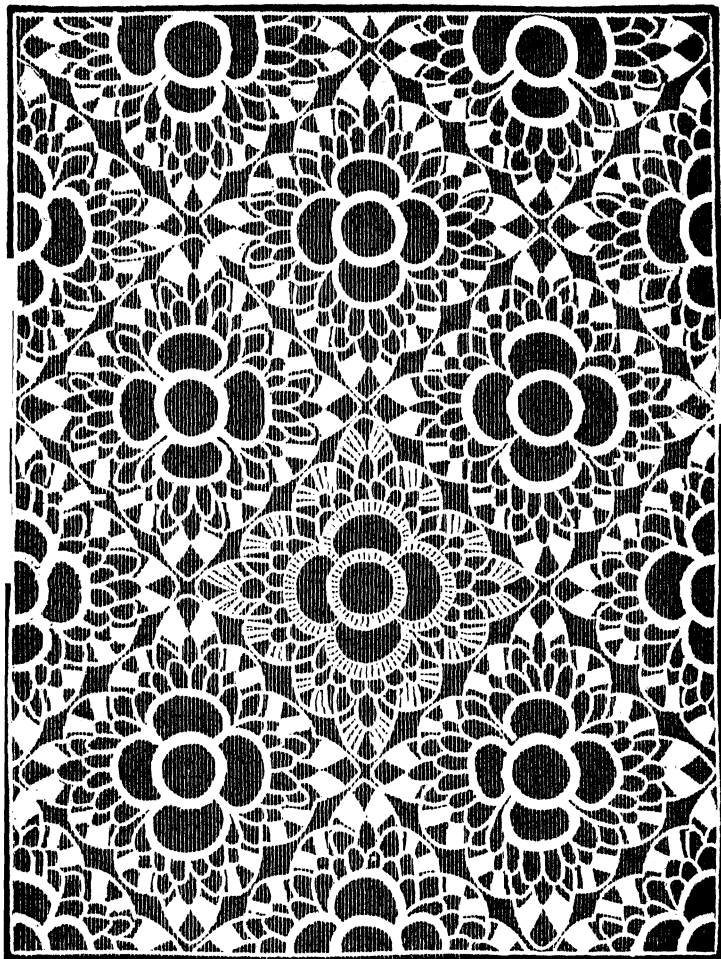
EVENING DRESS.

heartedness which all who cross such a threshold must feel and acknowledge. The FAMILY FRIEND earnestly hopes to promote in some degree these happy domestic interests through the services of this Work-Table department, resumed with increased energy and increased desire of extended usefulness at the opening of the

New Year

#### SPECTACLE CASE ON FINE CANVAS IN BERLIN WOOL.

This is another little article, and one suitable for a token of friendship from the young to the old, which is easily worked, and pretty when completed. A fine canvas is required, and the light shades used in the pattern should be in floss silk. The ground is in crimson, and the pattern is worked in



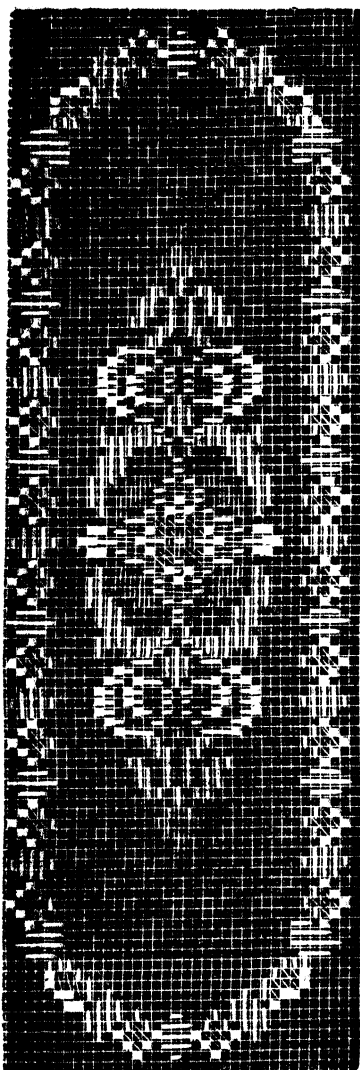
CROCHET ANTIMACASSAR.

black, blues, and greys. The little border round has a black ground, the pattern being in alternate reds, blues, and whites. The colours should not be chosen for the gaiety of their contrasts, as it is the neatness of the work, and the suitability of style in the pattern, which render the article, when completed, appropriate for the purpose for which it is intended. The two sides must be lined

with silk, an inner lining of flannel being first inserted; they must then be sewed together, leaving one end open to admit the spectacles, after which the stitches must be hid by a very small black silk cord, sewed on all round, and at the opening, on both sides of each half.

#### ANTIMACASSAR IN CROCHET.

There is no style of work which continues



SPECTACLE CASE.

to receive such general favour as Crochet. This is not to be wondered at, when its advantages are considered. It is more durable

than any other sort of fancy work, it is capable of greater variety of pattern, and the materials for its production can always be obtained, even in the most retired village, with its one general shop. The ornamental articles which are worked in crochet are generally useful also, as Antimacassars are as indispensable in an elegantly-furnished apartment as in one in which the furniture has lost its original freshness, in the one case to preserve its brightness, and in the other to conceal its imperfections. We give a star pattern in crochet for this purpose, which has a very pretty effect when finished. The instructions for its execution are as follows: Work a chain of 13 loops, unite in a ring, on which work 36 stitches in single crochet; work 14 chain, loop in, leaving 8 stitches between; make 3 more chains in the same manner, leaving the 8 stitches between; on these work a row all round of single crochet, close and rich: this forms the centre. The next row—chain 7, loop in, repeat all round in the same manner; repeat this row until there are 3 rows only, making the chains of the last row 8 stitches instead of 7, to allow for the increase of the circle. On every other of this last row of loops work 4 double, 4 chain, and 4 double (that is, with the cotton once over the needle), looping in with a stitch in single on the intermediate loop. There should be 12 points to each star, so that when the stars are joined together there may be 3 points to each side. It will require about 8 stars in each row to form a medium-sized antimacassar. After they are all joined together, a row of crochet should be worked all round of 9 chain, looped in. This row is for tying in the fringe, which should be in every loop, and about 4 inches deep; the cotton should therefore be cut double this length, as it is folded in the middle, and the ends passed through, thus forming a tight knot, which bears washing. Sometimes the edge is finished by placing a thick bunch of thread in the form of a tassel between each of the points.

LOVELINESS.—It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the tint of her complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of her person, nor the costly dress or decorations, that compose woman's loveliness. Nor is it the enchanting glance of her eye, with which she darts such lustre on the man she deems worthy of her friendship, that constitutes her beauty. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comforting and relieving the afflicted in distress, and, above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitute true loveliness.

## THE HIVE.

**INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.**—A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character. Some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride. Some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautiful by all sweet thoughts.

**EXPENSES OF LION KEEPING.**—The duration of the lion's existence is from thirty to forty years. He destroys an annual value of 6,000 francs (£240) in horses, mules, oxen, camels, and sheep. Taking the average of a lion's life at thirty-five years, each lion costs the Arab 210,000 francs (£8,400). The thirty lions at present existing in the province of Constantine, and which will be replaced by others coming from the regency of Tunis or Morocco, cost annually 140,000 francs (£2,700). In the district where I generally hunt, the Arab who pays five francs to the state, pays fifty to the lion.—*Gerard's Lion Hunting and Sporting Life in Algeria.*

**A CRAFTY OWL.**—A Mr. Wales, of Bellingham, Massachusetts, relates a cunning trick of an owl caught poaching upon his premises. It entered a pigeon-roost, and commenced killing right and left. The outcry of the victims arrested attention, and on looking in, Sir Owl stood motionless, like a sentry on guard. Mr. Wales took hold of him, but he did not stir. He carried him to the house, the bird being as rigid as if dead. He was laid on his back on the table, but there was no movement. As the family stood looking at him, he opened his big eyes, then turned upon his legs, and was at once wide awake. Mr. Wales said he feigned death, and did it to perfection, until convinced that he was out of danger, more ingenious than prudent.

**GOLD AND SILVER WEDDINGS.**—These were celebrations once general in some parts of Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that; but to be fifty years married was a sort of event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands; all the neighbours from far and near were assembled; the ancient pair, dressed in their wedding-dresses, walked in procession with music to the church, and the priest married them over again, and preached such a sermon that every one had tears in his eyes. There was a dinner, too, and dancing and singing, and in the evening there was no end to the noise and shouting when they drove off together, for the second time, as bride and bridegroom—a happy pair.

**THE DISCOMFITED ALDERMAN.**—ANECDOTE OF CHANTREY.—Our own lamented Chantrey, who, though fully alive to the merits of the good things of this world, was one of the most unselfish and liberal of men, had a story of a passage during one of the City feasts at which he was present. The great national sculptor—for truly great and truly national he was—sat next to a functionary before whom stood a large tureen of turtle soup. This citizen instantly possessed himself of the ladle, carefully fished out the coarser parts, and offered the plate containing them to Chantrey, who declined. "I watched," said he, "the progress of the plate: at last it was set down before the Lord Mayor's chaplain; and the expression of that man's face, when he beheld it, I shall never forget." The functionary went on helping till he had cleared the soup of all but the green fat and richer parts, the whole of which he piled up in a capacious plate for himself. Then up spoke our sculptor, and said, "If you will allow me to change my mind, I'll take a little turtle," and the waiter who held the plate, placed it, to the horror of the dispensing expectant, before Chantrey, who immediately commenced spoon-exercise, as Jonathan delicately describes such evolutions; "and this I did," said Chantrey, "to punish him for his greed." What was our unhappy functionary to do? His own tureen was exhausted, and, in a half-frantic tone, he called to one of the waiters to bring him some turtle. But at City feasts the guests are very industrious, especially when turtle is the order of the day; and the waiter, after trying about, brought back to our greedy citizen the identical plate of fatless flesh which had so astounded the chaplain, who had contrived to exchange his unwelcome portion for one more worthy of a sleek son of the Church; "and then," Chantrey would add, "my attentive neighbour's visage was awful to look upon!" There was no help for it: so the disconcerted functionary betook himself to the rejected plate, with the additional discomfiture of seeing Chantrey send away his, still rich with calipee, fat, and fins.—*Recollections of a Naturalist.*

**THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.**—Without the shepherd's dog the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then, feel an interest in his dog. It is, indeed, he that earns the family bread, of which he is content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side; he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing very remarkable is the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame or sickly sheep. They will drive these a great deal more gently than others, and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions they perform their duty like the most tender nurses. Can it be wondered at, then, that the colley should be so much prized by the shepherd; that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part; or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation?



## RECORDS OF SCIENCE.

THESE is perhaps no branch of knowledge about which the general public knows less than that which relates to matters medical. It is a knowledge almost sedulously kept from the people by its professors, and it is so hopelessly invested with technicalities that they cannot study it for themselves. We do not here speak of physiology, about which are popular books and lectures *ad nauseam*, but of *pathology*, the science of the cause and prevention of disease. Now, while we believe that the treatment of diseases should be altogether left in the hands of the physician, we think one of the best safeguards of health to lie in an acquaintance with the predisposing cause of illness. Medical science has of late years been making great advances, and old theories are becoming replaced by new hypotheses, based not upon conjecture, but upon actual observation. The theory of "vital force," for example, to the excess or deficiency of which many changes in the condition of the different bodily structures, and even death itself, are attributed, is rapidly becoming obsolete, and we find, in its stead, a disposition to account for diseases upon more matter of fact principles.

These remarks have been suggested by the appearance in the medical journals of the word *embolism*. The dictionary meaning of this word is, "The insertion of days or years to produce regularity in the calendar," and throws no light whatever on its medical signification. But, in the same dictionary, *embolus* means "Something acting in another—as a piston," and herein lies the application of the word to modern pathology. Dr. Cohn, of Breslau, has written a book of 700 pages in support of the doctrine that the fatal termination of many apparently simple affections is often due to the actual plugging up of the arteries by foreign bodies, or, to speak more correctly, by portions of diseased tissue, which have become detached from their original position, and carried along by the blood-stream, like the vegetable growths which sometimes obstruct water-pipes. The array of facts with which the doctor supports his views is very formidable, and it is to be hoped that his brethren of the profession will not only increase them by observation, and discover some means of averting the fatal result of embolism, but may throw some light upon the circumstances which most predispose towards it.

In a paper lately read before the Manchester Philosophical Society the phenomenon of rain falling as a consequence of heavy discharges of artillery was discussed, in connection with the subject of thunder-storms. The conclusions arrived at by the author of the paper were, firstly, that when a cannon is fired and rain falls the effect is due, not, as is usually supposed, to the upward current of heated air and gases produced by the explosion of the gunpowder, but to the violent atmospheric concussion; and, secondly, that a thunder-shower is the result, not of the electrical action of one cloud upon another, but of a similar concussion caused by the lightning discharge—the mechanical effect of thunder, in fact.

Innocuous green colours, from different sources, continue to be discovered. One which we men-

tion, upon the authority of the *Scientific American*, is prepared from a peculiarly treated mixture of the oxides of tin and copper, and the other, for which a patent was secured, is a compound of rarer metal, titanium. We regret to observe that this patent has not been proceeded with; but chemists can, in fact, do no more than discover, and if the manufacturers and those who use arsenical pigments refuse encouragement to inventors, and the public insist upon having the "sweet green," and refuse the harmless one because it is a little less beautiful, so long will work-girls be poisoned and paper-hangers suffer from sore throat.

Yet another source of "death in the pot." A writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle* states, concerning potatoes, that it is the practice of cultivators to expose the tubers to the sun, under the impression that they are improved by the treatment. This produces a green hue, and, in the boiled potatoe, an acrid taste,—the latter being due to the presence of *solanine*, a poisonous substance formed naturally in the shoots of potatoes, and in the potatoes themselves when exposed to light. The logical inference, of course, is that potatoes should be kept as much in the dark as possible.

Liverpool has lately been supplied, to some extent, with milk adulterated in a novel but clumsy manner, with large quantities of *ground bones*! Cream, too, may consist of a mixture of milk and cheap arrowroot; and, in one case, where the article undoubtedly had this composition, the milkman, thinking it necessary to account to the druggist who supplied him with the arrowroot for his large consumption of that substance, explained, being somewhat of a humourist, that "his family almost lived upon it!"

The surgeon of the steam-ship *Great Britain* states, as the result of his experience—which must be rather extensive—that the best remedy for sea-sickness consists in the use of a mixture of nitric, hydrochloric, and hydrocyanic (prussic) acids with Epsom salt. We refrain from giving the precise formula, as, on account of the poisonous nature of one of its ingredients, an accident might happen from its incautious use, which could not occur if the prescription were skillfully compounded, and because any pharmaceutical chemist can prepare it on occasion.

NEW CURE FOR CATARACT.—A letter from Professor Sperino, of Turin, announces a discovery, which we give in the Professor's own words:—"The practical studies I have been continuing for several years on the new method of treatment in various disorders of the ocular bulb have proved to me that the evacuation of the aqueous humour effected daily, or even every second or third day, will gradually restore transparency to the crystalline lens. At present I merely announce my discovery; but I shall soon publish my clinical observations; but let me, however, remark, that supposing in certain cases the mere evacuation of the aqueous humour were not found sufficient to obtain a perfect cure, this operation would still have the effect of restoring the function of the inner vascular system of the eyes, and would thus, at all events, prepare the patient, by placing him in the most favourable condition, for the operation of cataract."



# INFANT TREATMENT.

THE DRESS should be simple, and as free from pins as possible, and above all of needles, which have sometimes become imbedded in the flesh. A small shirt next the skin protects this delicate covering from the flannel, which should be of the white kind, and should never be allowed to continue when it is wet, as the odour of the *ammoniacal gas* which is evolved by the heat of the child's body is most offensive, and extremely deleterious to its lungs. The employment of a *second* flannel over the first, to prevent the upper clothes from becoming wet, is a very baneful error, as the surface of the skin is chilled by its retained moisture, and is the common cause of chafing and ulceration about the folds. The head of an infant should not be too closely covered: the blood is circulating there so freely, that too close a cap even is often liable to produce real disorder of the membranes of the brain; but it is scarcely possible to keep the lower part of the body and the arms too warm, which being at a distance from the heart, the centre of circulation, will frequently become chilled to that degree as sometimes to produce a loss of vitality, and very often materially weaken the action of the limbs, and this especially in feeble children. A deficiency of blood thus circulating in the limbs, the *head* will be *too abundantly supplied*—the consequences of this excess will be immediately anticipated. During the changing of the dress, moderate friction should always be employed, especially on the belly: it is agreeable to the feelings of the infant, and promotes free and healthy circulation, and, above all, assists the process of digestion and prevents the accumulation of wind.

EXERCISE.—Infants may, at the end of the second week, be taken into the external air, if they are healthy and the weather prove favourable and this exercise may be repeated daily on each second day. They should be kept in the horizontal position, on a *flat* wicker tray (furnished with a pillow and thin clothes), to prevent distortion of the spine and angular breasts. The child should be, during its exercise, free from all tight bandages or swatches.

BATHING.—If we reflect on the importance of the skin, it will require little argument to establish the benefit of bathing. Nothing tends

to preserve the healthy action of the skin so much as washing; hence its great importance during the infantile period when direct exercise is impossible.

In appreciating the employment of cold bathing, it is essential that we should notice the state of the child after it has been plunged into cold water. If it appears lively, and if there is a diffused *redness* and *warmth* breaking forth over the body as it is rubbed dry, then undoubtedly the bath has been beneficial, and a repetition is indicated. But if, on the contrary, there is a *chilliness* and *pallor* over the skin—if there is an absence of lively action—if the countenance is anxious—the limbs rigid and benumbed, and should these symptoms, moreover, continue after the child is dry and dressed, then it will be highly dangerous to resort again to cold bathing.

In those infantile constitutions, then, where the powers of life are evidently not adequate to the production of *reaction*, the *tepid* bath is the more salutary. Its temperature may be varied according to circumstances, ranging between the degrees of 80 and 95, which approaches the usual heat of the body. Where warm bathing is employed, we would recommend immediately after birth a temperature of 82° or 85°. This may be decreased 1° every three or four weeks, until it be so far reduced as to produce at first a slight sensation of chilliness in the child.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that the tepid bath is productive of relaxation; its effect is, usually, the most animating vigour, and the cleansing of the impure skin is undoubtedly more complete, as the warmth seems to exert some solvent power on the oily secretion with which some skins are imbued.

One most valuable property of warm bathing is, that it may be employed during the existence of internal *inflammation*. Its benefit as a fomentation and its cleansing properties are simultaneous.

The custom of bathing implies, as its consequence, the salutary employment of moderate friction, the effect of which is an immediate increase of circulation in the vessels of the skin, by which internal parts are relieved, and the skin itself rendered healthy. The expression of delight in the child is an indication of its very beneficial tendency.

## FAMILY COUNCIL.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.**—Our gathering this month, as the first under the new system of government, is peculiarly interesting, on account of the large increase in the number of our members, the lively emulation excited among them by the offered prizes, and the novelty of the principal intellectual exercise which has employed their pens during the past month.

All the readers of the Magazine will be able to judge of the success of this new competition, as from month to month the narrative papers appear in the department allotted to them under the head "Offerings from the Council," to which we invite particular attention. In that department every first and second class narrative or essay sent us by prize competitors will appear as fast as we can find room sufficient, and we beg to inform those writers who may be disappointed at not finding their communications published there, that the "Offerings" will be continued every month, in addition to the "Letters" every alternate month, and those MSS. we have on hand are only reserved for the next issue.

Among the first-class contributors thus far, Florence, Emma Butterworth, Illa, and Lucinda B. take the lead; but, as a whole, we may safely affirm they are a worthy band, and we must take a large measure of credit to ourselves for bringing together to such "a feast of reason and flow of soul" so congenial a set, seeking for themselves self-culture in original English composition, and for others pleasant and rational entertainment.

Some hints as to subjects may be acceptable. We say, then, every one lives in a peculiar and distinct world of his own, designated Experience. Let each writer study this with his own eyes, and not with the eyes of others. Sketch the remarkable characters you have met with, the striking events of their lives or your own. Describe the dwellings, the scenery, the social manners, the superstitions, the traditions, the modes of thinking, speaking, &c., of *your own* localities. Then, again, study the animals, the plants, the natural and seasonal phenomena, and the atmospheric characteristics of your neighbourhoods. You may find a thousand noble themes in the wide and varied realms of *individual personal experience*.

As to the Definitions, an exercise so valuable for teaching concentration of thought, we have to observe, that when a competitor has prepared a paper of definitions, it is advisable to read it at least six times over, in order to strike out remorselessly every commonplace, obvious, or vulgar idea. Select only the very best for our insertion.

To all the competitors we say, Do not imitate each other, but be original; and in the letters study to be simple, and easy. Let no effort be apparent. *Speak*, as it were, instead of write. Take the best letter writers as your models—Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Horace Walpole, the natural, gossip letter writers of Charles the Second's era, the serious and affectionate effusions of Cowper. English literature is not as rich in epistolary excellence as French; but if

you will dip into the works of our eminent writers, you will find plenty of patterns of every description of letter.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Letter-Writing Council, the subject given for the next month—**THE CLAIMS OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS TO BE CONSCIENTIOUSLY CARED FOR BY ALL WHO PROFESS CHRISTIANITY**, from a Teacher or Parent—admits of argument, quotation, and anecdote, appeals to the heart and conscience, reproofs to the thoughtless and unfeeling, a clear statement of our duties to the inferior creatures, and graphic picturing, out of the cruel wrongs they suffer at our hands.

## OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL.

BEING

ORIGINAL NARRATIVES OF REAL LIFE AND CHARACTER, WRITTEN FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

## BLIND MAURICE.

"Hush! here is Maurice! Now do not say a word till we have passed him." How often was that mandate issued, and most scrupulously obeyed in my younger days—in those years which, looking back on them now, seem so far, far away in the misty past.

The pleasant village of Dunham lay a few miles from my father's residence; and thither it was the frequent custom of our family to resort during the summer months, when sea-bathing and sea-air were thought desirable for us, its younger branches. These emigrations (for such they were esteemed by us) were periods of high excitement and delight in the nursery; and the joy of blooming gardens and ripening fruit faded into insignificance before the anticipations of wave, and sand, and variegated sea-weed. But

"Even in the tranquillest climes,"  
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes,"

and our gay prospects had a few dull spots on them, not sufficient to dim them exactly, perhaps, but enough to teach us that perfect happiness is not to be attained anywhere. Blind Maurice, that inevitable skeleton of the coming feast, was ever and anon mentioned in terms of alarm, as busy hands packed up the great play-box, that untailing companion of our pilgrimage. And "I wonder whether he will know us as well as last year," was the burden of the song, uttered in various tones of pure fear or half-pleased expectation, according to the courage of the speaker.

But it is time for me to explain who this important individual was who thus appropriated such a large share of our attention. Poor blind Maurice! he was a very harmless man indeed, and little guessed the unconscious honour thus paid to him by his "young ladies." At the period of which I speak, long before the introduction of the Poor-Law system into Ireland, Dunham possessed a certain number of resident beggars—authorized dependents, as it were, on public charity; and at the head of these, on account of his firmity, my hero might be placed. He had, I believe, lost his sight through an accident many years before; and now, travelling from house to house, "the dark man" (for such, in the plaintive idiom of the peasantry, a blind person is called)

gained a comfortable subsistence from day to day. He was not quite desolate either; a faithful wife was left to him—one who, in her humble station, was most emphatically a helpmeet to her afflicted husband; and there was something striking and pathetic in seeing this pair, both singularly diminutive, walking along life together, all in all to each other, contented and happy to a degree far above some much their superiors in position. Every other day Maurice came, during the season, to my father's house, and received an after-dinner dole; and hence it was that we, the children of the family, were in so grateful, and to us so unwelcome, a manner singled out for loud blessings and thanks whenever we fell in with him in his peregrinations.

I am not about to enter into the question of why we feared this inoffensive being; I only know that we did fear him; that, on his approach, a sort of tremor ran through our ranks, and that the command with which I opened my paper was generally issued in a stifled voice by some one or other of our party. There was a tradition current amongst us that Maurice could hear us breathing, and such a notion contributed largely to our alarm. In the e, my maturer days, I incline rather to the supposition that the patter of many childish feet, which, however muffled, must have been pretty audible, together with the steady tread of our nurse, whose mind we never could succeed in infecting with our terrors, was quite sufficient, when added to the proverbial sharpness of sense manifested by the blind, to account for Maurice's recognition of our presence; but I was as credulous as any one at that time, and many a tiptoe creep have I had past the outstretched stick of the "dark man."

But years flew on, and brought change after change in their wake. From children we grew up into boys and girls, and our visits to Dunham became less regular. Still, whenever we trod the old haunts, like a portion of our vanished infancy, appeared old Maurice, going his rounds with unflinching assiduity, and, despite of Poor Laws and poor-houses, levying contributions, ever cheerfully bestowed, from residents and passing visitors alike. Still he knew us well, and his voice was lifted up in loud blessings whenever we approached; for we had got over our childish prejudices, and never shunned him now. But again years went by, and more changes came. There had been an interval of some seasons in which we had not lodged at Dunham, when once more it was decided that we should repair thither for a few months. We were almost men and women now, but the dear old place had scarcely altered a feature; here and there a new house might be seen; the church had been improved, too; the hotel slightly remodelled; but those spots peculiarly associated with past games and past enjoyments were untouched; and, faithful to his post, with the constant tip-tip of his sturdy stick against the ground, blind Maurice greeted us as of yore, and as of yore came regularly for his pittance.

But time and grief had wrought their work on our old friend; age, and, worse still, sore bereavement, had come upon him. His faithful wife had been parted from his side since we had seen him last, and he wept bitterly as he told of her death during the past winter. He was thin and worn,

though still contented as ever, and deafness and increasing feebleness proved how heavily the blow had struck home to him; but he spoke gratefully of the care and kindness of the family with whom he lodged, and the cleanliness of his dress and of the tin can in which he collected alms showed that he was not neglected. It was evident, however, that his life was drawing to a close. Through the months of our stay at Dunham we could perceive an almost daily failure in his powers; often—and this was significant—he lost his way, and had to appeal to the passers by for assistance in regaining the right path; and once, I remember, when I had taken his stick and guided him into safety, he did not recognize me, not even knowing my voice,—a sure indication of decaying intellect in one hitherto so quick.

But the day was approaching when we were to see our old friend for the last time. The period of our departure from Dunham was near at hand, and we had laid aside a more liberal dole than usual in consideration of it, but the looked-for recipient failed to make his appearance. One, two days passed, and we were beginning our preparations for leaving, when Maurice was once more visible coming slowly and painfully along the road, and turning down to our well-remembered door. He had been very sick, he said, in answer to inquiries; so sick, indeed, that the people of the house had sent for the priest (he was a Roman Catholic), but he was better now, though still very weak. I happened to come into the hall while he was there, and a sudden conviction pressed on me that his end was very near: I felt that, according to the expressive phrase of my country, our old friend was "marked for death." I could scarcely explain my reasons for such a belief: it is more instinct than anything else that brings it home; and as I stood and looked at the worn, overworn man, so long associated with pleasant days and bright, happy scenes, an irrepressible sadness crept over me. Not for him, truly: he had often spoken of his desire for death—since the loss of his wife he had been too much wrecked in body and mind to render life an enjoyment, and to the lonely and infirm a summons home is ever a joyful sound—but it is mournful to see link after link that binds you to the hours of childhood loosening, and I turned away sorrowfully, feeling that I had looked my last on blind Maurice. The belief was justified by after events. A few weeks subsequent to our departure from Dunham he passed unto his rest.

The bright waves still flash in the sunshine; their white caps—the sea-horses, as we used to call them—still come trooping into the bay; the tall cliffs still watch around; and the little village, with its unpretending cottages and small church, still nestles in the hollow; but never again, gaze as we may, shall we see the last touch added to the scene—the old familiar figure of blind Maurice, carefully wending its way along the road, or pausing at the accustomed doors in quest of charity. He has vanished, as so many of the hopes, and joys, and fairy dreams of youth have done.

"Ah me, those days! those days! My friend,  
my brother,  
Sit down, and let us talk of all our woe."

Ay, but let us not talk too sadly; the memory of

the far away and of the dead must mingle in the tale, and voices and names, and well-beloved and unforgotten faces must rise mournfully before the soul. But is there not a country where sorrow and sickness are unknown? where partings are forgotten things? a bright, eternal home, where our lost are sheltered and at rest? Yes, and

"Where they've gone, old playmate, we may go—  
Let us remember this!"

ILLA.

#### A SCENE ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF LANCASHIRE.

MORCAMBE BAY, with its capricious and violent tides, has long been notorious for the treacherous nature of its sands. "The surface of the bay is equivalent to the extent of 100,000 acres, which, at low water, exhibits a tract of naked sand. The view at high water is extremely grand and interesting. Though more ample in its expanse than a lake, it is well defined, and presents to the eye a variegated and beautiful outline, with, perhaps, the noblest background of rock and fell to be found in England."\* The peculiar influx of the tide, at this portion of the coast, is alone an object of the deepest interest, and numberless are the visitors who resort thither to observe the remarkable phenomena of the ocean. Instead of the gradual and gentle approach of the tide, with rapidity of motion do the waters advance, covering the sands instantaneously; and certain must be the destruction of those unfortunate persons who are crossing at the time. Most melancholy are the accounts of the loss of life occasioned by these dangerous sands. The surrounding shores are extremely perilous for bathers. It is a well-known fact that the horrible quicksands are, alas! too common. And in the following account, which is strictly founded upon fact, the most wonderful escape from an awful and sudden death is alone attributable to the gracious intervention of a merciful Providence.

In the month of June last, 1861, a party, consisting of a widow lady—most delicate in constitution, fragile in the extreme, and at this time in a very precarious state of health, accompanied by her only children, a son just entering on manhood, and a handsome daughter of eighteen, in the full enjoyment of health and lively spirits—two ladies (sisters), one of whom was endowed with a presence of mind most commendable, and last, though not least, a foreign lady of highly-accomplished mind, deeply interesting in appearance, and possessing a disposition so sweetly amiable and affectionate as to secure for her the sincere love of all her pupils and acquaintance; her heroic courage will long be remembered by her grateful friends; and though time may obliterate many circumstances in their histories, yet never, while life is spared, will her bravery be forgotten.

Their lodgings were most pleasantly situated, commanding a full view of the bay; and, the weather proving favourable, there appeared every prospect of a delightful sojourn at —. About four days after their arrival it was arranged that

two of the party should bathe. Therefore, leaving one of the sisters with the invalid, whom, for the present, we shall call Mrs. Hamilton, the other Miss Merton and Miss Hamilton went down to the shore, accompanied by the foreign lady, Miss Trevor, who very kindly had agreed to assist them in their watery enjoyment. On arriving at the usual bathing-place, the tide was observed to be quickly receding, and was now at some little distance from the stakes. They inquired of a man if it would be unsafe were they to bathe beyond the marks, but he assured them there was not the slightest danger. The two ladies then entered the shed, Miss Trevor remaining on the shore, with their cloaks on her arm. Miss Hamilton being ready first, ran down to the water's edge, gave one spring forward, and sank immediately. Presently she rose to the surface, screaming wildly to her friends; and again she sank—not a human being in sight save her two helpless companions. For the second time did she appear, and who can describe the intense anguish of her mind when she felt in her inmost soul that she was lost FOR EVER—that in one moment she would be launched into a never-ending eternity? The thought was too fearful; and with all her remaining energy did she struggle in the water, gazing around with a glance of such hopeless agony as will never be forgotten. She did indeed desecr, at a considerable distance, her brother and two friends coming towards her, but well she knew that their efforts to gain the spot must prove unavailing ere she sank to rise no more. With one long piercing shriek did she stretch out her arms to her beloved friend, and exerting her voice to the uttermost, she cried, in the deepest anguish, "Oh, Miss Trevor, save me!" The ready answer, "I will, my darling," was instantly followed by a splash, and the heroic and generous lady sank 'neath the watery element. No sooner did her feet touch the water than like a flash did her past life come before her; she fainted, and immediately was plunged into the horrible quicksand in which her pupil was immersed.

Miss Merton, who was prepared for her bathe, ran screaming for help along the shore, and thus had attracted the attention of the gentlemen, who for some time took little notice of the cries, fancying them to be the enjoyment of the bathers; but seeing the lady running towards them, they hastened to the spot, where they found Miss Hamilton struggling in the water. The idea is very shocking, but by standing on the body of her most courageous friend, she had been enabled to keep herself from sinking. One of the gentlemen, with almost supernatural strength, seized up one of the stakes, and holding it out to the drowning girl, she was dragged to land. On being told that Miss Trevor was still in the hole, the elderly gentleman swam quickly to the spot, but had no small difficulty in finding the unfortunate lady, who was, with the exception of her head, completely immersed in the quicksand. Most providentially, having fallen sideways, her head lay out on the bank, though entirely covered with water. She was, indeed, brought to shore, but presenting a most shocking appearance, her body being much discoloured, and so greatly swollen, that no hope could be entertained that life was preserved. The excitement was intense,

\* Clarke's "Lancashire Gazetteer."

for the whole village seemed collected on the sand. The first inquiry was for medical assistance, and judge of the consternation and distress of the agonized friends when told that there was not a doctor in the place. One of the spectators called for a horse and flew to the station, where, most providentially, a doctor was stepping from the train. Without loss of time did the gentleman accompany his guide, but could scarcely believe that in the disfigured and corpse-like figure before him life was not extinct. On the arms of the brave creature were the cloaks which she held at the time of her heroic conduct. But we must now enter the apartment of the delicate mother, the windows of which looked out on the distressing transaction. The younger of the Misses Merton, who had remained in the house, was assisting Mrs. Hamilton to rise, and witnessed the whole of the startling scene on the shore beneath. With a presence of mind most astonishing did she quickly draw down the blind, and, placing the invalid on the sofa, she merely left the room, begging her to rest after the fatigue of dressing; nor can we sufficiently admire the extraordinary self-control which Miss Merton displayed, especially when we consider that her feelings are naturally of a most acute and sensitive nature. How pardonable, how natural would have been the exclamation, the perceptible start of surprise, or even a fainting fit, under such circumstances! But well did she know that the slightest intimation of the scene taking place must probably prove fatal to the delicate sufferer; and though herself most deeply shocked, yet were her feelings, and even her voice, under command, which must ever be the consequence of a well-regulated mind; and thus, by her praiseworthy conduct, the afflicted mother was in utter ignorance of the perilous situation of her only daughter.

The party from the shore were now quickly approaching the house. No time had been lost in removing the dripping garments, and replacing them with a lighter dress; but, notwithstanding, the weight of the poor creature was so great, that it was found impossible to carry her, and, horrible to relate, she was obliged to be dragged on the ground to the lodging. And what could be a more distressing spectacle than the sight of that once blooming lady with her beautiful hair streaming on the sand, her sweet and gentle countenance so greatly disfigured as to be scarcely recognized by her friends, and who had, as it seemed, only left the house a few minutes ago in the fullest enjoyment of health, to be now borne back an apparently lifeless corpse? The scene was appalling indeed, and difficult will it ever be for her friend to give utterance to her feelings on that melancholy occasion. Every means was adopted which human aid could suggest; and though long did their efforts appear fruitless, yet, when slowly animation returned, the joy of her despairing friends was unspeakable. The deathly state of unconsciousness was succeeded by a fearful delirium, which nothing but the presence of her beloved pupil could assuage. And who can describe the bond of affectionate love which exists between the drowning girl and her noble preserver? It were indeed but a mockery of words to express the unutterable gratitude of their hearts. Nor shall we intrude upon a scene so

touching as that which took place in the chamber of the sufferer when the events of the morning were revealed.

Through the goodness of an all-powerful Jehovah, the little party were spared from a most shocking and awful tragedy, which time could never have effaced; and by a personal friend of the parties, as a tribute of admiration to the noble-minded heroine, has this memorable event been recorded.

"In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn.  
Where is To-morrow? In another world."

LEILA S.

#### APPLICATION.

"Brown, I'm plucked; I could not pass

That strict examination."

"Sorry for you; but, alas!

You used not application."

EXCELSIOR.

A dull boy absorbed in his studies.—LENA S.  
What those should attend to, and never despise,  
Who hope in due season to bear off a prize.

IAGO.

A beggar's characteristic.—REBECCA.

Not slothful in business.—E. R.

A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.—ROBERTUS.

The best process to prove the stuff one is made of.—MAX.

The key to success.—ST. CLAIR and NINA GORDON.

What is required in order to obtain the prizes of the FAMILY FRIEND.—FANNY and ANNA GREY.

A species of needlework greatly in vogue a year or two ago.—MOUNTAIN RUSTIC.

The moral to a fable.—E. B.

Essential to the utility of a mustard plaster.—

TERRA COTTA and JEANIE.

The genius of mind employed in the moulding of matter.—AUGUSTINE.

The invisible bellows by which the intellectual fire is kept bright and serviceable.—LEILA.

Emery powder for the mind.—NELLA.

Learning Johnson's Dictionary by heart.—G. M. F. G.

A substitute for genius.—LILY H.

"Mind, my boy, and never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." "Then, ma, let us finish up the plum pudding to-night."—GORGONIA.

Lyonnet spending twelve years studying the muscles of a caterpillar.—GORGONIA.

The drop of water that wears away the hardest stones.—BLANCHE.

The handmaiden of excellence.—J. C.

The daily life of Robinson Crusoe, which made his solitary isle profuse of comforts and blessings.—J. T.

The sickle which cuts down the harvest of learning.—KATE LESLIE.

A part of the Sabbath discourse too little attended to.—ALICIA.

Mental gum.—GIPSY.

An article often required, but seldom used.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

Mind expanded to its utmost extent.—STEPHANIE.

The spur in the race of industry.—FLORENCE.  
The essential part of a kiss.—FRED.  
The climax of a good sermon.—ALPHA.  
Putting one's shoulder to the wheel.—LU-

CINDA B.

That which gave the everlasting names to  
Watt and Stephenson.—EWOL TENNER.

The lazy boy's bugbear.—ISABELL.  
Oliver asking for more.—C. T. R.  
The mind meeting its work bravely.—UPWARDS  
AND ONWARDS.

#### BASHFUL.

The young man who can't propose.—FANNY.

A person who refuses that which he wishes to  
have.—MOUNTAIN RUSTIC.

The violet drooping its head before the ardent  
gaze of the sun.—EMMA B.

The young heart awakening to love.—NINA  
GORDON.

The first blush of the spring rose.—TERRA  
COTTA.

The young gentleman who doesn't see the mis-  
tletoe at Christmas.—ALFRED A.

A term that may often be applied to the wise,  
seldom to fools, never to knaves.—NELLA.

Twin sister to modesty.—G. M. F. G.

A human sensitive plant, shrinking from the  
admiration that its unfolding charms attract.—  
LILY H.

The bloom of school before the world rubs it  
off.—GORGONIA.

A young lady's "Ask papa."—G. M. and PINK.

"Do you love me, maiden, pray?"

"No—yes—really—I can't say."

ISABELL.

The verdant green of every-day life.—FALCON.  
One who is ever conscious of self.—UPWARDS  
AND ONWARDS.

The feelings of a cook when asked what the  
policeman wanted down the area steps.—  
CHARLES M.

A glowworm by day.—SARAH C.

The clock, because it always has its hands  
before its face.—NARCISSE.

If e'er I love, or anything move me,

'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

ELLA VON K.

I'd rather not go; I'm so afraid of being looked  
at.—E. R.

A new scholar on his first day at school.—  
ROBERTUS.

A guilty conscience.—MAX.

The appearance which virtue presents when it  
comes in contact with the gross world.—W. Y. S.

That which adorns youth, but deforms age.—  
J. T.

A beam o' the paradise whilk a true woman's  
heart brings to a worthy husband.—ELSPIR.

Humility in full dress.—AMELIA.

The only gentleman in a company of ladies.—  
KATE LESLIE.

The urchin's "No, thank you," to the offer of  
a mince pie.—FLORENCE.

The virgin snowdrop hiding its face from all  
but its mother earth.—GIPSY.

I dinna like.—CHRISTINA.

A young farmer at a London ball.—ROSALIE.

Love in its first dress.—LUCINDA B.

A young M.P. delivering his maiden speech.—  
ANNA GREY.

He bowed, and he stared, and he let his hat fall.  
He smiled, touched his head, and said nothing at  
all.

CARACTACUS.

Baby sister when told to shake hands with the  
lady.—MIGNONETTE.

The feelings of a dunce at his first appearance  
in the middle of the class-room, with his cap of  
office on.—EWOL TENNER.

#### MONOMANIA.

The fancy now raging for "cartes de visite."  
—STEPHANIE.

Dr. Johnson touching every lamp-post, and  
treading on each paving stone, when walking  
down the street.—E. R.

The rage for the gorilla.—AUGUSTINE.

One unruly steed in the otherwise tractable  
team driven by Dame Reason.—ILLA.

Oh, I am no man.—G. M. F. G.

The mental harp unstrung through one dis-  
cordant string.—LILY H.

The criminal's last excuse.—BLANCHE.

The saddest illustration of the power of an idea.  
—W. Y. S.

An ardent lover who sees his lady-love's eye  
looking out from every "shadow on the wall."—  
J. T.

A man wi' a hobby, who estimates every other  
men according to his regard for it.—ELSPIR.

Fancying one's self an umbrella.—AMELIA.

Brother Jonathan's fancy that he can "whip all  
creation."—KATE LESLIE.

That the mother's first child is the sweetest  
cherub in the world.—FLORENCE.

A fixed idea on one subject till it becomes  
maddening.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

Harping on one string.—FRED and ALPHA.

The miser's love for gold.—CHRISTINA.

"I'd choose to be a daisy."—ALIGUIS.

The fashion of crinoline.—KATE SYDNAS.

Diogenes' search.—MIGNONETTE.

An old man marrying a young wife.—C. T. R.

The youth's sigh for an "imperial."—J. S. W.

An old bachelor's horror of petticoats.—NELLIE.

What a hobby becomes when much indulged in.

—MARGUERITE.

The mind of an atheist.—IAGO.

The alchemist's belief in the elixir of life.—  
REBECCA.

The delusions of a brooding mind engrossed by  
one object.—E. R.

The weakness we all have for building castles  
in the air.—MAX.

#### WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

DECAY. | EXCEPTIONABLE. | PENSIVE.

#### INTERESTING PARLOUR TRICKS.

##### THE MAGIC SPOON.

Put four ounces of bismuth in a crucible, and  
when in a state of complete fusion throw in two  
ounces and a half of lead and one ounce and a  
half of tin; these metals will combine, and form  
an alloy fusible in boiling water. Mould the alloy  
into bars, and take them to a silversmith to be  
made into tea-spoons. Place one of them in a  
saucer at a tea-table, and the person who uses it  
will be not a little astonished to find it melt away  
as soon as he puts it into the hot tea.

**TO PUT A PENNY-PIECE UNDER A CANDLESTICK  
AND TO WITHDRAW IT WITHOUT LIFTING IT UP.**

This appears a wonderful trick, and yet it is one of the most simple, and never fails to raise a hearty laugh. Place a penny-piece under a candlestick on the table; then bet any one of the party that you will take it from under it without lifting up the candlestick. Thinking it impossible, some will, no doubt, accept your wager; this being done, knock three times sharply under the table, saying, "Presto, fly, begone!" then tell your antagonist it is gone, and desire him to lift the candlestick to satisfy himself. This, of course, he will immediately do; then, on the instant he raises the candlestick, snatch up the penny-piece. You will then win the wager, as you did not take up the candlestick.

**TO MAKE A MAGIC PICTURE.**

Take two level pieces of glass (plate glass is the best), about three inches long and four wide, exactly of the same size; lay one on the other, and leave a space between them by pasting a piece of card, or two or three small pieces of thick paper, at each corner. Join these glasses together at the edges by a composition of lime slaked by exposure to the air and white of an egg. Cover all the edges of these glasses with parchment or bladder except at one end, which is to be left open to admit the following composition:—Dissolve, by a slow fire, six ounces of hog's lard, with half an ounce of white wax, to which you may add half an ounce of clear linseed oil. This must be poured in in its liquid state, and before a fire, between the glasses, by the space left in the sides, and which you are then to close up. Wipe the glasses clean, and hold them before the fire, to see that the composition will not run out at any part. Then fasten with gum a picture or print painted on very thin paper, with its face to one of the glasses, and if you like you may fix the whole in a frame. While this mixture between the glasses is cold the picture will be quite concealed, but become transparent when held to the fire, and as the composition cools it will gradually disappear.

**TO MAKE A SHILLING TURN UPON ITS EDGE  
ON THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.**

Take a wine or porter bottle, and insert in the mouth a cork, with a needle in a perpendicular position. Then cut a nick in the face of another cork, in which fix a shilling, and into the same cork stick two common table forks, opposite to each other, with the handles inclining downwards; if the rim of the shilling be then placed upon the point of the needle, it may be turned round without any risk of falling off, as the centre of gravity is below the centre of gravitation.

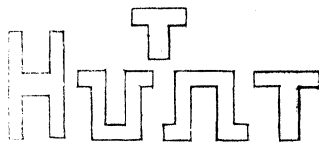
**THE TRANSPOSABLE PIECES.**

Take two farthings and two sixpences, and grind part of them away on one side only, so that they may be but half the common thickness; and observe that they must be quite thin at the edge; then rivet a farthing and a sixpence together. Lay one of these double pieces, with the sixpence upwards, on the palm of your hand, at the bottom of your three first fingers, and lay the other piece, with the farthing upwards, in the like manner, in the other hand. Let the company

take notice in which hand is the farthing, and in which is the sixpence. Then, as you shut your hands, you naturally turn the piece over, and when you open them again, the farthing and the sixpence will appear to have changed their places.

**PRACTICAL PUZZLE.**

A thin piece of paper procure,  
Just double the shape of a square;  
This fold up five times, and be sure  
You fold it with judgment and care.  
With scissors next cut it asunder,  
And then all the pieces will show,  
Or resemble, unless you should blunder.  
The figures as given below.



IAGO FEYNONAUT.

**HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.**

1.

A monarch lies on the bed of death. He is surrounded by his ministers. By the bedside stands his son. The king gives to the youth a ring. Hush! he speaks! Every ear is strained to listen. "May the power with which you will shortly be invested be considered a sacred trust committed to you by Providence, and for which you will be accountable in a future state!"—  
ELIZA VON K.

2.

The scene is an ancient castle. A king, who has been forced to resign the crown, is seated in a chamber, a prisoner, when seven men break open the door and rush at the king, who, rightly conjecturing that their design is to murder him, snatches a poleaxe from one of them, and soon stretches four of them lifeless at his feet; but he is at length overcome, and falls mortally wounded by a blow from a similar weapon.

3.

A carriage is driving quietly along the street when, as it turns a corner, a man rushes forward, springs upon the carriage steps, draws a knife, with which he strikes the innate (who is a king) twice; the second blow going directly to the heart, he falls back dead.

4.

Before me is a large and grand city in which a terrible conflagration has broken out. Faster and faster the flames roll on, with scarcely any effort of the people to extinguish it. Indeed, I now observe bands of royal soldiers, who are forcibly murdering all those who are doing so. On one of the distant hills sits the monarch of that proud city, and strange to say, he seems rejoicing in the blaze of destruction now before him; for he is frantically playing on a harp, and accompanying the music by a song of triumph.



## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &amp;c.

19.

My *first* is a French article; my *second*, a verb in the past tense; my *third*, a verb in the present tense; my *fourth*, a place that gives employment to many hands; and my *whole*, what many investments are.

IRENE.

20.—A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. A GROUP OF BRITISH HEADS.

1. A tail-less fish, and the capital of Prussia.
2. A mammal and a waiter.
3. A fluid of a dark colour.
4. A story, and a parliamentary seat.
5. A word which, reversed, is expressive of friction, and a tumult.
6. Half of a contest, and a horse's pace beheaded.
7. The sea-shore, and two-thirds of an organ.
8. A fastening.
9. Three-fourths of a poplar, a letter, and three-fourths of a tree.
10. Part of what we tread upon, to delve, and half a span.
11. Three-sixths of Robert, and half of Mary.
12. A female name beheaded, and the tail end of a bird.

ROLANDO.

21.—CHARADE.

Aurora smiled: my *second* showed  
His face, enlivening all,  
When Farmer Stanley's wife went out  
To make a morning call:  
Telling her little ones to play  
Indoors, not go beyond,  
And not, above all things beside,  
To venture near the pond.  
Alas! her kind command they soon  
Forgot or ceased to heed,  
And one and all, with childish glee,  
Ran forth the ducks to feed.  
That horrid pond! had little Will  
The sad result foreseen  
Of disobedience, he, poor boy!  
My *first* had never been.  
Mamma returned; her children all,  
Save one, she weeping found—  
Her grief too deep to find my *third*  
In tears—that one was drowned!  
The man who off his business leaves  
For others to control,  
Pursuing pleasure out of doors,  
May one day be my *whole*.

S. E.

22.

When autumn is gone, and summer is passed,  
And hoary old winter is on us at last,  
He spreads me thick o'er the frosty ground,  
So that objects familiar can scarcely be found,  
And I glisten and sparkle on all around.  
The hedges and fields can hardly be traced;  
And the birds and game are in difficulties placed.  
Remove my first letter, and then you will see  
A word of vast moment to you and to me;  
A word whose blessings we frequently lose,  
And the mercies it gives us too often abuse,  
And the teaching it offers we coldly refuse.  
Now remove my last letter, and then you may guess  
What young ladies say when they sometimes mean yes.

23.

My *first* is part of a verb we oft use  
My *next* you will find in a baby's shoes;  
My *whole* is the work of the young and the fair.  
Now look at your feet, for perchance I am there.

LUCINDA B.

24.

Two-thirds of a place where the weary may rest  
After toiling up mountains far off in the west;  
This being my *first*, then my *second* you'll find  
In cities abundant, and various in kind,  
Some lovely and spotless in outward array,  
And others like butterflies, flaunting and gay;  
On one point alone do these spirits agree,  
And that is "to differ," as daily we see.  
My *whole* with the rainbow in colours may vie—  
No casket of jewels more fair to the eye—  
And yet, after all, I'm a very small thing,  
And almost as frail as the flow'rets of spring.

PAULINE S.

25.

*First* think of a princess in fabulous lore  
Who met with a tragical end;  
My *next* is at all times considered a bore,  
Even by a most intimate friend;  
My *total* is a plant which, used with care,  
By skilful hands oft proves of virtue rare.

PAULINE S.

26.

The initials will give the name of an amiable poet,  
whose beautiful compositions are the most persuasive sermons; while the finals will reveal his friend, a celebrated divine.

1. A vessel for water of tin you behold;
2. My *next* if you do you are surely in debt;
3. My *third* you may close if you feel very cold;
4. My *fourth* is your dog if you make him a pet;
5. The *fifth* is a town—you will see it in Spain;
6. My *last*, I believe, is produced by the pine.

LEILA S.

27.

My *first* each labouring man must do  
If he would earn his bread;  
'Tis also done by ladies too,  
And those who sew with thread.

The person must be poor indeed  
Who in my *next* can't live;  
My *whole*, for aged and in need,  
Protection safe will give.

ALTHEA.

28.

My *first* on frosty night is seen  
More lovely to behold, I ween,  
Than at another time.  
When scenes of interest meet your view,  
I then must say my *next* is you;  
When looking calmly on,  
My *whole* famed Herschel was, you'll own,  
Which raised him to such great renown.

ALTHEA.

29.

My *first* is a tree;  
My *second* is an exclamation;  
My *third* is what ladies wear;  
And my *whole* is used by volunteers.

NARCISSE.

30.

When it is dark midnight, and people sleep,  
To do my *first* the stealthy burglars creep.  
The faithful dog the prowling footsteps marks,  
And quickly rouses all with warning barks.  
A little preposition now I find,  
That's always to be found in wind;  
Strange though it be, 'tis drunk in wine;  
It also forms a part of number nine.  
My *third* on Alma's heights has been,  
And quelled the Russians' haughty mien.  
And now my *fourth*, at dinner nicely dress'd,  
By dainty epicures is thought the best.  
When snow thick on the ground doth lie,  
My *whole* calls out for sympathy.

JAMES WATSON.

31.—AN ASTRONOMICAL ACROSTIC.

1. In summer resplendent in the eve I appear;
2. In a harp without harp strings I am seen very clear;
3. I'm a noble tall fellow, wear a sword by my side;
4. In the heart of a lion, so far for a guide;
5. An easel with painters will always be found;
6. Now the time when these wonderful things will abound.
7. In volcanoes now look, and my name you will see;
8. A colt without saddle and bridle may be.
9. I'm a sturdy old chap, tho' a trident may lack;
10. An Indian quickly find, either red or else black;
11. A delicate animal—it is excellent meat—
12. And I for my strength can devour complete;
13. A monster some call me—how just I can't tell;
14. My raiment is splendid, in Elysium I dwell;
15. A ship without sails, yet keeps its right way;
16. From my next in a forest protect me I pray.
17. By my side, fairest maidens, you safely may kneel,
18. And I will not hurt you, no fear you need feel;
19. By experience my last you will know is quite real.

ANNA GREY.

32.—REBUS.

1. An ancient city of Wales.
2. A river of Saxony.
3. A lofty mountain in the Isle of Candja.
4. A city of Bavaria.
5. A town in France.

The initials joined together will show the name of one of the principal rivers of France.—OCEAN.

33.

My *first* is what dogs sometimes do;  
My *second* is what we often see;  
My *whole* a northern region of Europe.  
OCEAN.

34.—CHARADE.

My *first* was worn by Wolsey;  
Its colour was my *second*,  
And men bore unto him my *whole*,  
For gaining my *first* 'tis reckoned.  
ROBERTUS.

35.

My *first* is used in courts of law; my *second*,  
when it attends my *first*, is sure to bring my  
*whole*.  
IRRENE.

36.

By doing my *first* with my *second* you will perhaps require my *whole*.  
ROBERTUS.

37.—REBUS.

1. One of the Orkney Islands.
2. A seaport of Sweden.
3. A fortified city of Portugal.
4. A town of Asiatic Russia.
5. A town of Spain.
6. A seaport of Spain.

The first letters placed together will show a fortified town of Aragon, in Spain.—OCEAN.

38.—CHARADE.

Where pigtails germinate on ballet-heads,  
And satin shoes encompass baby-feet,  
My *first* is cultured in extensive beds,  
And thence is brought to England—not to eat.  
Well, where your dinner is prepared, I ween,  
Is found, in sable garb, with aspect bold,  
My *next*. My *whole*, more modest, bright, and clean,  
Designed and fashioned is my *first* to hold.  
And on your table at sweet eventide  
My *first*, my *second*, and my *whole* may be;  
If otherwise, much comfort being denied,  
You'd better come and take my *first* with me.  
CHARACTACUS.

39.

Hark! to my *first*'s varied note,  
To his harmonious sound;  
See how he swells his little throat,  
And makes the place resound.  
My *second*'s a part of dress, I ween,  
By male or female worn:  
A certain bird not often seen  
The same thing may adorn.  
An exile's life amid the hills  
My *whole* did pass away,  
Hunting over vales and hills  
From dawn to set of day.

ROBERTUS.

40.

My *first* is oft the earliest word  
That infant lips can utter,  
And with delight when it is heard  
The mother's heart will flutter.  
If starting for a morning's walk  
You see a friend ahead,  
My *next* may make him wait for you,  
If loud enough it's said.  
Two trains set off from different points,  
Midway they did my *third*:  
What words can paint the suffering  
That then and there occurred?  
My *whole* a lying system spread  
In centuries long past,  
And though he's been for ages dead,  
That heresy doth last.

GORGONIA.

41.—REBUS.

1. A god who doth in armour shine,
2. A substance found in winter time,
3. A passion that infects the mind,
4. A useful herb's my next you'll find;
5. A bird in ruinous places found,
6. And an hero for bravery much renowned.

ROBERTUS.

## 42.

Fair ladies, when winter in earnest is come,  
Your delicate forms we behold  
In the warmest of wool, the softest of fur,  
And the newest of cloth mantles rolled.  
Then deeply and snugly you bury, I guess,  
Your half-frozen tips in my *first's* soft recess.  
In talking, my *last* I have told you this minute:  
Read over this line, you will find the same in it.

My *whole*, with its yielding and delicate form,  
You may find by the warm fireside,  
When the sofa's wheel'd round and the curtains  
are drawn,  
And the coffee and tea are supplied.

I'll tell you, fair dames, that which you perhaps  
may not  
Like to know about me in a few words, and what  
I have done, and do now, which may shock you  
to hear:  
On the back of the footman I often appear.

## 43.

You ask a physician the worth of my *first*,  
And I'll venture to say he can tell;  
My *next* may be seen where the waves proudly  
burst  
O'er the sands as they murmur and swell.  
The person who is not possessed of my *whole*  
Must be very hard-hearted indeed,  
And think not about the affair of his soul,  
Or desire in life to succeed.

## 44.

My *first* is a portion of dress  
Which some people wear on their head;  
My *second* is no more nor less  
Than the colour that's certain to spread  
O'er the cheek, should my *total* be felt;  
But I trust such will not be the case,  
Or I'm sure it would have to be dealt  
With severely—'tis such a disgrace.

## 45.

Without my *first* there's little can be done—  
Or nothing, 'twould sound better, perhaps, to  
say.  
Try all you know, in earnest or in fun,  
It matters not, because 'twill have its way.  
My *second*, whether oblong, square, or round,  
Triangular, or even large or small,  
In one large mass entire ne'er was found,  
Nor ever will be. Still that is not all;  
For take these two, and view them as a whole,  
My *whole* I mean, and tell me if you can  
What monitor can better prove the roll  
Of that with which my verses were began.

## 46.

"How do you do?" my *first*, said Mr. D.  
"Quite well, I thank you, friend." Step in and see  
My wife, and with her take a glass of wine,  
And lunch with us off turkey and a chine;  
When I am quite convinced, my *next* you'll say  
It is a feast, but 'tis our wedding day."  
"Indeed," quoth Mr. D., "with all my heart  
I'll do so, friend, and then, before you start,  
I'll say my *whole* until we meet again,  
To have a chat o'er lobster and champagne."

## 47.—ENIGMA.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Louie with delight,  
When sitting by the fireside one night,  
"I must remind you, if you have forgot  
(And perhaps you have done so, although I've  
not).

Of that kind promise made some days ago,  
When I was teasing you, mamma, you know,  
To tell a tale, when you declared if I  
Was good you'd tell a short one by and by;  
So now, mamma, if you should feel inclined,  
I'll have the tale, or riddle of some kind."  
"That's as it should be, Louie," said mamma;  
"And since you have no choice, I'd rather far  
Read an enigma which I just now pen'd  
For that amusing work the FAMILY FRIEND,  
Which will not fail to make you stare, my child."  
"Oh, do, mamma!" cried Louie, as she smiled  
With joy, to think of what there was in store  
Concerning what she'd never heard before.  
"Well, you must know, my dear," her mother said,  
"That what I am about to say will spread  
Throughout the land, and cause no small dismay  
'Monet those who are considered quite *au fait*  
At solving puzzles, so I'll not digress;  
But let you see what you will have to guess.

Find a word that we all  
Very frequently call  
Into use when we something require,  
Which, headed with B,  
Will describe, as you'll see,  
That which means to set over the fire,  
Or lie in the heat  
Of the sun for a treat;  
While with C it will change in a minute,  
For then 'twill become  
A large vessel, which some  
People purchase to put liquor in it.  
With an M 'twill disguise  
Those who wish to surprise  
For mere fun, or perhaps for deceiving  
In various ways,  
As they do now-a-days—  
Such as murdering, fibbing, and thieving.  
With a T 'twill reveal  
That which boys at school feel,  
As it not only stops their enjoyment,  
And shows them that they  
Must attend every day  
To their lessons and other employment.  
Now having referred  
To the changes this word  
Can be made to produce, I request you  
To answer the same  
If you can, and proclaim  
To the world that it did interest you.

## 48.

My *first* is by no means agreeable or sweet,  
Though 'tis useful enough in its way;  
To watch my industrious *second's* a treat,  
And a lesson to all, I must say.  
My *whole* is a term which correctly implies  
That a man is decidedly brave,  
Or one who with pleasure continually tries  
The ladies from insult to save.

## 49.

My *first* is four-fifths of some friends come to tea;  
My *second* in corn-fields you frequently see;  
My *whole*, when the corn has been cut, may be  
found  
Concealed in the stubble that's left on the ground.

## 50.—REBUS.

Take twenty, and you'll quickly find  
A bill, or something of the kind.  
Take off its head, and 'twill become  
A part of fruit disliked by some.  
Another head then cut away,  
And lo! a metal 'twill display.  
And now I cannot more unfold,  
As I have all my changes told.

GEORGE M. F. GLENNY.

## 51.—ENIGMA.

1. In Wales you may find me a town if you try;
2. In the south-east of Naples a province am I;
3. One given to wander, whose mind can ne'er rest;
4. A country of Asia, and in the south-west;
5. A garment that mostly on children appear;
6. An idol, a statue, or mental idea;
7. A plunderer, robber, and bandit likewise;
8. A river whose cataract greatly surprise;
9. A fish that doth swim in the depths of the Dee;
10. What, reader, belongeth to you and to me;
11. The name of a grain of most nourishing kind;
12. A province you may in the Netherlands find;
13. What all things possess that are under the sun,  
Inanimate—animate—every one.  
These initials, when joined, will give you the name  
Of a hero well known in the annals of fame.  
Their initials will give, too, if truthfully traced,  
One who was distinguished for style, wit, and taste.

IAGO FENYONAU.

## 52.

What you would like of something good  
When *whole* I do appear;  
*Behold* me, and I swiftly run  
When man, my foe, is near.  
Once more behold, and you will see  
Part of a verb I then shall be.  
Now backward read me, and you'll find  
I bring a space of time to mind.

FANNY

## 53.

My *first*, *second*, and *whole* have each the same meaning, and yet they all mean something more.

ROBERTUS.

## 54.

My *first* is a preposition; my *second* an article of dress; my *third* a pronoun; my *fourth* a kind of entrance; and my *whole* what coroners do.

IRRENE.

## 55.—GENTLEMEN'S NAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

To spoil, and a metal.  
Four-fifths of a space of time, and a disease.  
An interjection, a vowel, and part of the verb to be.  
A vowel, and a plant curtailed.  
To tap, and a stack.  
An adverb, and two-fifths of a plaintive song.  
A triumphant erection, a pronoun, and an absence of covering.  
To plunder, two-thirds of to stray, and a consonant.

## 56.—REBUS.

1. A heathen river of great repute;
  2. A Russian port;
  3. The name of a set of philosophers;
  4. A delicious fruit of Eastern growth.
- The initials joined will bring to view an English poet, and the initials the name under which he wrote.

## 57.

My *first* is a part of dress; my *second* is part of a cow; my *whole* is used as a help to my *first*.

FRED.

## 58.

My *first* is a word that will serve to express  
Something equal in value, no more and no less;  
And if you read backwards the same, you will find  
A counterfeit coin it may bring to your mind.

My *second* the rank or the title explain  
Of many a gentleman living in Spain;  
While one-half of London can boast of the same—  
A quick declination, reversed, it will name.

United together, my *whole* will unfold  
Remission, forgiveness, to young and to old,  
To rich and to poor, the high and the low,  
Who truly contrition and penitence show.

IAGO FENYONAU.

## 59.

My *whole* is a useful instrument  
Much used in a lady's dress;  
Decapitate me, and you leave  
A preposition; decapitate again,  
And there remains a consonant;  
Reverse the word, and act it now,  
And I will yell again, I trow.

ALIGUIS.

## 60.

I'm often seen in this our land,  
On many a festive board I stand;  
But now an interjection place  
On either side, you then will trace  
The city which is famed for me,  
And which in Europe's said to be.

FANNY.

## 61.

My *first* is a musical instrument,  
My *second* is the same,  
And you may dance unto my *whole*.  
Now pray what is my name?

## 62.

Standing at night with your back to the North Star, you face my *first*; my *second* is two-thirds of a hamper; my *third* is a great weight, many of which are stowed away in transports at my *whole*.

ALIGUIS.

## 63.

My *first* is a very useful article, found in or near most houses; my *second* is a term applied to relations; my *whole* is a well-known garden vegetable.

FRED.

## 64.—CONUNDRUM.

What is the difference between the position of a rich man deceased and that of a donkey taken up hill to a flat heath?

CARACTACUS.

65.

A part of the body, joined to that which is necessary to composition, and may be seen in every room, will name a well-known edifice in London.

NARCISSE.

• 66.

My *first* is part of a Christian name; my *second* is the reverse of artificial; and my *whole* is a town in North America.

67.

I am well known to school-boys; behold me, I am used in sable attire; behold me again, I am a seed; behold once more, and I am an amusing animal.

IRENE.

68.

My *first* is a well-known public vehicle; my *second* is a term of endearment; my *whole* is a manufacture of England, Belgium, and Turkey.

FRED.

69.

To do my *whole* where'er they go,  
Most ladies will desire;  
Behoed it, it's an injury—  
Curtailed, the act of fire.

GORGONIA.

70.

Some folks exclaim,  
"What's in a name?"  
Would you my meaning guess?  
Then mark me, pray,  
While this I say,  
It will my *first* express.  
Of things most small  
Take one, take all—  
Gnats, mites oft found in cheese—  
Indeed, 'tis true,  
What I tell you,  
My *next* is less than these.  
And now combined  
In me you'll find  
A name to light will bring;  
Which is—but stay,  
I must not say,  
For 'tis a nameless thing.

LAGO FRYXONAU.

71.

My *first* is a place of great resort in London; my *second* is two-thirds of a metal; my *third* a preposition; and my *whole* what we all wish to avoid.

IRENE.

72.

In seasons of damp, or when snow's on the ground,  
On many a pathway our forms may be found;  
We help to discover the murderer or thief—  
No service contemptible—yet, to be brief,  
We never aspire to a dignified place,  
And are trampled on e'en by the best of your race.

CHARACTACUS.

73.

I am supposed by an Englishman to be the most important part of his house; behold me, and I am what we live on; curtail me, and I am one of the vital parts of the body.

FRED.

## 74.—ANAGRAMS ON CHRISTIAN NAMES.

While wandering among the *Larches* near the *Red barn* I met *Idle Cora*, having a *neat net* on her head. *I ran mad*; my *brain* began to *widen*, and I cried, *A hot dear!* O, had I toes! and seeing *no harm* at it, I ran off with a *hen step*; but, seeing *Hot Sam* and *Lame Su* approaching, I stopped at the *Old Pole*, and cried, *I have sinned!* They cried, *Lace him!* and ran to *find her*, and I escaped and enlisted in the *army*. Now *I am sober*. Go again, E. R.—GEORGE MATTHEWSON.

5.

My *first* are found in the earth; my *second* is also found in the earth; and my *whole* is in great use with thieves.

IRENE.

76.

I eat my *first*, *second*, and *whole*, and if I happen to wear the *whole* I am voted a snob.

ALIQUI.

## 77.—CHARADE.

Of all the human race  
In every land dispersed,  
There's not been one, except the blind,  
That has not seen my *first*.  
My *next* is in your house  
In many ways combined,  
And from my *first* my *whole* proceeds,  
As when it's guessed you'll find.

GORGONIA.

78.

## TOWNS IN IRELAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A place of refuge, and the reverse of high.
2. An article, and an Irish town.
3. A cardinal point, and a wine.
4. An article of commerce.
5. An English wild flower.
6. Not old, and a grain curtailed.

FANNY.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &amp;c.

(On pp. 86, 87, 88.)

- 1.—1. Switzerland. 2. Usk. 3. Cumberland.
4. Cape Verd Isles. 5. Edinburgh. 6. Severn.
7. Scilly Isles. 8. Tortosa. 9. Otranto. 10. Tunquin. 11. Humber. 12. Elbe. 13. Fakenham. 14. Aldborough. 15. Mississippi. 16. Irwell. 17. London. 18. Yorkshire. 19. Finland. 20. Riga. 21. Iceland. 22. Epernay. 23. Niester. 24. Don—Success to the FAMILY FRIEND.
- 2.—1. Lucretia. 2. Han-nah. 3. Elean-or. 4. Mary. 5. Bern-ice. 6. Mabel. 7. Paul-in-a. 8. Sarah. 9. Charity.
- 3.—Wilderness, Iron, Nile—Win. 4.—The letter E. 5.—Wey, Yew. 6.—Don-key. 7.—Bramble, Ramble, Amble. 8.—Fold, Old. 9.—Information. 10.—Sea-sons. 11.—Spring-halt. 12.—Can-Ada. 13.—Horatio Nelson.
- 14.—Barbarous, Admirably, LacE, Lock, Oppression, OverO, Need—Balloon, Donkeys.
- 15.—Go-rill-a. 16.—Lieutenant.
- 17.—1. BalA. 2. LaudanuM. 3. OundIE.
4. November. 5. Demi. 6. Isaac. 7. NemophilA—Blondin, America.
- 18.—In-tell-Igent.





ONESIME SAVING FLOI ALAIN. — (See p. 183.)

## HEARTS OF GOLD;

OR, THE  
CHILDREN OF THE SEA.  
A TALE OF NORMANDY.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE fisherman's house was a sad one. Risque-tout would go and watch the boats come in, and return to the cottage, made thoroughly wretched by the quantities of fish brought home by his neighbours—not that he was envious, excellent man! far from it. Berenice and Onesime were proud—almost happy—to be the sole resources of the establishment. Berenice worked so indefatigably at her lace-frame that she could earn ten or twelve ~~so~~ a day. Onesime fished for sand-eels—the only sport he could pursue alone. All this brought in little enough, but there was a living. Besides, every fisherman in his turn would give the family one or two fish, according to the success he had met with. Onesime, in return, was always ready to help them to push off their boats to sea, or haul them on to the beach. He was engaged to teach swimming to two young children belonging to the strange families located at Dive; but after a rough wind the weather turned cold, and bathing operations were suspended; the sea was wild and unapproachable for more than a fortnight, the shrimps sought the deep waters, and the sand-eels quitted the beach. The family was reduced to the lace-frame of Berenice. Even of this resource they were soon for the most part deprived. Pelagie fell ill; Berenice was compelled to nurse her and to attend to the duties of the household. At last, she was unable to earn more than three or four sous a day! she had to wash and iron the linen, and prepare the family meals.

One day an old fisherman said to Onesime,—

"It's a pity you haven't the strength, or you would be able to assist your family a great deal. You don't want for courage or a good heart, you only want strength. However, you could, if you liked, make

enough money to keep your people going on till your father gets better."

"I should wish nothing better," replied Onesime; "but what is there a poor child like myself can do, Pacome Glam?"

"You have only to go to Honfleur; there are plenty of boats that would be glad to have you for a ship's boy; you are big and strong for your age, you know the sea, you are a fisherman, and you can earn thirty-five francs a month; you can live on fifteen, and you will be able to send your parents twenty. The twenty francs they will pay you in advance, and you can send them home directly. I'll give you a bit of a note to a man I used to sail with; he'll find a berth for you for the season. At the end of it your father will be cured, and you can come back to go at the herrings and whittings with him."

Pacome Glam could not write; he went with Onesime to Maitre Epiphane, the clerk and schoolmaster, who, in exchange for a few fish given him from time to time, was always glad to write the fishermen's letters for them. The clerk, therefore, gladly undertook the missive to Pacome Glam's friend. Possessed of this letter, Onesime returned to the cottage, and made a sign to Berenice to follow him out to the garden. Then he said to her—

"I believe I shall never see Pulcherie again; she will be here in three weeks, and I am going away to-morrow at day-break."

"And where are you going?" said Berenice.

"I can no longer bear to see our father and mother ill—wanting for everything—you wearing yourself out for three sous a day, and myself, because of the inclemency of the sea, standing with my hands in my pockets. Pacome Glam has given me a letter to a friend of his at Honfleur. He is sure that I shall be able to send you twenty francs a month all through the season. Afterwards I shall come back to help my father when he is able to go to sea again. Pulcherie will have gone back long ago. You must tell her why I went away, and if she is a good girl, like



you are, she will love me all the more for it. You must go together to the old willow by the river side, and then you must kiss her for me. M. Malais told us the other day that after these holidays she would not have to stay more than another year down yonder; she will come home then for good. If I am not drowned, I shall see her in a year. You must tell her to caress Mopse; I am obliged to leave him behind. You will take care of him, will you not? And now let us go in and look as if we were pleased at a parting that makes us both miserable—but we must think of our parents.”

They dried their eyes, embraced one another, and re-entered the house.

“Good news!” cried Onesime, as he entered. “Pacome Glam has given me a letter to a friend of his at Honfleur. I am to engage to sail with him for the season, and shall be able to send you twenty francs a month. I shall be back in time for the whiting. You’ll be all right then, father, and they shall see us come up again with a wet sail.”

“Both my sons will be taken from me then!” said Pelagie.

“Oh, mamma, don’t stop me! I want to see a bit of the country; and, besides, it makes me regularly happy to think I shall be earning money all by myself.”

“And when do you go?”

“Just before daylight. I shan’t have too much of the day before me to take me to Honfleur.”

“Berenice,” said Pelagie, “the poor boy must have some things to go with. What a misfortune that I cannot get up. He will surely want something. They pass almost every night on board those great boats; mind you forget nothing, Berenice.”

Berenice made no answer; her sobs would have betrayed her. But she applied herself to collecting together such things as were necessary to Onesime’s departure.

On the following morning, the day had just dawned. The sea, smooth as a mirror, was of a pale blue, calm, and serene. The sun, which had not yet risen, showed a few rays between Havre and Honfleur. A few little clouds—mere gray floating

vapours—assumed tints of rose and lilac colours. A rosy mist also showed itself above the blue of the sea, which mist, as the sun rose, became yellow, and tinged the blue as with a light gilding. At this moment Onesime left the house, accompanied by Berenice. Tranquille and Pelagie were not yet up. He had kissed them, and strapped on his bundle, of whose contents Pelagie had taken an inventory, piece by piece. Scarcely had the brother and sister left the house when Mopse, whom they had thought locked in, leaped out of a window and joined his master, overwhelming him with caresses. Mopse had to be taken back again. The parents had to be embraced again. Pelagie wept. When the two had reached the extremity of the village, at the summit of the vile road which commences the route to Tronville, Onesime said to his sister—

“Do not come any farther. Do not forget all I told you about Pulcherie. You will soon hear of me. Adieu.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

Pulcherie had written to ask permission to promise Marie and her relations that she would return to Paris a fortnight before the end of the holidays, and pass the said fortnight at their country house, as she had done the year before. M. Malais had granted that permission, based on the stipulation that during the following holidays Marie should come and spend a month at least at the chateau. It was the last year the two young girls were to spend at St. Denis. The reply was, that the gracious invitation of M. and Madame Malais was gratefully accepted. From that time the expected visit of the next year occupied the exclusive attention of the married couple. They thought of nothing but to embellish the chateau, and make it worthy of the guests from Paris destined to honour it by their presence. They waited, however, for Pulcherie’s arrival before they ventured upon alterations. Pulcherie had now passed two years in Paris; or, at all events, very near the capital. She had seen at the establish-

ment of the De Fondois all that was elegant—all that was the fashion.

Pulcherie received Berenice affectionately. They took a walk together by the side of the Benzeval river; and when they were seated under the old willow, Berenice acquitted herself of Onesime's commission. Pulcherie was touched by the devotion and the departure of the young fisherman.

"He must be very much changed," she said; "it is two years since I saw him."

"You would scarcely know him, he is so tall and strong; his face beams with resolution and frankness; his voice is deep and grave, without being hoarse, like most of our fishermen; his look is assured and piercing. But you, Pulcherie, how you have grown—how changed—and, I must say, improved."

"You are very pretty, too," said Pulcherie.

"Oh! you are no longer one of us, Pulcherie—you are a lady. There is not a girl here that walks and talks as you do. You have certain ways of saying things. You look like a princess. Well, it almost makes me sad. I am sure, if my poor Onesime were here, he would not dare to speak to you. You don't seem to belong to the same race as we do."

"You are foolish, Berenice."

"Oh, no! your voice is so much softer—one might say it was music. You scarcely speak the same language."

"What is Onesime doing?"

"Alas! he goes to sea—fishing. I wished him to learn to read and write; but since he has been to sea he has never set foot inside Maitre Epiphane's door."

"He must learn, however."

Berenice had very little to tell; but Pulcherie had a thousand things to tell her—the world that she had seen was as unknown as would be the savages of the next new country that may be discovered. Pulcherie at first made a feint of being frightened at Mopse; she had learned to affect certain airs of timidity—a certain bold indifference to all sorts of petty dangers she had brought with her to St. Denis having been pronounced by the other pupils as the reverse of *comme il faut*.

"Must I tell Onesime, then, that you would not caress his dog? He told me so particularly to ask you to do so."

Pulcherie consented to favour him with a few gentle taps on the head, but always drew her hand back with terror at the slightest movement of the animal. She gave her uncle all sorts of good advice as to the improvement and furnishing the chateau. Such a thing is thus at the De Fondois—such another is thus—and the uncle made careful register of Pulcherie's observations.

Onesime had sent home the twenty francs for his first month two days after his departure. He had not been able to find a place on board a boat, but Pacome's friend had found him employment on board a steamer then and now plying between Havre and Cherbourg. The second month arrived like the first. Pelagie had resumed her household duties, and Tranquille began to recover the use of his arm.

Pulcherie's stay at Benzeval was soon over. M. Malais accompanied her back to Paris, proposing to take advantage of the journey to make numerous purchases, and order new furniture—the existing stock of the chateau having been definitively condemned by Pulcherie. This consisted of the most magnificent specimens of wood-carving, covered with old tapestries. The artists of our own time had not yet brought such things into fashion to such an extent, that now-a-days they cost so much money as to be almost unattainable. We should conceal our sources of happiness, as the traveller conceals his gold when he has to pass through a dangerous forest. This life is thickly wooded.

The close of the vacation was brimful of delights for Pulcherie. She was nearly fourteen years of age. To her early childhood spent at the sea-side with the fisherman's family she was indebted for a robust health. Marie and Pulcherie wore their hair in curls throughout the time that was left to them of the vacation. This style of coiffure, which, especially for young girls, is far from being as becoming as bands, was also a forbidden luxury at St. Denis. They wore enormous

bouquets. One thing alone is tolerated contrary to the laws of equality—the pupils are permitted to have gloves brought them from outside the walls. This oversight of the legislature has given rise to the supreme elegance of St. Denis. On grand occasions it is exacted that the white cotton gloves furnished by the establishment shall be worn by the pupils, who are driven to all sorts of stratagems to substitute for those plebeian horrors their own little white kid gloves; but on ordinary days no particular attention is paid to the subject, and the *well-gloved* form the aristocracy. Our two *comrades*, then, returned to school with pierced ears and a plentiful supply of gloves. This was a great source of envy. The gloves were visible, and the pierced ears spoke eloquently of actual and tangible earrings. Both had had a fine guard-chain woven—each of her own hair—which they exchanged one for another. This is a present frequently reciprocated between *comrades*, and is tolerated by discipline on the pupils' necks. It is called a *sentiment*. The friendship of young girls is but the apprenticeship of love.

Pulcherie had received the white-edged band, and boasted for instructress the gaunt and cold Madame S—, and for lady superintendent the tall, handsome, moderately intelligent J— de S— C—. Marie was a *first* plain white. It was partly for the sake of remaining with Pulcherie, and partly also because her friends considered her too young to be finally introduced to society, that she remained in the class of Madame B—, a young lady handsome enough, though somewhat lean, but terribly severe, and so much dreaded that the greater part of the pupils left the school without having passed under her iron rule. Marie would be compelled to leave after the next examination, as, not being intended to remain in the house as a teacher, she was not qualified to enter the finishing class.

Onesime returned to Dive before the winter. Tranquille Alain was entirely cured. The whittings first, then the herrings, visited the coast in sufficient abundance. Eloi Alain was paid, having re-

ceived altogether more than six hundred francs for the three hundred he had lent his cousin; nevertheless, he remained always that cousin's benefactor, and drew from his services a perpetual interest. Now he would wait for the boats to come in, and take one or two fish home with him; now he would get Tranquille to perform some little task for him, taking care to remind him from time to time of the great service he had done him, and always speaking of the *Monette* as "our boat." Pelagie was also restored to health, and happiness had returned to the house, to which nothing was wanting but Pulcherie; but she was wanting greatly. As to Cesaïre, of whom tidings were received from time to time, his absence was less felt, as he had never participated greatly in the family life, having generally amused himself abroad with companions of his own age in the moments that were not devoted to labour.

Onesime, who was a year and a half older than Pulcherie, was nearly fifteen. He was as strong as his father, and had realized Risque-tout's prediction: everybody said, "Onesime is the fish's enemy." Onesime and Berenice spoke often of Pulcherie. Berenice repeated to her brother all their friend had said to her.

"You see, Onesime, Pulcherie looks as if she were no longer of the same race as we. In the first place, she is as white as a sea-mew's bosom; and then she walks differently from what we do; she says nothing that we do, and talks in quite another sort of voice; it seems as if she belonged to a different country. You remember the gull you picked up in the water—a poor little bird that had fallen from its nest at the top of some cliff; we brought it up with our fowls, and one day, when its wings were grown, it rose up and flew away over the sea. That is the history of Pulcherie."

"But," said Onesime, "if Pulcherie has grown handsomer and more clever, and more amiable, it's only a reason for loving her all the more. That's all about it."

"Yes, but not a reason for *her* to love us all the more, or even as much."

"Did she seem changed towards us?"

"No, she loves us still; she is still good, and she kissed Mamma Pelagie and me with as good a heart as ever; but it stands to reason that as she sees all sorts of fine things that we know nothing about, as she becomes more learned, though she may still love us very well, she must take less interest in what interests us. One day, when we were chatting in the house together, she said to me—speaking of somebody, I forget who it was—'He is an *accomplished cavalier*.' I thought at first she meant somebody who could ride on horseback well, but she explained—'Well, an accomplished cavalier is a man'—she didn't say if he could read and write, but I should think so—'a man who is very well dressed, who can dance, fight with all sorts of weapons, ride on horseback well, and who says all sorts of charming things to young girls.' I have remembered it all on purpose to tell you. Now you know nothing of these things. I can talk with Pulcherie a little, because I can read and write, and count a little; but you—you know absolutely nothing."

"What! I know nothing! No one here knows how to keep a boat closer to the wind than I can. Is it nothing to know the tides? Do you know any one who can bait a row of lines in a more ship-shape fashion, or splice a cable, eh?"

"Yes; but, as I have already told you, Pulcherie is of a different species from us."

"If I don't have Pulcherie for a wife, I will never have any other."

"So much the worse, as it may cause us a great deal of grief; for I tell you again, Pulcherie and we are not of the same species. At any rate, if Pulcherie is to be your wife, it will not do for you to be her inferior, and you must learn."

"But can I?"

"She has learnt, and even I, who am only a little girl, have I not learnt to read and write? There is Maitre Epiphane Garandin, the clerk, who knows everything, they say, and who has been every trade in the world. We earn enough money to be able to pay him a little, and besides, he will be very glad to teach you for some fish now and then."

## CHAPTER IX.

MAITRE EPIPHANE GARANDIN.

The following day, on his return from fishing, Onesime passed the end of a cord through the gills of two enormous whittings, and started with them for Maitre Epiphane's residence.

The school-house was a single room, entered by a descent of three steps; a man of ordinary height would have to stoop on passing the doorway, if he wished to avoid knocking his head against the top. The room was paved; at its extremity stood Maitre Epiphane's bed, concealed by green serge curtains; three forms and two tables, with a little old cast-iron stove, whose funnel went up the chimney, composed the stock of furniture of the academy.

Maitre Epiphane, either from *ennui* or the want of air, had fallen asleep in the midst of hearing a lesson, but awoke on the entrance of Onesime.

"Maitre Epiphane," said Onesime, "here are two whittings I have put aside for you; they are the finest I have ever seen."

"Thank you, Onesime, thank you; I have my dinner for to-day, but they will do for to-morrow; put them on the chimney-piece."

"Maitre Epiphane, I wish to speak to you."

"Speak."

"But what I have to say will take me rather long."

"Well, we'll go out in the court."

Epiphane leant against a tree near the school-room door, which he took care to leave open in order to watch his scholars.

"Now, Onesime, speak away," he said; "you are a man now, and one can converse with you."

Onesime said to him,—

"Do you know, Maitre Epiphane, what an accomplished cavalier is?"

"Certainly I do," replied the school-master. "Twenty years ago I was in the army, in garrison at Metz, and I often heard it said of me, 'There's an accomplished cavalier!'"

"Is it true, Maitre Epiphane, that to

be an accomplished cavalier one must know so many things?"

"But what is the good of all these questions, Onesime?"

"I was asking you, Maitre Epiphane, if it is true that one *must* know so many things to be an accomplished cavalier?"

"I'll tell you what I knew. I was first-rate at billiards. At one time of my life, when I was in Paris, I was a manufacturer of patent glue there; I used to play with Eugene, waiter at a café, one of the best players in Paris. *Eh bien!* he only gave me one point, and didn't always beat me. I was always well dressed; whalebone stock, watch-chain, rings on my fingers, high-heeled boots—in a word, everything that constitutes true elegance. Holloa there, you Leon! Jacqueline will come and tickle your ribs for you. I was up in all sorts of fence, cane, single-stick, *chausson*—everything. After I left Paris I was, at Chalons-sur-Laône, sub-director of a fire insurance company; I recollect it well. I disarmed, with a simple broom-handle, three soldiers I got into a quarrel with at a cabaret: I am sure it must be spoken of to this day in the town. I played the violin and the flageolet."

"Must he also know how to read and write?" asked Onesime.

"Certainly."

"*Eh bien!* Maitre Epiphane, I'll pay whatever may be necessary. The whittings are all right this season, and the herrings have already been seen towards the north. But in a year's time from this I must and will be an accomplished cavalier."

"A year, my poor Onesime, when there are so many people who cannot do it in a lifetime! But what fancy have you got hold of?"

"I have friends of my childhood at school at Paris, and I don't wish to make them ashamed when they meet me."

"That's well. The masters in Paris may charge more, but there isn't one I should be afraid of. Hé! little Pierre and Maurice, I'll help you to fight. I'll back Jacqueline against you both. No matter, you shall learn all I can teach. You must come up here whenever you

have a moment to spare from the sea, and we must work hard when the weather is rough. I won't say that in a year you will become what is absolutely called an accomplished cavalier; but I will say this, that the cleverest of the Paris scholars will be glad to take lessons of you."

## CHAPTER X.

At the Malais establishment everything was in confusion. The proprietors, taking to the business a little later in life than Onesime, found themselves in a situation closely resembling his. Hitherto their only thought had been to be rich; now the great object was to be genteel and *comme il faut*. Age had given a sufficiently picturesque aspect to the old chateau of Benzeval. Properly speaking, it was nothing more than a large Norman house, in the strictest acceptation of the word. The park was surrounded by walls covered with ivy, which had at first weakened and decayed, but now sustained them. Luxuriant wallflowers grew in the crevices and on the mortar of the wall, over which also scrambled the houseleek and several varieties of fern. The plaster of the house was white-washed; the fine old ivy was torn up by the roots; some parts of the wall were rebuilt, and the remainder white-washed, on the unanimous decision that the effect would be *much neater*. Some pieces of tapestry—rather old, it is true, but of a fine character—which from time immemorial had covered the walls of the saloon, were taken away and replaced by a red paper, in imitation of flock. The old carved wood chairs and tables were stowed in a garret to make room for the new furniture that had been ordered in Paris, and which arrived soon afterwards. The staircases were painted of a blood-red colour, and waxed and polished to the most dangerous extent. In ascending or descending it was advisable to go very slowly, and keep a firm grip of the banister, unless the passenger wished to break his neck. In front of the mansion stood a fine clump of chestnut trees; these were mercilessly cut down and replaced

by twelve tubs containing orange trees, each neatly clipped to the shape of a cannon ball, not one leaf being allowed to project beyond another.

M. Malais had had a stock of new clothes made in Paris, and had brought back with him some magnificent stuffs for Dorothee. These she had made up into six new dresses by the best dress-maker in Tronville, whom she had sent for to Benzeval. The dresses, in spite of the remonstrances of the dress-maker, were cut from the pattern of the famous dress brought from Paris fifteen years before.

"Mademoiselle," said Dorothee Malais, with a superb air, "it is the Paris fashion. I had it made there myself, and I brought it from there myself."

It was, in fact, a gown with a very short waist, descending scarcely below the arm-pits, straight and narrow as a scabbard, as dresses were made in those days when five ells of stuff were sufficient for a dress which requires, I believe, in the present day ten or twelve; consequently, the stuffs having been purchased by M. Malais in Paris during his late visit, it turned out that half of each dress was enough to make one similar to the illustrious model. Madame Malais resolved then to give the other half to Pulcherie, who would thereby receive a present of six handsome dresses.

Liveries were ordered for the servants; this Pulcherie had strongly recommended. Then the visitors' rooms had to be thought of. I believe, if there had been time, they would have pulled down and rebuilt the entire house. In the absence of anything like guiding taste, M. and Madame Malais were decided in their selections by whatever cost the most money. The old carriage was sold, as was also the old grey horse—grown white with age. Elloi Alain, the miller, who passed for a great connoisseur in horse-flesh, was commissioned to purchase a perfect pair to run in a caleche that had been ordered from Caen. The miller made five hundred francs by the two horses, in addition to a hundred francs M. Malais had given him for his trouble.

Preparations were also being made at Risque-tout's cottage; Berenice and

Pelagie kept the house in a state of the most scrupulous cleanliness. Onesime had entirely dug up the garden, which was about thirty paces long, behind the house. He rooted up the hyacinths, the anemones, and all the spring flowers, and only admitted such as would be naturally in bloom at the period when Pulcherie was expected to visit Dive. He was indefatigable in pursuing his studies with the clerk. He learnt a set of quadrilles, which composed the entire musical acquirements of Maitre Epiphane on the flageolet. With regard to the use of arms, he made notable progress in the arts of single-stick and the *chausson*. Persons unacquainted with those branches of the art of fence may find some interest in a private view of one of the lessons, to which it is easy to admit them. The master and pupil take each a cudgel of four feet and a half in length.

ÉPIPHANE.—Attention! The twelfth division of single-stick is one of the most important; it is executed in thirty strokes. Stand in the first position, deal out coming forward three face blows right; turn on the heel three times with three blows left—two more face blows right; one head blow—side blow right and left—wrist once round, one end blow; double face blow, right and left, raised; finish with an up-chin blow and face blow right and left. This division, as I have told you, is one of the most important; it isn't every professor is up to it; I learnt it at Rouen when I was an Indian silk spinner. Now we'll go on to the *chausson* exercise. Kick right—double—for the attack. I parry blow in face—fist exercise—double kicks inside and out, feint off fist blow in the chest, fist blow on ear, recover legs inside and out; kick in groin—crop exercise, crop in groin—kick at gums—recover legs. *Bien!* Not so rigid! If you give the gum stroke with your other foot kept flat on the ground, you'll be on your back at the first movement. On your toe—higher!—now at the gums; that's better."

Onesime, lithe and vigorous, succeeded admirably in what he considered the

science of *arms*, but in the arts of reading and writing he was far from making as rapid progress.

However, Marie had quitted the establishment of Saint Denis after the examination at which Pulcherie had been promoted to the plain-white class, under the ferule of the highly distinguished Madame de Ciony. A correspondence was established between her and Marie, and carried on as actively as the difficulties in the way of Pulcherie's writing would permit. Every Sunday a confidential servant came from Marie to ask for Pulcherie in the parlour, when the letters were exchanged.

#### PULCHERIE MALAIS TO MARIE DE FONDOIS.

You will laugh at our balls now—you who have made your appearance in the great world; however, nothing could be more brilliant than ours was yesterday; it took place in the drawing school-room. All the lamps in the house, and all the lustres in the chapel, were placed under contribution for its illumination. The ball commenced at six o'clock. Madame the Superintendent was there with her grand ribbon of the Legion of Honour; we were all marched before her, class by class; all the ladies were in full dress. As for us, they distributed among us the odious regulation white cotton gloves. I threw mine under a bench as soon as Madame Charton had finished her inspection, and displayed a sweet little pair of straw-coloured kids, which fitted me so that nothing could be better. I must tell you there is a little girl of the *nacarat*-edged class who is *running after* me; she has been already punished for being seen wandering about the corridors near the white class; she offers me flowers; she came to ask me to dance in the quadrille of her class, in which she officiated as my cavalier. Afterwards I invited her to the quadrille of our class, when I was cavalier in my turn. But these two sets over, I danced no more with her; I scarcely danced at all, except with the ladies and novices, to whom I assure you I was the most gallant cavalier imaginable.

Towards nine o'clock, as usual, *negus* was handed round between the quadrilles. At nine the collation was served—cakes, ices, punch; then we danced again up to two o'clock.

#### PULCHERIE MALAIS.

Who is the young man who accompanied your mother when she came to see me? I scarcely dared lift my eyes to look at him; he appeared to be very well dressed.

#### MARIE DE FONDOIS TO PULCHERIE MALAIS.

The young man is our cousin; more, he is one of my admirers. He is my slave, my serf; and I forbid you ever to lift your eyes to look at him. He appears well dressed! Nobody in the world dresses as he does. His cravat has not a single crease; his gloves are always of an irreproachable freshness, and he astonished no one the other day when he avowed that he wore three pairs a day. He dances and waltzes to perfection. He has a cane the head of which is a perfect bijou; it is pure gold, studded over with little turquoises. He always wears patent leather boots. Every house fights to get him; he is really a charming fellow. I was at a dance—*à propos* of a fête, for the soirées are over for this season—on the very day of your famous ball. So you see we were each at a ball at the same time. I danced four times with him. I will not say too much about the ball to you, poor little thing! who have just so thoroughly enjoyed a dance in the drawing-school-room. Only, do tell what is the difference between the *negus* they overwhelmed you with and the punch they eke out to you? Is not one merely cold water lightly tinged with red, and the other hot water still more lightly tinged with yellow? Nothing is changed, then, in your solemnities. The grand coquettes, those whose brilliant luxury crushes their rivals, are still those who possess a pair of gloves, cleaned with a week's trouble and a bit of India-rubber; or those who put their scarfs a little nearer the edge of their shoulders, at the risk of being eaten up by the lady inspectress, should her unfaill-

ing eye detect so grave an infraction of the laws, so culpable an excess of coquetry.

MARIE DE FONDOIS.

Mamma and I are coming to see you on Sunday. If the cousin should accompany us, mind you manifest the same reserve, and respect my conquests. This is an alliance we must swear to each other. Adieu!

## CHAPTER XI.

It was night. Tranquille Alain and Onesime, favoured by the wind and tide, were returning to Dive after a tolerably good night's fishing. A light breeze filled the sail. Risque-tout, smoking his little black pipe, was busy cleaning the fish, whilst Onesime, half reclining in the stern, held with one hand the tiller, and with the other the main-sheet.

"What time should you think it was, father?" he asked Tranquille Alain suddenly. "It can't be the day beginning to break; besides, it is too much over Benzeval."

Tranquille looked up, and saw what had excited his son's astonishment: a strong light was seen on the horizon just above Benzeval.

"It's a fire!" he said.

At the same time, whether that they were getting nearer to it, or that the fire had increased in intensity, both distinguished a dense mass of smoke and tongues of flame darting up to the heavens.

"It's a fire," repeated Tranquille Alain; "out with more sail. The breeze is getting up, and if it fans the fire it will send us all the quicker to help them. Is it the chateau? There is so much smoke, it throws me all out of my reckoning."

They kept a moment's silence. Onesime exerted all his powers to increase their speed.

"Listen," said Alain, "listen! they are ringing the alarm bell at Benzeval church. Can they only just have discovered the fire? Make tant the jib-sheet a little. Bravo! here comes half a capful that will send us in in no time."

Ten minutes later, and they shot up the river, and hastily moored the boat on the beach. Several people, awakened by the alarm bell, had come out of their houses.

"There's a fire!" said Onesime to the first group they encountered. "There's a fire at Benzeval!"

"Is it at the chateau?"

"No," said a fisherman; "it is at your Cousin Eloi's mill."

At these words the father and son darted off, scaled the rising coast, and were not long in reaching the mill. About thirty people were already assembled there; but though there was no scarcity of water, the confusion of the helpers and the violence of the fire had up to that time rendered all their assistance of little avail.

"But where is Cousin Eloi?" asked Tranquille.

"He is—he is a dead man!" replied one of the bystanders.

"Is he in the mill?"

"Yes: don't you hear him screaming and calling for help?"

And in fact at this moment a horribly piercing voice was heard crying from the top of the mill—

"Save me! help! help!"

"But why does he not get out? The fire is only on the ground-floor as yet; there is none where he is."

"The staircase is in flames."

"He might jump out of the window, or at least show himself there."

"He did for an instant, then he disappeared suddenly, and since then we have only heard him cry. He must be hurt, or perhaps the fire has made more progress inside than out."

During this time Onesime had made several attempts to scale the burning staircase; each time he had been repulsed by the smoke. Then the staircase cracked and fell in with a crash. The voice of the miller was heard calling for help in accents of despair more and more affrighting.

"Ladders! ladders!" cried Onesime.

Two were lashed together with those knots seamen alone know how to make. They did not quite reach up to the



window. Nevertheless, Onesime lashed a long cord round his body, and, arrived at the top of the ladder, scrambled up with his hands and feet, succeeded in reaching the window, hurled himself through it with superhuman force, and disappeared into the room. The cries of the miller ceased. A few moments of horrible anxiety elapsed. Had he ceased to cry on seeing help approach, or had he fallen into the flames? Some minutes passed in this manner. A fearful crash was heard—the entire building appeared to be falling in. Onesime re-appeared at the window, pale, but with flashing eyes; in his arms he held the miller, whom he had lashed round with the rope he had brought with him, and of which he had constructed a sort of cradle.

"A man to the ladder!" he cried.

Tranquille would allow no one but himself to go to his son's assistance. As to Onesime, he made a hangman's knot with his rope round a beam inside the mill so that it could not escape him, then he carried Eloi Alain down gently as far as the ladder, when his father relieved him of his burden.

"Take care!" he cried, "he has broken a leg."

The miller was passed from hand to hand; but just as Risque-tout had delivered him to his nearest neighbour, and the latter, also mounted on the ladder, had passed him to a third, the ladder itself was heard to crack, and fell shivered into several pieces. The two men below fell headlong to the ground without sustaining any serious injury.

"But Onesime! what will become of him?" cried Tranquille.

Onesime, as soon as he had seen this last accident, had wound his rope still more firmly to the beam, and clinging to it with his hands and feet, had reached the ground without difficulty. Only his hair and clothes were greatly singed. The emotion experienced by the spectators during the miller's rescue had suspended all their exertions; the fire made still further progress while he was being carried to one of his stables—a building not attached to the mill. The work

was at length resumed, and in a few hours the flames were completely mastered. Eloi Alain had not perceived the fire till he felt himself stifled by the smoke; he had leaped out of bed, and in his haste had fallen on a staircase, where he had broken his leg. From that moment he had remained a prey to the most horrible agonies; he had only been able to trail himself along by the assistance of his hands to get as far as possible from the centre of the fire. For nearly an hour, in spite of his cries, no one had been able to come to his assistance. Everything led to the belief that Eloi's mill had not been set on fire by accident. The building in which the fire for cooking and other domestic purposes was ordinarily lighted was at some distance from the mill. A debtor of the miller's had been to see him in the morning to ask for time for the payment of a debt: he was the father of a family. He had implored Eloi's compassion without having been able to obtain the slightest concession. In a few days his cattle and implements would be all sold; his wife and children would be reduced to the most horrible misery, whereas, if Eloi had chosen—for a reasonable interest, it must be understood—to wait till the harvest, all would have gone well; he would be paid, and would not have plunged an entire family into misery and despair. The miller had been inflexible; the debtor had left him threatening him with the vengeance of Heaven, and it was in the night immediately following that day that the fire had broken out with fearful violence in a building where no fire was ever used. It was rumoured that a man had been seen during the night prowling round a little pond that served as a dam and reservoir to the mill-stream.

Eloi Alain was not long recovering; he testified his gratitude to Onesime with the greatest effusion.

"It is true they are people to whom I have rendered very great service," he said; "but I can't deny that they have shown themselves very grateful, and scarcely had a hope left, except in the mercy of God, when I saw Onesime come in at the window: it seemed really as

if he had dropped from heaven. I was no longer able—so much did my leg pain me—to get farther away from the flames, the heat of which was already singeing my hair. I owe my life to the boy. I am a great loser—the mill has to be entirely rebuilt; but, however, the poor boy couldn't save the mill, though he tried hard to do so. I am not married—I have no children; I say no more. Besides, nobody could find fault with me: Onesime is my second cousin."

As Cousin Elói was rich, the mill was soon built up again; but from that moment, thanks to his idea of proclaiming Onesime his heir, he considered himself more than ever entitled to get presents of fish out of his young cousin, and make use of him on all occasions, so that he even managed to put his gratitude out to interest, and make his very gifts bring him in a handsome profit. Onesime, who had displayed on the occasion an almost superhuman degree of strength and courage, had received a severe blow on the head and a burn on the leg. A month after the event, on Sunday, a mass being just over—all the villagers were assembled in the church, the curé mounted the pulpit and said—

"My dear parishioners, amongst the many blessings for which we have to thank God, we owe him acts of thanksgiving for the almost miraculous manner in which he has been pleased to save the miller of Benzeval from the conflagration which has destroyed his mill. God, in the greatest manifestations of His will, loves to employ the feeblest of His creatures to show that all power comes from Him. It is a young man—whom we can no longer call a child after the noble example he has given men of intrepidity and coolness—whom God has inspired with this power and self-devotion. The King has been pleased to send to Monsieur the Maire of Dive a reward for Onesime Alain; this reward is a silver medal, on which are engraven the particulars of the event which has earned it. It is here."

And, as he spoke, the curé displayed a medal attached to a tri-coloured ribbon.

"Monsieur the Maire, with a feeling

of enlightened piety, thought that the church would be the fittest place in which to confer this reward on him who has so richly earned it. We should all respect this decoration, which the generous young man will in future wear. Among the signs of distinction men have been pleased to invent, God, who only distinguishes them by their virtues, must look with greater favour upon that which testifies to the having saved the life of a fellow-creature, nearly all other decorations being given in reward for the greatest number of men those obtaining them have killed. If, then, we are to honour the decoration about to be placed on the breast of the instrument God has chosen for an act of mercy, he himself will know that it is his duty to show himself worthy of the mission Heaven has deigned to mark out for him; he will know that this mark of distinction will not be to keep in remembrance of what he has done so much as of what he has to do. His life should henceforth be devoted to good works and acts of self-devotion."

The curé descended from the pulpit, placed himself at the entrance of the choir, and then—"Onesime Alain," he resumed, in a loud voice, "kneel down to receive with humility an honourable and glorious recompense."

Onesime rose from his seat, his face on fire, his eyes cast down, and his step uncertain; he knelt down before the curé, who said to him—

"The reward frightens you more than the danger."

Then he attached the medal to his breast and embraced him.

On leaving church the entire congregation flocked round Onesime and congratulated him; all the men offered their hands to him as to a man, and the girls were proud to bid him a familiar good day. Berenice, who took his arm to return home, said to him—

"Oh, how proud I am! You are my brother—mine. And you, Onesime, you ought to feel very happy."

"Yes," said he, "but why was not Pulcherie there?"

The next day Onesime resumed his

fishing clothes as usual. He wore his medal every Sunday to go to church, as the curate had counselled him, saying—

“No false modesty, my son, which is only vanity with the addition of hypocrisy. You have a right to be proud of this distinction. You must wear it every Sunday.”

One day a woman made her appearance at Dive, and inquired where Maitre Epiphane Garandin lived. Arrived at the school-house, she had a few minutes' conversation with him; then she installed herself for good in the house, of which she henceforth assumed the administration and the direction. On occasions she even took charge of the school when Maitre Epiphane was compelled to absent himself, and did so with such energy as to make herself dreaded by the most mutinous of the scholars. It was ascertained that this woman was no less than Madame Garandin, own lawful wife of Maitre Epiphane Garandin, who had left and forgotten her by accident some years ago in the town of Rheims, where he had formed an establishment. Madame Garandin at first had borne the desertion of her ungrateful spouse very philosophically, the heaven of their wedded happiness having been clouded from the beginning by repeated storms; but, after a few years, business began to fall off, and Madame Garandin remembered that she had duties to fulfil as well as rights to exact with regard to him whom the church and the law had united to her destiny. As the worthy couple had not kept up the most active correspondence, she had at first some trouble to know where she ought to present herself for the purpose of exercising the conjugal virtues. At length she had succeeded in finding out the whereabouts of him whose happiness she was to complete. Maitre Epiphane, as he had been by no means sorry to leave his wife in former times, was not inconsolably distressed to meet with her again. The pedagogue was of an inconstant mind—anything like a change was always welcome to him. He had now been a schoolmaster for some time, and would, perhaps, not have been long without devoting his talents to

some new enterprise, if this novel element had not appeared to infuse a little variety into his life.

The two families who had passed the preceding summer at Dive and at Benzeval had returned this year. They had also induced two more families to take up their abode there; accident had brought a fifth. Never had the neighbourhood been invaded by so much affluence. Dive was from that time forth constituted a bathing-place. The miller, who had never willingly let a chance of making money slip by, had made its acquisition a sort of duty since the loss of his mill by the fire. He let, to one of the strange families, the two rooms which formed his dwelling, and accommodated himself in the stable. He, moreover, constructed two cabins for the use of the bathers, and stuck up a sign-post near them on the beach. On this sign-post was a placard, and on the placard this inscription—“*Salt-water baths in the sea.*” If any of the inhabitants of Dive and of Benzeval happened to *possess*, as they themselves have it, the art of writing, there was only the schoolmaster who wrote a beautiful hand, and who very nearly understood orthography. He was the only one who carried a talent for writing to the point where it attains its end; that is, the power of being read. He had been applied to for the placard announcing Eloi Alain's establishment. Eloi, to avoid paying him, had tried to make him believe that it would be a glorious advantage to him to have thus a specimen of his best writing stuck up in so excellent a situation, which would infallibly suggest to the rich strangers the idea of perfecting themselves in the art of writing under the tuition of Maitre Epiphane Garandin. The schoolmaster made no reply, but he resolved not to content himself with this advantage, which was far from appearing as brilliant to him as the miller had wished to make it out. He resolved, from that very instant, to start a rival establishment. He also erected two cabins, with the almost similar inscription—“*Salt-water baths.*” He had not thought it worth while to mention, as his neighbour had done, that

those baths would be in the sea. The fact appeared to him sufficiently clear from the situation of the establishments. The miller, who was not accustomed to be resisted, or to meet with opposition in any of his undertakings, was greatly chafed at the struggle in which he found himself engaged. Maitre Epiphane, to whom he had always refused to lend money, was perfectly independent of him. The miller erected a third cabin, an example which was immediately followed by the schoolmaster; but when Eloi Alain caused a fourth cabin to make its appearance, he acknowledged that matters were getting beyond his financial resources. It was not likely that Eloi would open a credit with him, which would be a powerful aid to the rival establishment. He felt that it was not on the field of expenditure he must think of carrying on a combat in which he would be vanquished at the first few blows. To Eloi Alain belonged the influence of capital—to Epiphane Garandin the success due to intelligence and superior education. Amongst the strangers assembled at Dive there happened to be a few English. Soon was seen a second placard, formidable in its dimensions, towering proudly above the schoolmaster's cabins, and this placard bore the following inscription in English:—“*Garandin's baths.*” This was a master-stroke. The English visitors were singularly flattered by this homage rendered to their language and to themselves. They patronized with one accord the baths kept by Madame Garandin. The miller pronounced Maitre Epiphane an intriguing schemer; but the latter seemed to trouble himself very little with the censure.

At length arrived the great event so long expected. The De Fondeois family arrived at the chateau, bringing with them Pulcherie and Marie. The chateau was turned inside out to receive them. The poor old chateau, tinkered up and villanously repainted, was so changed as to be scarcely recognizable. It had received—good old simple and picturesque house as it was—from the hands of its masters a stamp of ridiculous pretension. It wore the air of a parvenu in his best

clothes. On the morning after their arrival Pulcherie got up very early to look round her, and see that her relations had committed no capital offence. She ordered certain things to be reformed; certain others to be added; but, on the whole, expressed herself satisfied. She felt rather embarrassed with respect to her friends at Dive: they could not remain ignorant of her arrival, and she could not dispense with going to visit them immediately. Moreover, she had preserved a real affection for them; but she was not sure that Marie and the De Fondeois would look with complacency on her being compromised by an intimacy with peasants like the Alain family. She decided that she would start off secretly some morning to pay the visit she ought and was anxious to make. She had prepared matters a little in her conversations with Marie; but she had not taken upon herself to say further than that she had been brought up, to the age of eleven, by Pelagie, and it was only a matter of accident that she had not been made a lace-maker like Berenice: she had contented herself by saying Pelagie had been her nurse, and Berenice her foster-sister. In spite of these preparations, she feared that the familiarity of the children, and the affection mixed with a little authority of the parents, could not fail to appear ridiculous in the eyes of her friends of St. Denis; so one morning early she opened the door without noise, and descended to the garden. As she reached the garden gate she was not a little disappointed to meet Marie, who, having been out of bed some time—thanks to the habits of St. Denis, which she had not yet had time to forget entirely—was taking a walk in the shrubberies. Pulcherie, absorbed by the thoughts of her clandestine enterprise, did not see Marie at first, and was somewhat startled when the latter seized her by the arm, and said to her—

“Whither away so early, fair Chateleine? Is some true knight waiting for you with a palfrey ready saddled to bear you away from the tyranny of a cruel guardian, who denies you to his ardent flames? Why quit the manor-house so slyly?”

Pulcherie, at first thrown rather aback, decided to confess that she was going to see her nurse; that they were excellent people, real *hearts of gold*, but mere peasants—fishermen without education, except the little girl, Berenice, who, having learned to read without much spelling, and to write without any, passed for a sort of phenomenon in the family, of which she was the oracle. She thought that the rather familiar tenderness and the uproarious joy of those good people would possess no charms for Mademoiselle de Fondeois, and she proposed to spare her from taking part therein. Marie asserted that, on the contrary, she travelled to observe and pick up information; that she wished to study the manners of the natives; and that the more they might differ from those she was accustomed to, the more interest and pleasure their study would possess for her; that if she could wish for anything in the world, it would be to find the Alain family composed exclusively of savages, and she insisted on being allowed to accompany Pulcherie in the visit she was about to pay them.

Pulcherie was at once embarrassed and vexed to have spoken of her friends in a half-dippant tone, which authorized that taken by Marie, which was entirely so. She reflected that the Alains would not expect airs of patronage either from her or from a person she might introduce to them as her friend; that Onesime and Berenice would think themselves entitled to live on the same familiar footing with her as formerly; and she was nearly sure, in the first place, Marie would receive this familiarity very ungraciously if addressed to her; and that she herself would suffer in her friend's estimation, if she should fail to conduct herself with a certain dignity. She proposed to postpone the visit to another time. However, Marie insisted, and she herself felt that it had been already delayed too long, and that she must have caused the hearts of her friends to suffer greatly by her neglect. The two young girls, with their straw bonnets, left the chateau and descended the coast of Benzeval. They were the subject of conversation at Tranquille Alain's at the moment of their

knocking at the door. Risque-tout and his son had returned from fishing, and were seated before a goodly bowl of soup. They had not had time to take off their boots and fishing-coats. The morning's sport had been good, and a few moments before Alain had said—

"Pulcherie hasn't been to see us yet."

"She must be ill," said Pelagie; "I will send Berenice up to inquire."

"Take care, wife, take care," said Tranquille; "we mustn't push ourselves forward. Pulcherie is a fine lady now, and it is our place to wait. It is we who are poor, and we who ought to be proud."

"Oh!" replied Pelagie, with great sweetness, "Pulcherie cannot prevent herself from being our daughter."

Onesime said nothing, but his heart beat heavily. He had expected that Pulcherie on her arrival would barely have taken time to embrace the Malais—that she would come down, running like a young fawn, to the cabin at Dive—"For," said he, "the Malais are only her relations by money; we are her relations by heart."

"Pulcherie will be here, and she will explain everything."

At this moment Pulcherie and Marie entered the cabin. A cry of joy filled the poor house, and made it tremble with happiness. Pulcherie forgot Marie, and fell into the arms of Pelagie and Berenice; she then went up to Tranquille, who kissed her on both cheeks. Onesime was about to do the same, but he perceived Marie; and moreover, Pulcherie, whom he had not seen since she left Dive, was so changed that he felt abashed, and made in the most awkward manner a clumsy reverence, for which he was indebted to the lessons of Maitre Epiphane, his professor of good manners.

"*Eh bien!*" said Tranquille, "here's a fellow! What! I believe he's afraid to kiss Pulcherie! Kiss him, then, Pulcherie; go and kiss your brother."

Pulcherie dared not disobey Tranquille's order; she went and offered Onesime her cheek, off which, such was the poor bashful kiss he attempted to imprint upon it, he could scarcely have brushed the rosy down.



## MOONLIGHT.

AFTER THE GERMAN.

THE forester goes to the banquet so gay,  
The poachers lie hid in the wild wood all day.

His dear wife slept sound with her child, all  
alone,  
And broad through the casement the silver moon  
shone;

And as her pale beams streamed in o'er the white  
wall,  
The child waked from sleep, and 'gan loudly to  
call—

"Ah, mother, why tarries dear father so long?  
My heart surely tells me that something is wrong."

"Look not, dearest child, at the moonbeams so  
white;  
Go slumber again till the morning dawn bright."

The pale moonbeams spread all along the white  
wall;  
They glimmer at length on the gun-case so tall,

"Ah, mother, I heard then a far-distant shot—  
From my father's old gun I am sure it came not."

"Gaze not, darling child, at the moonbeams' pale  
light;  
Go sleep again soundly—you're dreaming to-  
night."

The moonlight now fills all the chambers so  
small,

The dear father's picture looks pale on the wall.

'Oh! blessed Lord, save us from evil this night.

How dead pale the picture looks in the moon-  
light!"

'Go sleep sound again, my poor wandering child,  
The pale moonbeams fill you with fancies so  
wild."

The dawn roused the mother from slumber once  
more;

Her husband lay dead at his own cottage door.

GILBERT PERCY.

P

## TWO SCENES FROM A LIFE.

ROSE MORRIS awoke early: she left her bed, opened her little casement, and looked forth upon the morning. The scene was a fair one; a valley with a modest hamlet in the midst, half hid beneath a veil of green foliage; a river, or rather a rivulet, winding between grassy banks; hills rising in the distance, green to their summits with trees and herbage. The signs of stirring life were just beginning to appear: a solitary herdsman was seen climbing the hill-path: the white smoke curled upwards from the cottage chimney; from among the trees the woodman's axe was heard mingling with the songs of the birds; the cattle lowed, and the cock blew his horn in concert. The air was temptingly clear and balmy. Rose left her window, and, not long afterwards, she emerged from the door of the cottage. With a light quick step she took her way towards the sparkling rivulet which ran through the fields. She sauntered slowly along the margin of the stream; now she would pause to inhale a deeper breath of the pure air, and now she would stand still to gaze into the clear depths of the water—to follow with her eye its flow over the pebbles in its bed—to watch the rising of its crystal bubbles, and to listen to the sound of its murmurs when it playfully dashed among the stones. Thus idling, she strolled on, until she came to the foot of a hill, up whose somewhat steep ascent she did not hesitate to climb, though it was hard labour for her delicate limbs. Every now and then she turned to look upon the scene, which spread and grew before her every moment into increasing beauty. There were towering mountains sloping upwards till they seemed to mingle with the skies; a forest in its dense impenetrable shade; a grove with graceful foliage of lighter green; a river winding in its tortuous path; bright, flowery meadows; yellow harvest fields; green, swelling banks; woody ravines; trees, cottages, and gardens; all lying before her, basking in the morning sunshine. Still she climbed farther up, and still

there arose new wonders. It was like enchantment. The nearest hills sank to mere mounds, and, towering over their heads, hill after hill, range after range, arose, as though conjured up by the magic spell of some wizard. The peeps caught between the hills far, far away in the horizon, seemed, in their indistinctness, like a fairy land, or paradise. At length she reached her aim; and she sat down on the lone stone which had oftentimes before, in this her favourite walk, served her for a resting place. The mountain breeze played in the curls of her brown hair, and blew them back from her fair, open brow. Her blue eye sparkled, and the hue of health glowed on her cheek.

Rose was an only child, the darling of her parents. They were poor, and earned their daily bread by daily wearing toil: yet, through great self-sacrifice, they had contrived to bring her up delicately; for she had always been a fragile plant, requiring careful nurture. In her early years, they had nightly offered up to God their prayers that He would spare them their little one; earnest was their faith that He, who was their Father, and who dwelt in heaven, would listen to their prayer. It might have been, for the child lived to love them, and to grow deeper, every day, into their love. She passed a happy childhood; without care, without thought beyond the present hour. How could she think there were such things as care, and anxious thought, in so sweet and sunshiny a world, where all things laughed, and danced, and sported, and sparkled, from the fly upon the grass blade to the lamb upon the hill—from the light dew-drop to the great sun which shone in it! But she grew older. She grew up to womanhood: and thought had grown upon her with her years. For some time past she had remarked with anxiety how hard her parents worked to gain their bread. This was not right, while she was living idly. She knew it was their happiness to labour thus, that she might be left free to wander as she liked, and dream of nothing but sunshine and green fields. But it was not right. The time would come when they would

be too old to work ; and would she then be able, in her turn, to support them ? Alas ! she would not. Then what would become of them all ? This thought haunted her like a spectre ; and it was not laid to rest until she had resolved upon a plan of action—until she had resolved to seek the means of earning a livelihood for herself, and a provision for her parents in their old age. She would have liked to stay in her native village, but she was not strong enough for country work. Many plans she thought of before she resolved, at last, to leave her home, to go to the distant town, and there learn\* the trade of dressmaking. Her parents wept when she told them her plan ; but, in the hope that she would not be made to work more than her strength would bear, and that she would sometime be very rich, and they might live to see it, they gave their consent.

And so, the tears of parting chased away by smiles of hope, Rose left her home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every sound in the great city was hushed, save the measured tread of the solitary policeman on his beat ; or, at long intervals, the quicker step of some late reveller hastening to his home through the deserted streets. It was night, and thousands of human souls were unconsciously enjoying, in sleep, refreshment from the cares of the day. But, alas ! not all were so blessed. In many dwellings were the signs of watching and wakefulness. From the garret window of a house in a long street of shops, there gleamed a pale and sickly light, which spoke sad things—of sleeplessness, of tears, of sinking hearts, of weary watchings by the couch of pain. And let us look within. Disease and woe indeed are there. So dim is the flickering light, the objects in the chamber can scarcely be discerned : but the rays fall most upon a bed, and upon two forms kneeling beside it. On the bed is stretched a slight attenuated form—so slight, so attenuated, that it hardly can be perceived there is a form beneath the unruffled coverings. A white hand, with long thin fingers, rests upon the quilt, passive and motion-

less. Upon the face death has stamped deep his impress. In that wan and wasted face it is not easy to recognize Rose Morris, the country girl ; and yet it is she.

Her tale may soon be told. Her first impressions when, after travelling far, she entered on her new life, were indistinct, confused, and vague, as though she were in a dream. She was bewildered and perplexed ; and it was not till after many days that she could see things in their reality. Dreary enough was the prospect. For five long years, she was condemned to sit within the four blank walls of a chamber, day after day, and for the livelong day to sit still and silent with her hands and eyes employed in ceaseless labour. But she was cheerful and happy : her life was brightened by the hope that burned within her. Weeks and months passed on ; she began to feel less happy ; her work seemed not so easy to her as at first ; she hardly knew the reason, but she thought that if she could but now and then go out to breathe the fresh air, and refresh herself more at night with sleep and rest, it would be easier for her : as it was, she had to work from morn till night, sometimes till after midnight ; and when she had a leisure hour, she felt too weak and listless to go out. Yet the bright sunshine, the blue sky, the trees, the soft green grass, the birds, and flowers, were more than ever in her thoughts. Her mind was strangely haunted by them. When she bent over her work, now often wetted with her tears, she would imagine that she saw in it things green, like grass or leaves ; and all the while her hands were busy. Time passed on. She had begun to droop ; she lost her strength ; her clothes hung loose upon her ; her cheek grew daily thinner ; and at last appeared on it the fearful hectic spot. She spoke to no one of her sufferings ; but she pined and pined away in silence. Those who saw her changed appearance, hearing no complaint, gave the matter no second thought, but turned away to mind their own affairs. Her mistress was one of that class of mistresses who regard their apprentices only as means of profit. Cold and insensible, save where her own interests were con-



cerned, she saw at last that the girl was ill, *because she could not do her work*. She feared to have her a burden on her hands, so she graciously gave her permission to go home. But it was too late. Before poor Rose could prepare for her departure, she became too ill to be removed. She could not leave her bed. Hard indeed would have been the heart that could refuse the murmured wishes of the dying girl to see her parents. The parents were sent for, and they came in time to see their child alive.

For a long time the short convulsive sobs of the old man had been the only sounds in the sick chamber. The mother, with a greater power of self-control, had repressed the utterance of her grief for her child's sake. She had been sleeping a long, calm sleep. At length she awoke, and looked so fresh, so well, so like her former self; she smiled so sweetly her own bright, happy, loving smile, that her poor mother's drooping heart beat quick with sudden hope. She bent over her child to hear her words, for she spoke in low, though distinct, accents. "That was a pleasant dream! It told me I should see my home again! and I believe it: I am quite well now! I shall go back again—back to the meadows and the streams. I'll lie upon the bank, and smell the flowers, and feel the cool, cool wind upon my cheek, and listen to the cuckoo far away singing among the trees! But why did I come here? There's no sun here! I cannot breathe! *Shut up, shut up!* O, mother! take me to my home. The air is thick and dark—I'm dying! Take me—ha, now I see—O, glorious!"—

This little story is not designed to show that it is a bad thing for a young woman to leave the country in order to learn a useful trade in town. It is to illustrate the evil of the late hour and close confinement system. We should fear to inquire into and draw up a catalogue of the instances in which *that* has sown the seeds of consumption, and brought, not only the delicate, but even the strong and healthy, prematurely to the grave. Thank God! there is hope that system is not likely long to last.

## IT'S BENEATH ME.

### A TALE.

"I TELL you it's beneath me, and I shall not go. I didn't marry you to be made to sit down with all the low people in Mexworth. My father was an apothecary, and I know what's due to myself too well to disgrace my family, and that's all about it, Sam," said Anne Rogers to her husband one evening towards the end of their honeymoon.

"But they are not *low* people," quietly remarked Sam, as soon as his wife's volubility had a little expended itself. "They are honest, industrious, well-mannered folk as any in the whole town."

"They *are* low people," retorted the lady. "Didn't Mrs. Perkins's mother sell nuts and apples at the corner of the street, and was her father anything better than a journeyman? It's nothing but because Joe was your fellow-servant that you want me to demean myself to people like that. I wonder you haven't more proper pride than to forget that you were butler when he was groom. But if *you* have got no dignity belonging to you, I have, and that you'll find, Mr. Rogers."

Sam was pretty certain it was a desperate case, for his wife had only once before honoured him with this form of address. He stuck his hands, therefore, into his pockets with a hopeless air; but not to be beaten without a struggle, began once more, with a "But, my dear Anne——"

"But your dear Anne has got a will of her own about some things," was the impatient reply, "and that's one; so you can tell the Perkinses not to expect me."

Half in sorrow, half in anger, her husband took up his hat and hastened into the street.

Thank God that everywhere, even in the busiest thoroughfares of our busy towns, the sweet freshness of the summer evening may be felt by those who seek it. It seems as a messenger sent to smooth the ruffled brow of the angry and careworn, and to bring fresh bloom into the faded cheek of the sickly and the sad.

It is certainly our own fault if we do not come home of a summer night hap-

pier and better than we go out; and so Sam thought, as he felt the breeze upon his forehead. Accordingly, he had not gone far before his anger had subsided, and all his tenderness for his wife came back.

"I knew she was high before I married her," he remarked to himself, "so I've no cause to be surprised at what she says. She's high, but then she has a kind heart at the bottom. Who can tell whether I mayn't get her to see as I do, if I've only patience just for a bit?"

True, Sam; if you have patience you may fairly expect it. We wish you success with all our heart. We shall be glad, too, if you *do* succeed, of a little advice from you; for, unfortunately, not a day passes over our heads but some good undertaking is spoiled in the beginning for want of hoping and trying a little longer.

Will Sam's be spoiled? is, however, the question at present. I think not; for, conscious that he *had* patience, and a good deal for his time of life, he quickly made up his mind what course to adopt. This was not to try to overturn his wife's pride by direct attack, but, like a skilful general, investing some fortified place, to sap and undermine it at the foundations.

By the time he reached home the cloud had passed away from Anne's face, and, in a cheerful voice, she asked if he were ready for supper.

During the meal conversation went on briskly, and Sam took an opportunity of remarking that he thought his wife would have a visitor in a day or two; for he had heard that his old mistress and kind friend, Mrs. Courtenay, had come back from London, and she told him just before she went that she should call and see his wife as soon as she returned.

"Well, I'm sure it's very kind, and I shall be uncommonly pleased to see her," said Anne. "I hope she will look in of an evening, though; I should not like a lady to catch me just in my dirty trim."

"As to *dirty*, that you never are," said her husband, turning a pleased look on the tidy figure beside him. "I believe," added he, somewhat more dryly, "that

it's *you* she comes to see, and not your gowns; but I dare say she wouldn't mind going up and looking in the drawers, if you asked her."

Anne, who had a quick sense of the ridiculous, was more amused than angry at this speech, and presently after turned the conversation.

The following evening, when Sam came home to tea, he heard that Mrs. Courtenay had just called, and found his wife in extreme delight at the kind and good-natured manner of her visitor.

"What I liked so much," said Anne, "was her coming right up to the table, instead of standing just in by the door. And then she sat down upon your chair there, just as if she had been in her own drawing-room, and talked away to me as kind as though I were her equal."

"What did she talk about?" inquired Sam.

"About you mostly — what a good servant you used to be, and what a good husband she thought you'd make. And then she asked all about my family — where mother lived, and how many sisters I had married, and lots of things besides. But it was not," said Anne, warming with her subject, "it was not so much the things she said as the pleasant manner she had with her; and then she shook hands so heartily when she went away."

A half smile passed over Sam's face as he quietly remarked, "She did not seem as if she thought it was *beneath* her to come to see you, then?"

Anne made no reply, unless a deep blush can be considered as such; and her husband wisely refrained from pressing her any further.

This was Wednesday evening. Friday morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Rogers asked her husband whether he had said anything yet to the Perkinses.

"No, I have not seen Joe; but I expect to do so this evening, and I must give him an answer then. What had I better say?"

"That we will go," said his wife, without the smallest hesitation; and the husband felt himself rewarded for his forbearance.

The evening of the visit soon came; and Anne, dressed in her wedding-gown, accompanied her husband.

To her surprise, she found Mrs. Perkins's house, though smaller than her own, not merely clean, but the very picture of comfort. It had—a most unusual luxury in this part of the town—several pots of balsams and fuchsias in the sitting-room window; and the room itself was hung with various pencil drawings, the work of the Misses Courtenay, by whom they had been presented to Joe on his marriage.

In putting on her best bonnet and gown, Anne had also put on her most dignified manners. For the last three days she had been weighing the difference of rank between the daughter of a journeyman and that of an apothecary; and it was as important, in her opinion, that this difference should be felt in its precise degree at their first meeting, as it is in the eyes of a solemn court usher that at some grand ceremonial the precedence of an earl over a baron shall be carefully observed.

You will wonder, perhaps, that, as Anne was sufficiently moved by Mrs. Courtenay's example to go at all, she did not go in a more humble spirit. Unfortunately, to many of us this is no mystery. Her inborn invisible enemy had received a sharp blow, it is true; but it had but driven him from the outworks into the citadel. There he took up a stronger position than before; and, but for God's blessing on a nature honest and kindly in the main, it would have gone hard but he would once more have regained the mastery.

Anne, then, went prepared to be royally gracious, and to patronize Mrs. Perkins, if she found her agreeable; but her plans were disconcerted, and by a very simple cause—Mrs. Perkins was a person who could not be patronized. Happily, in most circles her counterpart is to be met with, so a short description will enable my readers to recognize her. When you see a woman quietly doing her daily work, without seeking for excitement, content to live and die unknown, if it so please her Father in heaven,—when you see

one who feels that in doing the humble duties of every-day life she is as great, *in the sight of God*, as the conqueror in the battle-field, or the lawgiver in the senate,—there you see one whose manner is full of true dignity, and whose countenance beams with true happiness,—then you have the picture of many a noble woman—amongst others, of my friend Mary Perkins.

"What a lady she would make!" said Anne to her husband, as they walked slowly home by the light of the moon.

"What a lady *she is*!" he quickly replied. "Yes, all the fine clothes in the world could not make her more so. All they could do would be to help other people to see it; but it's a poor traveller that can find no place without a directing-post."

Anne answered only by a sigh. There was something in her heart that said "Yes", to every word spoken by her husband; but there was also a strong dislike to hear the remarks spoken.

Courage, Sam! have patience a little longer, and who knows what, with God's blessing, you may be able to accomplish?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come, Johnny," cried a little girl of nine years old to her brother, who was apparently a year younger, "run off now, for it's just five o'clock, and you won't be back again before tea-time unless you make haste."

"Here's mother; I'll ask her if I must. Mother, I don't like to go for James Strong; may Anne go?"

"Why don't you like to go, John?" inquired his mother, an old friend whom we have not seen for ten long years.

"Because he has got such shabby clothes, and the boys all laugh at him; and Henry Davis said this morning that it was beneath us to play with him."

"Henry Davis is very wicked, then," exclaimed the little girl.

"Not wicked, but he ought to be better taught," said the mother. "Does he accuse James Strong of being a thief, Johnny?" she inquired.

"No, mother," said Johnny, looking at her with some little surprise.

"Or of being a liar, or using bad words?" she again asked.

"No," said Johnny, opening his eyes wider and wider.

"Then go and bring him here directly. And tell Henry Davis, the next time he says anything, that *your mother says* it is *not* beneath you to play with good boys, although they may be poor; and it *is* beneath you to play with bad boys, let them be ever so rich."

Johnny ran off immediately, inspired by his mother's words; and the father, who had come in just in time to hear the last sentence, stood looking the picture of silent delight.

"Thank God for helping me to be patient with her!" he said to himself.

"Oh, what a difference from ~~ten~~ years ago!"

### ROMANTIC GENEROSITY.

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago there resided in London an old sergeant of artillery. This person, in the course of his duties, by some means or other, had been brought into frequent contact with Sir Francis Burdett, who had conceived a high opinion of the sergeant, and with that homeliness and good nature which distinguished him throughout life, the hon. baronet had been accustomed to treat the worthy sergeant with great kindness and familiarity. One morning Sir Francis chanced to meet his humble friend in the street, and observing him to be looking a little more anxious than usual, kindly said to him, "Well, N—, what are you about? You are looking duller than usual. Has anything happened?"—"Nothing very particular, your honour," was the reply; "only my wife has got a son this morning, and—and—Sir Francis, now that I think of it, and if you have no objection, I should like to name him after you."—"Surely," said the amicable old gentleman; "and remember, N—, when he grows up, to bring me in mind of this—perhaps I may be able to do something for the boy." The ceremony of baptism over, at which Sir Francis appeared as godfather, nothing more is said to have passed at the time.

The hon. baronet, in the course of years, was gathered to his fathers, as was also the old sergeant. The boy meanwhile had been sent to sea, and by application and good conduct had been promoted to the situation of mate in a merchant vessel. A few weeks ago, while in Liverpool, the young man saw what he thought a good opportunity of purchasing half of a vessel on his own account; but not being possessed of sufficient means, he wrote to his friends in Edinburgh to inquire if they could assist in the purchase. The idea now occurred to one of the young man's brothers that he might take it upon him to make Sir Francis's heiress aware of the former promise of her father, and a letter was accordingly sent to Miss Burdett Coutts, detailing the circumstances, and inclosing the young man's certificates of character. The reply to this note was received in town last week, and was couched in that magnificent style for which the lady has become celebrated. It contained no vain words, but a bank cheque for no less a sum than £1,000. However extraordinary this story may appear, we have good authority for stating it as a literal fact.

### COWARDICE CONQUERED;

OR, FRANCIS THE CRAVEN AND FRANCIS THE BRAVE.

FRANCIS.—Oh! ah! ah! Mamma, mamma, come quickly; I'm in such pain! So hurt! And it bleeds, it bleeds!

MAMMA.—What is the matter with you, my dear? Don't cry so loud; but show me your terrible hurt. If I were not used to your piercing cries, I should think you were being half killed.

FRANCIS.—Oh, mamma, it is Tibby, that horrid Tibby, who has bitten and scratched me. Oh! it hurts me so; it hurts me so!

MAMMA.—You must have sadly teased Tibby to make her so angry. Let me see your hand. I scarcely think she can have hurt you very much. What! is it only these two red spots which have caused all this outcry? Tibby's teeth have scarcely grazed the skin, and her scratch is also a mere trifle. Are you not ashamed that



FRANCIS CRYING BECAUSE THE CAT HAD SCRATCHED HIM.

you cannot bear the slightest pain, but must put yourself in such a way? The house is for ever ringing with your cries. You cannot fall, if it is only on the carpet, or your brothers push you in play, without your crying out as if a limb were broken. I am very sorry to see this fault in you; if you do not overcome it, it will render you quite contemptible. It is cowardice in a boy to be so afraid of pain.

Francis slunk away at his mother's rebuke, quite ashamed of himself; but this did not prevent his crying five or six times before bedtime.

Early the next morning he was awakened



MAKING A SNOW MAN.

by the joyous exclamation of his two brothers, Leonard and Ralph, who were standing in their night-shirts at the window, clapping their hands and shouting. Francis buried his head under the bed-clothes, crying out—

shall be able to play as much as we like."



BOYS OUT IN THE SNOW.

"Oh, how jolly! how jolly! here's the snow; such a fall of it! And to-day is a whole holiday; is it not lucky? We

"Oh, how cold! I would far rather not get up all day, but stay in bed, where it is warm and cozy."

LEONARD.—You lazy fellow! You would do far wiser to jump out of bed at once without any shilly-shallying. Only come and see how beautiful the fir look, with their branches bending under the weight of the snow, and this white carpet sparkling in the sun. I am sure it will make you long to go out. I promise you Ralph and I mean to have rare sport.

Immediately after breakfast the three boys asked and obtained leave to go out. While Francis crawled along, wrapped up in two or three rugs and half-a-dozen comforters, his brothers scampered about merrily, pelted each other with snow-balls, and when tired of that amusement set to work to make a snow man.

"I will help you," said Francis, coming up. "You'll see I shall do much more work than you."

He took up in his hands—cased in thick woollen gloves—some snow, which he carried very slowly to the spot, and then began to complain.

"Oh, how cold it is! My gloves are wet through."

RALPH.—I dare say they are; and if you will work in gloves your hands are sure to get numbed; besides, you are so packed up you can hardly move. The surest way to get warm is to work much and briskly, not in the lazy way you are doing. Look at me; I don't complain of cold.

LEONARD.—Nor I neither; my hands are quite warm now.

FRANCIS.—Oh! oh! my poor feet, how they hurt me; and my fingers and my nose too: it's freezing as if I were in Russia.

Crying and complaining, he took refuge in the house, where he left his mother and nurse no peace until they had well chafed his hands and feet; then, well muffled up, he sat crouching over the fire.

It was not long before he tired of this very quiet way of spending his time; and, getting up, went to the window to see what his brothers were doing.

The snow man had rapidly progressed; they were just fitting on his head, which consisted of a large round snowball.

Leonard then went to fetch two pieces of coal for his eyes; a carrot did duty for his nose; another, placed horizontally, for his mouth; and an inverted flower-pot served for a helmet, in the hole of which the boys had stuck a branch of fir to represent a plume; and they put the finishing stroke by making him shoulder a large stick for a musket.

The two boys thought he looked splendid; and, quite proud of their work, danced round him, and called every one out of the house to admire Old Father Winter, as they called him.

The dinner-bell now ringing, brought them indoors, their cheeks all in a glow from the exercise they had been taking.

"Oh, Francis, you silly fellow, to keep moping indoors," said Ralph. "Leonard and I have had such fun; and, do you know, mamma has allowed us to invite all our schoolfellows to come and play with us after our dinner. We mean to build a snow fortress, and then besiege it; it will be just like real war."

LEONARD.—I am to be the English general, and head the attacking party, while Ralph defends the fortress.

FRANCIS.—I should like to be captain.

RALPH.—You! You are far too much of a poltroon.

After dinner Leonard and Ralph collected a score of their schoolfellows; and all these little people set to work very busily to construct formidable ramparts of snow. Russians and English, friends and foes, all laboured; and so the work got on very rapidly. Francis tried to mix among the workers; but he soon put on such a miserable look, that his companions laughed in his face, ridiculing and teasing him in a thousand ways, till he was once more driven into the house, where he took up his old post of observation at the window, standing there for long, very moped and weary.

The sight of others enjoying themselves, instead of diverting him, increased his chagrin; for he was troubled that he could not do as they did.

At last, when the siege fairly begun, he could stay away no longer, and determined to go and join the combatants.

The English, with their general, Leo-

nard, at their head, attacked the ramparts of Sebastopol, and tried to demolish them with their hands and sabres, while the Russians repulsed them with a shower of snowballs. Francis quickly clambered to the assault with the others; but a snowball presently hitting him on the cheek, he retreated, uttering piercing cries. His comrades surrounded him, crying out—

Are you wounded? Has the ball carried off a leg, or an arm, or at least an ear?"

"No, no!" cried Francis; "but it is so cold—so cold—and I feel it running down my neck."

"Oh, the Mollicot! the poltroon! the coward!" was shouted on all sides. "We will have no coward among us. Down with the coward!" And all set to work trying who could hardest pelt him with snowballs. You may think how their luckless victim howled. At last Leonard took pity on him, and rescuing him from the hands of his companions, led him back into the house. There was nothing for it but to have recourse once more to the window, and content himself with witnessing from it the taking of Sebastopol and the triumph of General Leonard, who, flag in hand, was borne round the garden on the shoulders of his men, with shouts of joy and cries of victory.

In the evening, when the three boys were with their mother, she said to them, "I have just had a note from our friend Mr. Graham, who invites you all to spend to-morrow afternoon at his house. He says there is to be skating on the pond, which is frozen hard; and he promises to take good care of you."

RALPH.—How delightful! What a treat! We shall learn to skate, and that is so amusing. You will accept, won't you, mamma?

MAMMA.—I will accept for you and Leonard; but as for Francis, I cannot let him go.

FRANCIS.—Oh! why, mamma, why?

MAMMA.—My dear boy, you yourself ought to understand why. It is impossible to learn to skate, or even to slide, without getting many a tumble, and I do not wish to give Mr. Graham the

annoyance of hearing you perpetually crying.

Francis dared not reply, for he too well felt that his mother was right; but, later on, when she went to see him in bed, she found him in tears.

"Oh, mamma, I am so unhappy!" said he. "Why cannot I amuse myself, and be gay and contented, like others?"

MAMMA.—Do not say you cannot; say you will not. Make the firm resolve to overcome your cowardice; if you strive hard, you will certainly succeed, and be able to do what is done by others. You are not differently made from your brothers; you are as strong as they, and have quite as good health. I will tell you of a way by which, I think, you may cure yourself. When you are hurt, put your hand before your mouth, saying to yourself, 'I am determined I won't cry.' At first this will seem very difficult; but it will become easier and easier if you only persevere.

FRANCIS.—Yes, mamma; you are right. I will do that. I am determined to conquer my cowardice; and I will ask God not to let me forget my good resolution. Will you let me go with Leonard and Ralph to-morrow, and I promise you that even if I break my leg I will not cry out?

MAMMA.—I hope your good resolutions won't be put to so severe a test. Don't make rash promises, my boy. A bad habit, long indulged in, is not so easily overcome. Now, good night. I will let you go to-morrow, as you see your fault, and really wish to correct it.

The morrow proving very fine and frosty, the three boys started in high glee for Mr. Graham's house at Lasswade. There they found a number of children of the neighbourhood. The elder ones were amusing themselves with skating, and the younger ones making capital slides at the edge of the pond. There were also some pretty little sledges for the little girls; these the skaters pushed off, and they slid over the ice with great rapidity.

Francis was attracted by the peals of laughter from the children who were sliding, and who every now and then fell



over each other, but got up quite merrily, making very light of their tumbles.

He too began to slide, and it was not long before he also met with a tumble, and a pretty severe one. A cry escaped him; but, remembering his good resolution, he pressed his two hands over his mouth, and kept them firmly there.

It seemed to him that this lessened the pain, and that it was over much sooner than when he cried; therefore, much encouraged, he again fell to his amusement with fresh ardour. He had some more tumbles, but, firm to his resolution, he manfully suppressed a cry.

Suddenly, when he was somewhat in advance of his companions, taking a long slide, he heard behind him the cry, "Beware! beware!" but before he had time to get out of the way, a sledge, which had been pushed off with great force, ran against him, throwing the poor child forward on the ice, and making his nose bleed very much. Mr. Graham ran forward and raised him up. "No, no, I won't!" cried Francis.

MR. GRAHAM.—Won't what, my boy?

FRANCIS.—I won't cry! I won't cry! but I can hardly help, for it hurts me a good deal.

MR. GRAHAM.—Come with me; the

pain will soon be over. You are really a brave little fellow.

When Francis had got his face washed, and the pain had gone off, Mr. Graham said it was time to come in; and the children sat down to an excellent tea, to which they were prepared to do full justice. Francis had the seat of honour at Mr. Graham's right hand; and, when the children were leaving, that gentleman called the boy to him and gave him a pine-apple to take home, saying—

"Here, my dear child, is a reward for your good conduct. You have to-day shown much strength of will, and much courage."

Then turning to the other children, he added,—

"Remember, my children, the noblest courage consists in bearing pain without a murmur. I think some of you who were so ready yesterday with your taunts of my little friend may take a lesson from the brave way in which he bore his severe fall to-day."

I leave you, my readers, to picture the joy and pride of little Francis when he got home and told his mother all that had happened, exclaiming, as he threw his arms round her neck, "Now, dear mamma, I am no longer a COWARD."



FRANCIS WATCHING HIS BROTHERS AT PLAY.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FORERUNNERS OF SPRING.

First of all comes the snowdrop, that bright little  
gem,  
Arrayed in its mantle of white;  
And the bleak winds may blow, but its slight flexible  
stem  
Will still bear it bravely upright.  
And boldly it stands 'gainst the blasts of the  
north,  
Knowing well its companions are near,  
Till the violet and primrose and cowslip gush  
forth,  
With the pretty blue-bell in their rear.  
They are joined by an army all equally gay,  
In numbers their muster is strong,  
While banners o'erhead hang on many a spray,  
And they march to the thrush's sweet song.  
They are welcome to all, these forerunners of  
spring,  
For they tell a bright future is near;  
And hope to the sad and the troubled they bring,  
And bid them to be of good cheer.—MAX.

## THE LITTLE SISTER'S GRAVE.

A group of soft-eyed children stood  
Beside a tiny sod,  
And round the small and new-closed grave  
With quiet steps they trod.  
It was a simple grassy mound,  
Like a young infant's bed,  
With naught to mark the spot save one  
Stone cross placed at its head.  
And lightly did the children move  
So softly to and fro,  
As though they fear'd they might disturb  
The child who slept below.  
And in their deep black frocks they held  
A heap of flowers bright,  
'Mong which there was the rose of red,  
The lily pure and white.  
And swiftly did the fingers ply  
Of each small childish hand,  
While for their infant sister's grave  
They wove a flow'ry band.  
The solemn stillness of that spot  
Their voices scarcely broke;  
Low whisper'd was each word that they  
Unto each other spoke.  
"Oh! let this lily, sister dear,"  
The smallest young one said,  
"Be placed just here, that it may hang  
Above poor baby's head.  
"For oh! it is so fair and pure,"  
The little creature sigh'd,  
"In robe of spotless white, so like  
Poor baby when she died.  
"And if she can from heaven behold,  
I'm sure she'll love to see  
That we have placed upon her grave  
This type of purity."

THE HON. A. ANNESLEY.

## NELLIE.

## A MONODY.

Like a sunbeam of glory she gleamed o'er my  
path,  
And illumed for a moment life's transient way;  
But, alas! 'twas a vision too brilliant to last—  
'Twas too much of heaven on this bleak world  
to stay.  
Her eyes were as dark as the sable-robed night,  
And yet from their depths gleamed a clear spark-  
ling light,  
Like the scintillations of some lovely star,  
Circling in splendour round Luna's bright car.  
Her hair had the hues of the Aurora's bright  
crown  
When it circles the poles in its gorgeous array,  
Or the tinge of those streamers which float from  
the sun,  
And o'er the glad waters fantastical play;  
Like a lily that's grown in some umbrageous  
glade,  
With no sorrow or trouble its petals to shade;  
So she bloomed in retirement, her virtues un-  
known—  
Like the flower of the meadow she's faded and  
gone.  
For when Spring with its beauties had wreathed  
the young earth,  
And the primrose and snowdrop in bright  
clusters lay,  
She passed from my sight like the fair morning  
star  
When it fades at the approach of the bright  
king of day.  
And they laid her in silence in yon bosky dell,  
Where the sweet-scented zephyrs oft lingeringly  
dwell;  
And the streamlet that glides o'er the moss-covered  
stones  
Mourns the fate of loved Nellie in murmurs and  
moans.  
And when night o'er the scene casts her vestments  
so drear,  
And the star-spangled heavens their splendours  
display,  
When the toil-stricken sun hath retired to his  
couch,  
And the moonbeams are flickering o'er meadows  
and bay,  
Then the queen of the night opens her casket of  
tears,  
And with dewdrops of promise allays all our fears,  
And the night-bird it mourns for the loved one  
who's gone,  
For the rose that lies withered before 'twas full  
blown.  
Yet, though nature doth mourn for this fair child  
of light,  
Whose bright star hath set deep in darkness  
and gloom,  
I'll weep not, I'll mourn not, but bow to the blast,  
And yearn for that land whose gate is the tomb;  
For I know that she roams there amongst the  
bright flowers,  
I know that she roams there 'mongst ne'er-fading  
bowers,  
And her seraph voice now doth swell the glad  
throng  
Who raise to Jehovah a triumphant song.

ALEXANDER KEESKINE.

## COOKERY:

## GOOD AND BAD, AND ITS EFFECTS.

COOKERY, according to the dictionary, is "the art of preparing victuals." We would give it a wider explanation, and call it "the art of preparing raw materials used as human food, so as to render them at once as agreeable to the taste and as wholesome and nourishing to the body as possible." Moreover, the combination in cooked food of agreeable flavour and of wholesome properties is one which cannot be severed. An old writer remarks, "All meat by how much more savoury it is, by so much the better it nourisheth," and he is right. No fact is more certain than that food which is relished, which is rendered agreeable to the palate by good preparation, is more likely to afford good nourishment to the body than that which is the reverse. Now, by food being rendered agreeable, and by its being well prepared, we do not mean its conversion into highly-seasoned and expensively artificial dishes, suited to tempt the appetite which has become sated by excess and over-indulgence; but the practice of a simple and sufficient cookery, based upon a right, or even as some might call it, a scientific foundation,—a cookery by which the poor man, or the man of limited means, may, while he prepares his food in the most economical manner, render it as agreeable and nutritious as can be done, to a healthy appetite and to a healthy body. The practice of this description of cookery is yet to be attained by the poorer classes in Britain, and especially in England, for, as a general rule, they prepare their food not only badly, but wastefully. This we know from extended experience among the poor, and from long familiarity with their homes and habits. Some of our readers may be ready to exclaim, that those who must have savoury food must pay for it, and that if the labouring man is to look for food seasoned with other sauce than that of hunger, he must often have the sauce alone, and want the food. But this is by no means the case. It is well known that the French poor, and also we may say the Scotch—who learned the art from the French in former times—prepare savoury and nourishing meals from very scanty materials, materials which the English labourer or artisan would cast aside as worthless. It is, too, notorious, that during the war, the cooking capabilities of the French troops, their ability to prepare well, and in a wholesome manner, such food as they could procure, enabled them to live more comfortably, and to keep their bodily

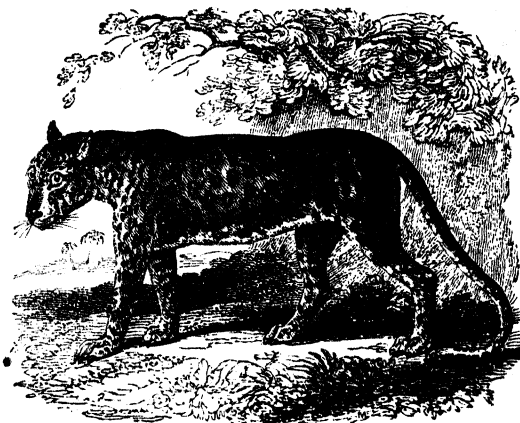
condition better than the men of the British army could do; the utmost extent of the cooking knowledge of most of the latter scarcely going beyond frizzling the raw meat on the end of a ramrod. We hope to make it clear, that the good preparation of food, good cookery, is not simply a matter of taste and relish, (though that, as one of the good things of God, is not to be despised,) but that it is a matter of health and strength, and at the same time of economy. Surely we need not say more to recommend the subject to the attention, or to induce more trouble—if much more were necessary—in the fulfilment of a duty so intimately connected with daily comfort and well-being; but really the difference in trouble between cooking well, and cooking badly, is but small, if the *principles* involved in the preparation of food are understood.

Although some people in this world seem to live to eat, the generality, and especially the workers, undoubtedly eat to live. True, a beneficent Creator has linked with the necessity for appeasing, the pleasure which all derive from gratifying the appetite for food, but still the chief end in eating is the nourishment of our bodies. Now, in order that the food we take may nourish our bodies properly, two conditions at least are necessary. It must contain all the nourishing principles which our bodies require, and these nourishing principles must be in such a state that the dissolving powers of the stomach and of the other digestive organs can act upon, and appropriate them to the uses of the body. To these conditions we might add the third, that the food must be agreeable to the palate. Remember, then, *that cookery, if it properly fulfils its end, ought to preserve and to render digestible and agreeable the nourishing matters of the raw material.* A familiar example will illustrate the influence of cookery upon the digestibility of aliment. The chick, as all know, is formed entirely out of the material contained within the egg-shell; therefore this material, which is almost entirely composed of a substance named albumen, must of necessity contain all that is requisite for the nourishment of an animal body.

In its raw state, an egg is not difficult of digestion by many persons, though some find it so, and to others it is unpalatable. When lightly cooked, either whole, or broken up as in hot tea, it is much more generally digested with ease, and relished; as all know, if hard boiled it becomes much more difficult of digestion, and if over-fried, it is rendered horny, and absolutely indigestible. Thus we see how one and the same

substance may exist in very different conditions of digestibility, and how far the production of these conditions depends upon the mode of cooking. Evidently, it matters little that the egg contains all requisite nourishment, if that nourishment is cooked into a hard substance, which the stomach can scarcely if at all digest. We choose the egg for our example, because the substance—albumen—of which it is composed, is also one of the chief components of animal food generally; consequently undergoes the same change when cooked as part of a piece of beef or mutton, as it does when in the egg-shell: it is rendered hard or soft, indigestible or the reverse, according to the mode of cooking. All know how hard a piece of meat becomes which is dressed in water kept at the boiling point, whereas the very same piece might be cooked perfectly soft and tender at a less heat, the difference between the softness and hardness being greatly similar to that between the hard and the soft-boiled egg, and, partly at least, owing to the same cause. We should almost think it impertinent to point out to any female who is in the habit of cooking, the necessity of not boiling meat, were the practice not so constantly followed, even by those who profess to know something about cookery. Perhaps the “reasons why” we have endeavoured to explain above may have some influence in the matter. But this hard boiling of meat is not simply a matter of taste and of good teeth,—it is a question both of health and economy. If the meat requires much chewing, the chances are that either the teeth or the time are wanting; it is swallowed in lumps, thereby the stomach has to deal with a hard indigestible mass, the full nourishment is not extracted, and perhaps disordered digestion produced. We leave our readers to infer how much waste of money, time, health, &c., may result from the continued employment of meat, good in itself, but rendered unnecessarily unwholesome by inattention to the fact, that, with one exception, the water in which it is cooked should never boil, nay, should be a good way below boiling. The one exception is, for the first six or eight minutes, during which a piece of meat, intended to be eaten without the broth, is being dressed. When such is the intention, the water ought to be at the full boil before the meat is put into it, and ought to be kept at the boiling point for the time above specified; then there should be dashed in a quantity of cold water sufficient to reduce the heat considerably below boiling, and at that reduced point the heat should be kept during

the remainder of the cooking. Some cooks, probably, have followed this plan, but few, if any, could give the reason. Let us remember what was said about the egg, and about the albumen like the white of egg forming a part of animal food generally, and perhaps that will help us to the explanation. If you plunge your piece of meat into boiling water at once, all the albumen contained in its outermost surfaces must at once be rendered hard, and the longer you keep your meat in the boiling fluid, the farther inward with this hardening extend, even till it goes all through, and you get a hard, tough mass. If, however, as directed, you stop the boiling after the lapse of six or eight minutes, the hardening has only penetrated a short way into the meat, just sufficient to form round the inner portions a close casing, which prevents the juices being drawn out by the water during the process of cooking. The reasons, therefore, must be plain to all, why meat which is to be eaten alone, or, as it is improperly called, “boiled meat,” should be cooked according to the above rules. Nevertheless, such mode of cooking is not well adapted for the poor, for it is impossible even with the greatest care to prevent some of the meat juices being drawn out into the water, and if the latter, as too frequently happens, is thrown away, some of the meat principles must be thrown away too; moreover, the small amount of meat juice which the liquor holds dissolved, scarcely renders it as eligible a foundation for soup as it might be under a different method. That method is, not only never to let the water in which the meat is cooked boil, but to put the meat into it cold, and gradually to raise the heat to somewhat below boiling. In this way a good proportion of the meat juices is drawn out into the water, under the influence of the gradually raised, but gentle and unhardening heat, the meat is tender, and if not cooked too long, retains quite sufficient both of its nourishing and palatable qualities. But remember, the liquor obtained by this mode of cooking must not on any account be put away, for it contains some of the most valuable ingredients of the meat, which cannot be dispensed with as nourishment; especially, too, does it possess that meat flavour which renders it so fit an addition to vegetable articles of food. It is certain that there is no mode of cooking meat more wholesome, and at the same time so economical, as that by means of water, provided the water be consumed with the meat, either as gravy or broth; but on the other hand, if the water is thrown away, no method is more wasteful.



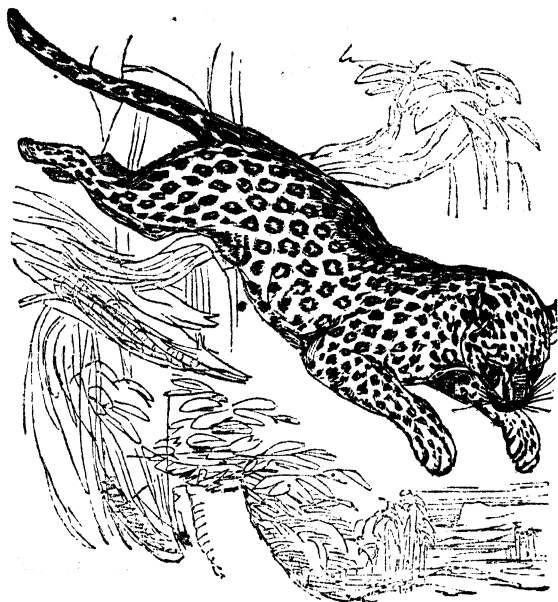
THE LEOPARD.

**WILD ANIMALS;  
THEIR HOMES, HAUNTS, AND HISTORIES.  
THE LEOPARD.**

THERE are five other species of the *felina*, or cat family, found in South Africa; the largest and most formidable of these, next to the lion, is the Leopard. This animal is chiefly found in the mountainous districts, where he preys on such of the antelopes as he can surprise, on baboons, and on the *Dassie* of the colonists (*Hyrax Capensis*). He is much dreaded by the Cape farmers for his ravages among the flocks and the young fowls, and calves in the breeding season. Its habit, while watching for prey, is to crouch on the ground, with its fore-paws stretched out, and its head between them, with its eyes rather directed upwards. Extremely agile and graceful in all its movements, there is, perhaps, no animal more beautiful than this sleek and elegantly-formed cat; but one had better not approach too close in examination of its beauties. Although it will generally flee before the approach of man, yet instances are not wanting of its having attacked an intruder on its haunts with the greatest fury, and so severely lacerating him as to cause death. Among some of the natives of the western coast this animal is considered as sacred, and never hunted, although it occasionally approaches the villages and destroys children, and even women. The Cape colonists, however, have no such respect for the animal; and its low, half-smothered growl, heard at night in the

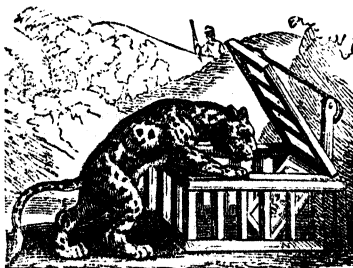
neighbourhood of the cattle kraal, is the signal for a general turn-out for its destruction. When hunted, it generally takes to a tree, if one is within reach, and can only be dislodged from thence by a musket-ball. It is often caught in a trap and baited with dogs, two or three of which it generally kills before it is overpowered. Mr. Orpen, Cumming's companion in his last campaign, had an encounter with a male leopard, which had nearly proved fatal to him. The creature had been wounded, and sprang upon his assailant's shoulders, and, dashing him to the ground, lay on him, growling and lacerating his hands, arms, and head most fearfully; luckily its strength failed from loss of blood, and it rolled over, permitting Orpen to rise and get away. The native attendants, all this while, were afraid to come near enough to render any assistance; and had not the creature been struck in some vital spot, no doubt it would have killed the man.

"And the beautiful cat, with skin so sleek,  
That looketh so mild, and seemeth so meek;  
That leapeth down with an agile grace,  
'Mid the clefts of its rocky dwelling-place;  
That croucheth amid the waving grass,  
With a wary eye upon all who pass;  
What hath it sheathed in that velvet paw?  
What hid 'neath the skin of that silky jaw?  
Not talons to tear? not fangs to rend?  
Ah, ah! approach not near, my friend!  
For the lovely creature that looks so mild,  
Hath a nature treacherous and wild.  
Have you yet to learn that a beautiful skin  
Full oft hideth much that is vile within?"



THE LEOPARD OF SENEGAL.

Leopards and tigers are destroyed by various devices—pitfalls, traps, the spear, and gun. The plan of the box-trap and looking-glass for taking leopards, tigers, &c., and which we illustrate here, a device to be found in ancient sculpture, according to Montfaucon, is said to be practised by the Chinese.



The leopard, when seen in its wild state, is a most beautiful and graceful animal; its motions are easy and elastic, and its agility amazing. Although far inferior to the tiger

in size, strength, and intrepidity, and though it shuns man, it is nevertheless, when wounded or driven to desperation, a most formidable antagonist. When hunted with dogs, the leopard usually takes to a tree, if one should happen to be near. But to approach him here is a proceeding fraught with danger; for from this elevated position he will leap to the ground, and with one spring will be beside his pursuer, who will then fare badly unless he be sufficiently handy with his gun to kill (not wound) the animal in its advance. The leopard usually selects some elevated position from which to bound upon his prey as it passes underneath.

It is generally said by Hottentots and Kaffirs that this animal has the habit of lying on the ground half concealed by long grass or branches, and then twisting itself about so as to attract the attention of any antelope which may be near. The leopard, being aware that curiosity is one of the failings of the antelope tribe, carries on its mysterious movements until its victim approaches to investigate what is going on, when it springs on and kills the weak-minded animal.

## A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRIALS.

[The following amusing account of an American lady's experience in housekeeping contrasts curiously enough in many respects with the state of things in our own country.]

I HAVE a detail of very homely grievances to present, but such as they are, many a heart will feel them to be heavy—the trials of a housekeeper.

"Poh!" says one of the lords of creation, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and twirling it between his two first fingers, "what a fuss these women do make of this simple matter of *managing a family*! I can't see, for my life, how there is anything so extraordinary to be done in this matter of housekeeping: only three meals a day to be got and cleared off, and it really seems to take up the whole of their mind from morning till night. I could keep house without so much of a flurry, I know."

Now, prithee, good brother, listen to my story, and see how much you know about it. I came to this enlightened West about a year since, and was duly established in a comfortable country residence within a mile and a half of the city, and there commenced the enjoyment of domestic felicity. I had been married about three months, and had been previously *in love* in the most approved romantic way, with all the proprieties of moonlight walks, serenades, sentimental billets-doux, and everlasting attachment. After having been allowed, as I said, about three months to get over this sort of thing, and to prepare for realities, I was located for life as aforesaid. My family consisted of myself and husband, a female friend as a visitor, and two brothers of my good man, who were engaged with him in business.

I pass over the first two or three days spent in that process of hammering boxes, breaking crockery, knocking things down and picking them up again, which is commonly called getting to housekeeping. As usual, carpets were sewed and stretched, laid down and taken up to be sewed over; things were reformed, transformed, and conformed, till at last a settled order began to appear. But now came up the great point of all. During our confusion we had cooked and eaten our meals in a very miscellaneous and pastoral manner, eating now from the top of a barrel, and now from a fire-board laid on two chairs, and drinking, some from tea-cups, and some from saucers, and some from tumblers, and some from a pitcher big enough to be drowned in, and sleeping, some on sofas, and some on strag-

gling beds and mattresses thrown down here and there, wherever there was room. All these pleasant barbarities were now at an end: the house was in order; the dishes put up in their places; three regular meals were to be administered in one day, all in an orderly, civilized form; beds were to be made; rooms swept and dusted; dishes washed; knives scoured, and all the *et ceteras* to be attended to. Now for getting "*help*," as Mrs. Trollope says; and where and how were we to get it? We knew very few persons in the city, and how were we to accomplish the matter? At length the "*house of employment*" was mentioned, and my husband was dispatched thither regularly every day for a week, while I, in the meantime, was very nearly *dispatched* by the abundance of work at home. At length, one evening, as I was sitting completely exhausted, thinking of resorting to the last feminine expedient for supporting life, viz., a *good fit of crying*, my husband made his appearance, with a most triumphant air, at the door: "There, Margaret, I have got you a couple at last—cook and chambermaid!" So saying, he flourished open the door, and gave to my view the picture of a little, dry, snuffy-looking old woman, and a great staring Dutch girl in a green bonnet and red ribbons—mouth wide open, and hands and feet that would have made a Greek sculptor open his mouth too. I addressed forthwith a few words of encouragement to each of this cultivated-looking couple, and proceeded to ask their names, and forthwith the old woman began to snuffle, and to wipe her face with what was left of an old silk pocket-handkerchief, preparatory to speaking, while the young lady opened her mouth wider, and looked around with a frightened air, as if meditating an escape. After some preliminaries, however, I found out that my old woman was Mrs. Tibbins, and my Hebe's name was *Kotterin*; also that she knew much more Dutch than English, and not any too much of either. The old lady was the cook. I ventured a few inquiries: "Had she ever cooked?" "Yes, ma'am, sartin; she had lived at two or three places in the city." "I suspect, my dear," said my husband, confidently, "that she is an experienced cook, and so your troubles are over;" and he went to reading his newspaper.

I said no more, but determined to wait till morning. The breakfast, to be sure, did not do much honour to the talents of my official; but it was the first time, and the place was new to her. After breakfast was cleared away, I proceeded to give directions for dinner. It was merely a plain joint of

meat, I said, to be roasted in the tin oven. The *experienced cook* looked at me with a stare of entire vacuity. "The tin oven," I repeated, "stands there," pointing to it.

She walked up to it, and touched it with such an appearance of suspicion as if it had been an electrical battery, and then looked round at me with a look of such helpless ignorance that my soul was moved. "I never see one of them things before," said she.

"Never saw a tin oven!" I exclaimed. "I thought you said you had cooked in two or three families."

"They does not have such things as them, though," rejoined my old lady.

Nothing was to be done, of course, but to instruct her in the philosophy of the case; and, having spitted the joint, and given numberless directions, I walked off to my room to superintend the operations of Kotterin, to whom I had committed the making of my bed and the sweeping of my room, it never having come into my head that there *could* be a wrong way of making a bed; and to this day it is a marvel to me how any one could arrange pillows and quilts to make such a nondescript appearance as mine now presented. One glance showed me that Kotterin also was "*just caught*," and that I had as much to do in her department as in that of my old lady. Just then the door-bell rang. "Oh, there is the door-bell!" I exclaimed; "run, Kotterin, and show them into the parlour."

Kotterin started to run, as directed, and then stopped, and stood looking round on all the doors and on me with a wofully puzzled air. "The street-door," said I, pointing towards the entry. Kotterin blundered into the entry, and stood gazing with a look of stupid wonder at the bell ringing without hands, while I went to the door and let in the company before she could be fairly made to understand the connection between the ringing and the phenomenon of admission.

As dinner-time approached, I sent word into the kitchen to have it set on; but, recollecting the state of the heads of department there, I soon followed my own orders. I found the tin oven standing out in the middle of the kitchen, and my cook seated *à la Turque* in front of it, contemplating the roast meat with full as puzzled an air as in the morning. I once more explained the mystery of taking it off, and assisted her to get it on to the platter, though somewhat cooled by having been so long set out for inspection. I was standing holding the spit in my hands, when Kotterin, who had heard the door-bell ring, and was determined this

time to be in season, ran into the hall, and soon returning, opened the kitchen-door, and politely ushered in three or four fashionable-looking ladies, exclaiming, "Here she is." As these were strangers from the city, who had come to make their first call, this introduction was far from proving an eligible one. The look of thunderstruck astonishment with which I greeted their first appearance, as I stood brandishing the spit, and the terrified snuffing and staring of poor Mrs. Tibbins, who again had recourse to her old pocket-handkerchief, almost entirely vanquished their gravity, and it was evident that they were on the point of a broad laugh; so recovering my self-possession, I apologized, and led the way to the parlour.

Let these few incidents be a specimen of the four weeks that I spent with these "helps," during which time I did almost as much work, with twice as much anxiety, as when there was nobody there, and yet everything went wrong besides. The young gentlemen complained of the patches of starch grimed to their collars, and the streaks of black coal ironed into their dickeys, while one week every pocket-handkerchief in the house was starched so stiff that you might as well have carried an earthen plate in your pocket; the tumblers looked muddy; the plates were never washed clean or wiped dry unless I attended to each one; and as to eating and drinking, we experienced a variety that we had not before considered possible.

At length the old woman vanished from the stage, and was succeeded by a knowing, active, capable damsel, with a temper like a steel-trap, who remained with me just one week, and then went off in a fit of spite. To her succeeded a rosy, good-natured, merry lass, who broke the crockery, burned the dinner, tore the clothes in ironing, and knocked down everything that stood in her way about the house, without at all composing herself about the matter. One night she took the stopper from a barrel of molasses, and came singing off upstairs, while the molasses ran soberly out into the cellar bottom all night, till by morning it was in a state of *universal emancipation*. Having done this, and also dispatched an entire set of tea-things by letting the waiter fall, she one day made her disappearance. Then, for a wonder, there fell to my lot a tidy, efficiently-trained English girl; pretty, and genteel, and neat, and knowing how to do everything, and with the sweetest temper in the world. "Now," said I to myself, "I shall rest from my labours." Everything



about the house began to go right, and looked as clean and genteel as Mary's own pretty self. But, alas! this period of repose was interrupted by the vision of a clever, trim-looking young man, who for some weeks could be heard scraping his boots at the kitchen door every Sunday night; and at last Miss Mary, with some smiling and blushing, gave me to understand that she must leave in two weeks.

"Why, Mary," said I, feeling a little mischievous, "don't you like the place?"

"Oh yes, ma'am."

"Then why do you look for another?"

"I am not going to another place."

"What, Mary, are you going to learn a trade?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why, then, what do you mean to do?"

"I expect to keep house *myself*, ma'am," said she, laughing and blushing.

"Oh ho!" said I, "that is it;" and so, in two weeks, I lost the best little girl in the world: peace to her memory!

After this came an interregnum, which put me in mind of the chapter in Chronicles that I used to read with great delight when a child, where Basha, and Elah, and Tibni, and Zimri, and Omri, one after the other, came on to the throne of Israel, all in the compass of half-a-dozen verses. We had one old woman who stayed a week, and went away with the misery in her tooth; one *young* woman, who ran away and got married; one cook, who came at night and went off before light in the morning; one very clever girl, who stayed a month, and then went away because her mother was sick; another who stayed six weeks, and was taken with the fever herself; and during all this time, who can speak the damage and destruction wrought in the domestic paraphernalia by passing through these multiplied hands?

What shall we do? Shall we go for slavery, or shall we give up house, have no furniture to take care of, keep merely a bag of meal, a porridge-pot, and a pudding-stick, and sit in our tent-door in real patriarchal independence? What shall we do?

♦  
**MARRIAGE.**—The married man is like the bee that fixes his hive, augments the world, benefits the public, and by a daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all; but he who contends wedlock (for the most part) like a wasp, wanders an offence to the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of his own, and, by robbing the hives of others, meets misery as his due reward.

## DIRECTIONS FOR LAYING OUT A FRUIT AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

BY GEORGE M. F. GLENNY, JUN.

WE cheerfully respond to an expressed wish from many of our friends, by giving instructions for the formation of a fruit and kitchen garden on the most approved plan, with ample directions for its general management, including that which is termed rotation cropping. That this description of gardening, if not attractive, is by far the most lucrative, there can be no denying, and, as such, a piece of land cannot be devoted to a better purpose, especially where there is a *Family* to provide for, or a *Friend* to drop in every now and then to partake of the hospitality thus afforded in the fruit and vegetable line.

In the first place, therefore, it will be absolutely necessary that particular attention be paid to the means of those for whom it is designed; that is to say, one fit for a nobleman would be of little or no use to a cottager, neither would the peasant's plot meet the requirements of the squire; but, in the main, the principles would be somewhat similar, though the minor details were entirely different. However, as we are not going to write for one class alone, we will take a medium course, by explaining, as briefly as the subject will permit of, how to turn a piece of ground 96 feet by 62 feet to the greatest advantage, both with regard to usefulness and economy; taking into consideration, first, the site to be chosen; secondly, the necessity of drainage; thirdly, the soil to be preferred; fourthly, the form to be selected; fifthly, the style of the walls; sixthly, the disposal of the various fruit trees; and lastly, the forcing department.

In considering the construction of a garden for the production of fruits and vegetables, which properly come under the head of Horticulture, it will be only right to weigh well the principles and methods which will hereafter have to guide us on our journey; for this reason, that as they are necessarily objects which bear certain relations to the component parts which will, sooner or later, have to form a whole, it is the more requisite that such matters should not be entirely overlooked, as, in the event of such neglect, the beauty of the surrounding scenery would suffer materially, if it were not entirely marred. In the laying out, therefore, a careful, and a very careful adjustment should be made, lest difficulties arise to interfere with the competing claims. To aid these somewhat difficult arrangements

we propose, through the medium of these papers, to offer such observations as cannot fail to produce a beneficial result, without entering into lengthened or minute details; but, on the other hand, keep to that which is really essential to a family residing in the country who have a desire to derive the whole of the supply of such things from their own garden.

The SITE will be the first object to decide upon, inasmuch as its unpicturesque appearance requires that it should be screened, if not entirely hid, from the chief points of view in the surrounding grounds, or otherwise it would only tend to spoil the general scene. At all events it should on no account be visible from the main approach, nor from the windows of the dwelling-house; and for this reason it should be removed to, or rather established in, some secluded part of the pleasure-grounds, but still not at such a distance from the house as to make it inconvenient to get to it. Before adopting a site, however, it would be well for the designer to study the effect likely to accrue therefrom; consequently it would be as well to remark that the beautiful and picturesque are not the only things to be considered, as in doing so their properties will often be found to be counterbalanced by disadvantages too serious to contend with—such, for instance, as damp soil, cold, exposure, and the like, which must of necessity not only retard the growth, but render the crops of very inferior quality—a result which should never be tolerated, not even for the sake of “appearance,” which “goes a great way.” The site to be chosen, then, should have these advantages to recommend it—good soil, dry subsoil, and a sunny exposure, properly sheltered, without being shaded; and the ground should be as level as possible, more labour being required to cultivate steep inclinations than even surfaces. As a requisite amount of shelter, therefore, is so necessary for a good garden, all such spots as do not offer this desideratum should be carefully avoided. It is true judicious planting will, in a measure, overcome the difficulty where there are no trees of sufficient growth to produce the desired result; but as many years will elapse ere newly-planted ones will become sufficiently effective for the purpose, preference should be given to the former assistance whenever an opportunity offers itself.

DRAINAGE is the next point to be observed, which must be complete, damp ground yielding only diseased, short-lived, unfruitful trees, and vegetables of a very inferior quality—a state of things which, we

regret to say, is by no means rare even in gardens of considerable pretensions. This sounds bad; but such is the case, though for what reason such negligence is suffered to exist we are quite at a loss to imagine.

Taking the different matters in rotation, we come to the question of SOIL, which, as a matter of course, should be good; but as this property, which is by no means unimportant, should give way, under peculiar circumstances, to the considerations previously spoken of, it is requisite that a desirable position take the precedence of this quality. However, as there are very few situations incapable of producing good soils, if not naturally, by artificial means, it is, after due consideration, only a secondary matter. Still, as there are some subsoils which never can be dried sufficiently, nor warmed either, by any amount of drainage, particular attention should be paid to this requirement. It is true we have known instances where good soil was accompanied by disadvantages, so far as regards site and position, of so glaring a character as to defy the best skill; but such a state of affairs is of an isolated occurrence, and consequently does not come under the denomination of ordinary difficulties.

Another subject which deserves our special attention is the FORM which the fruit and kitchen garden should take, a conclusion which must be arrived at according to the nature or shape of the ground at disposal, as well as the extent of the space at liberty. As far as we are concerned, had we a choice, we should certainly give the preference to a plot of ground 90 by 60 odd feet, so that the land might be laid out to the greatest advantage; that is to say, with a less number of walks, thereby affording much greater accommodation so far as regards the arrangement of the various vegetable compartments and the proper distribution of fruit trees—two questions which certainly need due consideration.

THE FORMATION OF THE WALLS is also deserving of a few words, and for this reason we will do our best to describe to our readers what to choose and what to avoid. In the first place, the height of the walls should correspond with the dimensions of the garden; in other words, they should vary from eight to sixteen feet, inasmuch as above or below these heights they are neither useful, convenient, nor ornamental.

Previously to passing our remarks upon the forcing department, we will add our mite of information respecting the FRUIT GARDEN, which forms no mean item in a well-regulated establishment. This quarter

is not only so necessary, but is so properly united to the kitchen garden as a rule, that it scarcely needs a separate notice; but as "there is no rule without an exception," we trust our readers will excuse our saying a trifle concerning its formation. It is generally allowed that the soil and site which suit the one will be found applicable to the other, provided ordinary care be observed; that a warm, dry, and sheltered aspect is attainable, and, as such, selected, otherwise it will be necessary to look for them regardless of the harmony which should form a stimulating quality.

THE FORCING DEPARTMENT will conclude our remarks so far as relates to the formation and arrangement of this garden, and as such we will endeavour to display our best skill upon the subject. As vegetables and fruits are said to be forced when artificial means are applied to accelerate their growth, which glass and heat can alone accomplish, we cannot well refrain, nor should we desire to do so, from describing as plainly as possible what is most desirable, with a view to attaining this praiseworthy object. In a word, theinery and greenhouse should occupy the south side of the north wall, while the forcing-pits and melon-ground should take a certain position in front of the above, but at such a distance as not to be too much shaded during the winter by the buildings behind them. As this, upon the whole, is the best arrangement, because it keeps the whole of the forcing-garden together, and thus enables the work to be easily and expeditiously performed, it will be needless to give any further example, which could not be improved, and scarcely equalled.

It will be observed, on reference to the sketch for a fruit and kitchen garden 96 feet in length by 62 in breadth, that it is sheltered sufficiently on all sides, and that the greenhouse, propagating-pit, melon-ground, &c., are one and all inclosed as it were to themselves—a plan which cannot fail to meet the wishes of every one who has the slightest knowledge of what ought to be adopted for the convenience of those who take a delight in producing their own fruits and vegetables the whole year round. For the guidance of our readers the following will be found necessary, namely:—1, boundary walls; 2, fruit borders, three feet wide; 3, paths, three feet wide; 4, tool-house; 5, fruit-room; 6, vine borders; 7, vineries; 8, greenhouse; 9, propagating-pits; 10, melon-ground; 11, yew hedge to ditto; 12, potting-shed; 13, compost-shed; 14, coal-shed; 15, manure-yard.

We will now suppose, for the sake of argument, that the whole of the ground has been properly drained, trenched, manured, and put into condition, and that the walls are likewise ready to receive the fruit trees destined to make these their abode, when the first important question which will arise is, how it should be cropped for the first time—a question which the following description will clearly answer:—A, Jerusalem Artichokes; B, Gooseberry bushes; C, Raspberries; D, Black, White, and Red Currant trees; E, Strawberry plants; F, Sea-kale; G, Rhubarb; H, Globe Artichokes; I, Asparagus; J, Horseradish; K, Pot-herbs; L, Peas, &c.; M, Potatoes; N, Carrots and Parsnips; O, Turnips; P, Celery; Q, Early Broccoli and Cauliflowers; R, Broad, French, and Runner Beans; S, Walls for Plums, Cherries, &c.; T, Peach walls; U, Walls for Pears, &c.; V, Vine wall.

#### MEMORANDA FOR MARCH.

**ROTATION CROPPING.**—As Cabbages require the same kind of nutriment as Cauliflowers, Broccoli, and the rest of this class, they should on no account be succeeded by plants of this description, but by Potatoes, which, according to our notion, are the best. Carrots we have a great objection to, inasmuch as slugs, wire-worm, and the like, which Cabbages are sure to harbour, would in a very short time do a vast amount of mischief to this root, even if they did not entirely consume it. Indeed, we give the choice to a piece of ground that has been exposed to the influence of the weather during the winter for the cultivation of this delicate root, where the previous crop has been Scarlet Runners, French Beans, or something of the sort.

Peas, which of necessity occupy a good portion of the garden, should succeed some of the Cabbage tribe, if it were not for late Broccoli, which we recommend to be planted between them when sown in drills wide apart, preventing this arrangement. However, in instances where Peas have followed a crop of winter Spinach, then we say by all means let Brussels Sprouts, Broccoli, &c., be planted between them. While the Onion crop, which is mostly cleared off pretty early in the season, places a certain portion of ground at disposal for a crop of winter Spinach, or perhaps a crop of spring Cabbages, Beets, Leeks, and Parsnips, which not unfrequently remain in the ground all the winter, will offer the same opportunity hereafter for Broad Beans, Broccoli, and Peas.

Celery being a crop which is generally favoured with an advantageous and choice position, it should be so contrived that in planting the same the season previous, due regard be paid that a certain quantity of it may be cleared off soon enough to permit of Onions following. In a word, Celery, unless it be of a very late kind, may always be followed by Onions the succeeding season, provided the ground be well manured with good rotten stable dung, and carefully trenched as soon as the Celery is cleared away.

The final crop of Broccoli, which will, if properly

managed, keep up the supply until such time as the first Cauliflowers are ready for table, should be off the ground in time for a second or third crop of Kidney Beans. Radishes, Lettuces, Cress, and other small crops we should recommend to be grown on borders, where the rotation can be varied occasionally by Potatoes of an early description. The same may be said of seedling-beds, as they are termed—that is, those beds where the

Cabbage, Broccoli, and Cauliflower tribe, as well as Sweet Herbs, &c., are sown for the purpose of planting out when the time arrives for such operations to be performed. With these few hints we consider our readers will be able to manage, and as such, without going further into the subject, we will conclude by giving select lists of Flowers, Fruits, and Vegetables suitable to the requirements of small growers, namely:—

## FLOWERS.

NAME.	CLASS.	COLOUR.	HEIGHT.	FLOWERS.
Campanula Loreii ... ..	Hardy Annual.	Blue.	4 inches.	July to Aug.
Candytuft ... ..	"	Red, Purple, White.	9 inches.	May to Aug.
Clintonia Pulchella... ..	"	Blue, Yellow, White.	4 inches.	June to Sept.
Convolvulus Major... ..	"	Mixed.	Climber.	July to Oct.
Convolvulus Minor... ..	"	Blue and White.	9 inches.	June to Oct.
Coreopsis Tinctoria ... ..	"	Yellow and Brown.	24 inches.	July to Sept.
Collinsia Bicolor ... ..	"	Blue.	6 inches.	May to Aug.
Dwarf Rocket Larkspur ... ..	"	Mixed.	12 inches.	July to Sept.
Erysimum Perofiskianum ... ..	"	Golden Orange.	9 inches.	June to Sept.
Lupinus Nanus ... ..	"	Blue.	9 inches.	July to Sept.
Mignonette ... ..	"	Buff.	9 inches.	"
Nemophila Insignis ... ..	"	Bright Blue.	6 inches.	June to Oct.
Anagallis Grandiflora Rosea... ..	Half Hardy Annual.	Rose Colour.	12 inches.	"
African Marigold ... ..	"	Lemon. Orange.	24 inches.	July to Oct.
Calendrina Discolor ... ..	"	Rosy Purple.	24 inches.	July to Sept.
Chenostoma Polyantha ... ..	"	Pink and White.	12 inches.	July to Oct.
China Aster ... ..	"	Mixed.	12 inches.	"
Cleome Speciosa ... ..	"	Purple.	18 inches.	June to Aug.
Double German Ten-week Stock... ..	"	Mixed.	12 inches.	July to Oct.
French Marigold ... ..	"	Yellow and Brown.	12 inches.	"
Lobelia Ramosa Rubra ... ..	"	Red.	12 inches.	April.
Phlox Drummondii... ..	"	Mixed.	12 inches.	June to Sept.
Schizopetalon Walkerii... ..	"	White.	10 inches.	May to Aug.
Zinnia Elegans ... ..	"	Mixed.	12 inches.	June to Sept.
Calceolaria ... ..	Tender Annual.	"	18 inches.	"
Cineraria ... ..	"	"	18 inches.	Feb. to May.
Cockscomb ... ..	"	Crimson.	12 inches.	June to Sept.
Cuphea Platycentra ... ..	"	"	6 inches.	July to Oct.
Egg Plant ... ..	"	Purple and White.	12 inches.	June to Sept.
Heliotropium Voltairianum... ..	"	Blue.	18 inches.	June to Oct.
Lophospermum Scandens ... ..	"	Red.	Climber.	"
Lophospermum Jacksonii... ..	"	Pink.	"	"
Mimosa Sensitiva ... ..	"	"	24 inches.	"
Mimulus Moschatus ... ..	"	Yellow.	6 inches.	June to Sept.
Petunia ... ..	"	Mixed.	18 inches.	July to Oct.
Primula Sinensis ... ..	"	Red and White.	9 inches.	Oct. to Feb.
Aquilegia Formosa ... ..	Hardy Perennial.	Red and Orange.	18 inches.	May to July.
Delphinium Formosum ... ..	"	Blue and White.	24 inches.	June to Sept.
Double Canterbury Bell ... ..	"	"	24 inches.	May to Aug.
Foxglove ... ..	"	Various.	36 inches.	July to Aug.
Polyanthus ... ..	"	Mixed.	6 inches.	May to July.
Antirrhinum ... ..	"	"	25 inches.	June to Sept.
Anthemis Purpurea ... ..	Hardy Biennial.	Purple.	12 inches.	May to Oct.
Double German Sweet William ... ..	"	Mixed.	18 inches.	June to Oct.
Double German Wallflower... ..	"	Yellow, Red, Lilac.	24 inches.	Mar. to June.
Imperial India Pink ... ..	"	Mixed.	14 inches.	June to Oct.
Oenothera Drummondii Nana ... ..	"	Yellow.	6 inches.	July to Oct.
Sweet Scabious ... ..	"	Scarlet.	12 inches.	June to Sept.

## FRUITS.

APPLES.—*Dessert Varieties*—Early Harvest and Ribstone Pippin.—*Kitchen Varieties*—Non-such and Blenheim Pippins. APRICOTS.—Early

Masculine and Moorpark. CHERRIES.—May Duke and Late Duke. CURRANTS.—Black—Black Grape. White—White Dutch. Red—Monstrueuse de Berry. FIGS.—Brown Turkey and Black Ischia. GOOSEBERRIES. Red—Warring-

ton. *Yellow*—Rockwood's Early. *Green*—Glenton Green. *White*—Woodward's Whitesmith. *NUTS*.—The White Filbert, the Frizzled Filbert, and the Nottingham Prolific. *NECTARINES*.—Red Roman and Elruge. *PEACHES*.—Early Anne and Royal George. *PEARS*.—Jargonelle, Marie Louise, and Winter Nellis. *PLUMS*.—*Table Varieties*.—Morocco and Washington. *Kitchen Varieties*.—Orleans and Magnum Bonum. *Preserving Varieties*.—Winesour and St. Catherine. *RASPBERRIES*.—*Yellow*—Antwerp. *White*—Double-bearing. *Red*—Carter's Prolific. *STRAWBERRIES*.—Old Pine, Keene's Seedling, and British Queen. *VINES*.—*Outdoor*.—Early Black July and White Muscadine. *Forcing*.—Black Hambro' and Muscat of Alexandria.

## VEGETABLES.

*ASPARAGUS*.—Giant. *BEANS*.—*Broad*.—Mazagan, Long-pod, and Monarch. *Dwarf Kidney*.—Early Dun and White Canterbury. *Running Kidney*.—Scarlet and White. *BEET*.—Sang's Crimson and Pine-apple. *BORECOLE* or *KALE*.—Hearting Dwarf Curled and Dwarf Red Curled. *BROCCOLI*.—Southampton Late White, Early Purple Cape, and Early Purple Sprouting. *BRUSSELS SPROUTS*.—Finest Imported. *CABBAGE*.—Early Fulham, Early York, Shilling's Queen, and Red for pickling. *Savoy*.—Dwarf Early Ulm, Large Drumhead Curled, and Globe Curled. *CAPSICUM*.—Long Red and Toup-shaped. *CHILLI*.—Long Red and Yellow. *CABBOTS*.—Early Horn and Altringham. *CAULIFLOWERS*.—Early London, Walcheren, and Late Asiatic. *CELERY*.—Cole's Red and Cole's Crystal White. *CRESS*.—Extra Fine-curved and American. *CUCUMBERS*.—Early Frame, Stockwood Ridge, and Gherkin for pickling. *ENDIVE*.—Batavian White and Green Curled. *LEEK*.—London Flag and Musselburgh. *LETTUCE*.—*Cos Varieties*.—White and Brown. *Cabbage Varieties*.—Hammersmith Hardy Green and Neapolitan. *MELONS*.—Beechwood, Bromham Hall, and Queen Anne's Pocket. *ONIONS*.—Deptford, Portugal, James's Keeping, and Red and Silver-skinned for pickling. *PARSLEY*.—Patagonian and Mitchell's Matchless. *PARSNIPS*.—Hollow-crowned. *PEAS*.—Early Emperor, Bishop's Early Long-podded Dwarf, Ringwood Marrow, and Dwarf Blue Prussian. *RADISH*.—Wood's Early Frame, White and Scarlet Turnip, and Black Spanish for winter. *SPINACH*.—Round for summer, Prickly for winter, and New Zealand. *TOMATO*.—Early Prolific Red and Yellow. *TURNIPS*.—Early White Stone. *VEGETABLE MARROWS*.—Long Yellow and Custard.

## THE GARDENER TO HIS FRIENDS.

In this department we invite intercommunication between correspondents; for, as it very frequently happens that a thing known only to one would be of immense service to many, but for want of an opportunity may, perhaps, never be divulged, we earnestly court inquiry, and in so doing promise that such information as our readers are unable to afford each other we will supply, thereby reversing the theory of "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," for that which is far more substantial—"knowledge is power."

**A CONSTANT READER.**—*The difference between*

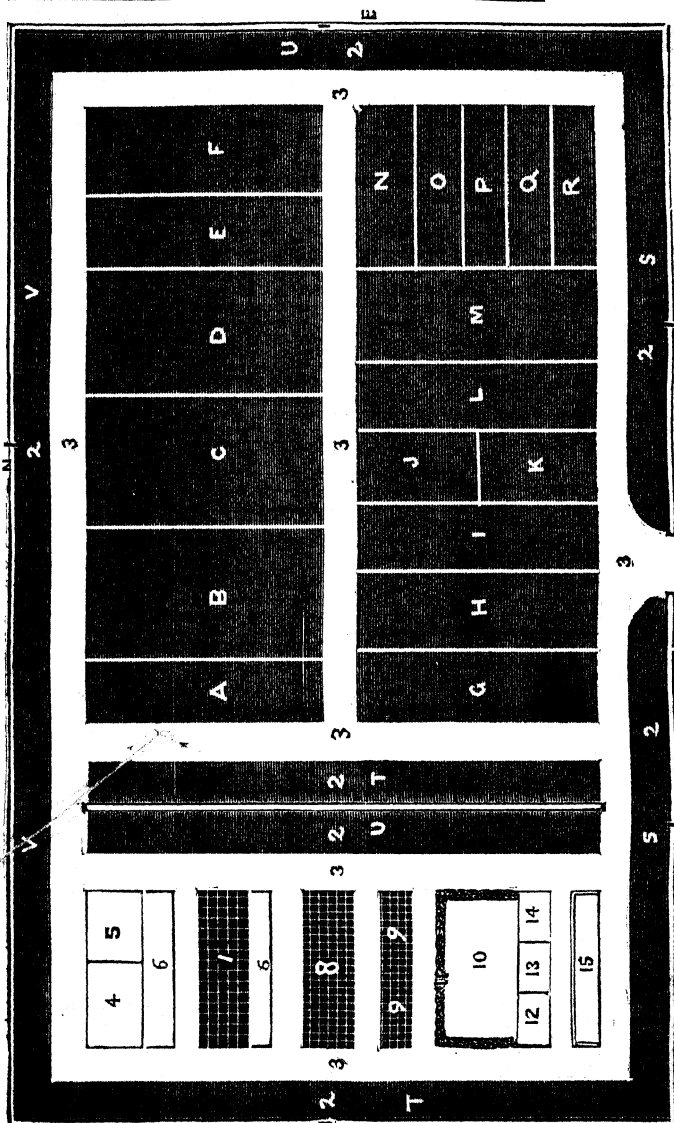
*Biennials and Perennials.*—Biennials are such plants as are sown one year, and bloom and die the next; while Perennials are those which are sown one year, bloom the second, and, although they die down in the winter, the roots remain alive, and spring up every year.

**MR. CASTLEWRAY (IPSWICH).**—*The Culture of the Egg Plant.*—To rear these curious plants successfully, the seeds should be sown in a gentle hotbed from now to the end of April, on a sandy soil, and covered very thinly. As soon as the plants are sufficiently large to handle, prick them off singly into small pots, plunge these in moderate heat close to the glass until such time as they are strong enough to commence the world in the open air, avoiding too much steam, which is very prejudicial. After a little time they may be shifted into pots of a larger size, and placed on warm shelves, still near the glass of the greenhouse, the frame, or the window, as the case may be, to be repotted occasionally as required. If there are any of our readers who would like to try their hand at cultivating a few of these plants, we shall be very happy to present them with a packet, provided they forward a stamped and directed envelope to the above address.

**AN AMATEUR (BRITTON).**—*Select Packets of Seed.*—We are now prepared to send out twenty-four beautiful Hardy and Half-hardy Annuals for sixty stamps, twelve Hardy and Half-hardy Annuals, &c., for twenty stamps, and our Flower and Vegetable Seed Lists for a stamped and directed envelope.

**WILSON SMITHERS, ESQ. (SCOTLAND).**—*The Osier, or Basket Willow.*—We should decidedly advise you to try a crop of Osiers, and beg to say that the following is the best means to adopt:—1. The ground should be manured with stable dung, and ploughed rather deep. The quantity of manure used is, to a certain extent, immaterial, as the Osier will thrive either in poor or rich land; but, provided you can obtain a few loads, it would be as well to give them plenty of it the first time. 2. The plants, or rather cuttings, which will strike like weeds, should be cut into foot lengths, and merely thrust into the soil half way, in rows eighteen inches asunder, and twelve inches apart in the rows. 3. They are generally cut for market when they are from eight to ten feet in length. 4. The old plants will not require replacing with new ones until such time as they show signs of having exhausted themselves, when they may be rooted up, and fresh cuttings inserted in the same manner as previously recommended. 5. We have not been able to discover any work upon the subject, but will make still further inquiries. 6. There is a contrivance for peeling the rods, but what that contrivance is we are not in a position at present to say. However, we shall not lose sight of the matter, and upon learning anything further, we will immediately communicate with you; in the meantime we trust this will enable you to turn your land to profitable account.

**ALICE GRAY.**—*Stocking an Aquarium.*—As you say you are about to establish an aquarium, and wish to know where you can obtain the necessary things for that purpose, we recommend you to pay a visit to Mr. Bridgen, Seedsman, &c., King William Street, City, E.C., who has every description of article necessary for the same.



PLAN OF LAYING OUT KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDEN.

**A READER (RICKMANSWORTH).—***Canvas for Horticultural Purposes.*—Benjamin Edgington, of 2, Duke Street, Southwark, is the proper person for you to apply to. In our younger days we have known him to cover an acre of ground with tents, marquees, flags, &c., in a few hours, as if by magic, and surely he could supply you with a few hundred yards of canvas in a twentieth part of the time.

**A LOVER OF FRUIT.—***The Olin Apple.*—You are quite right—the one you have chosen is, to say the least of it, “first class.”

**ST. CHAIR.—***How to Destroy the Red Spider.*—Unless in extreme cases we have invariably found that fumigation with tobacco has answered the purpose; but as “there is no rule without an exception,” we have known it to fail, when we have had recourse to the following remedy:—Take a shaving brush, and with it wash the plants well with a strong solution of soap and water: soft soap is the best for the purpose. It is a tedious job, but a never-failing remedy. The Bottle Gourd should be sown in heat in April, and be planted out in the open ground in May.

**MRS SMITH.—***Our Packets of Seed,* with ample instructions for their cultivation, are sent out in the following manner:—Twelve Hardy Annuals, twenty-six stamps; twelve Half-hardy Annuals, thirty-eight stamps; twelve Hardy and Half-hardy Annuals, Biennials, and Perennials, twenty stamps. Many thanks for your complimentary note.

## MUSCULAR EDUCATION.

It is considered the thing just now to run down dashing horsewomen by fastening upon them the epithet “pretty horse-breaker,” that expression being always used as a term of reproach, often as a sneer; but surely it is not unwomanly to take delight in two such noble and high-spirited creatures as a horse and a dog; or shall we be told it is indecorous for ladies to hunt? The writer perhaps is speaking too much from his own point of view; but to him, and, as he fancies, to many like him, a young lady appears far more natural, more herself, and, more interesting, when flushed with the glow of health, and the excitement of a gallop through the fresh, life-breathing air, than when framed in the stiff finery of artificial flowers and full dress to act a part for the evening. Then there is the indescribable charm of health and high spirits, for which we all have so keen an instinct; this is a flower one rarely finds in the hothouses of society. To admire or to sanction the swash-buckler style of manly young lady, who has been betrayed by silly brothers into talking slang and swaggering, is quite another thing. These are habits, indeed, which are as rarely found to be associated, *au cœur*, with high and noble feelings, as these latter qualities are so generally in one who owns to a passion for horses and dogs,

which, being interpreted, generally means love for Nature, and not unfrequently the finest sense of the true and the beautiful. After all, though we may feel a wholesome horror of the strong-minded school, the *figurantes* of social science meetings, the “deep in all the ‘ologies,” perhaps such little innovations as the most delicately-moulded hob-nailed boots, felt hats, and Garibaldi shirts are really healthy physical signs of the times. Rude health brings with it a sort of irresistible spirit of opposition and independence that means no harm; like the prancing of a spirited filly fresh up from grass, there's no vice in it, and the pretty creature will soon take to the bit, especially under a light hand, and become invaluable.

But the best argument in favour of riding for ladies is, that it offers almost the only violent exercise open to them; and violent exercise is necessary for strong health. As to dancing, that is violent enough in all conscience, but entirely in the wrong direction; the chest being confined, while the breathing is raised to the highest pitch of rapidity, feeding on air of the hottest and stalest kind, loaded with dust and perfumes, the heart stirred till it beats like that of a frightened bird. All this awful waste of resources, this consuming fire in the system, is made more destructive by choosing the hours which Nature demands for sleep and renovation. If this favourite amusement must be had, and no doubt it is in nature that it must, then we ought to have dancing-rooms as cool and well ventilated as a gymnasium, instead of the quasi-Turkish bath to which we have so generally to submit.

The faculty might curse the day, but it would be a real blessing to mothers, if more open-air amusements and recreations could be brought into fashion in which ladies could join.

Of the few good exercises enticing enough to keep their votaries in the field, archery is the best. It has decidedly gained in public favour of late, and deserves to be encouraged in every way; it is a very superior pastime to the new game of *croquet*; indeed, this is too idle a game to be compared with archery, which has a certain nobleness in its associations, and in the skill demanded for success. Neither of these games, however, offers the opportunity for anything like violent exertion, and they are apt to encourage a disposition to look pretty, and put on fascinating poses, rather than to excite the whole energies, as a thoroughly good sport should. Young ladies at school have the great advantage of being permitted to be a little hoy-

denish; and if we were to speak as a father, it would be to say that your hoyden is not to be put down as a rude tom-boy. Let her by all means bowl her hoop, skip, and play long-rope to giddy distraction; and even play bat-trap and cricket, with an occasional pull on the lake or river. But better than all are the regular drill and systematic exercise of a gymnasium. Let no one suppose that wielding the clubs, hanging on the horizontal bar, or, indeed, any strain upon the arms, ever makes the hands clumsy; that it ever interferes with the finest needle-work, the most delicate drawing; or that that highly-prized quality, the touch of the pianoforte-player, is destroyed by it. It is proved beyond question that the hand becomes more delicate and obedient the more it is used in every kind of exercise; therefore, the excuse we often hear against romping games as "spoiling the hands" has no foundation; even the thick hard skin on workmen's hands is found rather to increase the sense of touch than to diminish it.

Important as the time of growth and youth is, and indispensable as it is that the raw material of health and strength should be cultivated with the most assiduous care, it is only the threshold to the more critical career of the *Sturm-und-Drang* period. As manhood and maidenhood are arrived at—as the organism, as it were, unfolds—unfortunately it often happens that the seeds of disease and debility, hidden in the brisk vitality of boys and girls, begin to germinate, and many a promising one falls ere the hill of life is half climbed.

This is the time, too, when the will is in the ascendant, and the nerves are attuned, like strings of the Æolian harp, to vibrate with a breath. Violent efforts, reckless and wanton deeds of mere brute force, too often run into the riotous fun and hard knocks of what is not inaptly called "practical joking." The steam must be let off somehow, no doubt; but these violent bursts can hardly fail to tear and shake the machinery. Even though it is quite desirable that the strength should be put on the stretch occasionally, yet young men would do well not to be too eager in matching themselves for great attempts. Nothing is more important than a gradual leading up to the grand efforts. The Greeks would not permit youngsters to compete with the seasoned athletes; and the plan is founded on experience; indeed, none of our professional strong men would ever think of attacking any of their feats without first "going into training." But this state of high condition is found to produce such a strain upon the

system that no man can keep up to it at all times; he is compelled to relax, and adopt a more moderate tone. This fair condition is what every man in robust health ought to possess, without attempting to keep up to the prize-fighter's mark; and the best, decidedly the pleasantest, way of attaining this is to practise all our famous old English games. There is no need for describing these. Happily they are all well known; and long may they be! for who can say how much of our superiority throughout the world is due to our muscular education? For genius, learning, science, and mechanical invention, we may stand compare with all the world; but these would not have gained an empire on which the sun never sets without the working and the fighting qualities. Fancy England with Shakespeare and Spenser, and no Raleigh and Drake; with Byron and Shelley, and no Nelson and Wellington!

Sporting embraces such a wide range of healthy bearings, that it would be impossible to dwell here upon the many branches of wood-craft. Deer-stalking alone is a subject for a volume; hunting, and its allied sports, the steeple-chase and the race, can only be mentioned, lest it should be thought they are overlooked amongst the manly sports, though with a regret that the curse of gambling has settled so completely upon pastimes which contain all the elements of enjoyment without the necessity for this modern artificial stimulus.

Good walking is indispensable for a sportsman. A man is *par excellence* a walking animal; he is the only creature that has a calf to his leg, and, as every one knows, this is the essential mechanism for walking. A man will walk down any game, and tire out the best horses in the long run. Dick Turpin's mare carried him from London to York, the distance being just within two hundred miles, and there are instances of horses doing more than a hundred miles at a stretch; but there is nothing to equal the celebrated feat of Captain Barclay, who walked a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours, playing the bagpipes on entering every town, according to the terms of his wager. Omnibus horses in London do about twenty-five miles a day with a rest; but many of the letter-carriers on the out-lying districts walk this distance; and, with short intervals of rest, this is not more than a man in good condition can sustain for weeks. There are few better tests of a man's condition than hard walking, and the practice is one universally applicable, eminently delightful, and beyond everything beneficial to the health.



Running foot-races seems to be coming in afresh with the astonishing victories of the American Indian "Deerfoot," whose pace is fleetier than that of many fast-trotting horses. It is a fine high-mettled sport, and thoroughly English, being a favourite pastime in the middle ages, when the prize was nothing but a silver ring. The Greeks were content with even a more modest symbol of victory in a sprig of the wild olive. At the Olympic Games they ran races; but the course was much shorter than ours. The *stadium*, being little more than two hundred yards long, was run over twice without stopping. This does not give a very exalted idea of their running, which was probably neither equal in speed nor endurance to that of our day. In Kent one of the most popular games is "a running." In this the young men of a place, or of two rival villages, meet in some chosen meadow, and, dressed in the lightest clothing, with bare feet, compete one against the other, as in wrestling matches, till the two best runners are left to contest the palm.

The combative games, if so we may speak of boxing and "the ring," of wrestling and single-stick, are now-a-days pretty much resigned to the professional gladiators. The age of chivalry being fled, gentlemen are content to show their prowess in a less harmful way, and yet be heroes on occasion, as Inkermann and Balaklava reminded us. Their little differences, when they must be settled *à l'outrance*, are brought to an arbitrement of a more refined and politer kind, and at the same time on fairer conditions, by the choice of hair-triggers or swords. The "noble art" is, however, still a natural instinct with us, and a salutary one too; for it keeps up the national pluck of the people, fixes the stigma of execration upon the mean assassin, who is always a coward, and gives a gentleman the immense satisfaction of being able to thrash a drayman with his own weapons. There is no disputing the feeling we all have for a fair stand-up fight; and were these prize-contests conducted with more stringent rules, especially if they were stopped at the point when it was evident that the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak and incapable, — when a man became a mere ninikin, put up to be knocked down, — there might be some hope that "the ring" would be taken out of the hands of the blackguards. Perhaps, if gentlemen had not been driven from it by disgust at the ruffianism within and without, it would not have sunk so low. As it is, the "fancy" is one not to be indulged, although the art is pretty generally acknowledged to be part

of a muscular young gentleman's education. Besides the benefit to be got by knowing how to use Nature's weapons, there is a lesson in health to be learned from the fighting regimen of the modern gladiator.

The system of training in the palmy days of the ring was not very far wrong. As to quantity of food, there was no limit for our prize-fighters, though they were not allowed to gorge as the Greek and Roman athletes did. Two full meals with meat a day were considered sufficient, breakfast and dinner; but if the appetite demand supper, it must be simply a little meat and dry biscuit at eight o'clock, to be followed by a walk, and then to bed at ten. The modern trainers pursue a regimen very similar to this, allowing some little latitude as to smoking, and tea and coffee in moderate quantities; but they keep the strictest surveillance over their man, and never allow him to be out of sight, day or night, when any important match is on the *tapis*. Running and walking are the chief exercises adopted, the former occasionally at full speed, and in the morning, after which the trainee is rubbed down dry and clothed in his usual dress, flannel being worn for all exercise. A series of strong gymnastic exercises is adopted also. Great attention is paid to the condition of the skin, a point upon which the connoisseurs are particularly knowing; it should be smooth, soft, yet firm, and tight over the muscles, having the look which in a horse is called "fine." The muscles should stand out hard and decided, in form like the carving of an ivory statue, and showing no roundings-off by fat. Persons in good health train plump; but if they fall off, it shows that they are not able to bear the severity of the process. Gentlemen do not generally bear training so well as men accustomed to labour from boyhood; and it should be understood that the severe training undergone by prize-fighters is not favourable to the constitution; a more moderate system of exercises is preferable for those who are not disposed to sacrifice too much to the reputation of being an athlete of the first water.

The rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. It might be compared, for illustration, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air, and the production of steam from an immense extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is supplied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread, and water;

his smoke and cinders must be got rid of rapidly, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the pace he has to go, and the long-continued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine must be kept clear and in perfect working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores—or say twenty-eight miles of tubing, for this has been calculated—is of the first importance; hence by long experience, from the Greeks and Romans to our day, trainers, who are no great physiologists, have paid the closest attention to the skin, whether in training horses or men. The Greeks used a scraper called a *strigil*, and they sometimes rolled in the dust of the stadium after anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Perspiration is excited and kept up at regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, with occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute network of vessels all over the body is assisted. Men in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of water alone from their skin daily, but in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of even more importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the smoke must be got rid of, besides a good deal of steam, or, in other words, carbonic-acid gas and watery vapour. In ordinary good health a man expires about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course a man undergoing great exertion breathes off much more than this. Then the light fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, ammonia, hydrogen gas, and volatile animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent. of effete material got rid of by the lungs. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called “good wind;” his lungs must be able to bear the constant and rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream without distress. Hence no person with the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though the regimen, very moderately and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, simple food, no excesses, and early hours. Those are favoured by Nature who can endure exercise occasionally as severe as the prize-fighters go through: by it the lungs are

ventilated as they cannot be in ordinary exercise, and the high vigour of the system maintained. In quiet breathing, as much as 170 cubic inches of air remains in the chest, while about 25 inches is expired; but this is raised to 240 cubic inches by violent exercise, and renewed at the rate of from forty to fifty times in a minute.

The dietary of the trainers is open to criticism upon some points. They prescribe a dry meat diet, on the supposition that it makes the flesh firm, and keeps the blood from being watery. This is quite an error; for we know that the strongest men are composed of as much water as other men, and that this apparently idle and harmless fluid is a most vital one, for it forms no less than seventy per cent. of the whole body. The muscles would be mere shreds if deprived of their water; and the singular thing is, that this is not easy to accomplish even in dead muscle, for the water is not contained as if by a sponge—it cannot be pressed out of the flesh except by a weight which destroys the fibre; therefore it is considered that water is an essential constituent of muscle. The nerves, which are really the source of all muscular energy, actually consist of 800 parts water in 1,000. Old Thales was not far out when he taught his pupils that water was the life of all creation. It is possible to live on water alone for some time, but entirely deprived of it, death results in less than a week. The trainers are right, however, as to not taking liquids in large draughts; this is prejudicial to digestion, and is liable to produce a chill or shock of a dangerous kind. It is not advantageous that thirst, which arises from all violent exercises, should not be quenched; but this should be done by small quantities taken while the system is heated, and not in large draughts immediately after the exertion is over. It will be found that water is by far the best beverage to be drunk during any strong exercise, as in long walks over hilly ground in hot weather, and in any of the more arduous feats of running and walking. Tea, if taken cool, is, however, a very light and stimulating drink; but beer, most wines, and spirits are fatal to all great efforts. A diet of lean meat and bread, with scanty vegetable, is decidedly not favourable to robust health; experience has long taught us to follow the inclination for varieties of many kinds; and perfect condition, even to efficient training, may be kept up by partaking of these, always excepting young meats and veal, which is not only immature, but half diseased, from the process of daily

bleeding which is adopted to produce the appearance of delicacy. A diet in which flesh is the chief article is indispensable to our climate and our habits. The consumption of meat in England is three times that of France; and it has been proved that one English navy did the work of two and a half French navies, until the contractor fed up his Frenchmen, when they nearly equalled their rivals. But flesh-feeding is easily carried too far, and tends to overload the blood with phosphoric acid and alkalies—earth, in fact. There is this important piece of encouragement in favour of adopting a regular system of exercises, that when the body is in perfect working order the digestion partakes so completely of the general high tone that nothing can resist it,—a man becomes “as hard as nails,” and rejoices in having the stomach of an ostrich. Once get “out of condition,” and we become choice and sensitive upon a hundred points, each one a misery of life. The prize-fighter is not to be considered so good a representative man as the navy, because he is kept in a state of high tension, which cannot last, and which is gladly escaped from; while the navy is merely in the highest working condition. We are not all born navvies; but there is nothing to hinder all men attaining the full physical capabilities with which Nature has endowed them, each in his measure. Unfortunately, such is the demand now-a-days for intellectual prowess, that the poor body gets neglected, and often cruelly sacrificed.

It cannot be too strongly enforced that, no matter how intellectual the calibre, or how sensitive the fibre, material health lies at the root of all. The brain must have its fat and its phosphorus, the heart must be touched with the bright and pure life-stream, or the pace begins to slacken, and the machinery yields to the *vis inertia* of earth, till it stops dead. It is not too much to say that the greatest achievements await those who, having pursuits not necessarily favourable to health, nevertheless make it of the first consideration to attend to the culture of the body. Good eating and drinking, as it is called, is far too much relied upon; in fact, it is this that in towns leads universally to disease and short lives; it is absolutely necessary to combine good food with invigorating and refreshing exercises, and if the more violent can be borne, so much the better. If gymnastics were esteemed with us as important as they were with the ancient Greeks and Romans, and practised habitually as by them, there is no doubt that the public health would be raised, and

new fields of enjoyment would open out to the multitude who are always wondering what ails them, or what on earth they can find to do. Amongst the Greeks it was thought impossible for the mind to be in a vigorous state unless the body was. Philosopher, physician, and gymnast were united in one person,—Galen dislocated his shoulder, when wrestling, in his thirty-fifth year. The *alipta*, who superintended the diet and training, became reputed physicians; and their cure of diseases consisted almost entirely in adapting some of the processes of training adopted in the *palestræ*, the places built for the separate use of the *athletæ*, who were the professional strong men, and distinguished from the *agonistæ*, who were amateurs. Every town of importance had its gymnasium; and here poets came to recite, philosophers to dispute, and the fashionable public to look on at the exercises and to gossip. The great contests were in running, jumping, leaping with weights in the hands (*halteres*), boxing, wrestling, throwing the *discus* (a sort of quoit play), and hurling the spear. All these were practised also by boys; and they had a favourite game of pulling a rope against one another, something like our “French and English”—a game which to this day is practised on a large scale at Ludlow, in Shropshire, where on Shrove Tuesday the different wards of the town pull upon a long rope for the mastery. The gymnasium amongst the Romans became rather a place for military training; and the athletic sports changed into the fights of the gladiators, and combats with wild animals in the amphitheatre. The bath, however, with frictions of the skin and gymnastic exercises, were the custom; and most houses had their *palestræ*, which were richly adorned with works of art. The Roman boys were not trained as the children of the Greeks were, and gymnastics were certainly not so rigidly practised for their own sake; the Romans preferred the magnificence and display of the circus and the amphitheatre. They would not have knocked a way through their city walls to welcome a victor in the Olympic Games, esteeming him too great a personage to enter by the ordinary gate, as the Greeks did. Rome might never have been a prey to the Goths had she been satisfied with the Greek model; and the modern Italians, cast as they are in such a noble mould, would never have become the irritable, indolent, and melancholy race they are, had not athletic sports and manly exercises been lost by the people and discouraged by the nobles. Whether they

will be regenerated by the example of their manly king, and the enlightened exertions of their statesmen, is a subject of the deepest interest to all who admire the splendid organization of the Italians, and remember the deep debt we owe to Italy.

Not very long ago a whisper came across the water that England had entered upon her *decadence*; it was suggested that the race was dwindling under the insidious and absorbing power of the merchant and manufacturing interests. The policy of universal compromise, advocated by certain of the philosophical school of would-be statesmen, gave a colouring of probability to the thought begotten by the wish of our enemies; but how do we stand now? The material health and prosperity of the nation were never so promising. Sanitary reform has already improved the natural life, and suppressed the life-destroying agents of the crowded cities and "the Black Country," where coal and iron have banished the flocks and burnt up the pasture. In France, in 1859, there were nearly a million deaths, and 311,385 more people died than in Great Britain; while 23,034 more children were born than in France.

The establishment of baths, and the abundant supply of good water throughout the country, have contributed to this improvement in the condition of the community; and it is satisfactory to see that the use of the bath is decidedly in the ascendant among all classes. The appetite for athletic sports and games is certain to accompany improved health, and an excellent development it would be if public gymnasia on a large scale, with baths of every kind attached, were to be established. There is no reason why they should not be as easily managed as the public baths and washhouses; and the benefit to public health would be incalculable. Next to the Volunteer Movement, which possesses the most important elements of physical education for the nation, the systematic encouragement of athletic exercises in this way should come; and then we can glory still more in the lusty limbs and stout hearts of Old England.—*Extracted from TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE.*

**EXPRESSION OF THE EYE.**—A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us; and we believe the story of Argus implies no more than that the eye is in every part; that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself.

## PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

**SIXTH LESSON.**—We have now to consider the subject of "Outline," a most important one to a draughtsman.

A simple perfect outline is more valuable than an imperfect one, worked up with all the skill of a Vandyke, Wilkie, or Landseer.

Many persons assert that the shading and filling up will hide some of the defects in a bad outline; but be assured that such advice is not only wrong, but highly injurious to tyros in the art of drawing; for opinions such as this are apt to undermine its right principles, and make beginners careless.

Outline signifies the contour, or the line by which any figure is defined, being, in fact, the extreme or boundary line of an object. It is the line that determines form. For example—the outline of an apple would not, if correct, convey an impression to your mind that it was intended for an orange or a pear; and if you look at Figs. 22, 24, and 25, you could not imagine that they were like the ordinary jugs in use.



Fig. 24.

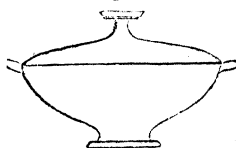


Fig. 25.

Outline may be said to be the skeleton or anatomy of objects; at least, it bears the same relations to them.

Outline cannot be formed without the aid of curved and straight lines (see Lesson III.), and in illustration of this we beg to call the attention of our pupils particularly to Figs. 26 and 27. The former represents the statue of the quoit-thrower of Myron, and the latter the statue of Alexander, by Gabius, after that of Lysippus, in the Louvre. They are both admirable studies for outline, particularly the latter, which exhibits gracefulness, courage, and strength, the muscles being admirably expressed without the aid of shading.

Of course, as you are now able to form

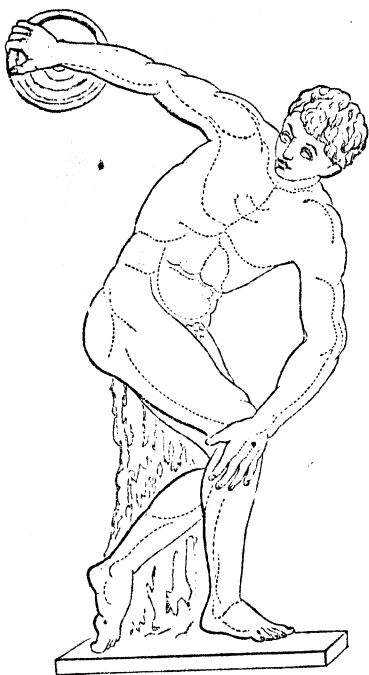


Fig. 26. The Quoit-thrower

lines of all kinds in any direction, and of any reasonable length, you are already in possession of the alphabet of outline, and the rest depends upon yourself—for without constant application and attention you can never succeed.

*Never be absurd enough to delude yourself, while you think you are deceiving your relations or friends, by tracing outlines against a window. The practice cannot be too highly condemned, because it is contrary to art, honour, and good sense; and so long as you continue the system, it will be impossible for you to depend upon yourself.*

All marks of lines that assist in expressing the character of the design may be considered as belonging to outline.

There are many methods of producing effects by means of outline, besides adhering to variations of form in the figures. For example—the lines used to express drapery should be flowing, continuous, and generally of variable breadth; those used for the flesh

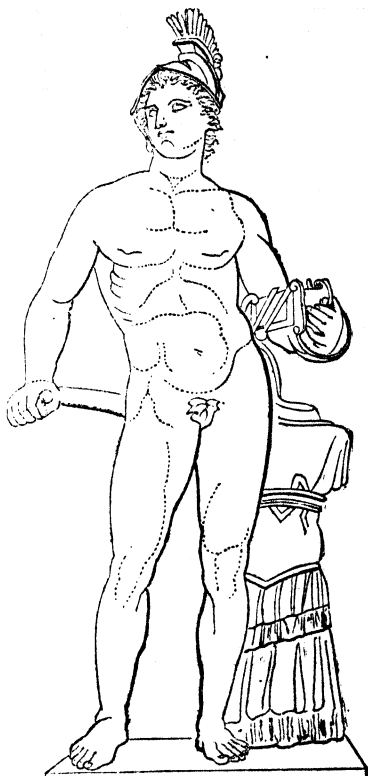


Fig. 27. Alexander.

or for some kind of fruit should partake of the same character; hard substances, such as armour, statuary, &c., should be expressed by uniform lines of a fine character; and the foliage should be drawn boldly, with occasional dark touches, and with a tremulous lateral motion of the hand. The figure of Psyche will assist the pupil in comprehending our remarks upon drapery and flesh.

Never jag your lines by making them by fits and starts; let the motion of your hand be free and uninterrupted, so as to form a continuous line; for if the pencil is removed from the paper, a line like a saw will be the result.

We need not remind our pupils that there are extremes of outline as in other things;

the one is too great a uniformity of line, the other too great a variation of breadth of line. If the subject is intended to be *finished* in outline, the pupil should strengthen one side more than the other; and we recommend that the outline etchings issued by the "Art Union of London," which are excellent compositions, should be carefully studied and copied.



Fig. 28. Psyche.

If the subject is to be shaded, the outline should be lightly, and not too firmly, drawn.

We must remind the student in drawing, that to give a correct delineation of the human figure it is indispensable to have some knowledge of muscular action. It is necessary that all the muscles, their purposes and functions, should be well understood; nor must osteology, or the bones of the skeleton, be neglected.

**SEVENTH LESSON.**—As you are now able to draw outlines correctly, it will be necessary to study light, shade, and reflection, which will give the appearance of substance to the objects you wish to delineate.

If we consider light as applied to drawing, we must do so under four distinct heads. 1st, as *natural light*, or that emanating from the sun when it rises,—

"At morning, flinging wide  
Its curtain-clouds of purple and vermillion,  
Dispensing life and light on every side;"

2nd, as *artificial light*, or that derived from combustible bodies; 3rd, as *direct light*, or that light which reaches an object directly, without passing through, or being reflected from, one object upon another; and 4th,

*reflected light*, or that light which, when it is received by one object, is thrown off or reflected upon another, as from glass water.

However, we must request our pupils to try some *simple experiments* for themselves with regard to light before they enter upon their drawing-lesson of light and shade.

Place a cork upon the table in front of your window, and let its end rest upon a sheet of paper. You will observe a pyramidal *dark shadow*, the base of which commences at the cork, and also a pyramidal *faint shadow*, the apex or point of which corresponds with the base of the dark shadow; and you will also observe that a portion of the cork is *faintly*, another portion *deeply*, and another portion *semi-shadowed*.

Place the cork upon its side, and you will obtain nearly the same results; but with this difference, that the shadows are broader, and the effect produced less striking.

Substitute a billiard-ball, a marble, or a bullet for the cork, and the effect is nearly the same, only that the shadow is elliptical, or somewhat oval, instead of pyramidal.

Roll up a piece of paper so as to form a cone, gum down one of the corners, and cut off the base, so as to be even; then set this upon a piece of paper, and you will obtain the same shadows as when you employed the cork, which may be easily proved by placing them side by side.

Many similar and simple objects will readily suggest themselves to the pupil, and should be used as familiar examples to practise light and shade.

From what you have seen, it will be evident that all opaque or non-transparent objects upon which light happens to fall must be partially in shadow, whether the light falling upon them be reflected, natural, or artificial; while other parts will be illuminated, and therefore placed in strong contrast with those parts of the object that are in shadow.

**SHADING** is intended to impart the appearance of solidity to objects, so that the amount of depth of shading in a drawing conveys the idea to the mind of the beholder—1st, that the object delineated is in relief, or projects from those surrounding it; 2nd, as regards the relative position of one object with regard to another; and 3rd, the distinctive distances of objects from the person viewing them.

Shadows are either natural or accidental. *Natural shadows* are those that the lover of nature beholds as he rambles through the

lone copse, the tangled wood, or river's margin, where

"The barks at anchor cast their lengthened shades  
On the grey bastioned walls."

Those who aspire to be artists—nay, even the timid amateur, content to toil over the well-beaten path that thousands have journeyed over before—must ever be on the alert to gather studies from nature, as

"The shades of evening softly creep"

over the gentle slopes where innocent lambs feed, or frisking kids nip the tender grass; nor must they despise the lessons furnished by many a quickset hedge or ruined wall, over which

"Some trees

Whose massy outline of reposing shade"

seem placed to tempt the artist to linger on his journey and take a sketch. We have several lovely sketches of what artists term "bits," snatched in haste from many a bright spot where we have rested in our rambles, even as the

"Shadows, nursed by Night, retire,"

or the sun's bright beams were first welcomed by returning morn. These each convey lessons—pleasing lessons—not only of artistic, but of religious instruction, which gushes forth as we view their beauties. To enjoy such thoughts, to sketch such views, and to treasure up their lessons, we must leave the busy haunts of men, and freed from care, and toil, and noise, seat ourselves beneath the umbrageous arms of some ancient tree, and gaze upon

"A surface dappled o'er with shadows, flung  
From many a brooding cloud."

If a ball is placed upon the table, and a ray of light is allowed to fall upon it, the side near to the light will appear different from the other part upon which the light does not fall, as may be seen in Fig. 29, in

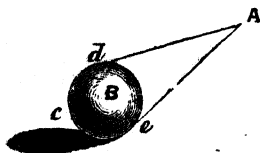


Fig. 29.

which A represents the point from which the ray of light proceeds until it falls upon part of the ball, *d e*, which thus receives direct light, while the other part (*c*) is in

natural shadow or shade. You will also observe that there is a long pyramidal shadow thrown upon the table, the result of the non-transparency of the ball.

Having directed your attention to the preliminary and important points connected with light and shade, it now becomes necessary to make some observations upon shading.

In shading there are three kinds of manipulation requisite—1st, waving; 2nd, stippling; and 3rd, cross-hatching. There are certain rules connected with shading which must be generally observed; for it will be found that much of the appearance of objects depends upon the shading employed; for it is by means of the kind of lines used that the projection of bodies from one another, and the appearance of the materials of which they are constructed, are conveyed to those who only possess the opportunity of viewing the sketch. Colour is at all times better adapted to depict the skies, portraits, &c., than drawings of uniform tint, however well the latter may be executed.

The strokes used in shading may be of uniform thickness or not, and they may also be placed at regular or irregular distances. If of uniform thickness (as *a*, Fig. 30), they give the same tone to a drawing

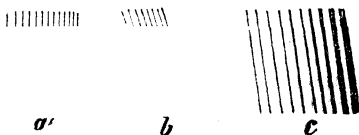


Fig. 30.

that one colour would if it were placed upon the paper; but if the same strokes are drawn closer together in one part of the drawing than in the other (as *a*, Fig. 30), then that part will have a deeper tone. The same result holds good with respect to oblique lines, as in *b*, Fig. 30. If the lines become darker or broader, and nearer to each other as they recede from the light, then they will convey the impression of an increased depth of tone (as in *c*, Fig. 30), whether the lines be oblique, perpendicular, or horizontal. All lines used in shading do not take the same direction, as, in addition to those mentioned above, some are semi-circular.

Here is a figure (Fig. 31) that combines outline and shading, and forms an excellent study for the beginner in both, as, in the former lesson, it serves to illustrate the beauty and grace of curved lines, and in the latter, of uniformity of shading.

*Waving shading* is produced by a succession of strokes close together, by using a



Fig. 31.

soft pencil (F or B) with a worn point. If these lines are made with a fine-pointed pencil there is not a uniformity of tint produced, and therefore the lines should not overlap one another, but be drawn as in Fig. 32. Foregrounds and deeply-cast

Fig. 32.

shadows, broken earth, &c., require this kind of shading.

*Stippling* consists of a series of dots, which impart a depth or lightness of shade, just as they are made large or small, or closer or farther apart; the general rule being to make them large and close together in the depth of the shade, and gradually small and wider apart as the light is approached.

*Cross-hatching* is produced by drawing a number of lines in such a manner that they cross one another at right angles. They should always be commenced from the outline, as in Fig. 33, and one direction of

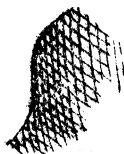


Fig. 33.

lines finished before the other crosses them, otherwise unevenness of tone will be produced. They should always be thinner as they approach the light, and also wider apart. In curved objects it is necessary to observe the relative convexity and concavity of the surfaces, and to represent them by lines exhibiting a greater or lesser curvature, taking care to increase their breadth in certain parts, and diminish them in others, as may be seen in the most common engraving of concave or convex objects.

The general rule for shading is, that flat surfaces must be represented by straight lines; convex and concave surfaces by curved lines, as in Fig. 34, which repre-

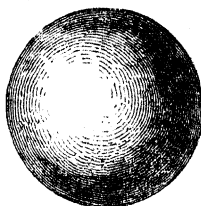


Fig. 34.

sents a ball, and shows the manner of increasing the depth of tone by drawing the lines closer to each other; and all surfaces of a mixed appearance must be dealt with according to circumstances, some parts requiring curved and others straight lines, while others again will require cross-hatched lines both curved and straight.

*Remember that much of the perfection of shading consists in the knowledge of how much you can do, and no more, and how much your pencil will do.* In order to attain perfection, or even mediocrity, in this department of drawing, you should practise strokes of every description, with each kind of pencil, upon sheets of paper marked at the top thus—H, HH, HHH, &c., and practise with fine-pointed and worn-pointed pencils, sometimes plain, at other times curved, and also cross-hatched strokes. By this means you will ascertain the power of your hand, and the tone of your pencil.

**TRANSFORMING INFLUENCE OF LOVE.**—O how beautiful it is to love! Even thou that sweetest and laughest in cold indifference or scorn if others are near thee,—thou, too, must acknowledge its truth when thou art alone, and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reveres as one of the highest impulses of our nature; namely, love.



## BOOTS AND SHOES.

AN enterprising foreign professor has undertaken the arduous task of remodelling our boots and shoes. He admits that fashion is against him, but he thinks that it may perhaps change, and even if it does not, he can still hope to persuade those who have outlived vanity and are sighing for a little comfort. Parents, too, may be expected to desire that the feet of their children should not be distorted out of regard to what is falsely called elegance. We may add that there is the soldier, who, in a cumbrous head-piece and a pair of shapeless, coarsely-made boots, is compelled to march, heavily laden, under a broiling sun and choked with dust, until he sinks exhausted in the performance of what ought to be an easy walk. It is vain, indeed, to expect that fashion will relinquish its empire over the soldier's head. Bearskins will probably be long regarded as too ornamental to be exchanged for easy serviceable caps of moderate altitude and unimposing aspect. But we are not aware that the present shape of ammunition boots enjoys particular consideration in the eyes either of veteran generals or of nursery-maids, and therefore it may not be unreasonable to propose that sound principles of construction should be applied to them. Fashion, perhaps, would not oppose the trial of this experiment upon the soldier; and if it succeeded, the army would gain in efficiency almost as much as it did by the substitution of the rifle for the old musket. It ought to be considered that the soldier who walks with pain must still walk, and cannot, like one of ourselves, get into a cab when he begins to find pedestrian exercise disagreeable.

The professor to whom humanity owes so large a debt of gratitude dwells at Zurich, and he propounds his idea of the true form of shoe in German. He has found an English admirer and translator, who fully believes in the soundness, but doubts the practicability, of the proposed reform. The Swiss declares that, upon his principle, a suitable shoe might be obtained, "without prejudice to the ever primary consideration of elegance." The Englishman scarcely ventures to assert that the model which he exhibits is elegant, and he does not reckon confidently on its adoption, except by soldiers, by children, and by men and women who are past the age—whatever that may be—of vanity. It thus appears that the Swiss writer gives the public which he addresses credit for more docility and accessibility to reason than is calculated upon in England.

There is probably no civilized country in the world where walking is more practised than among ourselves, and therefore it might at first be thought that we would be willing to adopt the easiest form of boots and shoes. It might be argued, in the abstract, that ease of movement is much the larger part of elegance, and that, even if we admit that a certain shape of boot or shoe is in itself pleasing, still the spectacle of a foot painfully endeavouring to adapt itself thereto is not, and cannot be, according to any canon of taste, agreeable. Nevertheless, we should ourselves as soon have thought of flying as of proposing to English readers such violent, and indeed revolutionary, doctrines concerning feet and shoes, as this audacious theorizer has deemed suitable to the meridian of Zurich. He makes the most extravagant suggestions with a composure and an air of innocence which are entirely beyond us. What English writer, for example, would have had the hardihood to inquire whether high heels are of any use? We should quite as soon think of reasoning *à priori* about crinoline. But we can just venture, and it is as much as ever we can, to repeat the arguments of the learned Swiss professor. Heel-pieces, he says, are of some little use in dirty weather, and therefore he will not wholly deny their right to existence; but they ought to be as low as possible, and heels an inch thick have very serious disadvantages indeed. He proceeds to point out these disadvantages. The weight of the body is by means of these high heel-pieces thrown disproportionately on the toes; and, moreover, the sole being inclined instead of level, the foot constantly glides forward and presses the toes into the point of the boot or shoe. Furthermore, high heels, especially if they are also very small, are liable to wear on one side, whereby, as is explained elsewhere, the deformity called "flat-foot" is sometimes caused. "High and small heels are therefore quite unsuitable," and the majority of fashionable boot-makers are working under a lamentable delusion, as may be seen by an inspection of their shop-fronts.

If we venture even further than we have as yet gone, and make an attempt to describe what this learned professor calls "the proper form of shoe," we beg that it may be distinctly understood that we are only bringing to our readers' knowledge a curious literary phenomenon which has appeared on the Continent. It seems that the same daring spirit of speculation in which German writers have handled the cosmogony of Moëse has lately manifested itself by raising questions as to the soundness of those principles

of taste which the rest of Europe had agreed in regarding as indisputable. If there were any opinion beyond the reach of cavil we should have supposed it to be this—that a pointed toe as well as a high heel was necessary to an elegant boot or shoe. But we now learn that this is precisely the false opinion which is the parent of all the other delusions of the boot-maker, and is the cause of all the pain, helplessness, and disease which, by virtue of the authority given to him by fashion, he inflicts upon his unresisting customers. If, indeed, this opinion be a false one, it is strange that it should have prevailed so widely and so long. The epithet “square-toes” has had a contemptuous meaning for upwards of two centuries, and yet it now appears that those who first bore it understood the true principles of liberty in shoe-leather as well as in Church and State. Long and dreary is indeed the catalogue of evils which are caused by the pointed toes of boots. There comes in the van of the gloomy phalanx gout, which is well known to be apt to choose for its first attack the ball of the great toe. The reason why the gout does this is that what our learned instructor calls a *locus minoris resistentiæ* has been established in that part of the foot by the unnatural treatment inflicted on it by pointed boots. The boot which fashion loves may be described as offering an isosceles triangle for the reception of the toes, while they demand, in their original unconstrained shape, a right-angled triangle. This mathematical illustration is not to be taken as literally applicable, but it does, to a considerable extent, express the professor’s meaning. The principle on which his theory depends is this, that what he calls the axis of the great toe—which means, of course, a straight line passing through its centre longitudinally—ought, if produced backwards, to pass through the centre of the heel. It will be seen that the shape of any ordinary boot or shoe is such as to render it impossible for the great toe to assume this, which is said to be its natural position; and indeed it may well be doubted whether the toe of any living Englishman or woman ever did or could rest in this position since he or she first began to wear boots and shoes. We are not sure that the professor’s model would not be found by adults to be as uneasy as it would be certain to be declared unsightly. The power of habit is so great that many of us wear boots and shoes made on a false principle, consistently with what we think comfort, and even, as we flatter ourselves, with neatness and elegance. It may be that we do not know what genuine

comfort is. Perhaps our imperfect faculties cannot conceive the blissful feeling of an undistorted foot in a shoe cut according to nature. The happiness of our first parents in Paradise is probably incomprehensible by our debased souls, and it is known that people may dwell continually in towns and escape illness, without ever having any notion of the state of vigorous health and elastic spirits which they might enjoy by visiting the country. In just the same way, we apprehend that many persons go about their business and even pleasure in pointed boots, without ever dreaming that their capacity either for exertion or enjoyment is thereby diminished. If they find walking disagreeable, they avail themselves of some sort of vehicle; and even if the gout should find a *locus minoris resistentiæ* in their great toes, they ascribe its visits to a partiality which they have indulged for good dinners and old wine, or possibly they confess that they have never walked when they could ride; but it does not occur to them to suspect that the great toe is resenting its life-long condemnation to an unnatural posture. Even if they had a dim suspicion that their boots and shoes were made upon a wrong principle, they would scarcely dare to breathe it in the presence of a bootmaker who assumes to be at once practical, scientific, and tasteful. There may be a few men who venture to defy fashion, but we do not think that there are any women, unless they belong to the class which is called strong-minded. It will, therefore, be quite in vain to denounce boots, “with very high, small heels and badly-shaped soles,” as the fertile causes of flat-foot, bent-up toes, chilblains, grown-in nails, corns, bunions, &c. The sex which at present has a partiality for high, small heels is also that which will rebel most vehemently against adopting the professor’s form of soles. After laying down his general principle, and fixing what he calls the essential points of the outline of the sole, he assures us that, “to a shoemaker of good taste, it will not be at all difficult to infuse into the design a certain amount of elegance.” We are sorry that the resources of our printer do not enable us to submit to our readers a design for boot-soles which is the result of the joint labours of a bootmaker and a professor of anatomy. But we fear that the amount of elegance which they would discover in the design would be but small. The proposed form of sole curves inwards. We think that it is adapted to the requirements of the unspoiled foot, if there be one in England, and possibly even

a foot which fashion had distorted might regain its natural shape and action by wearing boots made upon this model. But we have not the smallest expectation of seeing boot-soles of such a pattern in any shop in Regent Street. We fear that in spite of the professor people will, as he says, "take their stand on a sense of the beautiful," and declare the curved sole inelegant. It is easy enough to tell such people that their sense of the beautiful is vitiated, and to call upon them to define their notion of the word elegant. They will say that such a shoe as the professor proposes cannot be elegant, because the feet appear to be too much turned inwards. The professor may answer that "this idea is a pure hallucination," but it is one that we do not think it possible to dispel. Straight soles and high small heels are not likely to be put to flight either by learning or by eloquence. For ourselves, so far from setting up for public instructors in this matter, we confess that in the presence of a bootmaker we should be likely to exhibit very much the same weakness as Lord Foppington. We have nothing to say to those who have, or might have, a will of their own, and who can afford to ride or to stay at home if their boots make walking disagreeable. There are many people in the world who, if they cannot get bread, can get plum-cake; and it is not for the benefit of such people that we undertake to speak. But on behalf of children and of soldiers we do very much desire that this theory of the Swiss professor, about what he calls the primary line of the foot, should receive an unprejudiced consideration. "The point of the great toe, the middle of its root, and the central point of the heel, should lie in one straight line." This is a simple precept concerning what may be thought an ignoble subject; but he who could enforce its practical application would be a public benefactor.

## OUR CHESS INSTRUCTOR.

CONDUCTED BY HERB LOWENTHAL.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All contributions in the shape of Games, Problems, Chess Intelligence, and other matter connected with our department, should be addressed to the Editor of the FAMILY FRIEND, 122, Fleet Street; the word CHESS to be written on the envelope.*

The following have sent correct solutions of PROBLEM No. 1:—"Argus," "Hero," B. S., O.B.M., and "Check."

R. S. P.—You did not hit the right mode of solving the problem. See our solution in the last number.

CICERO.—Chess Study No. 1 is quite correct in its construction and solution. In examining it again with care, you will arrive at the conclusion that the author's solution is the only one applicable.

R. A.—Of Vida's poem, *Scaccia Ludus*, no less than thirty-eight different editions have been issued in Italy, Germany, France, and England. The Rev. S. Pullen translated the poem into English.

A JUVENILE.—The learning of Chess is not so difficult as many imagine. Set yourself to master the moves of the various pieces by the aid of some elementary treatise, and a vision of the delights of Chess will at once burst upon your view. A short period of practice on the board will initiate you into the first mysteries.

INQUIRE.—Chess has from a very early age been a favourite amusement of the intelligent classes of society. Many great men in all ages have taken great delight in the game; as, for instance, Charlemagne, Timur, Sebastian, King of Portugal, Philip II. of Spain, the Emperor Charles V., the celebrated Bishop of Segovia; Ruy Lopez, whose name is associated with one of the best known openings; Pope Leo X., Queen Elizabeth, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, &c.

E. H. Tomlinson says that "one test of a great player is, that he does not envy a greater, but speaks of his superior adversary with becoming admiration."

HISTORICUS.—The anecdote is this:—"King Charles I. was playing at Chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but so deeply absorbed was he in the game, that he continued to play without exhibiting any emotion."

JABEZ.—The best book of the endings of games we know is that by Kling and Horwitz, published by Skeet.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2.

White.

Black.

1. Kt. to Q. B. 4 (ch.) 1. K. to K. B. 4.  
[or K. to K. B. 5. (or A)]
2. Kt. to K. 5. 2. K. takes Kt.
3. R. to Q. B. 5. (dis. ch.) mate.

(A.)

2. R. to Q. B. 6. 1. K. to Q. 4.
3. Kt. takes Q. Kt. P., 2. P. to K. 4.  
mate.

### SOLUTION OF STUDY No. 2.

White.

Black.

1. Kt. to Q. Kt. 5 (ch.) 1. B. P. takes Kt. (or A)
2. R. takes P. (ch.) 2. K. to Kt. 2. (best.)
3. R. to Q. B. 2. (dis. ch.) 3. K. takes R.
4. R. mates.

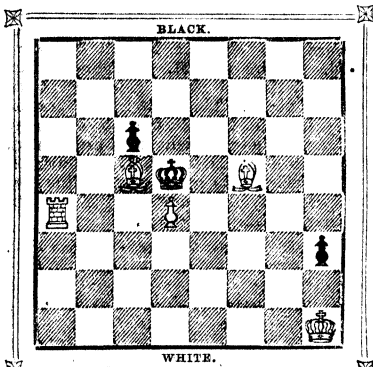
(A.)

1. K. to Kt. 2.
  2. Kt. to Q. 6. (ch.) 2. K. to R. 2. (or B)
- And White mates in two moves.

(B.)

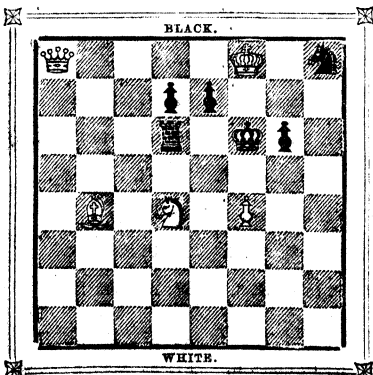
2. K. to Kt. sq. or B. 2.
3. Kt. takes R. (dis. ch.) and wins Q.

PROBLEM No. 3.—By C. W., of Sunbury.



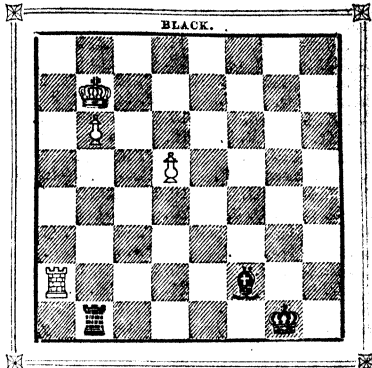
WHITE to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 4 (for young players).—By Mr. H. R.



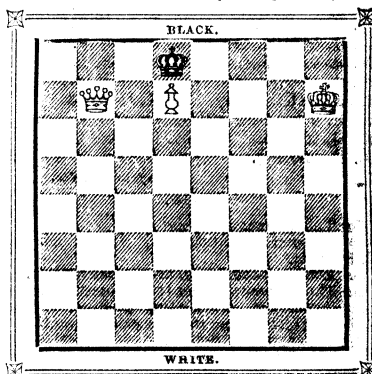
WHITE to move, and mate in two moves.

CHESS STUDY No. 3.—By Mr. F. HEALEY.



WHITE to move, and win.

CHESS STUDY No. 4 (for beginners).



WHITE to move, and mate in two moves.

The following highly interesting game was played, some time ago, at the Grand Chess Divan, Strand, between Messrs. Barnes and Boden, two of our most distinguished amateurs:—

White—Mr. Barnes.

Black—Mr. Boden.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3.
3. B. to Kt. 5.
4. P. to Q. 4.
5. Kt. takes P.
6. Castles.
7. Kt. to Q. B. 3.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
3. P. to Q. 3.
4. P. takes P.
5. B. to Q. 2.
6. Kt. to K. B. 3.
7. B. to K. 2.

8. P. to K. B. 4.  
 9. P. to K. B. 5. (a)  
 10. B. to K. B. 4.  
 11. B. to R. 4.  
 12. Q. to K. 2. (b)  
 13. Q. R. to Q. sq.  
 14. B. to Q. Kt. 3.  
 15. K. to R. sq.  
 16. Kt. to K. B. 3.  
 17. B. takes Kt.  
 18. Kt. takes K. P.  
 19. P. takes Kt.  
 20. Q. to K. B. 3.  
 21. K. to Q. 3.  
 22. P. to Q. R. 3.  
 23. B. to R. 2.  
 24. Q. to B. 4.  
 25. K. to R. Q. sq.  
 26. P. to K. 5. (f)  
 27. R. takes B.  
 28. R. takes R.  
 29. R. takes P. (ch.) (g)  
 30. Q. takes P.  
 31. Q. to R. 6. (ch.)  
 32. Q. to R. 4. (ch.)  
 33. K. to R. 2.  
 34. Q. to Q. 4. (ch.)  
 35. Q. to R. 7. (ch.)  
 36. Q. to Q. 4. (ch.)  
 37. P. to Kt. 3. (k)  
 38. P. takes R. P. (l)  
 39. Q. to R. 4.  
 40. P. takes Q.
8. Castles.  
 9. Kt. to K. 4.  
 10. P. to B. 3.  
 11. Q. to B. 2.  
 12. Q. R. to Q. sq.  
 13. P. to Q. Kt. 4.  
 14. P. to Q. R. 3.  
 15. K. R. to K. sq.  
 16. Kt. to R. 4. (c)  
 17. P. takes B.  
 18. Kt. to Kt. 6. (ch.) (d)  
 19. Q. takes Kt.  
 20. B. to Q. B. 4. (e)  
 21. P. to Q. R. 4.  
 22. P. to Q. R. 5.  
 23. Q. to B. 3.  
 24. R. to K. 2.  
 25. K. to B. sq.  
 26. R. takes P. (g)  
 27. R. takes R.  
 28. P. to K. Kt. 4. (h)  
 29. Q. takes R.  
 30. Q. takes P.  
 31. K. to K. 2.  
 32. K. to Q. 2.  
 33. B. to K. 2.  
 34. B. to Q. 3.  
 35. B. to B. 2.  
 36. K. to B. sq.  
 37. K. to Kt. 2.  
 38. Q. to R. 4. (ch.)  
 39. Q. takes Q. (ch.)  
 40. R. to Q. B. 4. (dis ch.) and wins.

## NOTES.

- (a) This is somewhat premature.  
 (b) Apparently anticipating Black's moving K. R. Q. sq.  
 (c) A hasty move, which loses Black a pawn.  
 (d) The best move under the circumstances.  
 (e) From the commanding position of this Bishop, White's game requires extreme caution.  
 (f) The capture of this Pawn, which is evidently incumbent on Black, must cost the second player a piece.  
 (g) Black plays this and the two following moves in the only manner to save his game.  
 (h) The situation is most curious, and many a player would not have hit upon the move by which Black not only relieved himself from his embarrassed position, but actually turned the game in his favour. It is an instance of what resources a master of the art has at his command in extremities. If White, in reply, took this Pawn in passing, Rook would check at Rook's 4th, and win, of course.  
 (i) This course leads to a game ultimately lost for White; but the only other resource left for him, that of playing Q. to K. Kt. 4, although it seems, at first sight, to give him at least a draw, would, we believe, actually leave Black the best chance of winning: e. g.—  
 29. Q. to K. Kt. 4.  
 30. Q. to R. 8.  
 29. Q. to R. 3. (ch.)  
 30. R. to K. 8. (ch.)

31. K. to R. 2.  
 32. K. to R. sq.  
 33. K. to R. 2.  
 34. K. takes B.  
 35. K. to R. 2.  
 36. P. takes R.  
 37. R. to Q. 3. (best)  
 38. R. to Kt. 3.  
 31. B. to Kt. 8. (ch.)  
 32. B. to B. 7. (dis. ch.)  
 33. B. takes P. (ch.)  
 34. R. to K. 6. (ch.)  
 35. R. takes Q. (ch.)  
 36. P. to K. Kt. 5.  
 37. Q. to B. 6. (ch.)  
 38. P. to K. R. 4.
- And Black has the better chance of winning, as the Q. will be able to win White's Pawn.

(k) This is merely lost time.

(l) A fatal oversight.

## CHESS IN PARIS.

The game which follows is one of a match played in Paris, some time ago, between two eminent French amateurs, M. de Rivière and M. Journaud. The winner of the first eleven games was to be declared victor. This match was prematurely brought to a conclusion, owing to M. Journaud's retirement from the contest. The score stood, De R. 9, J. 4, drawn 2. M. de Rivière, who ranks as one of the best European players, is now fairly entitled to the championship of France.

White—M. de Rivière. Black—M. Journaud.

1. P. to K. 4.  
 2. P. to K. B. 4.  
 3. Kt. to Q. B. 3.  
 4. B. to Q. Kt. 5. (ch.)  
 5. Kt. to B. 3. (a)  
 6. Kt. to K. 2.  
 7. Castles.  
 8. P. to Q. 3.  
 9. P. to Q. B. 4.  
 10. Q. to K. sq. (b)  
 11. B. takes Kt.  
 12. Q. to K. Kt. 3.  
 13. Q. to K. R. 3.  
 14. B. to Q. 2.  
 15. P. to K. Kt. 3.  
 16. P. to Q. R. 3.  
 17. P. takes P.  
 18. Q. to K. R. 4.  
 19. Kt. takes Q.  
 20. P. to B. 5.  
 21. K. Kt. takes P.  
 22. Q. R. to K. sq.  
 23. Kt. to B. sq.  
 24. Kt. to Q. 3. (d)  
 25. P. to Q. Kt. 3.  
 26. P. takes P.  
 27. P. to K. R. 3.  
 28. P. to K. Kt. 4.  
 29. Kt. to K. 7. (e)  
 30. Kt. to Q. 5.  
 31. K. P. takes B.  
 32. B. to R. 6.  
 33. R. takes R.  
 1. P. to K. 3.  
 2. P. to Q. B. 4.  
 3. P. to Q. 4.  
 4. Kt. to Q. B. 3.  
 5. P. to Q. 5.  
 6. B. to Q. 2.  
 7. B. to Q. 3.  
 8. K. Kt. to K. 2.  
 9. B. to B. 2.  
 10. P. to Q. R. 3.  
 11. Kt. takes B.  
 12. P. to K. Kt. 3.  
 13. Q. to K. 2.  
 14. Castles. (Q. R.)  
 15. P. to K. B. 4.  
 16. P. takes P.  
 17. P. to K. 4.  
 18. Q. takes Q.  
 19. Q. R. to K. sq. (c)  
 20. P. takes P.  
 21. Kt. to Kt. sq.  
 22. B. to B. 3.  
 23. Kt. to Q. 2.  
 24. P. to Q. Kt. 4.  
 25. P. takes P.  
 26. K. to Kt. sq.  
 27. K. to R. 2.  
 28. R. to Q. Kt. sq.  
 29. B. to Q. R. sq.  
 30. B. takes Kt. (f)  
 31. K. R. to K. B. sq.  
 32. R. takes R. (ch.)  
 33. R. to Kt. 2. (g)

34. R. to B. 7.  
 35. R. takes Kt.  
 36. K. to B. sq.  
 37. R. takes R. (ch.)  
 38. B. to B. 8.  
 39. P. to Kt. 5.  
 40. P. to K. R. 4.  
 41. B. to K. 7.  
 42. B. to Q. 8. (ch.)  
 43. P. to R. 5.  
 44. P. to Kt. 6.  
 45. P. takes P.  
 46. B. to B. 6.  
 47. P. to Kt. 7.  
 48. B. takes B.  
 49. K. to K. 2.  
 50. K. takes P.  
 51. K. to B. 2.  
 52. K. takes P. and wins.
34. P. to K. 5.  
 35. P. takes Kt.  
 36. B. to R. 4.  
 37. K. takes R.  
 38. K. to Kt. 3.  
 39. B. to Q. 7.  
 40. B. to B. 8.  
 41. B. takes R. P.  
 42. K. to Kt. 2.  
 43. B. to B. 8.  
 44. P. takes P.  
 45. B. to K. R. 3.  
 46. P. to R. 4.  
 47. B. takes P.  
 48. P. to Q. 7.  
 49. P. to R. 5.  
 50. P. to R. 6.  
 51. P. to Q. 6. (ch.)

## NOTES.

(a) B. taking Kt. is here decidedly the right line of play which White can adopt; for it considerably weakens Black's Pawns on the Queen's side, and, as the game advances, Black's Q. Kt.'s and Q. B.'s Pawns become indefensible. The credit of calling the attention of Chess players and authors to the line of play above mentioned is due to the late Mr. Williams, who invariably adopted it with success against first-rate players.

(b) A good move; the Queen can now be brought over to the King's side.

(c) It appears to us that K. R. to K. sq. would have been better play.

(d) This move gives White the superior game. Black's K.'s and Q. B.'s Pawns are both menaced, and the greatest care is required in defending them.

(e) A very judicious move.

(f) Black was compelled to make this disadvantageous sacrifice; for had he played the Bishop, White would have gained a Pawn by R. to K. B. 7.

(g) It would at first sight appear that Black might have obtained some advantage by playing R. to Kt. 6; but the following variation will show that such would not have been the case: *e. g.*—

34. R. to B. 7.  
 35. R. takes Kt.  
 36. P. to Q. 6.  
 37. K. to Kt. 2.  
 38. R. to K. 7.  
 39. B. to K. B. 4.  
 40. K. to Kt. 3.  
 41. P. to Q. 7. (ch.)  
 42. R. takes R. P.  
 43. R. to R. 8. (ch.)  
 44. R. to B. 7. (ch.) and wins Bishop.
33. R. to Kt. 6.  
 34. R. takes Kt.  
 35. K. to Kt. sq.  
 36. B. to R. 4.  
 37. P. to K. 5.  
 38. P. to K. 6.  
 39. R. to Q. 7. (ch.)  
 40. K. to B. sq.  
 41. K. to Q. sq.  
 42. B. to B. 2. (best)  
 43. K. takes P.

## CHESS IN NEW YORK.

The following smart little game, far more lively than those that generally originate from Petroff's defence, was played several

years ago by Mr. Paulsen, the opponent of Mr. Morphy, in the New York Tournament, and an amateur:—

*White—Mr. Paulsen.**Black—Amateur.*

1. P. to K. 4.  
 2. Kt. to K. B. 3.  
 3. B. to B. 4.  
 4. Kt. to Q. B. 3.  
 5. Q. P. takes Kt.  
 6. Kt. takes P.  
 7. B. to K. 3.  
 8. B. to K. B. 4.  
 9. Castles.  
 10. R. to K. sq.  
 11. Q. to K. R. 5.  
 12. R. to K. 3.  
 13. B. to K. B. sq.  
 14. Q. R. to K. sq.  
 15. B. takes Kt.  
 16. B. takes Kt. P. (d)  
 17. K. to R. sq.  
 18. R. to K. 7.
1. P. to K. 4.  
 2. Kt. to K. B. 3.  
 3. Kt. takes P.  
 4. Kt. takes Kt.  
 5. P. to Q. B. 3.  
 6. P. to Q. 4.  
 7. Q. to B. 2.  
 8. B. to Q. 3.  
 9. Castles. (a)  
 10. P. to K. B. 4. (b)  
 11. P. to Q. B. 4. (c)  
 12. P. to B. 5.  
 13. Kt. to B. 3.  
 14. Kt. takes Kt.  
 15. B. to Q. 2.  
 16. B. takes P. (ch.)  
 17. R. to B. 2.  
 18. R. takes B.

And White announces Mate in three moves.

## NOTES.

(a) Taking the Knight would be bad play, as after the exchange White would have played R. to K. sq., and endangered the Queen.

(b) Had Black played P. to K. B. 3, threatening to win a piece, White would have replied with Q. to R. 5, and, when Black then played P. to K. Kt. 3, have taken that Pawn with his Knight, winning at least two Pawns.

(c) Kt. to Q. 2 seems a better move.

(d) Well played. If the Bishop is captured, Mate follows in seven moves—a problem which we leave to be solved by the student.

## CHESS DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

Chess players are now deeply engrossed by the proceedings of the managing Committee for carrying out the Great Chess Congress to be held in London during the International Exhibition. The programme, which has just been issued, has been drawn up with great liberality. Prizes of from £10 to £100 are to be given to the successful competitors in the various Matches and Tournaments; also prizes of from £2 10 to £20 for the best Problems. The competition will be open to the whole world. This, no doubt, will give a stimulus to many amateurs in every branch of this game; and tend in a great degree to promote a knowledge of, and a love for, Chess.

An important feature of the great meeting will be a Congress of the Chess players of all nations, for the purpose of revising and settling the code of laws upon a basis applicable to all countries.

In the late Problem Tournament, in connection with the Chess Congress held at Bristol in September last, the first prize was awarded to an Englishman, Mr. F. Healey. England can now claim the championship of the world in that department.

A blindfold performance has been given at the Athenæum, Manchester, by Mr. Blackburn, a young amateur of some mark. Mr. Blackburn played ten games simultaneously, without seeing the board, against as many opponents. The young man won five games in a masterly style, and quite astonished the spectators, who numerously attended the rooms.

At the various Clubs in the metropolis and the provinces games and matches are constantly being played, thus keeping up the interest of Chess players in the game.

### SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN.

HARDLY can too many pieces be written against idleness, for it is one of those vices to which we should give no quarter. Oppose it, hate it; I was going to say, put it in the stocks and the pillory, burn it in the cheek, brand it on the brow, outlaw it, and banish it from the country for ever.

It has been said that "idle people do the most work." It might be more correct, perhaps, to say, the little which is done by them not being doing well at first, occasions them double trouble. Idleness, regarded as a disease, assumes many shapes; but one of its most dangerous, fatal, and incurable forms is that of "Something will happen." In the worst of times a man willing to work may earn something, and "half a loaf is better than no bread;" but if he falls into the idle habit of doing nothing, under the vain hope that something unlooked for will happen to help him, I promise him plenty of trouble.

Mike Sullivan was an Irishman, who, having a trifle of money and a few potatoes beforehand, could not bring himself to bend his back in honest labour. He would neither dig turf for himself in the bog, nor work in the fields for his landlord, and how his rent was to be paid nobody knew. His wife was at him day after day; his cousin, Patrick O'Grady, tried to win him over; and the parish priest called on him for the purpose of persuading him to take up the mattock or the spade, but all in vain. "Make yourself easy, your reverence," was Mike's reply; "my rint will be paid anyhow, for something will be sure to happen."

Nothing remarkable took place till rent day came, and then something did happen,

for Mike was turned at once out of his cabin, and had a wide world to wander in.

Donald Macree, a Scotchman, who lived on the banks of the Tweed, fell into idle habits, for when he ought to have been busy at the salmon fishery, he was taking his mutchkin, or pint o' barley beer, or his wee drap o' whiskey, with idle companions. "If the saumont gangs away frae the Tweed," said Donald, "ither fish will swim in the burnie; I ken weel that something will aye happen to help me."

Nothing wonderful occurred; the heavens did not fall, and no larks were caught by Donald. Things went on in their natural way, and as Donald Macree would not labour for a living, no wonder that Donald Macree got into debt, and was sent to the Tolbooth.

Morgan Griffith was a Welshman, and a wilful man. Idleness had got possession of his heart and hand; so that he could just get along without work, he cared for nothing, not for "Cadwallader and all his goats." "Morgan Griffith will never want," said he, "for he has wealthy uncles and rich friends. Something or other will turn up in his favour." Time flew apace, the summer and autumn passed without any rich uncle of his dying, or any of his many friends rushing forward with open purses to his assistance, so that when winter came Morgan Griffith found himself a pauper in the parish work-house.

Ralph Roberts was an Englishman, but he knew nothing of that good old English feeling of independence, which sweetens the crust of honest labour, and leads a man to prefer hard fare to the meanness of leaning on another for luxuries. Ralph became surety for a shopmate to the amount of ten pounds. "Stick to your work, Ralph," said a neighbour, "that you may not be in fault in case you should have to pay the money." But Ralph could not work. "The money will not be wanted," said he; but if it should be, I can borrow it, and besides, let the worst come to the worst, something will happen that will enable me to pay it."

Months rolled away, the money was demanded of him; it was not convenient to his friends to lend him the amount, so that he was stripped of everything he had but his clothes, to keep him out of a gaol.

This idle and foolish habit of expecting a harvest without ploughing and sowing is a sad thing. A fit of the toothache or the headache is not likely to last long; a fit of the rheumatism or the gout is seldom fatal; but he who is once taken with a fit of "Something will happen," is a lost man.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## UP! LADS, AND AT IT!

Brave lads of Britain! list to me—  
Think what in after life you'll be!  
This world needs labourers good and true;  
Strong hearts and hands are all too few:  
There's many a noble work to do—  
Up, up! lads, and at it!

What though you still are "under age"—  
Your future should much thought engage:  
He that while young neglects to *school*  
*Himself*, becomes a wavering fool,  
Unfit to conquer or to rule—  
Then up! lads, and at it!

Say, would you grand achievements make?  
Or fail in aught you undertake?  
If this, you now may tamely rest;  
If that, 'tis time your powers to test—  
To strive to be the foremost, best—  
Ay, up! lads, and at it!

"The boy is father of the man"—  
Base on this truth your every plan:  
In cases two of every three  
Boyhood is manhood's mould—d'ye see?  
Much as you *will* your "fate" must be—  
Then up! lads, and at it!

Would neither by the wise around  
Be deemed a "cumberer of the ground?"  
Would neither choose to reach the tomb,  
His life a waste—its end all gloom—  
His meed the "slothful servant's" doom?  
Then up! lads, and at it!

Wish ye the bliss of having trod  
A path approved by conscience—God?  
To leave a deathless name behind,  
As wisdom's priests—the chiefs of mind—  
The benefactors of your kind?  
Then up! lads, and at it!

Not few who heed what thus I teach  
Some lofty height of fame may reach;  
And others—nor less honoured they—  
Aid manfully to clear the way,  
To hasten the advance of Day!—  
Oh, up! lads, and at it!

Go forth *prepared* for sturdy fight—  
Your motto, "Heaven defends the right!"  
Self-schooled, "thrice-armed," you then  
shall know  
No terror, no defeat! Each blow  
Shall make you yet more vigorous grow—  
Up, up! lads, and at it!

Brave lads of Britain! list to me—  
Consider what through life you'll be!  
The world needs warriors good and true;  
Strong hearts and hands are all too few;  
There's many a glorious work to do—  
Up, up! LADS, AND AT IT!

S. E.

## EARLY DEATH.

Warned by day's fading light,  
Closes the flower,  
Shunning the approach of night,  
At twilight's hour.  
Wrapped in her dusky sheath,  
No more she fears  
Night's cold and heavy breath,  
Or chilly tears.  
When troublous times were come,  
Thou didst depart,  
Seeking in heaven a home  
For thy pure heart.  
Sorrow and sin were not  
For thee to brave;  
Thou hast an envied lot—  
Safe in the grave!

PICA.

## EVENING.

Slowly the daylight is fading,  
And shadows come one by one,  
Sweet evening is upward rising,  
With the setting of the sun.  
She comes from her home in ocean,  
From her couch where shadows flee,  
While the day-king's royal garments  
Lie crimson upon the sea:  
Crimson and purple and golden,  
Loop'd up with pale stolen stars,  
Linking the billows together  
With jewelled and glistening bars.  
On earth, on sky, and on ocean  
The glowing reflections fall,  
And down through the sea-green water  
They light up the mermaid's hall.  
They glance on the pearly arches—  
They gleam through the coral bow'rs—  
They paint with celestial colours  
The wee white ocean flow'rs—  
The sweet little ocean blossoms  
That through the day long and bright  
Stretch forth their pale hands to gather  
Each wandering ray of light.  
And high on the breezy upland,  
Where the wind blows fresh and free,  
How softly the sunset glory  
Falls golden upon the lea!  
And down in the quiet valleys,  
Where flowers with night dews weep,  
We watch how the deep grey shadows  
Lie down 'neath their shade to sleep.  
And many a happy peasant,  
When the long day's work is done,  
Still lingers upon the threshold,  
To watch the declining sun;  
While the scent of the jasmine flow'rs  
That grow on the cottage walls,  
Ascending on soft sweet breezes,  
In showers of perfume falls.  
And often those golden sunbeams,  
With their purple and crimson sheen,  
Passing from earth unto heaven,  
And the shining stars between,  
Remind him of strange sweet stories,  
Heard yet with a childish awe;  
Of angels who came at midnight,  
And the ladder Jacob saw.

MARTIN.



## AN OLD WIFE'S STORY.

"WHY, Nellie, little woman, what's the matter? I left you here half an hour ago as merry as crickets, and now Herbert is sulking in the garden, and you are crying your poor little eyes out in the school-room; what is it all about, dear?"

The little damsel who was interrogated proceeded to clear away the marks of tears from her face with a brown holland pinafore before she answered—

"I left Herbert's cannon out in the rain, and it got spoilt, and he says I did it on purpose, because he frightened me with it yesterday, and it's so hard, so very hard, Aunt Jane, to be suspected unjustly;" and the speaker's lip began forthwith to tremble symptomatically.

"Aunt Jane" looked thoughtfully at the face of the child, a blooming little maiden of twelve; it was quite a child's face; you could not see the shadow of coming womanhood traced ever so faintly upon it. The mouth might almost have been a baby's mouth, just as ready to smile or to pout for the very smallest cause. "Poor little Nellie," she said, meditatively to herself, "I don't think she has the slightest idea of anything like a real trouble; perhaps if she had it might tend to cure her of this habit of sorrowing violently about every trifle; shall I try?"

"I should think, dear," she said, after a moment's reflection, "that the cannon could not possibly be spoilt by your forgetfulness; it will not go off while it is wet, that is all; and there are worse trials in this life than being accused unjustly; for instance, my great trial consisted in being greatly praised for something good and clever that I was supposed to have done, the praise not being really due to me."

"Oh, aunt! but how could that be a trial? No one found fault with you."

"No, dear; but it is so much harder to find fault with one's self."

"Well, but you could say you had not done the thing, and did not deserve the praise, couldn't you, aunt?"

"But suppose that your own weakness and folly kept you from doing right, and that you went on making it harder and harder to turn back, and still hating and despising yourself for it. Can you imagine that?"

"Not very well, auntie; but tell me all about it, and then, perhaps, I shall understand what you mean;" and the little woman settled herself in the attitude of a listener, and looked up like

Southey's *Wilhelmine*, "with wonder-waiting eyes."

Aunt Jane proceeded:—"It happened a great many years ago, soon after I was married to your Uncle Allen; everybody wondered at that time what could have made your uncle wish to marry me, for besides being nearly twice as old as I, he was, as you know, a very learned and scientific man, always writing papers with very long words in them, and studying scraps of moss and insects with a microscope, and he never could call anything by its right name, not so much as a daddy-long-legs, which he had some word for that looked on paper as if one had shaken up the whole alphabet thoroughly, and then spread it out just as it came.

"Well, dear, I was at that time almost entirely uneducated. I was fond enough of reading to be sure, but then a few old story books and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' made up my entire library, and the learned conversation of your uncle and his friends was just gibberish to me. Two or three old professors used to come to tea twice a-week, and bring small scraps of rubbish in pill-boxes—nothing but dust; but looked at through their glasses it became beautiful plants and curious animals. I used to tell them that either the glasses or one's natural eyes were wrong, for how could both be right, if they were so contradictory? and they would shake their old heads at me with a sort of hopeless compassion, because I could not see the beauties and wonders of their favourite study. And then to hear them talk about causes and principles! Oh, Nellie, dear, the hard names were nothing to that; I used to listen till my poor head was utterly bewildered, and ready to believe anything, while they talked of a mighty force being needful to hold one down and prevent one from floating in the air, and of another power that brings one down plump on the ground if one falls off a chair or out of bed (just as if it were not natural for one's own weight to do all that), and—but I won't bewilder *you*, Nellie; I only want to tell you that it often made me unhappy to think that I was so ignorant and little fitted to be my husband's friend and companion, and I was so very silly that sometimes I tried hard to seem to understand more than I really did, just that I might please him, and give him a better opinion of my capacity."

"Aunt Jane," said Nellie, who had been so far an attentive listener, "I think I know what it is that presses everything down and keeps us all on the ground, for I learned

about it on Saturday in my "First Steps to Knowledge;" it's the weight of the air that keeps everything so steady, and the law that makes anything you drop fall on the floor is called gravitation."

"Ah, my little Nellie," said Aunt Jane, "children in these days are wiser than grown men and women were a generation back; but remember that these scraps of knowledge will avail you nothing, unless they lead you to think more humbly of yourself and more reverently of the wonderful works of God."

"I know, auntie dear, I've heard that a good many times; but please go on with the story, because I never heard that before, and it is so nice to hear what happened to you when you were young."

"It's a sad story, Nellie, and it costs me something to tell it. I told you how over-anxious I was to be able to enter into your uncle's favourite study and amusement—not that I cared anything for such pursuits myself; in fact, I thought them the driest and most tedious things in the world; but I did so long to share his pleasures and interests, and especially to gain his praise. I suppose it must have been that I did not fully trust in his love for me; certainly I dreaded nothing so much as his thinking me incapable of enjoying the things that he liked, and nothing made me so happy as an approving look or word from him, when I managed to join in the conversation of the old professors, and to say something that sounded to the point."

"This was the state of affairs about four months after we were married, when one morning my husband brought me a letter from a sister of his, your Aunt Susannah. You never knew her, dear, for she died before you were born. In this letter she proposed to visit us for a few weeks, if we could accommodate her; and as Allen seemed to wish her to come, I said I would contrive to have a room ready for her, though the house was just then being repaired, and it was not very convenient to receive visitors."

"I had only seen her once before, and I am afraid I was not prepared to like her much, because I knew that she had opposed her brother's marriage with me, on the ground that he would require a more intellectual and educated woman for a wife. However, I resolved to receive her with every kindness, remembering that she was Allen's sister, and that in their youth they had been much together."

"She came in about a fortnight, and before she had been a day in the house I had a kind of warning feeling at my heart, tell-

ing me that I was not going to like her, or, as I put it to myself, that I could not do so. I tell you all this, dear, that you may learn to avoid the error into which I fell, for it is an error to listen to the first whisper of groundless aversion, and to yield to an uncharitable impulse of dislike and suspicion."

"Still, as I gained more knowledge of my sister-in-law's character, I found some very objectionable points in it. Most persons considered her a charming woman; she was very handsome and grand-looking, and had what people call 'a presence,' if you know what that is, Nellie."

"It means taking up a great deal of room, doesn't it, auntie?"

"Well, dear, according to that definition, she certainly possessed it; she had a handsome, striking sort of face, and a Roman nose. I used to feel small and insignificant whenever she came near me. She had a way of impressing people favourably; now and then I could see that some persons disliked her for it, but generally speaking it succeeded. Her way was to affect an intense interest in all the concerns of the persons she met, to flatter their self-love to the utmost; it was not always very delicate flattery, but she was discreet enough to modify it according to the quickness or dullness of the listener, and above all to make a great show of humility, always fussily putting herself in the lowest place."

"Why, how different she must have been from Uncle Allen!" exclaimed Nellie.

"Don't mention them together, there's a dear. It was not any of these things that made me turn away from her more and more; it was a knack that she seemed to have of placing the least favourable interpretation on everything I did or said, so as frequently to make Allen vexed, not with her, but with me."

"A young man who had been Allen's pupil and ward was married from our house during Susannah's visit, and I undertook all the preparations for what would now be called the wedding breakfast; you know my genius lies in the cooking line rather than in scientific or literary pursuits. Well, a few days beforehand I announced my intention of making the confectionery, and of retreating to the kitchen for that purpose, instead of littering our sitting-room. 'I don't mind,' said Susannah, plaintively; 'I suppose I may look when it's all done; exactly as if I had planned to deprive her of a pleasure, by making the bon-bons out of her sight.'

"Allen looked up with a vexed expression, and when we were alone he said some-

thing that was not quite just, and not at all like himself. It was the first unkind word he had ever said to me, and I brooded over it with deep resentment, but not against *him*. Soon afterwards came my temptation."

"Was Aunt Susannah clever? Did she understand all about spiders and things?" asked little Nellie.

"Oh no, dear, no more than I did; she was very far from being talented or clever, but she had a way of veiling her own deficiencies and of bringing out mine. She was a great deal older than I, and had seen far more of the world, and she could talk quite fluently and at her ease on subjects of which I was painfully conscious of being ignorant. I grew more and more foolishly sensitive about my want of education and ability, forgetting how much better it is to be good than to be clever. About this time I used to take very long walks, for active exercise seemed to put my troubles more out of my mind than anything else, besides taking me away from a companion who grew more and more distasteful to me.

"One day, I had walked more than four miles, and was still a good way from home; and feeling rather tired, I went into the cottage of an old pensioner of Allen's which happened to be close by, and asked leave to rest for awhile. The cottage had but this one inhabitant, an old man whose days on earth were now almost spent, and to whom my husband had had many opportunities of showing kindness. He was thinking more of his own sufferings than of anything else; still, when I rose to go, he thanked me very gratefully for a little help that I had occasionally given him, and asked me to accept a small book, one of his few possessions, bought at the door from some travelling vendor of books and papers.

"I looked over the book after I had returned home, and found it to be a collection of extracts from the writings of various authors, many of them exceedingly interesting and well written. One of them caught my attention especially; it was a short essay on Coincidence."

"What is a coincidence, auntie?" interrupted the little listener.

"When two things happen almost at the same time, relating to each other in some curious way as if by design, yet really by chance, we call them coincidences. This essay was very cleverly written, and after I had read and admired it, I copied it all out on some large sheets of paper. There was not much necessity for doing this, as the book was mine, but I had a habit of writing

out things that pleased me, pretty verses out of newspapers, and so on.

"Very soon after this, as I came in from one of my walks, I found my husband standing by my desk, which he had opened to look for some writing paper, the key of his own desk being mislaid at least three times a day. He had in his hand the paper on which I had copied the essay, and he was so absorbed in its contents that he did not hear me come in, or give any reply to some question asked by Susannah. When he had finished it he looked up, and saw me close beside him. I had never seen such a look in his face before; pride, love, gratified surprise, all beamed out on me at once, as he exclaimed, 'Well done, old woman!' Then turning to Susannah he handed her the paper, saying, 'Didn't I tell you so?'

"Susannah raised her eyebrows a little as she took the paper, and then began to read it, but she only read the first page; putting it down with a very slight shrug of her shoulders, she said, 'I congratulate you, I am sure,' and then was silent.

"But Allen did not heed her now, he was too full of surprise and pleasure, too excited indeed by his belief that I had written this clever essay, to give any attention to her mute expression of indifference."

"And you couldn't tell him. Poor auntie, I know what it must have felt like," said Nellie.

"My love, at this time I did not dream of not telling him the truth, but I thought I would keep silent before Susannah, and let her think that I had written it, just for fun. Oh, Nellie, never do wrong for fun, never for a moment depart from truth for any reason whatever. I began by being amused and scarcely able to keep from laughing, but I ended by wishing, intensely wishing that I had really written the essay; and then came the thought—and though I pressed it back at first it would come again and again—I need only keep silence, I need not tell a lie.

"I am sure that my little Nellie will see at once what false reasoning this was; for if by words or by silence you give a wrong impression, or allow one to exist, you tell a lie just as distinctly as in the plainest speech. For a long time I said nothing, I only looked from one face to the other, until Susannah said—

"I confess I am still more surprised at Jane's talent for concealment, her simplicity appeared to be so genuine; what an actress she would make!"

"No, no, no," said Allen, "not an actress, but a dear little wife and companion, whose

intelligence is just shyly budding out.' Then I put my lips to his great brown hand, and said, 'Thank you, Allen.' The next moment a great weight seemed to fall from my heart."

"Did you tell him afterwards that it was a mistake, auntie—or couldn't you?" asked Nellie.

"I resolved to tell him, dear, as soon as I had an opportunity, but the opportunity did not come; it never does come when you wait for it in this way, intending to do something right, but very painful, and putting it off till it grows easier. It grows harder instead, for the web in which you have entangled yourself becomes stronger every day and hour.

"Thus it was with me. At first I kept silence that I might enjoy a small triumph over Susannah, and put a check on the tongue that was so ready to pity my ignorance and want of capacity; then when I was alone with Allen, and really had taken breath to speak and undeceive him, he said something that made me aware how great his disappointment would be at the disclosure, and while I yet hesitated, something or other took off my attention and his to other things. Then, Nellie, when some days had passed by, and the consciousness of the falsehoods that by silence or by implication I had told, pressed upon me, a far worse dread than the fear of disappointing Allen kept me dumb; I feared that I should sink irretrievably in his esteem if he knew all, that he would never trust me, or rely on me again, and now I *could* not tell him.

"Susannah had left us, but I had created a world of wretchedness for myself by this deceit. I put the book very carefully away; still I feared that Allen would meet with the essay elsewhere, or that he would ask me for some similar production.

"About this time I became aware that God was going to send me a great blessing—a little child. At first, the many new hopes and cares that occupied me took my attention away from my great trouble; but after awhile they only made me more miserable than before. You know, dear child, that when God sends a little baby into the world, he sometimes calls away the soul of the mother; I felt sure that this would be the case with me, that I was too fallen and sin-stained to be trusted with the innocent soul that was coming. In vain I reasoned with myself, and remembered that anything like a direct judgment is very rare, and that to many erring and unworthy mothers this great blessing is sent; a strong impression

had taken hold of me, and I could not reason it away.

"In the winter, when the snow was lying very thickly on the ground, muffling all the usual sights and sounds about the house, a little baby was laid by my side, and for one day, Nellie, just for a single day, I forgot my trouble, forgot everything in the world except my new happiness. In the evening the baby died.

"After that for some time I remember nothing; I cannot tell whether they gave me medicine to stupefy me, or whether I was ill and insensible; but it seemed for a long time as if I slept, and afterwards, for a great while longer, I was conscious of nothing but my loss. I had never anticipated anything so dreadful as this. I had thought that I should be taken from the child—that would be hard enough—but not that it would be taken from *me*, coming just to draw out all the strong mother-love in my heart, and then going away again and leaving it empty and desolate. Then came another thought, bitterer still—the child that was dead to me was alive to God; before long I too *must* enter eternity, and how could I, all stained with falsehood and deceit, hope to find and claim this sinless soul? In a kind of half-dream I could see myself standing as on the threshold of heaven; I could catch a glimpse of my baby's face within (I could see nothing more, Nellie, but *that* made it heaven), and when I stretched out my arms, it seemed to fade away from me and grow dim, and I *felt* that my deceit and falsehood were separating me from it.

"I awoke quite up, and roused the nurse, who slept in my room, for it was night. I surprised her, she said afterwards, by speaking quite quietly and reasonably, and I told her she must call Allen, and ask him to come and speak to me. He thought, I believe, that I felt myself dying, and was at my side almost instantly, but found me, on the contrary, a great deal better, and I told him as briefly as I could, for I was very weak, the whole story. I did not then so much mind losing his good opinion, I only wanted to shake myself clear of this web of untruth, that the sin, confessed and repented of, might be forgiven, that I might be fit to meet my child again.

"Allen only said some quieting words at the time, but afterwards when I had recovered, he blamed me in his gentle way for the want of confidence in his love for me. Now you see that it may be quite as hard to be unjustly praised as to be unjustly blamed."

## DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

## No. 2.—LACE-MAKING.



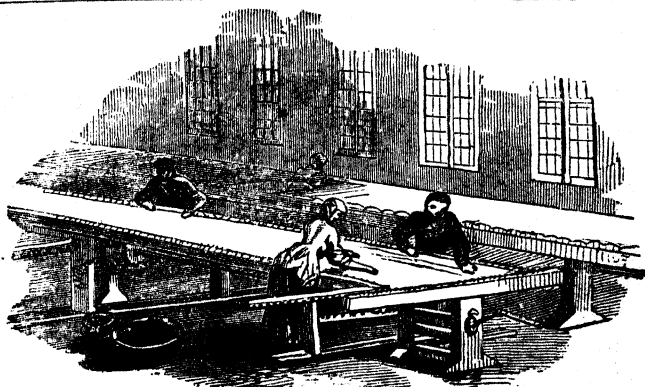
LACE-WORKERS.

THIS very pleasing branch of industry exhibits instructive features in respect to the application of machinery to what was before mere hand-labour. We must glance at the subject in its two aspects of *pillow-lace* and *bobbin-net*.

**Pillow Lace.**—Real lace, such as that which often obtains so high a price, is mostly made of flax thread, and is produced in the following way:—The lace-worker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched upon a piece of parchment, which is then laid down upon the cushion; and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a number of small bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes or net, and a coarser kind, called *gimp*, for working the device. The work is begun at the upper part of the cushion by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins. The threads are then twisted one round another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving as handles as well as for a store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed centres around which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement are merely to hold the threads; but as fast as each little mesh is made in

the progress of the working, other pins are inserted, to prevent the thread from untwisting, and the device on the parchment shows where these insertions are to occur.

The kinds of lace which have obtained different names have certain peculiarities in the character of the mesh. *Brussels point* has a network made by the pillow and bobbins, and a pattern of sprigs worked with the needle. *Brussels ground* has a six-sided mesh, formed by twisting four flaxen threads to a perpendicular line of mesh. *Brussels wire-ground* is of silk; the meshes are partly straight and partly arched, and the pattern is wrought separately by the needle. *Mechlin lace* has a six-sided mesh, formed of three flax threads twisted and plaited to a perpendicular line, the pattern being worked in the net. *Valenciennes lace* has a six-sided mesh, formed of two threads, partly twisted and plaited, the pattern being worked in the net. *Lisle lace* has a diamond-shaped mesh, formed of two threads plaited to a perpendicular line. *Alençon lace* has a six-sided mesh of two threads. *Alençon point* is formed of two threads to a perpendicular line, with octagonal and square meshes alternately. *Honiton lace* is distinguished by the beauty of the devices worked by the needle. *Buckingham lace* is mostly of a commoner description, and somewhat resembles that of Alençon.



LACE-DRESSING ROOM.

Pillow-lace, such as we have just described, is supposed to have been first made in Saxony in the sixteenth century, the earlier Italian lace having been wrought by the needle. From Saxony it extended to Flanders and France. In Brussels alone there were 10,000 females employed at lace-

making at the close of the last century. The art was introduced into England soon after its invention in Saxony; and it is curious that Honiton has produced the best kinds from that time to this. Throughout the midland counties, especially Bedford, Buckingham, and Northampton, almost every town and village exhibits this manufacture; but hand-made lace has suffered severely from the invention next to be noticed.

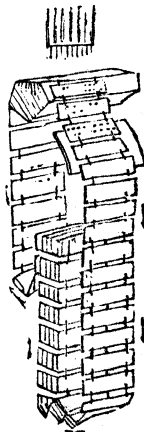


TWISTED AS BOBBIN-NET.

**BOBBIN-NET.**—About 1770 a stocking-weaver at Nottingham, named Hammond, made the first attempt to imitate lace by a slight adaptation of his stocking-frame, and many other persons gradually introduced improvements in the art; but it was Mr. Heathcoat who, early in the present century, gave the chief impulse to the trade by the invention of his bobbin-frame, which gave the name of *bobbin-net* to machine-

made lace. The manufacture sprang up into wonderful activity in and around Nottingham; and though it has suffered many fluctuations since, it still constitutes a very notable department of Nottingham industry. The cotton used in making bobbin-net is mostly spun in Lancashire. The machines

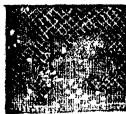
are very costly, and are seldom or never owned by the actual worker. They are among the most complicated apparatus employed in manufactures; and when adapted for steam-power, and provided with the Jacquard apparatus for the production of figured net, the machines are sometimes worth £1,000 apiece. One set of threads, which we may call the warp, is stretched in parallel lines up and down the machines; another set, equivalent to the weft, is wound round small bobbins; and the meshes of the network are produced by these bobbins twisting in, and around, and among the vertical threads. After being woven or made, the net is gassed or singed to remove the little hairy filaments; then embroidered or "run" by females, if the better kind of net; then mended, if any of the meshes have given way; then bleached; then dyed,



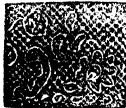
JACQUARD.

if it be black net; then dressed or stiffened with gum or starch; and, finally, rolled and pressed.

Besides the specimens from Belgium, lace formed an important item in the number of things sent over from France to the Great Exhibition. The greatest in amount, however, and most remarkable for beauty, was contributed from Nancy. Besides several



MACHINE LACE.



RUN LACE.

pieces of minor importance, one especially attracted great attention. It was a counterpane, three yards long and two and a half broad. In the middle was embroidered a bouquet of roses and poppies, and a garland all round of the same flowers, of a large size, all embroidered *au lancé* with cotton of size No. 120, the appearance created being that of a white satin texture. The leaves were embroidered on what was termed a sanded ground. The tracery cost three months of labour.

### THE BLESSINGS OF FLANNEL.

WHAT rivers of ink have flowed from the pens of authors desirous of singing the praises of love—love, which draws down upon us so many evils; whilst these very gentlemen have never so much as thought of consecrating one single drop to celebrate the virtues of flannel, which preserves us from so many pains—flannel, which still clings fondly to us when the illusions of life, one after the other, have pitilessly abandoned us to our fate—flannel, which in an age when so many abuses heat the blood, and in which so many wild and improbable schemes are afloat, the bare enumeration of which causes the great drops of moisture to start from every pore, is ready at hand to preserve us from checked perspiration, and all its attendant consequences! Oh, injustice and ingratitude of man! Homer and Virgil even, who have descended in such long-drawn sentences concerning the bucklers of Achilles and *Æneas*, must in some sort be blamed for not giving us any information concerning the flannel waistcoats they wore beneath them; for, happily, a buckler serves one but in exceptional circumstances, whilst flannel is useful in all circumstances of life—

we may say, almost in all seasons. When the cholera first approached our shores, when fear seized upon all, ourselves among the number, what preservative was more efficacious than the flannel waist-belt prescribed by our medical adviser? Ah, certes, this zone, though perhaps not quite so elegant, made more noise in the world than that of Venus ever did: it dissipated at the same time terror and the gripes which, it must be allowed, occupied us at that period much more than the fabulous attractions of the mother of Love. The peril, after another visitation, has again passed away; but it may return, and we have carefully preserved our valued waist-belt, full of gratitude for the services it has already rendered us.

What is there more useful than this fabric to defend us against the unlooked-for assaults of the treacherous atmosphere in which we live—to enable us to brave with impunity those sudden and dangerous transitions from heat to cold, and *vice versa*, to which we are all in this climate so liable?

In a ship there is but a plank between us and destruction; in the same way when, on leaving a ball-room, a theatre, or other crowded assembly, we are suddenly exposed to the icy blast which howls without, there is oftentimes but this frail tissue between us and death. Yes, flannel repels alike colds, coughs, sciatica, rheumatism, and a host of other "ills that flesh is heir to," which, while on their way towards our poor frames, are stopped short on the surface of the protecting wool, and can proceed no further.

How, it may indeed be asked, is it that we do not hold faster by this true friend, since it is, to the letter, that which *touches us most closely*? In the aurora of life a tender mother surrounds us with love and flannel; in our hot youth, strong in the confidence of our springtide vigour, we quit with disdain the humble material with which in our infancy we were enveloped; we speak of it slightly, with irreverence even; but in after years we are brought, by the first approaches of incipient rheumatism, to respect its virtues. We have then recourse to it as to one of those sure friends that we forget in prosperity, but whom, when evil times are fallen upon us, we find ever the same; it receives us into its bosom to quit us no more; it reanimates the old man benumbed with age and infirmities, and forsakes him not until, 'as a corpse, he is enveloped in the funeral shroud.' The French have an idiom to express a man full of respect and care for another:—*Il lui tient*

*les pieds chauds*, they say; literally,—“He keeps his feet warm.” Well, to pursue this figurative language, flannel warms our entire body, of which our best friend can but warm a portion. By preserving throughout all our members a gentle moisture, it vivifies our mental faculties, aids the exertions of the mind, facilitates digestion, promotes a healthy action of the brain; and who knows, perhaps, but at this very moment we owe to it the power of rendering in these feeble lines our humble homage to its virtues?

No, believe it not, dear classical reader, Marsyas was not barbarously flayed alive by Apollo. That most polite divinity would never have been guilty of such a piece of indecorum, not to say infamy; we are here evidently the dupes of the figurative style of the Heathen Mythology. Depend upon it, the god of the lyre merely stripped the vanquished singer of his flannel waistcoat. Deprived of this necessary succour, the latter caught a bad cold, which fell on his chest and killed him. Hercules, in the same way, did not perish on account of having put on a tunic, but rather because he sought to throw it off, or unbutton it at an inopportune moment. The plain facts of the case are simply these:—Dejanira had sought to cover her lover with a comfortable winter garment, most probably lambs' wool or flannel, taken from Nessus, and which a mistaken *amour propre* induced Hercules to throw aside. Who knows if, after all, the celebrated golden fleece was anything more than the flannel waistcoat of the king of Colchides, which Jason, who might have been, perhaps, suffering at the time from an attack of rheumatism, endeavoured to gain possession of, justly regarding it as a panacea for all evils? Flannel, then, we see serves to explain certain monstrous passages which scandalize us so much in the pages of old Lemprière.

We all admire those noble old knights of former days covered with their casques, their thigh-pieces, their arm-pieces, and their cuirasses. They must have shone in the sun like so many animated warming-pans, blinding their enemies before exterminating them. But as for ourselves, how much more do we love to see the good souls of the present time carefully enveloped in lambs' wool and flannel! For these worthy individuals think less of destroying others than of preserving themselves; and the only sentiment we experience on beholding them is the desire of being provided, like them, with such warm, soft, pacific, and eminently philanthropic garments.

## AIR AND VENTILATION.

Air and Ventilation: without the one, we cannot have the other; neither can we have life and health.

To understand the matter properly, we must take various subjects into consideration. We ought to know—First, what air is, and the way in which it supports life? Second, what are the effects of bad air upon the human constitution? and Third, how bad air is to be got rid of, and good air obtained.

Now, to answer the first question: every one knows that fishes live in water; we have seen them, at times, swimming about in the rivers, and to all appearance enjoying themselves; and we see that they breathe by opening and shutting their mouths and gills. Some fishes live quite at the bottom, and others live far down in the deep sea. So human beings live at the bottom of a deep ocean of air, and move about it as comfortably as fishes in water; and although we cannot see it, we know by other signs that it surrounds us.

On perfectly calm days, if we move our hand rapidly backwards and forwards, we feel a cool and gentle blowing; if we move a stick swiftly, we hear a noise; if we move a fan, we feel a draught; thus showing that we are surrounded on every side by a something, which, however, yields to the slightest movement. But on windy days we feel greater resistance, and we see that birds do not get on so easily as at other times, and trees bend and wave their branches as though they felt the pleasure of exercise. These effects are produced by air; or, as it is sometimes called, the atmosphere. It is heaviest nearest to the earth, and the higher we ascend the lighter it becomes, so that when travellers have climbed to the tops of high mountains, they have scarcely been able to breathe the light air of those lofty regions. This atmosphere, or ocean of air, rises to the height of forty miles above our heads, and overspreads the whole earth to the same extent, and moves with it in its course round the sun; and if the globe were not so surrounded by the atmosphere every living thing would die—plants, animals, and human beings.

Having thus shown that we are always living in air, we come next to inquire what this air is.

The air, or atmosphere, is made up of three different sorts of gas; oxygen, nitrogen (azote, as it is frequently named), and carbonic acid, mixed together in certain proportions. Whatever the quantity we weigh or

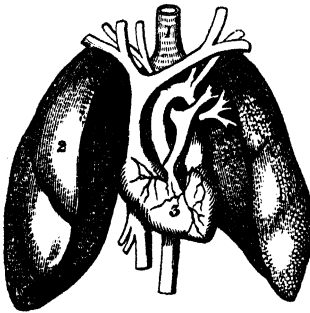


measure, be it large or small, we always find 21 parts of oxygen, 79 parts nitrogen, and about one part carbonic acid. This is the air intended to support life; in these proportions it is pure air, and if circumstances occur to alter these, we are sure to suffer in our health in some way or other. Everything on earth is specially adapted to this sort of atmosphere, and were it otherwise, with our present constitution, we should none of us be here to know anything at all about it.

Animals and human beings *breathe* during the whole of their lives; that is, they keep on drawing air into their bodies, and sending it out again: this is breathing or respiration. A breath drawn in is called

presently see what they are for. The heart is so made as to keep on beating, without once stopping, so long as we live; it beats about 75 times a minute, and with every beat, blood rushes through the four cells, then to the lungs, and is forced through the pipes called arteries all over the body, down even to the ends of our fingers and toes.

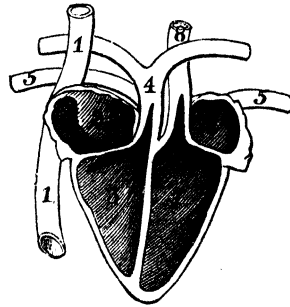
After leaving the lungs, the blood flows into one of the hollow spaces in the heart, named the left auricle; this bag immediately shrinks up or contracts, and forces the blood into another bag called the left ventricle; this shrinks up in turn, and forces the blood into a large pipe named the aorta, and from this it passes into the arteries. The arteries grow smaller and



1. Windpipe. 2. 2. Right and left lung. 3. Heart. The veins which carry the blood to the lungs are here shown dividing into numerous small branches.

a respiration, and a breath sent out is called an expiration. The air enters by our mouth, and passes down the wind-pipe, in the throat, into the lungs. Most persons have seen the *lights* of a sheep or pig, with the gristly pipe to which they are attached; these are the lungs and wind-pipe. By blowing into the pipe, the lungs will be seen to swell up, just as a sponge swells up with water: we might call them, indeed, an air sponge or bellows. In a man or woman the lungs are placed on each side of the chest, just within the ribs, and as they are filled and emptied by our breathing, so does the breast rise and fall. The air is no sooner taken in than it is sent out again, but in this short space it has done a very important work; and what this is will be our next question.

Between the lungs, rather towards the left side, is the heart, inside of which are four hollow spaces or cells, and we shall



1. Vein by which the blood returns to 2. The right auricle. 3. Right ventricle. 4. Arteries by which the blood flows to the lungs. 5. Veins which carry the blood from the lungs to 6. The left auricle. 7. Left ventricle, from which the blood passes into 8. The aorta, and thence over all the body.

smaller, until at last their ends are finer than a needle, and like network. When the blood arrives here, it meets and enters into the ends of the veins, and it is the duty of the veins to carry it back again to the heart. As the veins get nearer and nearer to the chest they become until at last they pour a stream of into one of the bags in the right side of the heart, called the right auricle; this shrinks up, and sends it on to the right ventricle, and this again pumps it into the lungs, from which it makes the round of the body in the same way.

This pumping motion is always going on while we are alive, and is called the circulation of the blood. The vast amount of work thus carried on, beat after beat, pumping the same blood over and over again, may be judged of when we know that the quantity

of blood which passes through the heart every 24 hours is nearly 11,000 pints, more than 24 hogsheads.

We therefore see that, with every beat of the heart, a stream of blood is sent to the lungs, and there is a good reason why it should be so; for by this means it is kept pure and in a fit state to support life. When the blood enters the lungs, it spreads over all the little holes or bladders with which they are filled. There are 174,000,000 of these bladders in one pair of lungs, and this great number is necessary, in order to make up a very large surface; in the same way that, by filling a locomotive boiler with tubes, a large surface is obtained for the production of steam. The surface of the human lungs is 440 square feet; and, as just observed, as soon as the blood enters from the right ventricle of the heart, it overspreads the whole 75 times in a minute. But in the same space of a minute a healthy man breathes 20 times, and each time the air penetrates every part of the lungs; and now the remarkable and important change before alluded to takes place. The blood which comes from the veins, through the heart, into the lungs, is of a dark purple, or almost black colour, owing to its being filled with the carbon, or waste, from those parts of the body through which it has flowed. No sooner, however, does it meet the air drawn in as breath, than the black colour changes to bright red. The dark-coloured carbon unites with a part of the oxygen of the air, and forms carbonic acid gas; while the remaining oxygen mingles with the blood, which being thus charged anew with life, flows onwards through the left side of the heart as before described. The carbonic acid gas does not remain in the lungs, we breathe it through the wind-pipe between every breathing that we make to draw in pure air. It is by this wonderful process that our blood is ventilated, or purified, and made fit to do its work of supporting life in every limb and muscle of the body.

When we breathe out the carbonic gas, we send out at the same time a small quantity of watery vapour. We may know this by breathing on a glass, when the vapour will be seen on the surface similar to steam. But the carbonic acid gas is a deadly poison, and, except in the natural proportions, is quite unfit for breathing: a healthy man gives off 50 ounces of this gas in 24 hours, and it is calculated that 4,500,000 lbs. are added to the atmosphere every day by the population of London. It is this injurious gas which collects at the bottom of deep wells, or in brewers' vats: we sometimes

hear of people being suffocated by it. A simple experiment will serve to show one of the effects produced by this:—Take a glass jar nearly full of clean lime-water, blow into it for a few minutes through a straw, and the water will presently have a milky appearance. But if, instead of blowing into it with your mouth, you use a pair of bellows, no such effect will be produced. Yet notwithstanding the large quantity of carbonic acid gas every day added to the atmosphere in various parts of the world, so wisely has Providence arranged, that except in particular cases, the air we breathe always contains the true quantity adapted to our life and health, and no more. It is a heavy gas, and spreading itself over the surface of the globe, a large portion sinks into or is absorbed by the water, and although injurious to man, it is the food of plants. Plants live on carbonic acid gas; they take up some with water by their roots, and a still larger quantity by their leaves; a process which helps to purify the atmosphere, and make it fit for the support of human life.

It will thus be seen, that unless we draw pure air into our lungs while breathing, the blood cannot be properly purified; unless there be the proper quantity of oxygen, the carbon, instead of being separated from the blood, remains in it, and is carried again over the body; and should this go on for any length of time many ill consequences follow. These are now to be noticed under the second head stated at the beginning of this article:—What are the effects of bad air upon the human constitution?

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE FASHIONS.

THE lengthening days and the cold winds of March require a toilette of their own, for although it may be too soon to cast aside the habiliments of the severest quarter of the year, the brighter light seems to demand something more cheering in the way of colours in sympathy with its own augmenting power. The rusts of winter garments look more rusty still under a March sun, and warn us that we must take the necessary measures for some modifications of the dresses which have been so suitable for the darker and duller months of the year. Never has the aspect of society looked more gloomy than under the sombre livery of the general mourning, and we cannot but regret to see that many ladies are lingeringly wearing on the signs of sorrow after its appointed period has elapsed, not only giving to our public

assemblies an air of gloom, but inflicting great injury on trade, which has already suffered so much. Loving as we do to see the world look cheerful, we shall proceed to our own task of describing the fashionable novelties of the season, in the hope of seeing happier and brighter days than those which have just sunk, with all their sorrows, into the vast ocean of the past.

First, then, let us speak of our illustration. The style of this dress is adapted for the friendly evening party or the county ball. Its material is a clear white muslin, having three rows of pink ribbon laid on round the bottom of the skirt, with alternate insertions in embroidery. The body is covered with a *fichu*, composed either of two frills of embroidery, headed by rows of pink ribbon, or with its upper part ornamented with the ribbon, and only one frill of the embroidery. The sash is of pink silk, pinked in a small pattern at its edge. Another mode of making this dress is to carry three rows of rather wide lace insertion round the skirt, having a ribbon underneath, which shows the pattern to advantage. The ribbon also laid on with an edging of narrow lace on each side is another pretty variety of the same style. These dresses have all the advantage of being equal to new as often as they are washed, with the simple addition of the trouble of running on the ribbon.

The dress of the little girl given in our illustration is genuine Parisian, and has a remarkably pretty effect. It is made of either French blue or violet colour silk, the trimming being of black ribbon velvet. The sleeves and chemisette are of clear muslin.

The skirts of dresses continue to be trimmed at the bottom, but not to a great height. The following is a very pretty fashion:—A dress of violet colour silk, with two puffings of black silk, and one of the violet silk between them; the body high, the sleeves tight, with two puffings of the black silk as epaulettes. The same style looks well in green silk with black trimmings, and is also much approved made in black silk, the puffings being either in the violet or the green silk. Another fashion is to have three *ruches* of pinked silk carried up the front of the dress, one in the centre, and one on each side, wider apart at the bottom, but narrowing in distance up to the waist, and from thence rather widening again, and proceeding up the body to the height of a low dress. The sleeves are also trimmed with three *ruches* set on apart at the bottom, but meeting half way up the arm, and finished with a bow of the pinked

silk. Another elegant mode is to have bands of black velvet, edged with narrow black lace, laid on in a slanting direction round the bottom of the skirt. Sometimes the under silk is fulled on, and shows in puffings between the velvet. Perhaps one of the most effective of the present fashions is to have a black guipure lace insertion laid over a white or a coloured ribbon—if rather wide one row, if narrow two or three—carried round the bottom of the skirt. The body is made high, a band of the guipure over the ribbon being laid square across the front, over the shoulders, and on the back, as if on a low dress. The sleeves are open, and trimmed on the outside to match, having a quilting of satin ribbon laid on in the inside. Narrow flounces are still worn by some ladies of fashion, but they are always set on in plaits, never in gathers.

It remains for us now to mention the *foulards*, which have had a great run in Paris, and seem likely now to enjoy some favour in London. Of these the patterns are various, some being extremely simple, the design being in one colour only, on a dark ground; others sprigged over with rich *bouquets* of variegated flowers. Those of the darker colour grounds, such as the brown and puce, make most useful dresses, and look extremely well with one broad band of velvet, and one narrow one over it, round the bottom of the skirt, with a bow of the *foulard* at the waist, having ends, trimmed with a row of the wide and narrow velvet to match the skirt. For a young, married lady a *foulard* with a white ground, sprigged over with Pompadour *bouquets*, makes a very elegant dinner dress, which may be worn with a body cut square in the front, but high at the back, trimmed round with a quilting of satin ribbon of the colour which appears most prominent in the *bouquets* of flowers. A lace chemisette should be worn with this dress, and Brussels net sleeves, trimmed with lace, but closing at the wrist.

There is still another dress which we must find space to mention, being much approved in Paris, and equally worthy of favour here. The material there is silk, but we have seen one here made in the best quality of lavender colour linsey, which had an excellent effect. This dress consists of a skirt and *par-dessus*: the first of these has a narrow pattern in black braid just above the hem, over which is a row of larger groups, also formed of braiding placed at regular intervals. The *par-dessus*, made of the same material, is braided all round with the narrow pattern, which is also carried up

the two back seams of the skirt. There are two pockets in the front, also braided. This dress made in the silk becomes expensive, because the braid employed must also be silk; but if the lavender colour linsey be taken, good worsted braid is the most suitable, and much more economical.

The Cloaks for this season also require modification, now that the depth of the winter may be presumed to be over. For this purpose the circular Gipsy Cloak, of which we spoke last month, has been made to assume a new character. A handsome braiding pattern is now carried all round the bottom, and up the front, and, instead of either hood or collar, a shape in the form of a collar pointed at the back is covered with braiding. This cloak has a very superior style, and any young lady can execute the braiding with ease.

The Windsor Uniform Pelisse is also another novelty which has just appeared. This is made either of black corded silk or of a fine rep, the corners of the skirt, the fronts of the body, and the sleeves being faced with scarlet, and ornamented with a wide braid, in the military style.

For promenade costume a pretty novelty is now prevailing in Paris, which we have not yet seen in the English metropolis, but which is quite worthy of the attention of even the most fashionable ladies. This consists of a narrow flat band of ermine, not more than two fingers wide, worn round the throat, and tied in front in the way of a cravat. The French ladies object to the boa worn on this side of the Channel, not only as being ungraceful for the figure, but as increasing the danger of colds. This new Parisian ermine necktie is a really elegant substitute, and admirably well suited for the month of March.

Bonnets continue to be worn projecting in the front, and cut away at the side. They are covered tight to the shape, with a cord piping round the edge, and the curtain neither so wide nor so deep as formerly. The trimming is sometimes laid on the crown, and sometimes on the front of the bonnet, being usually of flowers, berries, and green leaves, with tufts of the same as under trimming. A very simple but lady-like style is to place a bow of broad ribbon on the front of the bonnet, passing a long piece of the same over it in the centre, and giving it one twist on each side in bringing it down to the points where it forms the strings. A bonnet with a crown of white silk covered with black figured net, and a front and curtain of blue or crimson velvet trimmed with a bow on the front of mingled

velvet and black lace, is in very good taste. As a more striking fashion we may mention a bonnet of azurine blue velvet, trimmed with roses without any green leaves, or with a small cluster of white feathers tipped with blue. This bonnet, however, is not fitted for the streets, but only for carriage costume, the morning concert, or a public breakfast.

The Head-dress now taking the lead in fashion is composed of velvet, with a steel ornament in the front. The most novel is called "The Butterfly Coiffure," being formed of crimson velvet, with a butterfly in cut steel placed on the centre of the forehead. Another, known as "The Sultana Diadem," is formed of loops of green velvet, with a crescent either of gold or steel in front, and is fastened on by two long chains, part of which hang down, and part of which are arranged as a tie at the back of the head. In wreaths for the ball-room green leaves are again worn, but the tufts of flowers introduced are attached to flexible stalks, which give a pretty motion to the buds and blossoms, relieving them from the stiffness which is their great blemish, and substituting for it that ease and grace which give them all the charm of life and nature.

### THE WORK TABLE.

The Work-table is the happy medium of manifesting the best affections of the heart in all the relationships and friendships of life. The peaceful hours spent in its tasteful industry are not only sweet and full of calm and enjoyable satisfaction in themselves, but they lead to the production of countless tokens of love and good-will, which bind the hearts of the giver and receiver in bonds not easily to be severed in after years. Money may purchase costly presents, rich in intrinsic value; they may be formed out of the gold and the silver dug out of distant mines; they may have passed under the power of machinery, and through the establishment of the manufacturer; but all this is the work of strange hands, to be paid for with the coinage that has no rest in its continuous circulation. How different are the gifts of the work-table! It is not money, but time, that has been spent in the service of the affections. Through all the hours devoted to the fabrication of some pretty present, thoughts of those to whom it is to be tendered are ever present with its donor; in fact, exactly so much of life is thus devoted to the industry of love.

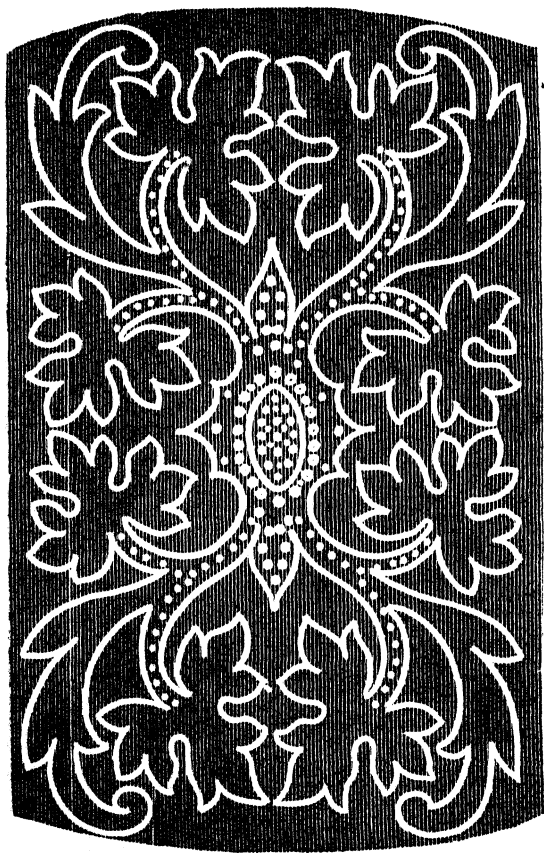
Surely this consideration must enhance the value of every offering. In coming years, when hard and harsh experience may have blighted the freshness of the feelings



EVENING DRESS FOR A PARTY OR BALL.

the sight of some treasured souvenir may revive the glow of affection with which it had so long back been accepted, and make the heart young again in spite of the world. Where families are divided, and the sons seek either fortune or honour in distant regions, nothing speaks to them of home with such irresistible power as the daily

use of some production of the work-table they have left behind. Those suggested links of thought unite the wanderer once more with those whose busy fingers have been labouring so assiduously in his service, and a flood of tenderness pours over his spirit as he realizes the very presence and the very occupations of those who enrich



the work-table in his own well-beloved and well-remembered home.

Much, very much, might be said upon this subject, but words are the less necessary since the true feeling is written on every heart. Sometimes difficulties are experienced in the selection of gifts—sometimes they arise as to the mode of execution: that which would be most acceptable to a gentleman would be out of the question for a lady—an observation which is equally true when reversed.

The work in which this Card Case is to be

executed is both fashionable and effective, giving it a great resemblance to chased metal. The ground is bronze-coloured kid; the outline is in a gold thread; the interior, marked with the dots, is filled up as closely as possible with the smallest size of gold beads. To make the design as handsome as possible, all the surrounding parts, including the whole of the foliage and scroll work, should be filled in with the same size of steel beads. This combination produces excellent results, being quite unlike any other production of the needle.

## RECORDS OF SCIENCE.

**SHAWLS MADE FROM HUMAN HAIR.**—Although tolerably well used to the wonders of modern enterprise and novel inventions, we confess that we have been rather taken by surprise at the daring idea of a new manufacture of shawls from the extraordinary material of the human hair. We believe that application has been made to the committee of the Great Exhibition for space to allow of the introduction of glass cases for the display of this singular product of the loom. Amongst the recommendations of these extraordinary shawls it is stated that they are warm, and light, and shining, and very durable, and that they resist the rain as well as any mackintosh. Notwithstanding all these merits, doubts are entertained whether taste or prejudice may not be against them. The beautiful lustrous hair which is a sort of glory to the female head while it waves in silken tresses becomes less admirable when humiliated from its post of honour; and it may be doubted whether, as the collected *débris* of a hairdresser's *salon*, ladies might not shrink with distaste from wearing the mingled strands from many heads over their own shoulders. On the contrary side of the question, it must be remembered that most elegant ornaments are fabricated by those artists in hair, who seem to be born with a genius to the work, *only* these triumphs of ingenuity are prized as relics of friends beloved, but lost. Time will show whether these shawls made from human hair will be patronized by the ladies.

WHEN the intense heat produced by the electric current was first observed, an additional impetus was given to those experiments which have for their object the artificial production of precious stones. The diamond itself is but crystallized carbon, and there was certainly some show of reason in the assumption that if carbon could be melted it might be crystallized, and that its crystals would be diamonds. Now, although the method of making diamonds has yet to be discovered, other gems have been successfully imitated. The most energetic labourers in this field have been MM. Deville and Becquerel. The first of these chemists has already succeeded, by the employment of exceedingly high temperatures, in forming artificial rubies and sapphires, and has just published an account of some experiments on the similar production of the topaz. M. Becquerel, who operates in a different manner—passing a strong current of electricity into mineral solutions—has lately succeeded in the formation of opals, and has hopes of being equally successful in the case of other gems. These imitations are very different from those of the jeweller, who merely colours a glass or “paste” into the semblance of a precious stone; they are imitations which have the same chemical constitution as the natural gems, and differ from them only in a beauty which may be communicated when these abstract chemical researches shall have laid the basis of a new art. To what field in nature or department in art will fashion turn for adornment when real diamonds are as cheap and accessible as their Cornish and Irish cousins, and when real rubies, sapphires, and opals are made in Birmingham?

AMONG the many ingenious things recently presented to our notice there is one deserving of especial mention, which is an apparatus for drawing off a bottle of soda-water without removing the cork. It consists of a hollow corkscrew, furnished with a tap. Armed with a movable point, it is inserted into the cork, and when it has passed through, the movable point—which hitherto had closed the hollow of the screw—falls off into the bottle. If the tap be now turned, the whole contents of the bottle are driven off by the pressure of the gas within into a tumbler. The whole affair is no bigger than a pencil-case, and is as elegant as it is effectual.

DR. BONNATONS proposes to cure deafness by injecting into the ear compressed atmospheric air or other gases. This substitution of gases for liquids promises to effect a very favourable revolution in the treatment of diseases of the ear, since the danger incurred by injecting liquids into the tympanum is avoided.

THE *minimax* organ is the name given to a miniature form of an instrument we are accustomed to regard as the mammoth of its species. Within a space no larger than that occupied by the harmonium, this *minimax* gives forth musical sounds equal in power and compass to those emitted by the instrument when built after the most approved colossal fashion. How such remarkable effects are obtained is best known to the inventor; but the public is invited to the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, to judge for itself of the results.

THE following may interest our readers, especially those of them who possess that most charming of popular scientific instruments, a microscope. One of the first things known about naphthaline was that it forms very beautiful crystals. The most recent fact concerning it is that these crystals, when seen by polarized light under the microscope, are objects of really uncommon beauty. We discovered this fact only a few weeks since, and now publish it for the first time, for the benefit of our scientific readers. When the naphthaline is crystallized on a glass slide—for that is the proper mode of proceeding—and viewed with the aid of the selenite plate, its appearance, in a good specimen, is perhaps the most gorgeous of any in the whole range of the polarizing microscope. Some of the crystals so strikingly resemble brilliantly-tinted flowers, that we throw out a hint to any designer who may wish to avail himself of it that a more exquisite pattern for silk could scarcely be devised, and that, if executed in naphthaline colours (when we get them), would produce a result at once beautiful and appropriate.

CASES of poisoning have occasionally occurred which have been traced to the use of some article which, like tea, coffee, or snuff, had been sold in lead-lined packets. A Mr. Baldoek has recently demonstrated and made public the fact that, from economical motives, all the so-called *tin* foil really consists of *lead*, with a very small proportion of tin. This information is by no means unimportant, as there are many medical men who have observed in patients all the symptoms of lead-poisoning, without being able to account for their occurrence.

## DOMESTIC HINTS.

**CARE OF BLACKING BRUSHES, AND HOW TO CLEAN SHOES.**—Never suffer your shoe-brushes to be used for any other purpose than that of cleaning shoes; and do not exchange them for one another. Keep your polishing brush for polishing, your blacking brush for laying on the blacking, and your hard brush for removing the mud and dirt. Let your boots or shoes be thoroughly dry before you clean them. Always remove the strings from them before the brush is applied; for, if the blacking once touches the strings, they will never look well afterwards, and they soil the fingers in tying. Blacking which dries too quickly, and leaves a whitish coating upon the leather, is bad; it has too much vitriol in it, and will soon crack the leather.

**ORANGE MARMALADE.**—Procure Seville oranges, stew them so tender that you can pierce them with a straw, changing the water two or three times. Drain them, take off the rind, weigh the pulps, previously taking out the pips; and supposing the quantity to be six pounds, add seven of sugar; boil it slowly till the syrup be clear, then add the peel, having cut it into strips. Boil it up again, and it is finished. This is a new method, has been tried, and found to be excellent as well as economical.

**TO SALT BUTTER.**—Butter must be salted as fresh as possible, any delay being injurious. Having dried the salt in an oven, and pounded it fine, wash the butter in several waters till it no longer imparts a milky appearance to the water. Spread it out, and sprinkle over it the pounded salt, one ounce to every pound of butter; knead them well together, till the butter and salt are thoroughly incorporated. Press the butter into stone jars, perfectly sweet and dry, and let it stand seven or eight days, when it will be found to have separated from the sides of the pot. As this space admits the air, the butter would soon spoil if left in that state, and must therefore be further pressed till perfectly compact.

**PUDDING UNIQUE.**—A quarter-pound of raw potatoes scraped, a quarter-pound of raw carrots scraped, a quarter-pound of currants, and the same quantity each of suet, chopped fine, and flour; a little salt and allspice. Mix all these well together, and make it the consistence of a pudding for boiling, by stirring in treacle; about two table-spoonfuls will be enough, or it may require rather more. This should be put into a greased pudding-mould, and boiled two hours. It may be served up either with or without sweet sauce.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING.**—One quart of cold water; six table-spoonfuls of tapioca; set on the fire and stir till it boils; then add one ounce and a half of white sugar in powder. Again set it on the fire for a quarter of an hour, stirring it occasionally; take it off, pour it into a basin, and stir in immediately one ounce of fresh butter and three eggs well beaten first; pour it into a buttered fire-dish, and bake gently one hour; or it may be boiled one hour and a half in a mould, adding two more eggs. In either case, let the tapioca be prepared early. To be cold before it is baked or boiled, it must stand a quarter of an hour before you turn it out.

**A VERY CHEAP DISH.**—Cut very small two ounces of lean bacon, or the meat of a herring; chop three large onions, and a few sprigs of sweet herbs; put these, with a pound of rice and two tea-spoonfuls of pepper, into two quarts of water, and let the whole boil rather slowly for two hours and a half. This will make a satisfying family meal, at the cost of fourpence, or less.

**LEMON CORDIAL.**—Take eight fine lemons, pare off the rind very thin, and cut it into small shreds, which put into a bottle; add a pint of spirits of wine or brandy, or whiskey not smoked, a dozen bitter almonds bruised and blanched; put all into a bottle for six days. Make a syrup of a pound of fine lump sugar; let it boil, and then cool; pour it into the bottle, and let it stand six days longer; filter it through blotting paper, and bottle for use. It will be ready in a few weeks, but is better for keeping.

**FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.**—Just now, when rain and sunshine, warm weather and frost, succeed each other so rapidly, any addition to the stock of household knowledge on the subject of curing a cold in the head cannot but be acceptable. A Belgian physician, M. Fan, tells us that this troublesome affection may be frequently arrested by a brisk friction of the back of the head with some stimulant lotion, as lavender water, *sa volatile*, &c.; and, moreover, that a similar rubbing, practised two or three times a week, will prevent the "catching" of a cold by those who are liable to do so from slight causes. Just one other little bit of domestic medicine before we close. There are people for whom cod-liver oil is needful and proper, and who are yet unable to retain and digest this useful remedy. According to M. Damney, ten grains of calcined magnesia suspended in a little water, and taken after each dose of the oil, will coax the most recalcitrant digestive apparatus into submissiveness to the inflection.

**LEMON WATER.**—The peel of the lemon, the part used in making this water, is a very grateful bitter aromatic, and, on that account, very serviceable in repairing and strengthening the stomach. Take of dried lemon-peel four pounds, proof spirit ten gallons and a half, and one gallon of water. Draw off ten gallons by a gentle fire.

**TO MAKE VEGETABLE TOOTH-BRUSHES.**—Take marine marsh-mallow roots, cut them into lengths of five or six inches, and of the thickness of a middling rattan cane. Dry them in the shade, but not so as to make them shrivel. Next finely pulverize two ounces of good dragon's blood, put it into a flat-bottomed glazed pan, with four ounces of highly-rectified spirit, and half an ounce of fresh conserve of roses. Set it over a gentle charcoal fire, and stir it until the dragon's blood is dissolved; then put in about thirty of the marsh-mallow sticks; stir them about, and carefully turn them, that all parts may absorb the dye alike. Continue this until the bottom of the pan be quite dry, and shake and stir it over the fire until the sticks are perfectly dry and hard. Both ends of each root or stick should, previous to immersion in the pan, be bruised gently by a hammer for half an inch downwards, so as to open its fibres, and thereby form a brush. They are generally used by dipping one of the ends in the powder or opiate, and then by rubbing them against the teeth, which they cleanse and whiten admirably.



## FAMILY COUNCIL.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.**—We should like to feel that we possess your entire confidence in our impartiality and faithfulness as to our insertion of names in the classes. It is impossible for us to expect not to meet with some displeasure on the part of those who find themselves in the lower classes, but yet we rely on the sentiment of justice in the minds of our friends, and they will try to satisfy themselves that the competitors are dealt with by *rule*, and not by *favour*.

And here let us clearly define the rules of each department.

1. SOLUTIONS entitle to First Class when *every* enigma has been correctly solved, to Second Class when nearly all, and to Third when not less than a third part of the enigmas are solved.

2. ORIGINAL PASTIME.

3. DEFINITIONS.

4. NARRATIVES AND LETTERS.

All these may be of First, Second, or Third Class value. The senders should try to judge their own performances by the best standards as published, and then compare their estimates with those of the Editor.

5. POETRY. For this there are no Second or Third Class awards, but *really good* verses admit to First Class.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE LETTER-WRITING COUNCIL,** the epistles of this month are, on the whole, too *long*. Brevity (as we have before observed) is as much the soul of letter-writing as of wit. The style should be concise and conversational. There is a little too much of lecturing apparent.

But the merits of the letters are equally marked. Few will be disposed to question the choice of the letter of LILY H. for the honour of publication.

ALEXANDER ERSKINE, in a very able letter, errs in illustrating by anecdotes already familiar. The story of the poor Arab who would not sell his horse, as told by St. Pierre in his "Studies of Nature," is rather too hackneyed for educated readers.

LILA treats the argument with her usual clearness and power. FIGARO'S is a good common-sense view of the case. There is spirit in W. Y. SOMERVILLE'S letter, and greater clearness and directness than usual. We might almost say to W. Y. S. and others, Take care of your sentences, and your letter will take care of itself. Don't write a second sentence until you are satisfied with the first, nor a third till you are sure of the second. ROSALIE and E. S. POWER write elegantly and eloquently. ZANONI is deficient in polish of style, but is otherwise very commendable. We recommend Z. to study the graces of language, and thus do justice to his good thoughts. MIGNONETTE writes too stiffly; but though her letter wants ease, it contains a capital original anecdote, which we quote. The praise of *naturalness* must be given to MARGUERITE, as well as for good illustration. EXCELSIOR begins too formally. "I now take up my pen to impress upon you" is not a good opening for a letter intended to touch the heart, as well as convince the mind. But when Excelsior warms into his subject he writes vividly.

MAX, NINA GORDON, ANNA GRAY, ROSEBUD, FLORENCE, are respectable performances. BLANCHE ALSINGTON excels in illustration, neat and pertinent. EMMA BUTTERWORTH and RUTHERPHARL are admirable.

LUCINDA B.—In matter and manner easy and lively, yet weighty withal. But how could ALQUIS commence in such a pedantic way? "My dear Robert, all human knowledge is the result of either intuition or deduction," &c.; and he goes on to elucidate most learnedly the *objective* and *subjective* operation of, &c.; and further on the talk is all of "parallels and propositions;" yet the root of the matter is there.

Others whom we have not mentioned by name may be assured that they are well appreciated.

#### LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON, ON THE CLAIMS OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS ON OUR CARE AND KINDNESS.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—In the present letter I propose to plead the cause of those that cannot plead for themselves; or, to state my intention more clearly, point out the claims of the inferior animals to a kind and considerate treatment. Upon a first view of my subject you may, perhaps, be inclined to think it of trivial importance, but a little reflection will convince you that this is a mistake; for you will perceive that a disregard to the claims in question involves a disregard to moral duty, which cannot exist but with peril to the whole moral character.

That man should, by virtue of his superior intelligence, sway a sceptre of universal dominion over the globe and its varied inhabitants, was evidently the design of the Creator. "Thou hast given him," says an inspired poet, "to have dominion over the works of thine hands." This dominion includes the idea of possessory right; consequently, in appropriating the inferior creatures, man cannot be justly chargeable with inhumanity. The preservation of one part of the creation by the destruction of the other is certainly one of the many mysteries which He alone, whose ways are not our ways, can fully explain; but the existence of this mystery does not affect the plain point of duty for which I am contending; for let us recollect that humanity is not a morbid squeamishness of disposition, which sighs over cases of doubtful or unavoidable suffering, but a healthy susceptibility of mind which prevents us from inflicting unnecessary pain; and after making due allowances for man's "paramount wants and claims," I yet affirm that the cruel tyranny under which so large a part of the creation groans is an abuse of power, entirely subversive of the design of Him by whom it was delegated.

That the Father of all, when He formed the various creatures from the dust, had a prospective regard for their well-being, is apparent in every part of their economy: not one of all the varied race, from the huge elephant to that tiny creature that we used a microscope to behold, but what exhibits in its mechanism and endowments marks of a marvellous adaptation to that particular sphere it was destined to occupy in the world of animated existences.

And therefore we conclude, from the evidences of benevolent design, that the Great Designer in-

tended for every one of these works of His hand a happy existence. But the proofs of His divine regard may be read also in higher pages than those of physiology; yes, even in the record He has given to man of His revealed will. Probably it will occur to you, as an instance of this, that when He instituted the Sabbath as a season of rest for man, He did not overlook the claims of those animals that labour in man's service, but expressly enumerated the resting of the cattle, as one of its provisions. You would find it an improving exercise, dear Edward, to collect from the sacred pages all those passages that refer to the inferior animals, whether as injunctions to man respecting their treatment, or as attestations of the Divine bounty and care. But apart from the extended view of the mind and will of God which such a collection would afford, it might have been thought that a sense of obligation on the part of man, for the benefits he derives from creatures "whose strength, or speed, or vigilance was given in aid of his defects," would of itself have secured for their claims his grateful regard. But, alas! the treatment they in general receive at his hands bespeaks him a tyrant that acknowledges no claims but his own. You need not be told, dear Edward, that the kind of authority which the Great Creator intended man to exercise was something very different from this. For a perfect specimen of that authority I must point you to the garden of Eden. There "man was crowned as never king was since," and there, over all the various creatures that owned his sway,—

"He ruled with meekness, they obeyed with joy;  
No cruel purpose lurked within his heart,  
And no distrust of his intent in theirs."

"But sin marr'd all," and, with the loss of Paradise, man lost the confidence and allegiance of his subjects, and exchanged his rule of love for the tyrannical sceptre which he has ever since swayed with an iron hand. Of course I do not mean to affirm that every human being is chargeable with a tyranny thus unrelenting. I speak in general terms of a general tendency of human nature, corrupted by that first act of disobedience, and facts will prove that I have not gone beyond the truth. Alas! that in our own highly-favoured land there should exist so much confirmatory evidence. But we rejoice to think that there is a remedy at work amongst us: that remedy is Christianity, the grand restorative for our fallen nature, which is destined eventually to overspread the world, and destroy every vestige of the curse. Already has its benign influence operated to elevate the love of public morality, and to banish many an inhuman practice that involved the suffering of defenceless animals, but which, under the name of diversion, was formerly sanctioned, to the disgrace and degradation of society.

As a further indication of improvement we refer to the protection that the claims of animals have received from legislative enactment. The selfish tyrant can no longer with impunity persecute the dumb creatures that serve him, so that if his humanity is insufficient to restrain his cruel rage, the hand of law shall compel him to refrain. But law, of course, can take cognizance of but few of the wrongs that a relentless cruelty can perpetrate; therefore to a large extent the

evil will remain till a sense of justice and compassion, the certain effect of morality based upon Christian principle, shall, by cutting at its root, cause its corrupt fruit to wither and die.

Now, as an agency largely instrumental in promoting this moral renovation, we look to education as to a star of hope for the future. We refer to this agency in its widest signification, as embracing every purpose and duty of life—"as imparting not only *knowledge*, but the *desire* for knowledge; not only *precept*, but the disposition to practise." Education, considered as a curative process, often accomplishes its work more effectually by *indirect* than by direct methods. This is the case, I think, with regard to the point under contemplation—the eradication of cruelty. It is obvious that the means to this end are not so likely to be successfully applied in the way of direct precept as by a mental training, in which, as in parables and stories, the moral comes at the end. The youthful mind accustomed to examine the structure of the various tribes of animals, to note their functions, and to observe the habits by which each group is distinguished, "learns to regard them all as formed with consummate skill, and preserved under a guardianship that never slumbers; and from this springs the conviction that to treat them with wanton cruelty must needs be displeasing to Him by whom both the creature and its tormentor have been created."

I am inclined to believe that the wrongs perpetrated on the animal world by young persons may be, to a great extent—would that I could say entirely!—attributed to a want of thought. You, dear Edward, doubtless acted from want of thought when you captured that nest of young birds the other day; but recollect that

"Want of thought is want of kindness—"

A mental blemish and a moral blindness."

As a counteractive for this failing I can recommend nothing more effectual than that delightful study to which I have just referred. The moral influence of natural history is such as to expand the heart with sympathetic regard for the well-being of all animated existences, and it is hardly possible that its devout student should become "the injured trampler upon Nature's laws." I rather predict for him the honour of championship in the cause of all that are oppressed. Leaving this subject, dear Edward, to your careful consideration,

I remain

Your affectionate Mother,  
LILY H.

## OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL:

BRING

ORIGINAL NARRATIVES OF REAL LIFE AND CHARACTER, WRITTEN FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

MY STEREOSCOPE SLIDES.

AMONGST my friends there is existing a strong belief that I am somewhat peculiar in the objects I choose for admiration—indeed, almost reverence. Foremost in their ranks stand stereoscopes. I have provoked smiles from those most indulgent to my "enthusiasm" on this subject. I have been laughed at for candidly confessing that, in

in my opinion, the invention of the stereoscope was one of the greatest discoveries of the age. Most of my slides are not mere transcripts of persons I never knew, and places I do not care about, but portraits of dear friends and fondly-remembered scenes, with each and all of which are connected some reminiscence, happy or sad.

No. 1 is a portrait of a maiden of some nineteen summers, from whose bright blue eyes the imp of mischief seems to look out at you; and everything about her, from the white feather that droops from her roguish little hat to the position of the tiny foot, whispers to you of the flirt—and rightly too, for Rhoda Leveson was one of the most determined flirts I ever knew. I told her so when she gave me the picture, upon which, with a merry laugh, she bade me, when I looked at it, think of the lesson that had cured her of flirtation, for the benefit of young ladies in general, and myself in particular.

It was St. Valentine's Day, 186—, and Rhoda sat in her room, awaiting the summons to breakfast (or, could the truth have been told, the arrival of the postman), with what impatience none but herself could tell, for no one else knew that more than a week before Walter Ellsden had remonstrated with her on her conduct, and complained that since they had been engaged she had seemed to prefer the company of any one to his. Stung with the truth of the remark, she had answered, "that perhaps it was *not only seeming*—that she might have been wiser had she never allowed that engagement to take place," &c., &c.

Rhoda had half relented when she saw his look of pain; but, before she had time to determine on "making it up," he had taken his hat, and, with a low bow and in a cold voice, had bidden Miss Leveson adieu! From that time she had neither seen nor heard of him; and it was with alternate hope and fear that she awaited the arrival of the postman; for never since they had been boy and girl together had Walter omitted to send her a valentine.

"Look, Rhoda! Six for you! four for myself! As usual, yours is the lion's share!" And Alice Leveson laid some packages, whose large envelopes plainly told their contents, beside her sister. Rhoda hastily looked at the directions. Walter's handwriting was *not* there. She tore them open, and, after glancing at the contents, threw them impatiently from her.

"You have soon finished," said Alice, looking up from her own investigation. "May I see Walter's?"

"You will find it difficult to do so. He has not sent one."

"Oh, Rhoda! then you must have quarrelled with him."

"Rightly guessed, *ma chère*; just what I have done."

"And you speak thus calmly about it. Rhoda, for the sake of a moment's caprice you will wreck his happiness and your own. You know that it is truth when I say that not one in a thousand would have borne so much and so long as he has done. My heart has often ached for him when I have heard him sigh so heavily at your really unkind behaviour."

"Well, I did not know you were such a champion of slighted youths, Alice. It is a pity you

did not have him yourself. You would have made a model wife."

"Rhoda, you are unhappy, and that makes you unjust. Come, there's a dear sister, be good, and confess you are sorry!" and, kneeling by her sister, Alice looked up into Rhoda's averted face.

"Do leave me, Alice! I—I—" but it was no use; she could bear it no longer; and, throwing her arms round Alice, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Dear Alice, sweet little peacemaker, I wish I could believe you, but—"

"Well, will you come and see for yourself? But I may trust to your secrecy, may I not? and you *will* come, Walter?"

"Yes, I will; but, Alice, if she is *not* changed, better that I give up the engagement at once than again go through what I have for the last year. You do not know—no one ever can—what I have suffered. Dear as I love her, she must alter, or we must part, and part for ever. I have borne patiently all her caprice and unkindness, hoping that at length she would relent; but the more I endured the worse she became. One trial more, and if you are mistaken, Alice, I leave D—, never to return."

"Rhoda, there is something in the drawing-room I want you to see."

Rhoda listlessly rose in obedience to her sister; but apparently she found something more interesting than she expected, for it was not till the tea-bell rang that she left the room, and then not alone, but leaning on Walter's arm.

What transpired at that interview I cannot say, for the simple reason that Rhoda would not tell me; but this I *do* know, that soon after I attended a very happy wedding, and that Rhoda Ellsden is one of the most exemplary wives I know.

NELLA.

#### IT IS VERY COLD TO-DAY.

"It is very cold to-day," says the man of business, as he climbs to the roof of the omnibus that is to take him to the city; its roof is covered with the hoar frost, the seats are cold, the wind chills him thoroughly, in spite of great coat and comforter; but he thinks of his little sons in their warm beds, not yet awakened to the cold day, and the stern realities of life, and he rejoices that he can provide for the comfort of his loved ones, and goes on his way uncomplainingly.

The poor widow sits in her lonely attic; the fire can scarcely be seen, much less felt; the wind pierces through the ill-shutting window; no carpet covers the dark uneven boards; through the cracks comes the piercing cold; everything around tells the sad tale of hard-crushing poverty. The widow sits and sews at the garment for which she is to receive such poor remuneration that it will scarcely provide a decent meal; and as she sews she thinks of the happy home she once enjoyed, of the kind husband, the loving children, all gone, alas! and she feels that she is alone; but now a faint smile crosses her wan features, for she is looking forward to that happy time to come when there shall be no more death, nor pain, nor parting, no more cold, but where all shall be peace and comfort.

"It is very cold to-day," says the lady as she descends from her warm dressing-room, and takes her seat at the well-appointed breakfast-table. The fire burns brightly, the urn sings cheerfully, the rare exotics on a stand in the window recess, the thick carpet, the choice engravings, all speak of wealth and comfort; but the lady has received a slight chill as she descended the stairs, and she murmurs, "It is very cold." After breakfast, reclining in an easy chair, her face carefully screened from the bright blaze that goes dancing up the chimney, she remains for two or three hours dividing her attention between her poodle and the last new novel; then she again attends to her toilet, pays a few idle visits, and engaged at some fashionable depôt in turning over silks and laces, she forgets for a time that it is very cold. Pity that it is so; that such people can live amid pain and suffering without making some little effort to lighten the load of suffering borne by her less fortunate, though more worthy fellow-creatures.

The benevolent lady thinks it is very cold. "We must make some good soup," she says to cook, "for those poor families in — Court are half-starved, I do believe, for the fathers can get no work while this frost lasts, and some of the mothers cannot get much." Cook, who has lived for several winters with this lady, feels almost as pleased as her mistress. She sets to work right willingly, and by the evening there is a large copper of good strong soup ready to be fetched away. In the meantime the mistress, after seeing well to the ways of her own household, sets off to visit some poor friends, to ask them if they would like a little soup, &c.; gets some tickets for coals and blankets; to one poor old woman is taken a nice warm knitted shawl made in spare moments, to another a flannel petticoat, &c.; and many a sick face is cheered only by the sound of her kind and loving voice. Thus happily and rapidly passes the wintry day. This lady returns in excellent health and spirits to meet her husband as he comes home weary with business cares, and, in reply to his remark about the weather, says, "Yes, every one tells me it is bitterly cold, but I have not felt it since the morning."

Young ladies, a word with you. When you exclaim, "It is very cold to-day," ask yourself, Can I make it warmer to any one? Do not think the corner of the couch is so comfortable; the book is so interesting, I cannot lay it aside; this piece of embroidery is so pretty, I want to finish it. No, rouse you up, and be doing; deny yourself some selfish ease; relieve some broken-hearted one, and you shall experience an exquisite pleasure that you have never yet enjoyed. Your own fireside will seem more cheerful when you return to it, your book more interesting, your work less wearisome. Try it, my dear friends; you will have a fresh zest for your own amusements, in that you have made another's heart to sing with joy, and you will never say murmuringly, "It is very cold to-day."

FLORENCE.

### EMILY HARWOOD, THE GUARDIAN SISTER.

#### A SKETCH FOR GIRLS.

THAT an elder sister possesses an extensive and powerful influence over the younger members of her family is a fact that few will dispute. But

whether this influence shall be beneficial or the reverse depends entirely on the character of its possessor. If she is amiable, pious, and intelligent, understands her position, and conscientiously discharges its requirements, she may become the instrument of inestimable good to the susceptible young minds around her, alluring them onward and upward—in short, fulfilling for them the office of a guardian angel.

In making these remarks I have had my eye on one in whom this high and holy phase of a sister's character has been remarkably displayed. I allude to my dear friend, Emily Harwood. She was the eldest of a family of eight, and when our acquaintance commenced at the dear old Elford school-house, I will not say how many years ago, Emily was in her fourteenth year. There was something peculiarly attractive in her appearance and manners, though some of the girls thought her too grave and womanly—a circumstance which probably arose from the fact of her having been accustomed, from a very early period, to exercise a kind of guardianship over her younger brothers and sisters. And yet, notwithstanding this, it was plain that Emily's education had received the most careful attention. Except, perhaps, in some of the lighter branches, she was equal, if not superior, to most of us; indeed, she gave evidence of the possession of abilities of no common order, and which had been considerably developed under a judicious system of home training.

Perhaps it may be as well to inform my readers that Emily's father, who was a country clergyman, and who, I suppose, with his large family and limited means, found it necessary to economize, had been himself his daughter's sole instructor up to the age I have stated; and though he had every reason to exult in the success of his labours, yet he was aware that there were considerations that unavoidably rendered his tuition less beneficial for his beloved Emily than she might enjoy elsewhere. For instance, he was fearful that the exclusion from the companionship and competition with young persons of her own age might operate disadvantageously. Besides, he was unwilling that his daughter should be deficient in those feminine accomplishments that a lady only can impart; and her mother, though herself highly gifted, could render her no direct aid, her time and attention being necessarily engrossed by her young family. Therefore, though it cost the parents a struggle, they determined to send the dear girl to some select establishment. "Yes," said the father, after one of the many consultations on the subject, "let her go for a few years and have the full benefit of school instruction, and then she will be the better qualified to teach the others." Accordingly, Emily became a pupil in the establishment of the gifted Mrs. M—. Fully concurring in the design of her beloved parents respecting her future course, Emily entered upon school life with the energetic determination of one who has a purpose in view, and she soon began to perceive its advantages, and to appropriate them with all the ardour of a youthful enthusiasm. As may be supposed, she made rapid progress.

Great were the hopes entertained by Emily's doting mother, as she beheld her daughter so visibly growing rich in all the graces of mind and

character, and giving promise of a womanhood of no common attractions. Doubtless the daughter's future beamed brightly in the mother's view; but alas for the uncertainty of all human expectations! the mother is not destined to see the fulfilment of her fond heart's eager hopes; and yet they were realized to the full. To make this plain I must refer to some of my early remembrances.

Emily had been to school for three years, and was looking forward to exchange, in a few weeks, the position of a scholar for that of a teacher in her own beloved home, when one bright afternoon, as we were sitting together pursuing our accustomed studies, a note was handed in for dear Emily, on perusal of which she turned deadly pale, and rising hastily, went and placed the messenger of alarm in the hands of her governess, who, on glancing at its contents and then at Emily's pallid countenance, got up and led the dear agitated girl from the room.

The note was from Emily's father, announcing the sad intelligence of the dangerous illness of her mother, and summoning her to return home without delay. Poor Emily was speedily in readiness for her journey; in fact, all ordinary modes of conveyance seemed too slow for her. As she waited with impatience for the cab that was to convey her to the railway, she exclaimed once or twice, "Oh that I had wings!" Ah, how fearfully changed she looked from what she was a quarter of an hour before! She did not weep; but she has told me since that she felt stunned and overpowered, even to such a degree as if her throbbing heart must burst. Dear reader, it is a sad story, but I hasten on to its close.

Emily reached her home, the scene to her, hitherto, of unclouded delight, and the return to which she had pictured to herself in fancy's most glowing hues.

The dear girl had, from the first glance at the alarming intelligence, foreboded the worst: consequently it was a relief to her anguish when she found that her beloved mother still lived. But, alas! brief was the season of hope. It appears that her mother had taken cold, after which fever set in, but no danger was apprehended till within the last twelve hours. As soon, however, as the sufferer became aware of the fact, she said, "Send quickly for Emily," and she seemed in a state of restless anxiety until she arrived; and when at length her desire was fulfilled, her countenance beamed with an expression of thankfulness, and clasping her dying arms around her daughter's trembling form, she exclaimed, "My prayer is answered." She then asked for her dear babe, and with a motion of her hand to Emily, said, "Take her, and be a mother to her when I am gone." Poor Emily folded the unconscious little one to her heaving bosom, and the mother smiled, and then, with a Christian fortitude rarely equalled, turned to speak words of comfort to her sorrow-stricken husband, after which she attempted to give a charge to each of her weeping children; but the effort was too great—nature sank exhausted, and the devoted wife, the tender mother, slept; and thus at length

"She breathed her soul into its rest,  
The bosom of her God."

Words would fail to paint her husband's silent woe—her children's wailing grief. It was cut-

ting to hear the little prattlers ask, "When will mamma wake up?" And poor dear Emily? She bore up till the last, and then her strength gave way, and she was carried from the room insensible. She remained for some time in a most precarious and distressing condition, and, after her recovery, seemed for many, many days conscious of hardly anything but the crushing weight of woe. She refused to be comforted. But at length the fearful struggle is past, and she is enabled to bow in submission to the Divine will. Not that she ceases to mourn—ah, no!—but she has learnt to chide the sorrow that would unfit her to discharge the sacred duties of that position to which the hand of Providence so evidently points her. Her dear little <sup>twelve</sup> month old, demands her tenderest care; and in compassion for its helplessness, and in ministering to the other dear ones that cluster around her, Emily forgets herself. Yes, she felt that her life's work had begun.

Called thus early to act a mother's part, she rose to a sublime self-abnegation. Henceforth her own sorrows, wishes, and pursuits were to be merged in one absorbing idea—that of promoting the well-being of those around her.

Her beloved father's desolate condition called forth her tenderest sympathies, and she endeavoured to do all a daughter could to diffuse consolation in his bitter cup. Nor were her endeavours vain. The very exhibition of so much of the Christian character in one so young had upon him a benign influence. He felt himself reproved, and, like his beloved daughter, learned to bow in submission to Him who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

Years have rolled on, and left their sorrow-softening tribute with the bereaved ones, but the lesson learned in the school of affliction has neither been forgotten nor failed of a salutary effect. Those years have given full employ to Emily's devoted and untiring labours.

Dear little Mary, her sainted mother's last gift, has had a training the most careful and judicious that a child could enjoy; for her guardian sister has been even jealously watchful over her—tending her in all her childhood's ailments, and exulting in her strength and growth with all a mother's fond pride.

Yes, and Emily has been governess too, not to her pet alone, but to the rest of her sisters as well; and much reason has she to rejoice in the success of these labours of love. But her work in this direction is at an end, nearly all the objects of her care having married, and been transplanted to other homes. But the home of their childhood is to all a spot rich in hallowed memories, and the recollection of their beloved sister's guardian care is cherished with the most affectionate gratitude. Emily's brothers, too (there are three of them), bear loving testimony to her kind ministrations, her pious counsel and influence. One of them—the next to herself in age—is a clergyman, and I have heard him speak in glowing terms of his obligations to this loving and devoted sister.

My dear friend Emily remains, as the reader must have perceived, in single blessedness. In her case the blessedness has been eminently of a diffusive character; she has felt that her mission was emphatically in her childhood's home, and

hitherto she has allowed no temptation to win her from the scene of her pious cares.

Emily's loving ministrations are now concentrated on the person of her beloved father, who is bowed down by the weight of years and infirmities. The presence of his devoted daughter at his side is now indispensable for his comfort; and no wonder, for long, long ago she was the messenger of consolation to his wounded heart, and she has been ever since the guardian angel of his home, and the sunshine of his existence. And it is now her joy to anticipate his every wish, and, by all the arts that affection can suggest, to soothe and enliven the closing days of his earthly pilgrimage. I ought to say that in these loving offices Emily has now a very valuable assistant in her Mary, the once little pet, but little no longer, for she has entered the ranks of womanhood, and is of fair proportions and attractive appearance: more than this, she is pious and highly intelligent; in short, she reflects many of the rare graces of that sister's character under whose fostering care she has budded and bloomed.

Truly Emily has not laboured in vain; and if a deep and devoted affection is not a worthless tribute, then certainly she is not without a reward, for the amiable Mary regards her with a love as fond and pure as that of a daughter for a beloved and honoured brother.

LUX H.

#### THE WANDERER RECLAIMED.

It was the evening of the first Sabbath of the new year, and the inhabitants of the little village of B— were wending their way home from the old ivy-covered church. Among the various groups might have been observed a very respectable-looking widow, with her two children, George and Nellie. Mrs. Murray—for such we will call her—had seen already many of life's troubles; and Time had begun his work even then, as was shown by her furrowed face. But this night she was more than usually silent and serious. The three proceeded together till they reached their own dear, lowly cottage, and then entered.

It is an hour later, and we glance once more at that peaceful cottage, and through the latticed window at its inmates.

They had been reading, as was their usual Sabbath custom, and the widow was with tears in her eyes speaking to George. I long she spoke—and earnestly. The last few words might have been heard to be these:—

"And now, my love, you know that we are to be parted to-morrow, perhaps never to meet again. Do remember all that I have said; and when you are in London, if you are tempted to do wrong, let your memory lead you back to this night, and think of your mother's farewell." She then stopped, too exhausted to say any more.

"Oh, mother dear!" George answered; "I am sure you are over anxious. What makes you think I shall ever become wicked, or forget you? That I never shall do. But now, Nell," said he, turning to his sister, "cheer up, and sing my favourite hymn."

And, with their arms clasped round each other, the brother and sister sang together the hymn

they had learned when little children at their mother's knee:—

"Here we suffer grief and pain;

Here we meet to part again;

In heaven we part no more," &c.

The morning came—dull, cold, and cheerless—on which George had to bid all his friends good-by. He then began his journey, and before the end of the day was installed in his new position of junior clerk in the firm of Belton & Co. No wonder that his widowed mother was so full of anxiety for him. He had only just entered his seventeenth year, and was extremely light-hearted and agreeable, but, unfortunately, was without much decision of character, so that he would unconsciously, and for the sake of obliging others, be led into sin. But time was to prove the effect of his mother's counsels. For the first few months he wrote regularly to his mother, and seemed to be getting on very well. But alas for poor George! About a year after his arrival in London a fresh clerk arrived at the office, about the same age as George Murray, and became very intimate with him. From this newly-formed friendship might be dated his first downward steps.

His new friend was a youth of very loose morals, and led him into every vice and objectionable place of amusement. In proportion as he sank deeper in sin, so his love and thoughts for his mother decreased, till at last he left off writing altogether, and ceased to remember them. But even these fancied enjoyments did not satiate his restless spirit; and late at night he used to return from the tavern or the billiard-table without having the least quelled his unsatisfied mind. But the time had come when the wanderer should retrace his steps. He had been introduced to a very good and pious lady named Mrs. Ross, who behaved very cordially to him, and pressed him to call on her some day. This he complied with. He stopped a long time; but just before he was going, the door opened, and in ran a little girl.

"This is my little daughter Minnie, Mr. Murray," said Mrs. Ross. "Come and speak, darling," she added, turning to the child, who was about five years old.

Minnie was a child of no ordinary appearance, and with a sweet, fascinating manner, and George Murray was instantly won by her. He took her on his lap, and was soon absorbed by her innocent prattle. At last she said timidly—

"May I sing to you a pretty song my mamma taught me?"

"Certainly," said George eagerly.

She got down from his lap, fetched her little stool, then fixed her large, dark eyes on him, and began—

"Here we suffer grief and pain," &c.

George's face turned deadly pale. Could he be mistaken? No; it was his own hymn. And his memory flew back to the many happy times he had sung that, and to the last, when his mother had bade him good-by. Rapidly did the past events, like pictured scenes, glide through his mind. And how dark did those appear that had happened since he had left his home! But he was recalled from his reverie by a sweet little voice, saying—

"Don't you like my pretty song?"

He gazed on Minnie's bright eyes once more, gave her one kiss, and hastily left the house. We will dwell no longer on the dark side of the picture, but peep again at that lovely cottage, now encircled by roses, where naught but rejoicings are heard; for George has returned to them and to virtue—the WANDERER IS RECLAIMED.

EDEN ROBINSON.

### POETICAL EXERCISE.

As the Offerings increase on us at a wonderfully rapid rate, and as we wish each and all that are worthy to have a fair chance of getting into print, we purpose giving the contributors a little time to rest and recruit after their exertions and also to study well their next subjects before committing them to paper. Therefore we propose a poem on the NEW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, AND ITS BENEFITS TO MANKIND.

### EXCEPTIONABLE.

1. A coxcomb's society. 2. Musk and cigars.

NEETA.

"My dear Mr. A., I really must say  
Young women are not what they were in my day."

"My dear Mrs. B., every woman to me  
Is a riddle, except the plain one I now see."

MAX.

She is a nice girl, but———FLORENCE.  
A teacher evincing partiality in a school.

LUCINDA B.

Being conducted to a railway carriage intended to hold six, but in which four ladies in crinoline are seated, and then to be politely told by the guard, "There is plenty of room, Sir."—JAMES WATSON.

The life of a fashionable young lady.—ISABEL.  
Spurgeon's idea of a quadrille party, the gentlemen dancing in one room, the ladies in another.

EVEGREEN.

The theory of Bulwer's "Strange Story."

CARACTACUS.

A man who would go through the mud rather than give the poor sweep a halfpenny.—ROSEBUD.  
Something in the character of every person.

RUTHERPHARL.

A counterfeit coin.—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.  
The rejected contributions to the FAMILY FRIEND.—BLANCH ALINGTON.  
The light reading of the present day.

LEILA S.

The housemaid bustling in crinoline.

PAULINE S.

A wolf's friendship for the lamb.—IAGO FRYNONAU.

That which will not stand the test of the managers of the FAMILY FRIEND.—ANNA GRAY.

A cabman contented with his fare.—TARA COSTA.

Debatable ground in manners and morals.—LEILA.

If a set-to which you belong

In your presence should e'er be disparaged,

Pray don't go in a huff;

"Present company's excepted's" a song

By which all society's managed,

And 'tis known well enough.

EXCELSIOR.

GROCEER *log*.—"I say, John, water the sugar, and the pepper, and come up to prayers."

ALICIA.

A young man who carries a latch-key.

CHRISTINE.

1. A young gentleman who does not consider himself better than his predecessors.

2. To miss the *way* when we have the *will*.—MYRA.

Self-praise.—NINA GORDON.

The friend who forsakes us in adversity.—EDEN ROBINSON.

A gamester's profession.—SPECTATOR.

1. A good husband with a bad temper.

2. A term of general application in a world where flaws and specks cling to the best performances.

—LILY H.

1. A lady without crinoline.

2. A young gentleman how does not aim at moustache and whisker.—ELIZABETH AUGUSTA.

1. Imitation jewellery.

2. A hole in a lady's stocking.

3. A gentleman's dress with a "gent's" manners.—KATE LESLIE.

Pork-pies in Pudding Lane.—GORGONIA.

A male coquette.—MARGUERITE.

"One glass more."—ALFRED A.

1. A poet's first essay.

2. The government of a despotic king.—MIGNONETTE.

Brown's claim to the suffrage—rental 2s. per week.—ZANONI.

Clandestine love.—JANE C.

The verses I've written, yet tremble to send,  
Lest they should be so deemed by the FAMILY FRIEND.

JANE C.

1. What some of the valentines in the shop windows may certainly be considered.

2. A bull in a china shop.

3. The twelfth person in an omnibus on a wet day.

4. A crying baby at an opera.—REBECCA.

A woman whistling.—SNOW.

1. The black sheep in the flock.

2. There is roguery in all trades but ours.—FIGARO.

1. "Meet me by moonlight alone."

2. The "everything or nothing" principle.—NELLIE.

1. A jewel in a swine's snout.

2. Ridicule for argument.—ALPHA.

1. A contributor to the FAMILY FRIEND writing on both sides of the paper.

2. A marriage between two minors.—EWOL TENNED.

A maiden lady giving her correct age to the census enumerator.—J. COLLINS.

A summer cloud which, however, the warblers greet with enlivened songs when it passes in a fragrant shower.—HILFEE.

The pork-pie hat and little white feather to a modest young lady.—ELLA VON K.

The honour of the merchant who allows the poor tradesman's account to "stand over."—PINK.

"Please, ma'am, she's a very good girl, only she tells fibs now and then."—RUBERT.

1. The "feelish virgins" at the marriage supper.

2. A discovery which any may make about their idols when they candidly try them in the balance.

—ELSPIE AND FRIENDS.

What all of us mortals here are below.—**ROBERTUS.**

### DECAY.

The worm in the bud.—**NEETA.**  
 Silvered locks and a furrowed brow,  
 Faltering step and a feeble hand,  
 Eyes that will daily dimmer grow,  
 Till they catch a glimpse of "the better land."

**MAX.**

Nature's *modus operandi* in new creation.—**FLORENCE.**

The daily lesson that all earthly things teach us.—**LUCINDA B.**

"Oh, dear! must I have it pulled out?"

I have said to the dentist to-day;

"What a dreadful thing 'tis, without doubt,

To define, with a vengeance, decay."

**JAMES WATSON.**

The difference between the beautiful things of earth and those of heaven.—**ISABEL.**

1. That which no one sees in himself.

2. The autumn of life.—**EVERGREEN.**

1. Death's herald.

2. The price of life.—**GIPSY.**

The companion of time.—**RUTHERPHARL.**

The grave's furniture.—**ALIGUIS.**

The crumbling wall and mouldering dust

Blown by the wind away,

The faded leaf, and withered flower,

All represent decay.

**EMMA BUTTERWORTH.**

The first grey hair.—**BLANCHE ALSINGTON.**

1. The sere and yellow leaf.

2. "They all shall wax old as doth a garment."

—**DANIEL H.**

The fate of Hope's young dream.—**PAULINE S.**

The present state of knighthood—

It rots in paltry state away,

'Mong Sheriffs and Recorders.

**G. MATTHEWSON.**

1. "Unto dust shalt thou return."

2. The autumnal aspect of nature.—**EMMA S. P.**

3. The winter of old age.

2. A worm in the bud.—**LAGO FENOXIAU.**

A person who has spent a long and useful life gradually getting into dotage.—**SNOWDROP.**

The sere and yellow leaf.—**FANNY.**

The secret inscription that dooms even the best and noblest of earthly things.—**ILLA.**

"Short and sweet" is the word for defining.

"The shorter the better," I say;

Then if such be the rule for defining,

I submit that decay is D. K.

Beginning to use spectacles.—**CHRISTINE.**

'Time fading before eternity.—**NINA GORDON.**

The annual sermon of nature.—**EDEN ROBINSON.**

1. The universal solvent.

2. The ruthless foe of beauty.—**LILY H.**

The gradual casting off of our fleshly garment in order to substitute the white robe of the redeemed.—**NOVIO.**

The first step beyond perfection.—**KATE LESLIE.**

Time's signature.—**GORGONIA.**

Second childhood.—**FIGARO.**

The worm's banquet.—**MARGUERITE.**

1. That which warns us of the speedy end of things.

2. The condition of the Pope's power.

3. Intellect's vanquisher.—**EMBECCA.**

What the soul is never subject to.—**CINDERELLA.**

Faded flowers.—**JANE C.**

1. The end of all false, hollow-hearted schemes.

2. The herald of a nobler condition of things.—

**EXETER AND FRIENDS.**

The drop of moments day by day,

That speaks of ages wear away.

**NELLIE.**

1. Our constant companion as we progress from the cradle to the grave.

2. The last moments of the Christmas Yule log.—**EWOL TENNEB.**

To be found in every hollow tree.—**ALPHA.**

The last act in the drama of life.—**ROBERTUS.**

The consummation of God's curse at the fall of our first parents.—**J. COLLINS.**

What we hope England will never see.—**IVANHOE.**

The twin sister of death.—**MOUNTAIN BUSTO.**

Withered hopes.—**C. T. RYE.**

But beauty with that fearful bloom,

That hue which haunts it to the tomb,

A gilded halo hovering round decay,

The farewell beam of feeling passed away.

**ELLA VON K.**

The worm at the root.—**BUSK.**

The fortunes of the Bourbon family.—**RUPERT.**

### PENSIVE.

Amy when the loved one is far away.—**NEETA.**

1. A fair young bride on her wedding-day,

As the crystal tear-drops find their way

Down her blushing cheek,

And a volume speak

To those dear friends she is leaving for aye.

2. Age contemplating the changes time has wrought.—**MAX.**

Memory clothed in sable weeds.—**FLORENCE.**

1. The sister feeling to loneliness.

2. One of grief's most expressive manifestations.—**LUCINDA B.**

What the twilight always makes me,

When my thoughts so often stray

To the Past now gone for ever,

To the Future far away.

**ISABEL.**

Attendant on the word "Good-by!"

"She looked like patience on a monument smiling at grief."—**EVERGREEN.**

Quiet, sad, and softly sighing.—**ROSEBUD.**

1. Alone by the sad sea waves.

2. The ideal of thought.—**RUTHERPHARL.**

A calm lake on a moonlight night.—**ALIGUIS.**

Thoughts of old times.—**BLANCHE ALSINGTON.**

1. The lonely heart.

2. The coo of the wood-pigeon.—**DAISY H.**

The greatest charm in beauty.—**PAULINE S.**

When contemplating the heavens on a clear frosty night.—**SNOWDROP.**

The water-lily in the stagnant pond.—**ALEXANDER ERKINE.**

The birth of genius.—**TERESA COTEL.**

Cupid's musings.—**FANNY.**

The twilight of thought.—**ILLA.**

A young lady's sigh.—**CHRISTINE.**

Age taking a retrospect.—**NINA GORDON.**

The dove sadly cooing for its lost mate.—**EDEN ROBINSON.**

Sterne's Maria.—**EMMA BUTTERWORTH.**

1. The stamp of thought.

2. A veil worn alike by happiness and sorrow.

**GIPSY.**



1. The gentle murmur of a summer evening's breeze.

2. Journeying from its deck a vessel recedes from land.—**SRACATOR.**

1. The melancholy tinge which the thoughts acquire from dwelling on the dark side of life.

2. The mind habituated to contemplation in the thorny mazes of mystery.—**LILY H.**

Fussy sitting bolt upright before a cheerful fire.—**NOVICE.**

A child the day after her doll has lost its head.—**GORGONIA.**

1. Music on the water.

2. Moonlight.

3. Distant bells on a summer evening.—**KATE LESLIE.**

The outward sign of an inward grief.—**MARGUERITE.**

1. The robin viewing her empty nest.

2. An old man reviewing his mis-spent life.

3. Twin sister to melancholy.

4. A lily drooping her queen-like head.

5. A weeping willow.—**MIGNONETTE.**

The attitude Miss Brown assumes on Margate Sands.—**ZANONI.**

What thoughts of old times make us all.

The twilight hour, when memory brings again sad, sweet thoughts of the loved and lost.—**JANE C.**

1. The moaning waves.

2. The Æolian harp's strain.

3. Weber's Last Waltz.

4. "The hung-up lute that ne'er hath spoken  
Since that sad day its master chord was broken."—**REBECCA.**

The pale snowdrop drooping alone beneath the chill winds of spring.—**SNOW.**

1. The emigrant thinking of home.

2. The widow looking upon the vacant chair by the fireside.—**FIGARO.**

1. Distant echoes.

2. Music on the wind.

3. The strain breathed in some sweet, heart-touching song.—**NELLIE.**

The feelings of the British nation at the present time.—**ROBERTUS.**

The prodigal son when he came to himself.—**J. COLLINS.**

The feelings of an old soldier, who, after twenty years' absence, returns to his native village, and finds the names of his early associates on stones in the graveyard.—**IVANHOE.**

To weep as in view of the heavenly hand which loveth to dry up our tears.—**ELSPIE.**

A beautiful, tender feeling into which extreme grief often subsides, and which extends our best sympathies and enhances our purest pleasures.—**J. Y.**

The peculiar style of beauty attributed to the Empress Eugénie.—**MOUNTAIN RUSTIC.**

Juliet on the balcony.—**NARCISSE.**

The lonely schoolboy "kept in" for not knowing his lessons.—**SARAH C.**

What harmonious pensive changes

Wait upon her as she ranges

Round and through the pile of state,

Overthrown and desolate!

**ELLA VON K.**

Sheep on a frosty morning.—**BUSK.**

The exile thinking of his home.—**RUPERT.**

## WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

NECESSITY. | PROVOCATION. | PRAISEWORTHY.

## PUZZLE LETTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I LAY you one *in ague* you don't read this right. My *red nuts* and *gin* is quite confounded at missing my *don* is *mad*. The Parliament may well boast of their *rover cat pig*; but no more of this at present, for the *Star* the girl has just brought me twelve chaldrons of coal, and I can get *no raw eggs* to conduct them. Yesterday I took our *big hen* to see some *gin* in *taps*, but she was not much amused, for she seemed quite a *ruined valiant*, though said to understand a *toy man*. A *real fun* passed, which made me low-spirited, so I got into my *open hat*, and proceeded to *I mend a sot*. In the evening we went to the *quere* as *mad*, where I saw nothing but *from deity*. On returning home I gazed on the *Thomas Pere*, and wished for some knowledge of *O no my rats*, so remembering my father's *mad dean*, I conquered my ambition, and now write to divert or perplex you with my adventures.—Yours sincerely, **AGUSTA.**

N.B.—The words italicised to be transformed, and, when rightly done, make one separate word: for instance, *in ague* makes *guinea*, and so on.

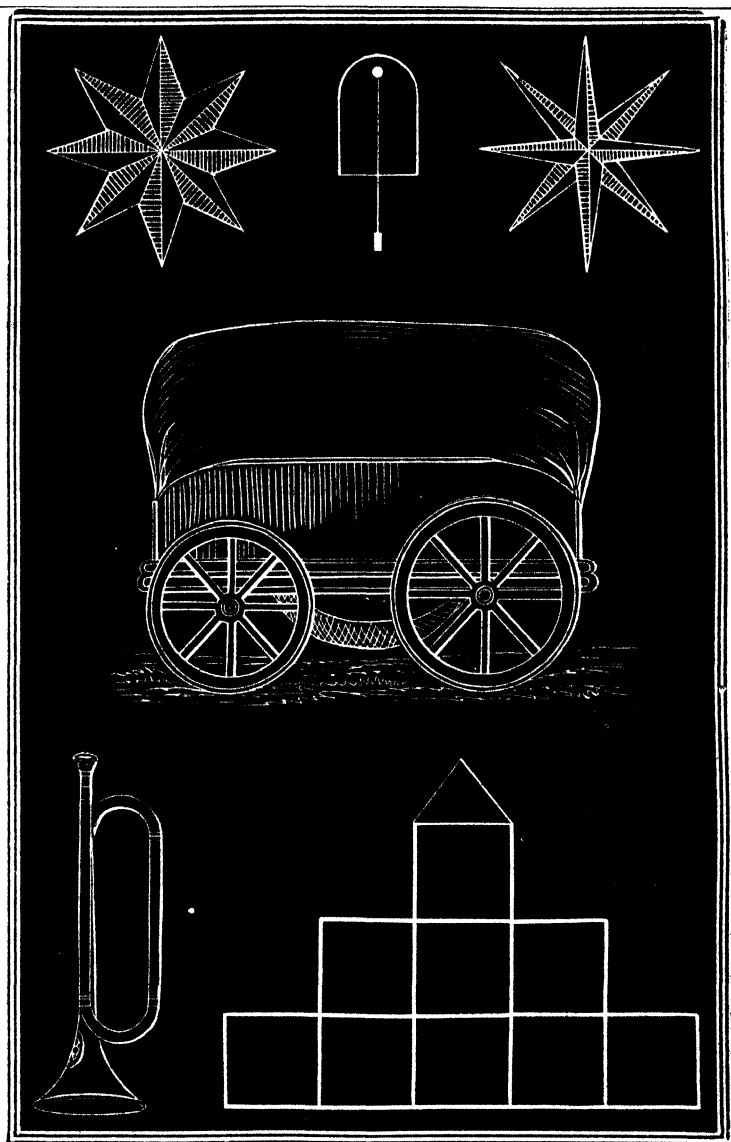
## HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

1.

THE queen of night shone coldly down on a castle situated on a rock overlooking the sea. There are no windows to the castle, for as yet glass is not known; they are loopholes, some of them crossed by iron bars—these are the dungeons of the castle. In one of these cells are sometimes heard sounds of song—not glad, happy songs, but songs full of weariness and longing; and sometimes a thin, pale, but still handsome face is seen looking out, as if watching for some one to set him free. One night a minstrel came and sang songs of love to his harp. He came again, and the prisoner looked from his dungeon; but suddenly the music stops—the moon is obscured by clouds. The little gleam of hope is gone. Again comes the minstrel; again he sings, the prisoner knows the song, he has often sung it in his own land. Ah! see, he knows the voice. He starts up, crying, "Tis he, 'tis he!" He joins in the song. He is heard—recognized—saved!—**ELLA VON K.**

2.

It is a memorable day in the history of two kingdoms. Two opposing armies meet one another near a small village, and a drama is acted of a most sanguinary nature. One side defends its native soil, the other has invaded it. A battle is fought, and the patriot army is victorious. Again, on the same day, the opposing armies contend—one for conquest, the other for liberty and freedom. Again the invaders are defeated; but the eventful day is not yet over. A third time the noise of battle may be heard; the result of it, however, is the same. Thrice in one day has an army been victorious, and three times its enemies have suffered defeat.—**J. R. LANE.**



SLATE EXERCISES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &amp;c.

79.

A river of South Carolina;  
 A tax upon houses and land;  
 A city of Spain, in Valencia;  
 A fellow who can't understand;  
 The name of a borough in Wiltshire;  
 A hand fastened tight round the head;  
 A town of New York, in Onondaga;  
 A weapon that fills us with dread;  
 An excellent support of China;  
 A term which, defined, means complete;  
 Also one of the Lipari Islands;  
 And fish that are unfit to eat.  
 The *Acade*, if read downwards correctly,  
 Will show that which I should pronounce  
 As opposed to the term circumspectly,  
 And persons of sense would renounce.

80.

To disperse or divide,  
 The reverse of inside,  
 And a nourishing species of grain;  
 To suspend in the hair;  
 A command to prepare  
 For departure, or not to remain;  
 An opinion cut short;  
 To conceal with a fort;  
 Reservation curtailed in the rear;  
 Rather more than enough,  
 And a term which means rough,  
 Dull, or heavy, inverted. To clear  
 Up the mystery, read  
 The *heads* down, and a deed  
 Detrimental to man will be found.  
 The *tails*, read up, will show  
 That which prompts them to go  
 To such very great lengths I'll be bound.

81.—KIBUS.

Complete, I am a friend to youth,  
 In me they always find  
 A pleasure—did they speak the truth—  
 To which to give their mind;  
 But when beheaded I produce  
 A first-rate foreign wine,  
 That wealthy persons introduce  
 For drinking when they dine.  
 Replace my head, and take away  
 The letter last but one,  
 A blot or stain I then display  
 Which honest men would shun.  
 Transposed, I'm welcomed with delight,  
 And hasten with all speed  
 With news from friends, though lost to sight,  
 To memory dear indeed.

Curtailed, some thousands I have vexed  
 At times, although a shame;  
 Curtailed once more, I show—what next?  
 A valued river's name.

82.

A period of time; a beverage prime;  
 A portion of dress worn by man;  
 A passion well-known; a flower oft grown;  
 A science we all ought to scorn;  
 Six words you will find, not two of a kind,  
 And each of a different sound,  
 Whose initials will show a plant you must know,  
 But I leave you its name to expound.

G. M. F. GLENNY.

83.

My *first* is an Italian preposition  
 Well known to every young musician;  
 My *second* a noun that we see each day;  
 My *third* a word we use "at home" or away;  
 My *fourth* is a pronoun, a favourite too;  
 My *last* a French word, but a small one 'tis true;  
 My *whole* what a Sister of Mercy would give  
 To a prisoner who had not an hour to live.

84.

My *first* is a French article,  
 My *next* a German article,  
 My *whole* what you must do to me,  
 Unless you wish a dunce to be.

JERRE.

85.—ACROSTIC.

1. First find that goddess whom you know  
 Fair Juno persecuted so,
2. And then her son, to whom belong  
 The arts, and poetry, and song;
3. Next her whose husband long did stay  
 In other countries far away,  
 Whom many lovers did beset,  
 Who never proved unfaithful yet;
4. A Spartan warrior of renown,  
 Who sought in vain to wear a crown;
5. A Grecian warrior strong and bold,  
 Who dauntlessly, in days of old,  
 Engaged in long and bloody strife  
 With Troy, and took its champion's life;
6. Next her whose wicked arts did shine,  
 And changed some wanderers into swine;
7. Then lastly he, though strange the truth,  
 Who prayed to have perpetual youth.  
 The initials join, and you will see  
 A Frenchman of celebrity,  
 Whose great and forgotten name  
 Still speaks of astronomical fame.

86.

My *first* is to spoil or abuse;  
 My *next* is a word you oft use,  
 Representing a personage who  
 Will receive at your hands his full due.  
 My *next* is a mineral which  
 Those who have it are certainly rich,  
 And my *whole* is a floweret seen  
 'Mid the grass of the meadow so green.

RUTHERFORD.

87.—CONUNDRUM.

What is better than presence of mind in a  
 railway accident? S. A. M.

88.

My *second* does my *first*, and my *third* is made  
 by my *whole*. RONNETUS.

89.

Across a dreary moor  
 A girl was wearily toiling  
 To reach her mother's door,  
 To rest from the day's turmoil.  
 Poor girl! She was thinly clad,  
 And the wind blew my *second* around her.  
 Her name was my *first*, and she had  
 A cape of my *whole* to surround her.

G. J. BENSTED.

90.

St. Andrew on a form like mine  
 Breathed out his soul in anguish dire:  
 Sad that a life so pure, divine,  
 Should rouse mad persecution's ire.

In that which aids the woodman's toil  
 And the wild Indian's vengeful hand,  
 'Twixt the middle of death (now don't recoil)  
 And the end of life I stand.

I'm the last of a well-known thief,  
 And the gatherer of rates knows me,  
 As I conclude that thing (to be brief)  
 Which procures his bread, do you see.

NIOBE.

91.

My 3, 9, 11, 6 is a fruit; my 8, 1, 10 a noise;  
 my 5, 9, 1, 11 is to colour; my 10, 6, 11 is a snare;  
 my 3, 1, 4 to decay; my 1, 7, 11, 4, 2, 8 is to  
 resolve; my 9, 2, 11 is an insect; my 9, 5, 7, 11 to  
 gasp; my 5, 4, 7 is to write; my 8, 6, 5, 4, 10, 3 is  
 to rely; my 8, 6, 2, 11 is to injure. My *whole* is  
 what we all should strive to be.

92.

My *first* is part of the verb "to be;" my *second*  
 is two-thirds of to sin; my *third* is myself; my  
*fourth* is two-fourths of a cry; and my *whole* is  
 one of the earth's divisions.

93.

I am a word of seven letters. My 3, 1, 5, 6, 2 is  
 a river in Germany; my 1, 4, 2 is a garden imple-  
 ment; my 4, 6, 7 are all one; my 1, 4 is an inter-  
 jection; my 1, 7, 3 is a personal pronoun; my  
 6, 2, 3, 4 was a tyrannical Roman emperor; my  
 1, 4, 3, 6 is an instrument of music; my 1, 7, 3, 4, 6  
 is a water-fowl; my 4, 3, 2 is metal in its mineral  
 state; my 1, 2, 6, 3, 5 is a French Christian name;  
 my 1, 7, 6 is a bird; my 1, 7, 5, 3 is a successor;  
 and my *whole* is a noble woman.

UNCLE BEN.

94.—LADIES' NAMES ENIGMATICALY EX-  
PRESSED.

1. A Turkish dignitary, and three-fourths of a relative pronoun.
2. A serpent, and a quarter of the globe.
3. To strike, and a grain.
4. A Christmas song, and three-fourths of wine.
5. A town in Switzerland.
6. A marsh, a measure, and a vowel.
7. Part of one of the calendar months, and a tropical creeper.
8. To spoil, and a small room, omitting a letter.
9. To be successful, a conjunction, and a colour.

95.

1. A district and town of Southern Russia.
  2. A town and gulf of Greece.
  3. A town in Languedoc.
  4. A fishing town on the east coast.
  5. A city of Finland.
  6. A group of islands in the Indian Ocean.
  7. A town in Northamptonshire.
- The *initials* give one of the greatest countries in the world, and the *finals* what we all wish her.

OCTOBER.

96.

The Sacred Volume truly saith  
 'Tis sin to do my *whole*;  
 Beheaded, I'm a noble stream  
 That doth through England roll.  
 Now if from me the head you take,  
 A part of the human frame you'll make.

ALEXANDER ESKINE.

97.

Sir Roland he was a jolly knight,  
 A grey-bearded knight and old,  
 And he troubled not much about my *first*,  
 Nor did he heed up his gold.  
 "No, no," quoth he, "I'll no miser be;"  
 So his days he enjoyed tenfold.

Sir Roland he had a daughter fair,  
 Whose charms were indeed a sight  
 That would vanquish your most impregnable  
 heart,  
 And make you love sonnets to write.  
 No fairer, 'twas said, ever smiled upon man,  
 And I think that the saying was right.

Sir Roland he christened his daughter Blanche,  
 And in that name lay a spell—  
 At any rate, so my time *second* thought,  
 And he vowed that he loved her well;  
 But whether he said what he didn't mean  
 It is not for me to tell.

Sir Roland he was my *whole*, of course,  
 And his acres were not a few;  
 So his neighbours they came to the wedding of  
 Blanche,  
 Fresh flowers in her path to strew.  
 And I trust the young couple enjoyed their  
 lives—  
 And, reader, the same to you.

98.

My *first* is of use to enlighten us all;  
 Transpose, and I then become stately and tall.  
 My *second* the news from all parts will convey;  
 Transpose, and I promise 'twill not runaway.  
 My *whole* as you walk in the streets you may  
 view:  
 Transpose, I'm what ale, if well bottled, will do.

99.

Search where rivers are flowing,  
 And where flowers are growing  
 In endless bounty:  
 We've rose, musk, and daisy,  
 We're loved by the lazy,  
 And yet we're a county.

MAX.

100.

On coat of mail by gallant knight  
 In days of old I have been worn,  
 And the stately dame and damsel bright  
 With me their varied charms adorn.  
 Behead me, and the gambler's glance  
 Sparkles with joy when in his hands  
 He sees me and counts up the chance,  
 And by my aid the game commands.  
 Replace my head, and take away my *last*,  
 And then I think you'll find disclosed to view  
 A heap of Indian coins of number vast.  
 Kind reader, may it be possessed by you!

JAMES WATSON.

101.

I am an article of dress; behead me, and I am a contest; again behead me, and I am found in every pack of cards.

J. R. LANE.

102.

When whole a sea robber am I;  
Behead, then let no one come nigh,  
For I'm hasty and rash;  
Behead again, I'm what all now must pay;  
Again, I'm what you've done every day,  
Unless you've been short of cash.

103.—ANAGRAMS.—TREES.

1. Sir F. Liver.
2. Then Wipe.

ZANONI.

104.—TRANSPOSITION.

Rol in nice.

JAMES WATSON.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &amp;c.

(On pp. 172—176.)

- 19.—Un-sat-is-factory.  
20.—1. Trou(t), P(russia). 2. Rat, Tray. 3. Beer. 4. Flam, Borough. 5. Bur, Row. 6. Stru(ggle), (A)mble. 7. Beach, Ey(e). 8. Bolt. 9. Tre(e), V, (R)osc. 10. Car(pet), Dig, An. 11. (R)ober(t), (M)arry. 12. (E)liza, (B)ird—Troup, Ratray, Beer, Flamborough, Burrow, Strumble, Beachey, Bolt, Trevoce, Curdigan, Berry, Lizard. 21.—In-sol-vent. 22.—Snow, Now, No. 23.—Has-sock. 24.—In-sect. 25.—Helle-bore.  
26.—1. Can. 2. Owe. 3. WindoW. 4. PeT. 5. Ebro. 6. ResiN—Cowper, Newton.  
27.—Work-house. 28.—Star-gazer. 29. Bay-o-net. 30.—Rob-in Red-breast.  
31.—1. Fomalhaut. 2. Lyra. 3. Orion. 4. Regulus. 5. Equuleus Pictorius, the Painter's Easel. 6. Night. 7. Crater, the Cup. 8. Equuleus, the Colt. 9. Neptune. 10. Indus, the Indian. 11. Goat. 12. Hercules. 13. Taurus, the Bull. 14. Indica Apus, Bird of Paradise. 15. Navis Argos, the Ship Argos. 16. Great Bear. 17. Ara, the Atar. 18. Lupus, the Wolf. 19. Earth—*Florence Nightingale*.  
32.—1. Llandaff. 2. Ocker. 3. Ida. 4. Ratisbon. 5. Ktaples—Loire.  
33.—Lap-land. 34.—Hat-red. 35.—Plea-sure. 36.—Sup-port.  
37.—1. Hoy. 2. Umea. 3. Evora. 4. Surgat. 5. Cabra. 6. Adra—Huesca.  
38.—Tea-pot. 39.—Robin Hood. 40.—Ma-homet.  
41.—1. Mars. 2. Ice. 3. Love. 4. Tea. 5. Owl. 6. Nelson—Milton.  
42.—Muff-in. 43.—Fee-ling. 44.—Hat-red. 45.—Time-piece. 46.—Fare-well. 47.—Ask, Bask, Cask, Mask, Task. 48.—Gall-aut. 49.—Part-ridge. 50.—Score, Core, Ore.  
51.—1. HarleigH. 2. OtrantO. 3. RoveR. 4. Arabia. 5. TuniC. 6. ImagE. 7. OutlaW. 8. Niagara. 9. EeL. 10. LiP. 11. SagO. 12. OverjaseL. 13. NamE—*Moratio Nelson, Horace Walpole*.

52.—Share, Hare, Are, Era. 53.—Over-plus. 54.—In-vest-i-gate.

55.—1. Mar-tin. 2. Mont-ague. 3. Lo-u-is. 4. A-mos. 5. Pat-rick. 6. How-el. 7. Arch-I-bald. 8. Rob-ert.

56.—1. LethE. 2. ArchangelL. 3. MagI. 4. BabanA—Lamb, Elia.

57.—Shoe-horn. 58.—Par(Rap), Don(Nod)—Pardon. 59.—P-i-n, Nip. 60.—O-port-o. 61.—Horn-pipe. 62.—South-amp-ton. 63.—Pump-kin.

64.—The one has been brought down to the common level, the other taken up to a level common.

65.—Temple Bar. 66.—Mont-real. 67.—Scrape, Crape, Rape, Ape. 68.—Car-pet. 69.—Charm, Harm, Char. 70.— 71.—Opera-tion. 72.—Footprints. 73.—Hearth, Earth, Heart.

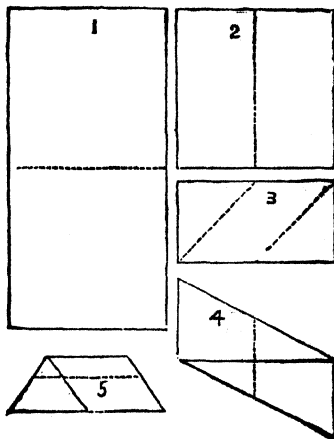
74.—Charles, Bernard, Cordelia, Annette, Miranda, Brian, Edwin, Dorothea, Theodosia, Martha, Stephen, Thomas, Samuel, Leopold, Dennis, Michael, Ferdinand, Mury, Georgiana. 75.—Strata-gem. 76.—Pork-pie. 77.—Sun-beam.

78.—1. Ark-low. 2. An-Trim. 3. West-port. 4. Tallow. 5. Mallow. 6. New-ry(e).

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES (p. 171).—1.—Louis VI., King of France. 2.—Murder of Richard II. 3.—Murder of Henry IV. of France. 4.—The Emperor Nero watching the burning of the city of Rome.

## ANSWER TO PRACTICAL PUZZLE.

(On p. 171.)



Procure a thin piece of writing paper, say 4 inches by 2 inches; fold the same in the direction of the dotted lines on figures 1, 2, 3, 4, as given above. Cut through at the dotted lines on fig and the puzzle is solved.





PULCHERRIE'S BIRTHDAY FETE.—(See p. 279.)

## HEARTS OF GOLD;

OR, THE  
CHILDREN OF THE SFA.  
A TALE OF NORMANDY.

## CHAPTER XII.

WE are about to take leave of the sea-coast for a time, in order to make the acquaintance of certain characters in this history who have not yet appeared in our narrative. However, it is necessary that I should here give the portraits of the two young girls with whom we are already acquainted. Marie was *petite*, delicate, and a blonde; her beauty chiefly consisted in her youth and freshness; her eyes, well formed, of what is called an almond shape, were not remarkable for any particular expression. Pulcherie had dark chestnut hair; she was tall, and admirably formed; her figure was rich and pliant, her limbs strong and graceful.

M. ERNEST DE FONDOIS TO THE COUNT  
URBAIN DE MORVILLE.

You are my debtor, my dear Urbain. You remember our wager. *Eh bien!* it was agreed that the loser should be at the complete discretion of the gainer for eight days, and bear all the expenses of his fortunate victor's happiness during the entire week, whatever they may be, and without being permitted to make the least objection. The time has come for you to acquit yourself of this debt. It suits my purpose just now to spend eight days of happiness. You must let me have them immediately. I wish to start tomorrow in a post-chaise. I will tell you at the moment of departure where I mean to go. I must have a lively, witty companion; make arrangements to be such a one. Take a great deal of money, for I intend to deprive myself of nothing.

ERNEST DE FONDOIS.

Ernest de Fondois was no other than Marie's cousin. He received no answer from M. de Morville. He ordered his servant to pack his portmanteau, which a post-chaise would call for. As to himself, he proceeded to the Café de Paris in travelling costume. He had invited four

friends—witnesses to his wager with M. de Morville—to meet him there. When he arrived at eleven o'clock they were waiting breakfast for him. M. de Morville also, in a travelling dress, was there with the four guests.

At a quarter to twelve the post-chaise was at the door of the café; at half-past twelve Morville and Ernest took leave of their friends. Then only, and when the postilion was in the saddle, Ernest said—

“Road to Normandy.”

The postilion cracked his whip, and the horses started off at full gallop.

“I should like some cigars,” said Ernest.

Urbain, without replying, drew from a pocket in the chaise an entire box of Panatellas, struck a light, and presented it to Ernest. The two left Paris without having exchanged a word. On lighting his second cigar, Ernest deigned to speak to his slave.

“We are going to a place which I do not know, and where I have never been; we are going to Benzeval. It must be somewhere near Caen; it is positively on the coast, because I am going there for sea-bathing. There is a respectable fraction of my family staying there, comprising an adorable little cousin, upon whom I am very sweet; my object is to pass a month or two near her.”

“Do you really think of marrying, then, Ernest?”

“I really think of nothing at all; I am in love with my little cousin.”

It was now just three o'clock. Ernest looked out at the road; it was completely deserted; no house was in sight as far as the eye could reach. He smiled lightly, and said—

“I am hungry.”

Urbain ordered the postilion to stop; he searched in a locker of the carriage, and drew out a pheasant and a bottle of Madeira; then, from a very handsome travelling case, all that was necessary for eating.

The combat between the baths of Dive and those of Benzeval waxed fierce. If the miller had more money, the clerk had



more imagination and more impudence. The two women who conducted the rival baths, Epiphane's wife and the miller's housekeeper, in a very short time became mortal enemies. The Malais family patronized Madame Epiphane. M. Malais had a lively dread of the miller and his spiteful sarcasms.

"There's room enough under the sun for all the world," said Desiree, the miller's servant, adjusting her cotton nightcap, that frightful head-dress worn by the Norman women on working days; "but as to Ma'am Epiphane's baths, they are nothing at all. In the first place they are not the sea—it's the Dive. People come to bathe in the sea, and they are put to bathe in fresh water."

"I speak ill of nobody," said Madame Epiphane; "but that poor Desiree's beach is all flints, pebbles, and shells, enough to cut people's feet to pieces. Besides, once respectable people take to one place, they never go anywhere else. Here it's all English, all respectable people."

"Thank God," said Desiree, "none of your English come to us. Who can understand the gibberish they talk before folks, and pretend to understand each other? though I know very well when they are by themselves, and nobody listening, and they want to understand each other, they must talk French like everybody else. People, you'd say, were of a different kind to other people, they are so stuck up and conceited."

It is but just to say that Madame Epiphane had picked up her enthusiasm for the English in the course of her wanderings in Normandy. If they still excite the cupidity, and consequently the external respect, of the inhabitants of towns and peasants, on account of their ancient reputation for wealth and liberality (a reputation greatly diminished in the present day), the fishermen, the seamen, regard them with very different feelings.\*

\* Our readers must remember that at the time this was written the French and English were hostile to each other. We trust they are no longer so, and yet in the last year the French fishermen manifested something of their ancient grudge against us when they attacked furiously the sailors of one of our fishing boats, and pelted them with stones.—Ed. F. F.

The fisherman is poorer than the cultivator, but he is brave, disinterested, proud of his country, obliging, but at the same time independent. Nothing in the world can induce him to turn his eyes from the sea, when he is not on it, so that he has enough to eat for four-and-twenty hours. The cultivator becomes gradually a proprietor; he is municipal councillor, mayor, churchwarden; above all, he is rich; he eats well, and drinks better. The fisherman never has, never has had anything; but if he knows less of reading and writing than the peasant, he has a loftier mind, more active, more picturesque. The contemplation of the ocean is an education in itself. He would not change his life and condition with the peasant. The seaman then, the fisherman, is not over fond of the *Englishman*. When an English ship is seen in distress he is singularly happy, especially if produced by awkwardness or want of skill.

To return to Desiree and Madame Epiphane.

They did not confine themselves to speaking ill of their respective establishments; they were not a whit more particular with each other's reputation. They would attack and overwhelm with contempt each other's private life.

"The sun shines for all the world," said Desiree, "but nobody knows too much of what Ma'am Epiphane was, and where she came from."

"I am the last to speak ill of anybody," said Madame Epiphane, "but everybody knows what Desiree is—the miller's *servant of all work*."

"Madame Epiphane, the clerk's good-for-nothing wife!"

Chance ordained that our two travellers should take up their abode with the miller; naturally they patronized his bathing establishment. Consequently, Madame Epiphane pronounced them to be no great things, mere second-rate people, commercial travellers at most. On their side, the two friends put repeated questions to Desiree. Ernest asked for some particulars of the Malais family.

"They are graziers," replied Desiree.

"Are there several of the name there?" inquired Ernest. "Those I mean are

people well off, owning a chateau—Malais de Benzeval they call themselves.”

“The Malais have been graziers, father and son, for two hundred years,” said Desiree. “The sun shines for all the world, but for the Malais of the present day he shines famously. We’ve got money, we’ve got a grand chateau, we call ourselves ‘De Benzeval.’ Well, and they call me Desiree de Benzeval when I go to Dive, because there’s a Desiree at Dive; her sweetheart was lost (drowned) at the whale fishing four years ago; but that doesn’t hinder their being graziers. They bathe with Madame Epiphane.”

The two friends smiled. The last remark explained to a certain extent the unfavourable reports they had received upon the Malais family.

“They have some friends staying with them, have they not?” continued Ernest.

“Yes,” said Desiree, “an old fellow and his wife; that is, if they are married, for, after all, I never saw their marriage lines, and I wasn’t at the wedding. They are graziers too, most likely.”

“Is there not a young lady, then?”

“Yes, there’s a girl, not very pretty, and as bold as a stable boy. After all, they are a queer lot that bathe with Madame Epiphane. Just the same sort as Malais’ niece. Why, we used to see her here running about the beach with Risquetout’s brats barefoot, and as brown as a berry; but we go to Paris and come back a fine lady, and now we give ourselves the airs of a duchess. She’s a grazier’s niece for all that.”

The same day M. de Fondonis said to his wife and daughter—

“I assure you that I have seen Ernest. He is here.”

“Are you really sure,” inquired Madame de Fondonis, “are you really sure it was Ernest?”

Madame Epiphane was questioned.

“Have any fresh visitors come to the neighbourhood?”

“Yes,” said Madame Epiphane. “There are two young men stopping at the miller’s. I am the last to speak ill of anybody, but they are a queer lot for all that; they look to me like swindlers.”

A few days afterwards they met on the

frontier of the two establishments. The De Fondonis did not wish to appear too forward to their nephew, who had not yet openly declared his passion. However, Ernest said that, having been ordered sea-bathing, he made no hesitation in fixing on a neighbourhood where he knew he should meet his relations. He presented his friend. M. de Benzeval was gracious in the extreme. Here were two more people to admire the recent magnificence of the chateau. He invited Ernest and his friend to dinner on the following day, saying, with a feeling of sincere politeness—

“I invite you for the first dinner, for the others you will come whenever you feel inclined. Your covers will always be laid for you. Does your friend stay here any length of time?”

“He will stay here three days longer because I wish it; after that he will resume his rights as a free man.”

Explanations were demanded. Ernest narrated the particulars of the wager he had won, and which the young Count had paid so magnificently. As the sun appeared rather oppressive to the ladies, Ernest said to his friend—

“There must be a tent here to-morrow.”

It was agreed that they should meet again on the following day, and that, after bathing, they should all return together to the chateau.

In the meantime Berenice felt herself ill at ease when in company with Pulcherie and Mademoiselle de Fondonis. Both spoke before the poor girl of people and things entirely unknown to her. They would make efforts from time to time to appear interested in the sea, the fisheries, or the lace trade; but Berenice would feel the condescension, and hasten to leave their society. It was worse still for her when the visitors assembled on the shore to bathe; she avoided walking on the beach at such times.

Pelagie said to her—

“Does not Pulcherie treat you kindly that you avoid going to meet her?”

“On the contrary,” replied Berenice, “but I find that my lace doesn’t get on when I am with those young ladies.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

Onesime waited for the Sunday with impatience, as, following the counsels of Maitre Epiphane, he had had a complete suit of "gentlemen's clothes" made. Nothing was wanting. He went to mass with Pelagie, Tranquille, and Berenice. The Malais family were there in their own seat with Madame and Mademoiselle de Fondonis. At the end of the service, Onesime, in spite of the efforts of Berenice, who wished to draw him away, waited at the door for the appearance of the family. This time he scrupulously executed his reverence after the lessons of Maitre Epiphane; then he saluted the entire party, each by name.

"Good day, M. Malais; good day, Madame Malais; good day, Pulcherie; good day, Madame—what is that lady's name?" he inquired of Berenice.

And, on her reply—

"Good day, Madame Fondonis; good day, Mademoiselle Fondonis. What a beautiful day we've got!"

"A very fine day, Onesime. We are going to take advantage of it to go home to breakfast, then change our dresses and come down again to the shore, and wait for the bathing time."

On their way home, as Berenice and Onesime were alone together, Berenice said to her brother—

"Take my advice, Onesime—if you are wise, you will think no more of Pulcherie."

"Why not?"

"You must see how greatly changed she is."

"Do you think her less pretty?"

"Certainly not."

"*Eh bien!* since she is changed for the better, that is no reason for leaving off thinking of her. On the contrary."

"That is not what I mean. For example, should you know how to talk with her?"

"Certainly I should. I was a little put back the other day when she came, because I didn't expect her: it upset me, and, besides, I had my fishing clothes on; but it seems to me now I am no worse dressed than the others, and I could talk to any living soul."

Berenice said no more; she had expected to find her brother prepared to hear the truth. As to Onesime, he took a walk on the beach. Bathing had commenced, but neither the De Fondonis nor the Malais had yet arrived. According to Ernest's orders, the tent had been erected in the morning. It was very handsome; the interior was furnished with an elegance simple enough for its purpose. Ernest and his friend were inside, smoking and chatting. Onesime indulged in a gossip with Madame Epiphane, who amused him with sufficiently ill-natured remarks upon the persons bathing with Desiree. This woman was too thin, that was too fat, the other was too fond of talking to the men. She was glad she had nothing to do with such a set.

"And what's the meaning of this tent, Ma'am Epiphane?"

"Some of Desiree's people had it put up this morning. They are mountebanks, they say; it is to act their plays in."

Onesime went to look at the tent. His absurd costume attracted the attention of the Parisians.

"Does Monsieur belong to this part of the country?" inquired Ernest.

"Yes, Monsieur," replied Onesime.

"I beg Monsieur's pardon. Seeing him dressed in the Parisian style, I took him for a stranger."

"Why, you see, Monsieur, a man ought to make himself a bit smart on Sundays. On week-days we have our working clothes."

"Very well put. Does Monsieur smoke?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Will you allow me to offer you a cigar?"

"You are very kind, Monsieur. One can't refuse a good offer."

Onesime accepted the cigar that was offered him, lit it at the end he ought to have put in his mouth, and smoked it with tremendous pulmonary efforts.

"How do you find that, Monsieur?"

"It's good enough for a cigar; but I prefer my cutty."

"What is Monsieur pleased to call his cutty?"

"My pipe: here it is."

And Onesime drew from his pocket a short black pipe, which he scraped out during the conversation.

"What a beautiful pipe!"

"Why, beautiful isn't exactly the word for it, but it answers its purpose."

"Is Monsieur the Mayor or the Superintendent of Police?"

"No, Monsieur, I have not the honour. I am a fisherman."

"Really! Will Monsieur oblige me with the address of his hatter?"

"What for?"

"Because Monsieur has a hat that is absolutely charming, and I am determined to have one like it. I don't mind about price—but I will have one."

"Faith, Monsieur, I can't tell you his name. All I know is, I bought it at Hennequeville, behind Tronville; and I don't suppose there are two hatters at Hennequeville."

"Monsieur, I thank you infinitely."

"There is no occasion."

Onesime threw away the end of his cigar, and took from his pocket an albatross's foot full of tobacco, filled his pipe, and asked the Count for a light. At that moment the two families of the chateau appeared.

"Count," said Ernest, "here come our friends."

"Ah! there's Pulcherie," said Onesime, giving the name, as usual, the pronunciation of *cheri*.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur, you said—"

"I said Pulcherie."

After the usual interchange of civilities, the Malais received Onesime's elaborate salutation with patronizing indulgence.

"Which of you young ladies," said the Count, "is it that calls herself Pulcherie?" And he pronounced it as Onesime had done.

"It is I, Monsieur, who am called so in this part of the country, where I was brought up."

They entered the tent, where they conversed together for a few moments. Onesime had entered with the rest without having been invited. The party separated for the baths. Onesime asked Pulcherie

if she would like a sail after her bath; and, on her assenting, went to prepare the boat, informing her that she would have to come with her people towards their house. M. Malais alone accompanied the two young couples. Pulcherie ran into the cottage to kiss Pelagie and ask Berenice if she did not mean to come with them. Berenice hesitated, but nevertheless consented.

"Here we are, seven of us," said Onesime. "Now let's settle down, and then everybody sit quiet in his place."

Ernest found himself seated by the cousin's side; Pulcherie was placed between Berenice and M. Malais. The Count sat in the prow of the boat, behind Onesime, who was rowing, and they sped down the river, the Count fixing on Pulcherie looks which embarrassed without being precisely disagreeable to her. When they had got out of the river Onesime hoisted the sail, and was then obliged to change his place, so as to be able to keep the helm and hold the main-sheet at the same time. He requested M. Malais to take his place forward. A light sou'-east breeze was blowing, before which the boat glided on smoothly without any unpleasant motion. Ernest asked Marie several times if she did not feel unwell. The Count put the same question to Pulcherie. Onesime answered for her:—

"Pulcherie sea-sick! That would be funny! I wonder if the fish and the gulls are ever sea-sick! Here, you sir—what do you call yourself—you for'ard there, with a little blue and white ribbon on your coat? You'll have to stir your stumps in less than half a jiffy. We're going to hoist the jib to catch a little more of the wind; if we don't, we shall have to sup at Caen. Make fast the jib-sheet."

"My dear Sir," said the Count, "I must confess that I do not know what a jib is, nor yet a jib-sheet."

"Pulcherie, show him what the jib is, and the jib-sheet. You didn't know, when you were *linking* with Pulcherie coming to the boat, that she was as well able to manage her on the water as myself."

Pulcherie turned very red, but nevertheless gave the explanations commanded by Onesime.

"Bravo!" said the Count. "But, Monsieur," he added, addressing Onesime, "what is it you are pleased to call *linking*?"

"What I call linking is when people link together to take a walk together; when a woman makes a sort of half hitch with a man's arm to talk to him as they are walking alone. I say, Pulcherie, you remember the night we two spent together on the sea—the night of our godchild's christening?"

"You have stood godfather, then, with Mademoiselle?" inquired the Count, who could find no explanation of Onesime's familiarity.

"Yes, and in proof of it, it is our godchild that has the honour to bear us at this moment."

Berenice, perceiving the ironical tone of the Count towards Onesime, overcame her timidity, and said—

"The godfather and godmother were only twelve years of age. Mademoiselle Pulcherie wished to try the boat to which they had just given a name. Onesime was quite prepared. They started, and went out so far that they were only picked up late the next day, half dead with hunger and cold, especially Onesime, who had taken off nearly all his clothes to cover Pulcherie."

M. Malais felt himself bound to explain the life Pulcherie had led in common with the fisherman's family. He described how his brother, a widower, had put her to nurse with Pelagie Alain, and that the child being of delicate health, and on account of the solicitude the premature death of her mother had inspired for her, she had been allowed to live at her foster-father's till such time as the most perfect security being established, it was thought safe to take her away to commence her education. Pulcherie was enchanted by this explanation; the obstinate familiarity of Onesime embarrassed her, and she was fearful that the Count might give some interpretation to it by no means favourable to her origin. The Count, on his part, felt towards One-

sime a sort of impatience; and, besides, he was not unwilling to display the wit he fancied he possessed in the easiest manner by "chaffing" the young fisherman.

"M. Onesime no longer wears his beautiful hat of this morning," he said.

"No, Monsieur, nor yet my frock-coat, nor my Sunday trousers. Salt water isn't good for the clothes."

"You have put your money back in your pocket, then?"

"What money, Monsieur?"

"Why, the five-franc piece you had at your button-hole."

"It was not a five-franc piece, Monsieur," replied Onesime, still deceived by the Count's serious manner.

But Berenice, with her feminine tact, again took up the word, and narrated her brother's heroic act, and the ceremony that had taken place in the church on the occasion of his being presented with the medal; then she said aside to Pulcherie—

"You must see, Mademoiselle Pulcherie, that they are quizzing Onesime, and it is not kind of you to allow it."

As Pulcherie was about to reply, Onesime, without the slightest epigrammatic intention, said to the Count—

"And what is that ribbon that you wear?"

"It is a cross of Spain," said the Count, slightly reddening.

"Have you served in Spain?"

"No."

"Ah! then what did they give you that for?"

"Because he is the cousin of an *attaché* to the Spanish embassy," said Ernest.

The Count replied by a forced smile, and hastened to turn the conversation, which was becoming embarrassing. Marie was rather pale. Pulcherie asked her if she was unwell; she replied that she felt rather giddy; they then put back towards shore, and were not long before they re-entered the Dive and landed. Ernest wished to give Onesime money; the latter said to him—

"Thank you, Monsieur, the boat is as much Pulcherie's as mine. If you were alone with your friend, it would be different; but Pulcherie's folks owe me nothing."

"And now," said M. Malais, "let us go back to the chateau. You ought to have good appetites, and the blow you have had will help our cook to give you a good dinner."

"Thank you, Onesime," said Pulcherie, giving him her hand. "Adieu, Berenice; you must kiss Pelagie for me."

The Count offered his arm to Pulcherie. Ernest had scarcely quitted that of Marie, even in the boat. On their way home the Count said to Pulcherie—

"You must have a great deal of amiability and patience, Mademoiselle, to allow that had to treat you with such familiarity."

"I would rather he treated me with less," said Pulcherie; "but he has such a noble and excellent heart that I cannot make up my mind to grieve him."

"But does it not strike you, Mademoiselle, that a day may come when some one will have the right to find those familiarities rather out of place?"

Pulcherie blushed, but made no answer. The next day she went to call on Pelagie with Marie; and, taking Berenice aside, she said to her—

"I love Onesime dearly. I have not forgotten our childhood passed together, nor the kindness you have all shown me throughout my life, but there are certain rules that must be observed. We are no longer children, and, then, you must tell Onesime that he must not call me by my Christian name; with you it is different, you are a girl. But I should like it to come from you."

Berenice promised Pulcherie she would execute her commission. Pulcherie thought she had compromised the matter by allowing Berenice the privilege forbidden to Onesime, but was not averse to her waiving the frequent exercise of it. She and Marie returned by the way of Benzeval mill, following the course of the little river. Crossing over a prostrate elm that served for a bridge, they seated themselves at the foot of an old willow.

"The Count is in love with you," said Marie, wishing to begin at a skirmishing distance before she made the confidence she was bent upon, and not sorry to re-

ceive one first, on the warlike principle of taking hostages.

"Mad-cap!" said Pulcherie, who felt her heart beat violently.

"Does he please you?" inquired Marie.

"He is a very charming man," said Pulcherie; "but speak to me of your own affairs," she added, so as to carry the war to her neighbour's territory.

"*Eh bien!* Ernest has told me that he *adores* me, and all sorts of delicious things; and at this very moment it is not unlikely that he is imploring from my father the *hand* of his daughter, which hand the said father is likely to grant with the greatest willingness."

"You are happy, are you not?" said Pulcherie to Marie, embracing her.

"Yes, I love Ernest; but our love-making is not as I could have wished it. My parents expected and desired this marriage; they have always taken care to give us opportunities of being alone together, and have always helped us their utmost to elude their own vigilance; we have not had the smallest obstacle to overcome; finally, on my return to Paris, I shall marry Ernest without having received a single love letter, and I shall never know what one of those letters, of which we have so often spoken, can be like. But has the Count said nothing to you?"

"Common-place gallantries, such as are addressed to all women."

"Your romance will be more interesting than mine. But look, it appears we are not the first who have talked of love under this tree; here are some letters cut on the bark."

"Those are not love characters," said Pulcherie laughingly, and recognizing the tree.

"What name can commence in that manner?" said Marie. "P—O—B cannot be an entire name."

"They are the initial letters of three names—Pulcherie, Onesime, Berenice. Berenice cut them the day before I left for Saint Denis. Have you a penknife—anything that will cut?"

"I have my scissors."

"Give them me."

And Pulcherie, with great pains, erased

from the tree the three letters, and with such pains, that she inflicted a smart wound on one of her fingers, which bled so that she was compelled to bind it round with her handkerchief. The poor girl felt the little pain of the wound with pleasure. It was for the man whom she was already beginning to love that she suffered, for the words he had spoken to her, and his disapprobation of Onesime's familiarity, still echoed in her heart. They heard a noise below, and though both wished to meet those by whom their thoughts were occupied, they wished, Pulcherie especially, to be met in spite of themselves. They rose and quickened their steps along the footpath which borders the river. The steps they had heard were, in fact, those of the Count, who had seen them from the mill when they had stopped by the pond-side, and who, after a few moments devoted to his toilet, had come out to meet them by accident. Ernest, as Marie had guessed, was gone to pay a visit to M. de Fondeois at the chateau. In the morning, before his departure, he had said to M. de Morville—

"To-day is the last day of my power and your bondage. You are free at midnight; you can leave, if you please, at midnight precisely, after having paid all my expenses up to the last moment. I wish them to be settled with the greatest liberality."

"I leave looking after your happiness, the charge of which I undertook for a week," said Morville; "but now I intend looking after my own, and for that reason I shall stay where I am."

"I thought as much, otherwise I should not have made you think of going away. You are smitten with Mademoiselle Malais."

"Yes; she is charming. Her relations are rather absurd; but they are only an uncle and aunt. Her father was an officer. As for the uncle and aunt, we never need see them, except now and then in the summer, and at their own house."

"The niece is their heiress."

"Yes, that is what I am thinking of."

"What, are you in love with the fortune?"

"Not only with the fortune, but it has its charms. My fortune is somewhat hypothetical, and I could not think of marrying Venus herself without a dowry. However, I must get my father's consent; and I don't think it will be necessary to tell him that the grandfather was a cattle-dealer."

The same morning Onesime had called on Maitre Epiphane to receive his lessons, and said to him—

"What shall I do about Pulcherie? She is beautiful—so beautiful that she turns my head. She seems as if she liked me too; but then it isn't the sort of liking girls show the young fellows when they mean to marry them. They go walking together, holding each other's hands; and then the parents arrange matters. I never see Pulcherie alone. The chateau is all full of people, who never leave her side."

"You must write to her; you can easily find means of delivering your letter."

"Oh! that wouldn't be difficult; but I should never be able to write a love-letter in good style."

"I'll write it for you, and you copy it out."

"That's the plan."

The clerk composed a letter, in which Pulcherie was compared to *Venus*, and love was spoken of as the *little mischievous god*. Onesime was made to express himself in "*précieux*" language: *he loved the malady of which he was dying; he would not be cured of his wound. Pulcherie was his fair enemy; he was destined to die, for he must necessarily die either of grief at not possessing her, or of joy if she should respond to his wishes, &c.* Onesime could not recognize in all this a single symptom of what his real and violent love made him feel, but he thought it better than to say natural things, and he set to copying the letter on a sheet of ruled paper with the same confidence as he had thrown into the study of his celebrated salutation. Just as he had finished his copy Madame Epiphane came in, and said, with no other intention than to hear herself speak, that she had just met the two young ladies of the chateau, who were on their way home up the river

side. Onesime sealed his letter with a wafer, and darted off to the river side in pursuit of Marie and Pulcherie. He burst through a tuft of bushes, and leaping over the fence, arrived on the opposite side of the river, face to face with the young Count, and at the same moment.

"They are gone," thought Onesime, who had heard their voices, and seeing the grass newly trodden. At the same instant both perceived the little bouquet of myosotis that Pulcherie had forgotten on the grass. By a mysterious instinct both at the same time divined that this had belonged to Pulcherie.

"Ho, there, friend!" said Morville to Onesime, pointing out the bouquet, "throw me over that nosegay on the grass."

And as he spoke he tossed a five-franc piece over the river to Onesime. Onesime pounced upon the bouquet, and throwing the five-franc piece back the way it had come—

"Thank you, Monsieur; this nosegay is worth more than five francs."

"More than five francs! Don't let that stop you, friend; I'll give you ten."

"Oh! you haven't money enough to buy this nosegay; it must go and join another, very much faded, but which is worth more still."

"I have no time to jest with you," said Morville, with a contemptuous air; "throw me the bouquet, and don't compel me to come and fetch it."

"There is a bridge ten yards off," said Onesime.

The Count hesitated a moment, then started off in pursuit of the two young girls. Onesime was about to do the same on his side, when his eyes fell on the tree and the injuries it had recently received.

"I am not deceived," he said; "it is the tree on which Berenice wrote our three names. Can it be that coxcomb who has scratched them off? If I thought so I would soon be after him; but it is impossible; he came up at the same moment I did. Could it be Pulcherie? She was here a minute ago; but why should she? That would be hatred. Pulcherie cannot hate me."

Marie had returned from the water excursion rather indisposed; no further ones were talked of; besides, Onesime was nearly always out at sea, and, as has been shown, his father Risque-tout was by no means strict in his observance of the Sabbath. Pulcherie called occasionally to see Pelagie and Berenice, but the disdain invariably expressed on the countenance of Morville whenever Onesime addressed her at all familiarly induced her to choose those times for her visits when Onesime was out fishing. One day Berenice spoke of her brother. Ernest had accompanied Pulcherie and Marie to Dive.

"Onesime," she said, "is no longer ignorant as he was when you left us. When he saw you were getting so learned, he resolved to learn too, that he might be able to talk to you as in old times."

"And what has M. Onesime learned that he has become so clever?" inquired Ernest.

"Well, Monsieur, he can read, write, and cipher; he understands music and fencing—what that is I don't know, so I am not able to tell you anything about it; but as to what the flageolet is, the girls of Dive all say they have half as much pleasure again when it is he who plays for them to dance to."

"Ah!" said Marie, "he must come and play for us sometimes up at Benzeval. One of us has always to be at the piano, and as we are only four couples, even when the old ladies and gentlemen will stand up to complete the set for us, we are obliged to double one of the figures; besides, we can't always have the piano brought out in the park. My dear Berenice, bring him up with you on Sunday."\*

Berenice looked at Pulcherie, who seemed to hesitate, but who at length said—

"Yes, come both of you, and take tea with us."

\* The coast life of France singularly contrasts in many respects with that of the opposite shores of the Channel, and in nothing more than in the observance of the Sabbath, which is regarded by most of our seafaring people with a high degree of reverence as a holy day of rest, but the French children of the sea see no harm, after mass, in pleasure boating and festal revelry. —ED. F. F.



## CHAPTER XIV.

Berenice looked forward to the projected party with no great pleasure, and had not yet spoken of it to Onesime. Two days after, when the two young girls called to receive the fisherman's answer, Onesime accepted the invitation with delight, and on Sunday, dressed as we have already seen him, he conducted Berenice to the chateau. The two young men continued to banter him, although with greater moderation; their *savoir-vivre* taught them that Onesime was, for the time, like themselves, the guest of M. Malais, and that they owed it to M. Malais to treat his guest with some respect. They assembled under a dome of lofty horse-chestnuts, whose interlacing branches formed a perfect green tent. M. and Madame de Fondois were not sorry to see the steps and cuttings of the quadrilles of former days simplified a little. As to Madame Dorothee Malais—dressed successively in all her fine dresses, made, as has been shown, in the Paris fashion—she was delighted to display her dancing. A quadrille was formed; the Count engaged the hand of Madame Dorothee Malais, Ernest danced with his cousin, M. Malais with Pulcherie, and M. de Fondois took Berenice, who, but for his attention, would have run great risks of being overlooked, although she was really a pretty, well-made girl, and dressed with as much taste as the simplicity of her garments would admit of. Onesime had played the only quadrille Maitre Epiphane had taught him, which being finished, he requested that a pot of cider might be placed beside him, an order which was promptly executed. Another set was soon formed. The Count, who, by dancing once with Madame Dorothee, thought he had purchased the right, engaged Pulcherie this time. Onesime played the same airs again, then the same to a third and to a fourth set.

"Don't you know any others?" inquired Marie.

"No, Mademoiselle, I haven't been learning long; and besides, those tunes are very much liked at Dive, and when you have tunes you are not accustomed to, you don't dance so well."

Ernest, who had had a conversation with M. de Fondois, the object of which had been foreseen by Marie, and which her betrothed had even declared to her the evening before, went up and whispered to Madame de Fondois, who seemed to be refusing some request; but M. de Fondois supported Ernest's petition, and it was decided that Marie should take two or three turns of a waltz with her affianced husband. The question settled, Onesime was begged to play a waltz, and great was the disappointment when it turned out that he did not know one. An attempt was made to waltz to the old quadrille tunes, but it proved futile. Marie said to Pulcherie—

"We must really teach him a waltz. M. Onesime," she added, "Pulcherie and I will teach you a waltz; you must come up when you have any time to spare from the sea, and we will play a waltz over on the piano till you get it into your head, and then you will be able to play it for us to waltz to on the flageolet. Mamma waltzes very nicely."

"I am much obliged to you for your consideration, Miss Sly-boots," said Madame de Fondois; "but I have given up waltzing."

"Then there is Pulcherie, she waltzes delightfully."

"It is already a great deal," said Madame de Fondois, "that we have allowed you to waltz with your intended husband; but with whom and by what right will Mademoiselle Malais waltz?"

"Ah! mamma, those ideas are very old-fashioned. Pulcherie is allowed to do as she likes; her friends have confidence in her modesty and self-respect, and do not think she would be lost by dancing round instead of from right to left."

Onesime's set of quadrilles was played and danced to two or three times more, then a collation was served, and the party broke up. It was agreed that on the day after the morrow Onesime should come to take his lesson from the two young girls. Ernest proposed that they should see Berenice and her brother home; the moon was up, and they would have a fine view of the sea silvered by her rays. Madame Malais and Madame de Fondois declared

themselves fatigued. M. Malais and M. de Fondeois joined the party, as without their protection it could not properly have been made. M. de Fondeois, like a perfectly well-bred gentleman, judged that Berenice, having been admitted to their society, should be treated like the other females, and offered her his arm. Onesime took that of Pulcherie at the very moment when the Count was advancing to offer his; but he could only talk to her on indifferent subjects, as the Count obstinately kept by Pulcherie's side. Marie and Ernest were always in advance or lagging behind. When they reached the sea-shore, Berenice reminded her brother that the boats would have to start before daybreak, and he would need at least some hours of sleep. The two young men amused themselves by pressing Onesime to go to bed. Pulcherie herself said to him—

"You really ought to take some sleep, Onesime. Don't forget that we expect you the day after to-morrow for your lesson."

During the short distance the brother and sister had to walk, after having taken leave of the inhabitants of the chateau, Onesime showed himself so happy at being admitted to the chateau, and being no longer a stranger to the habits and amusements of Pulcherie, that Berenice had not the courage to disabuse his mind, and tell him what she really thought of their new relations with regard to her. In the meantime Pulcherie had accepted the Count de Morville's arm. She was not without some uneasiness as to what he would doubtless say about Onesime's continued familiarities, but he had the good taste to say nothing on the subject, and she felt thankful to him for it.

The moon gently illumined the calm immensities of the sea. They stopped some time to contemplate it; then the two elders gave the signal to return home. They walked up the steep coast ascending from Dive to Benzeval. They turned round several times for a parting look at the sea, then they turned into the *cotees*—hollow roads of six or eight feet in width, bordered by hedges and trees, at the feet of which so many wild flowers

bloom, and so many noisy insects hum Ernest and Marie were a long way ahead, Pulcherie and Morville a long way behind. M. de Fondeois and M. Malais chatted on various subjects. Morville made a declaration of love to Pulcherie, not less inflated, and worth very little more than that the clerk had dictated to Onesime; but the language of love possessed such a sweet music, that the words of the song were little cared for. Pulcherie wished at first to quicken her steps, and come up with M. Malais; Morville begged and pressed her so, that she consented to keep at the distance they then were, on the condition that they should talk upon other subjects. This agreement made, she who had imposed it made no efforts to prevent its being broken through. She allowed Morville to speak to her again of his love.

The next night there was another moonlight walk, during which Morville made new variations on the same theme. Pulcherie fell back upon the duty she owed her guardians, and refused to give him any reply that was not dictated by them.

"I cannot speak to your relations yet," replied Morville; "in the first place, because it is not to their will, but to yours, I wish to owe my happiness; secondly, as a matter of form, I shall be compelled to go and ask a sort of consent of my father. I must not think of any official proposal without having first apprized him. In heaven's name, Mademoiselle, let me read in your heart that it is not my happiness alone I seek in the union I burn to contract," &c. And other hollow phrases, and so on, during the time necessary for Pulcherie to feel in her own estimation that she had offered a sufficient opposition. They rejoined the rest of the party, and the young girl, who trembled greatly, and scarcely dared speak, when alone with him, was more bold in the presence of others; and, seizing the moment when she could still speak without being heard by any but him, but at the same time when any answer he could make must be audible to the others, she said—

"Go, and return quickly."

The next day Morville announced that

he would have to leave for ten or twelve days. In the evening, Pulcherie, having retired early to her chamber, had a conversation with Morville, who had stolen quietly underneath her window: it appeared long to neither of them.

Onesime, when he arrived with his flageolet to learn the waltz agreed on, was, without exactly being able to tell why, delighted to hear of the Count's departure, especially as he found Pulcherie calm and cheerful. Marie and Ernest were very indifferent society for others. Pulcherie begged Berenice to come and see her often; she was no longer constrained by the fear of what Morville would think of her behaviour with her former friends; and, besides, she was so happy! She was pleased with everything—thought everybody charming—a convincing proof in the eyes of Onesime that she did not care for the Count. Poor Onesime!

Berenice herself was charmed to see Pulcherie once more become to them almost what she had been in their infancy. She bantered Onesime and his awkwardness during the lessons; but with what grace and kindness! She undertook herself to teach him a certain German waltz; and with what patience she performed the task! Onesime wore his fishing clothes—in which he looked a fine, handsome young fellow—and only wore his ridiculous cloth garments on Sundays. Berenice seeing Pulcherie so kind—taking an account of Onesime's admirable qualities—seeing him there, young, robust, and handsome—and thinking of their childhood, ceased to look upon her brother's hopes as an absurd and hopeless dream.

When Onesime had learned the German waltz, Ernest requested permission to waltz with Marie; but Pulcherie pretended that Onesime was not yet perfect in the waltz, and she taught him another, to which only Marie and her cousin were allowed to dance, Pulcherie always replying that the first had to be further studied, even to Onesime, who insisted that he knew it. Often she would seclude herself for hours together in her own room, singing over, with a new ex-

pression, all the love songs that she now understood, but which formerly she had sung so badly. The birthday approached. M. Malais proposed to give a fête on the occasion.

"What would people think if we were not to give a fête on Pulcherie's birthday?"

Some one would say, from time to time, "If the Count de Morville should only return in time for the fête!"

Pulcherie alone said nothing.

Onesime had shown Berenice the letter the clerk had composed for the *object of his flame*.

Berenice had disapproved of it strongly. She advised him to write one himself, without any such grand phrases in it. Onesime hesitated a long time, but at last resolved to follow her advice. He carried the new letter in his pocket for some time. The sea-water rendered it illegible; he wrote another.

The fête-day arrived. Onesime took up a handsome bouquet for Pulcherie in the morning, and returned. In the evening there was to be a dance under the horse-chestnuts, with a supper and fireworks. Berenice and her brother arrived at the chateau early: dinner was not yet over. They took a walk in the garden. Pulcherie was not long in calling Berenice to come and assist her with certain preparations. Onesime, left alone, and finding himself under Pulcherie's window, thought of his letter. Up to this time either he had not dared to give it her, or some one had always been with her. He thought the moment favourable. He climbed up a piece of trellis-work, leaped into the chamber, and placed his letter in a book on a table near the bed. What a sweet and religious emotion he felt on finding himself alone in that little chamber! He saw a kerchief that had enveloped Pulcherie's head during the night; he covered it with kisses, was intoxicated by the very odour her tresses had left on it, then he fell on his knees, and addressed a fervent prayer to heaven. He was about to go out by the way he had entered—he was already at the window, when he heard a noise. He darted precipitately back into the room. His sudden

movement caused a plaster bust of Socrates ornamenting the mantel-piece to fall down. The hollow head was shattered; and among the pieces of plaster rolled out five or six letters, with some faded flowers, that had been hidden there. Onesime wished to replace them all; but the name of *Pulcherie* frequently repeated in one of these letters so struck him, that, not stopping to ask if he had the right to read letters addressed to *Pulcherie*, but only listening to his passion, he thrust the letters into his pocket, jumped lightly through the window, and gained the park. As he had just opened one of the letters, and again seen the words *dear Pulcherie*—which brought a mist before his eyes—he heard himself called by *Berenice* and *Pulcherie*. He went, greatly moved, in the direction whence the voices had proceeded. The guests were assembled under the chestnut trees. *Pulcherie* was in a toilette which became her to perfection—a wreath of *reine-marguerites* on her head, and a splendid bouquet in her hand. *Onesime* looked to see if it was his bouquet, which she had received so graciously in the morning; but this was composed of flowers quite strange to the country, and with the greater number of which he was entirely unacquainted. He was not long in guessing whence the bouquet had come when he saw the Count de *Morville*, who had arrived in time for dinner—having been apprized of the intended festivities, as he said, by a line from *Ernest*—and had brought with him a bouquet from Paris.

*Pulcherie* was radiant with beauty and happiness. *Onesime* was requested to play a quadrille. The quadrille was scarcely over when *Pulcherie*, approaching the young fisherman, said to him—

"And now, *Onesime*, a waltz—the little German waltz you play so nicely."

Then, with a sweet smile, she spoke a few words to *Urbain*, who seemed to thank her with rapture. There were only two couples to the waltz—*Marie* and *Ernest*, *Pulcherie* and *Urbain*. The Count entwined his arm round the lithe and graceful figure of the young girl, who leaned upon his support with easy abandonment. The looks of *Morville* dwelt on her

with intoxicating delight. Sometimes she would raise her eyes to those of the Count, and their glances mingled. *Onesime* was pale and trembling. Suddenly he stopped.

"*Eh bien !*" said *Morville*. "Go on."

"No," said he; "it is finished—I am tired."

"Oh, what a pity!" said *Marie*, "and we were getting on so nicely!"

"*M. Onesime* will begin again," said the Count.

"No, I am tired; I shall not play any more."

"You are tired!" said the Count. "It is very easy to say that; but you will be paid for your trouble."

"I should like to see anybody pay me, that I might throw the money in his face."

"How, rascal!"

"Rascal! There is one rascal here, and his head grows out of your cravat."

*Berenice* ran, seized her brother by the arm, and drew him a few paces off. *M. Malais* could only cry—

"What a scandal! What will people think of us?"

*Madame de Fondois* said it was beginning to feel cold, and they had better return to the saloon.

She took the Count's arm, and the rest followed their example. The brother and sister were left alone in the garden. *Berenice* gently attempted to lead her brother away. They left the park. *Onesime* was struck with stupor; but soon it was he in his turn who dragged *Berenice* along. He had just remembered the letters he had found. He shut himself up in his room, and devoured their contents. He remained for some time with his face buried in his hands; then started up with a leap, as if awakened from a wearying sleep and a frightful dream.

"But no!" he said. "Those letters, written so tenderly, and which seem to be in reply to other letters as tender, are really addressed to her:—'A thousand thanks, my dear *Pulcherie*, for your promptness in replying to me!' Yes—you are right. You do enable me to read in your heart those sentiments which render me so proud and happy; you can

—and without injury to your priceless innocence. Are not our vows already united before God?’ And this other—‘A thousand thanks again, my adored angel, for having refused to waltz even with Ernest. A thousand thanks for not allowing any one to dance to that little German air we both love so, but to keep it for us alone. How grateful I am for all the trouble it must cost you to teach *our* favourite air to that bumpkin, who, as you say, is no better than a savage. You will have enough to do—he will infallibly spoil it for us.’”

Onesime crushed up the letters with fury in his hand, then noiselessly he left the house through his bed-room window.

Nothing was seen of him the next day, nor on those succeeding it. This was a sad blow to the fisherman’s family. Sometimes it was feared he had destroyed himself, but all said that his religious principles were too strong to admit of such a possibility. This each member of the family would say to reassure the others, without, however, feeling by any means assured himself. Eloi Alain, the miller, who had taken a great affection to Onesime since the burning of his mill, deplored his loss no less than the others, and said—

“If it was the want of money sent him away, I would have given him some,” anything parallel to which had never been heard to proceed from Eloi Alain’s lips.

However, two months afterwards a small sum of money was received at Dive, sent home by Onesime; then nothing more was heard of him. It was thought he had embarked in some of the great fisheries, and that, on starting, he had sent a portion of his *advances* to his family. The *advances* are a sum of money paid on account of the seaman who embarks for the whale fisheries. This sum, intended for his equipment with clothes, and other necessities indispensable for long and dangerous voyages, is nearly always eaten and drunk before the ship sails, and the mariner comes on board with *empty bags*. He has in reality purchased clothes with a portion of his money, but after having spent the rest,

he has resold his clothes for about one-sixth of the cost price. The ship sails. After a few days’ rough weather he is wet and cold. He applies to the captain, who, foreseeing the emergency, has always on board a stock of clothes, which he sells to the sailor for whatever price he, the captain, chooses to fix upon them. As they cannot be dispensed with, and as the price will only be paid for out of his share of the profits of the voyage on their return, the sailor thinks no more of it, and scarcely troubles to ask the price. Thus he purchases at first a red woollen shirt; he pays twelve francs for it, he resells it to a wine-shop keeper for forty sous; on board, a similar shirt is sold to him for sixteen francs, so that for his twelve-franc shirt he will eventually have paid twenty-six francs. It is only the poor who pay so dearly for everything. There are few among the rich who have such means of becoming poor.

Although Berenice, at certain moments, understood that Onesime could never have married Pulcherie, not only because she was rich, but, above all, because of the difference of their habits and education, and though she bore no malice towards Mademoiselle Malais on account of her brother’s disappearance, yet she avoided all meeting with her, and went no more to the chateau. It was none the less through his love for her that Onesime had been driven to despair, and taken with him all the life and joy of their house, and Berenice could not see her former friend without pain. It was soon known in the neighbourhood that Pulcherie’s marriage with the Count was decided on, and would take place in the ensuing spring. M. and Mademoiselle de Fondois left with their daughter, whose marriage was fixed for the coming winter. The Malais resolved to spend a portion of the winter in Paris, and they left Benzeval in the month of November.

—♦—  
POWER OF WISDOM.—Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.



THE POET AND HIS PETS.

## COWPER AND HIS PETS.

THE affection of poor Cowper for his three tame hares, Bess, Tiney, and Puss, is well known. The reputation of these oddly-selected pets is as firmly established for what we call immortality as that of

the horse Bucephalus, of the dog Argus, of St. Anthony's pig, or of Dr. Johnson's cat. Who has not read, or who, having read, can have forgotten the poor sick poet's playfully fond, and fondly observant analysis of the diversity of character existing between these three animals

whom no stranger could distinguish apart from one another? First of all, the grateful Puss, who was "tamed by gentle usage" during an illness, and grew to love the society of his human preserver more than that of his own species (for Puss and Co., you must understand, were all gentlemen, in spite of their somewhat femininely-sounding titles). Puss, on the fine days, was as anxious for his master to "come into the garden," as if the poet had been a leporine Maud—would drum impatiently on his knee, and even pull him by the skirts of his coat, till he had fairly got him out of the house.

A hare of a very different colour was old Tiney, described in his epitaph as "The earliest of his kind,"

whom no acts of kindness could civilize. Him, too, the poet nursed through a serious illness. What did old Tiney care? He was not to be cajoled out of his native sulks by a paltry attention of that kind. If his benefactor took the liberty to stroke him, "he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite." An amiable hare, Tiney! We opine that had he formed one of any zoological collection under our control, he would have been brought into contact with forcement and currant jelly at a much earlier stage of his existence than the date of his actual demise. There appear to have been numerous points, however, about Tiney. Cowper describes him as "very entertaining in his way: even his surliness was matter of mirth, and, in his play, he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion." A facetious old hare, doubtless! But, as a matter of private opinion, we are inclined to think that a little juggling would have vastly improved him.

Bess was the low comedian and acrobat of the company—"a hare of great humour and drollery." Puss, as we have seen, was tamed by kindness. Tiney refused to be tamed at all (a shameful, incorrigible old hare, that Tiney!) But Bess "had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning." The poet used to treat his pets to a

"carpet dance" in the lonely evenings, on which occasions, "Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless" (fancy this of a hare!), "was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party." In these Talking-Fish and Singing-Mouse days Bess might have secured a handsome engagement from any enterprising Barnum.

Bess, we are sorry to say, was cut off in the prime of life by the baneful influence of a damp bed, but not until he had covered himself with undying glory by administering an awful thrashing to an over-familiar cat.

Tiney grunted and grumbled on to the respectable age of nine. Puss survived the old curmudgeon by two years, solacing his declining days with the friendship of a spaniel named Marquis, whom Puss took under his dignified patronage, and who "toadied" Puss like a very parasite and a Boswell as he was.

## GRISELDA:

### A CITY LEGEND.

A WOMAN who bore the name of Griselda lived once in the midst of a very populous and busy town. The best days of her life were over, and though the infirmities of age had not yet crept upon her, the time of her youth was very far off—so far, that to look back upon it seemed like trying to remember a forgotten dream. Her life had not been a very happy one; at one time unkindness had oppressed it, at another slander had breathed upon it. Once when she thought she had found something that would brighten earth into a paradise, that very thing failed and disappointed her, leaving her only more lonely and wretched than before. But now all these things belonged to the past, and she seldom thought of them. She was poor, and the daily struggle for existence in that crowded city took up all her thoughts and attention. She was not hard-hearted or selfish, but the never-ending round of small cares that oppressed her naturally tended to centre all her thoughts upon herself. She was lonely, and her sympathies being seldom called forth, grew in consequence

cold and sluggish; thus she was little liked among her noisy, bustling neighbours, with whom, indeed, she had nothing in common.

One evening, when she was crooning over the remains of a scanty fire, such as her poverty could afford, the very unusual circumstance of a loud double knock at her door made her start up in great haste, with a vague foreboding of some disaster. It was, however, only the postman, the first visit from that functionary that she had received for many years, for no friends, and scarcely any relatives, remained to her. A large letter, heavily bordered with black, was handed to her, and the postman was gone in a moment, before she could find time to express her doubts about the letter being actually for her. Seeing that he was really gone, she first tried to decipher the address by the faint light that lingered out of doors, but finding this to be impossible, she retreated to her hearth, and tried to fan the expiring embers into a flame. Presently a bright tongue of fire leaped up and burned steadily, and Griselda held the letter low down, and looked at the direction. It was for her—there could be no possible doubt about that—and the writing was strange and unfamiliar to her; she remembered, however, that this latter circumstance was not surprising, since she could not recall the handwriting of any single individual among those she had once known. Having now guessed and pondered for a considerable time, she proceeded to break the seal, and read the contents of the letter. It informed her of the death of a distant relative, with whom she had lived for a short time, and who had bequeathed to her—a large fortune? No, indeed, but a sum of money, trifling in itself, but really like a large fortune to her, compared with her expenditure, and with her previous earnings.

Griselda read the letter over and over again, to convince herself that it could not possibly bear any other interpretation, and finally laid it on the table, spread wide open, and walked up and down for some time, trying to realize the change in her fortunes, and to work out the results in her imagination. First, she need not

work any more; or, if the chain of habit pressed upon her, she need not work longer than she liked; then she was no longer bound to exercise such rigid economy in matters of ordinary comfort; then she could have—what could she have? what could she buy? Ah! poor Griselda, her desires were not very large; the famous wishing cap of the old story would not have been of much use to her, for all those grand things that it brought to its fortunate wearer would have been out of place in her possession; fine carriages and horses would have given her no pleasure she could never have persuaded herself to make use of them, feeling her own utter unsuitableness to, and contrast with, such gorgeous belongings; beautiful jewels and dresses would have only made her look more old and withered than she was. A friend—ah! but money could not buy that, and if it could—if the wishing cap were really hers—what would be the use of wishing for friends? Could she amuse and entertain them? No. If they loved her, could she love them again? No, she thought not. Her power of loving had been dulled and deadened; she did not care much for any one now, and she did not particularly wish any one to care for her. Finally, her vague desires settled down into a very reasonable and commonplace centre—she should like, she would buy, a black silk gown. She would buy it at an expensive shop, where only ladies generally dealt, and it should be of thick, substantial silk, and it should have flounces, and be trimmed with rich, and grave, and decorous black velvet. She would wear it on Sundays, and pin it up very carefully all the week. This was the result of her meditations that night; and, having arrived at so satisfactory a conclusion, she went to bed.

The next morning she awoke early, with a sense of having some great thing on her mind. She could not at first well recollect what it was, but on looking round the room she saw the letter still lying open on the table, and she hastily read it again and yet again. Then rising with a new sense of dignity and importance, and wondering what the "Row" would say when it heard of her good



fortune (which, indeed, she would tell her neighbours was nothing wonderful, considering her connections), she proceeded to light the fire and prepare her breakfast, and then to dust and arrange her room. These little matters somehow tired her now more than they had usually done; stooping made her back ache, looking up for cobwebs made her giddy, the fire was refractory and would not light, the kettle was mutinous and declined to boil. Suddenly a thought struck her; she remembered a mode of reasonable and profitable expenditure that had not before occurred to her; she would save herself all this trouble and labour—she would hire a servant to live with her and to do her work.

So Griselda, having decided that it was not good for her to be alone, and feeling that she was now no longer obliged to toil all day at her accustomed work, sallied forth among her neighbours, partly to hint at her change of fortune, and partly to find and secure the services of a handmaiden. We can easily excuse her for being a little grand and vague in her account of the information she had received, and for enjoying, more than she had enjoyed anything for a long time, the surprise, and perhaps envy, of her listeners. All this was very natural. That day was, upon the whole, one of the pleasantest she had spent for years, and it resulted in an agreement on her part to take "on trial" a little maiden of sixteen—Rose by name, and exceedingly merry and light-hearted by nature—as her attendant and general servant.

Ah, how strange a contrast did this new presence make in Griselda's old and poverty-stricken dwelling! for the furniture, like herself, belonged to a past era, and was falling fast into decay. It was as if a ray of sunlight had fallen suddenly into a grave, mocking with its brightness the gloom and desolation upon which it rested. Thus it happened that Griselda, instead of being infected by Rose's gaiety, strove to tone her down to the level of her surroundings, and this ill-matched maid and mistress were perpetually tormenting each other.

For Rose was silly and extravagant—

so said Griselda, given to vain adornments, and fond of pleasure—not satisfied to stay quietly at home month after month, but liking to gad about and mingle with the world. She was careless, moreover, and forgetful in household matters, and, worst of all, she wanted to be married! This was a kind of climax in which Griselda's reflections on this fertile subject generally ended. What could the girl possibly want with a lover? Did she not know when she was well off, that she must be bringing the cares of life upon herself faster than Providence was sending them? And Griselda groaned over the perversity of the human race in general, and of Rose in particular.

Now it happened one winter afternoon, when Griselda had been even more annoyed than usual at the utter want of similarity between her own tastes and views and those of her new inmate, that she went out into the streets and thoroughfares of the city to see if she could walk off her disquietude; and on one of the broad and crowded pavements she saw a little child, very scantily dressed, and ill-protected from the cold, quite alone, and weeping bitterly. The passers-by took no notice of the little one; they hurried on, absorbed in their own business or pleasures, and it continued to cry and to shiver with cold. Griselda first looked up and down to see to whom it belonged, for it seemed too young to be left thus wandering about by itself; but she saw no one who could possibly be supposed to have the care of it. Seeing a neighbour of her own close by, she stopped the woman, and pointing to the little child, asked if she did not think it very cruel to leave such a baby alone in the street. "I see no child," said the woman, and she hurried on to make her Christmas purchases, for the great bell of the town had tolled two o'clock some time before, and to-morrow would be Christmas-day. Griselda wondered somewhat, but she had now reached the spot where the little child was standing, crying still, and she could not make up her mind to pass it by. You see there was a tender place in that dry old heart of hers that had survived the general

wreck. So she stooped down and asked why it cried. "I am cold," said the child—"very, very cold." And Griselda saw that its skin was unnaturally white, like that of a person who has been seized by the frost. She began to wish she had any spare garments on that she could take off out of doors, and feared she had not. She wore, as it was a festival, the rich black silk gown that she had promised herself months ago, and bought afterwards with much satisfaction; and she saw, or thought she saw, the little child look up at the warm velvet trimming which, according to the fashion of that time, fell in large folds to the waist. She could tear that off easily—it was stitched lightly to the silk—but what a pity that would be! It would be spoiled for ever, most likely, if she creased it by wrapping the child in its glossy folds. As she hesitated the great bell tolled three. "I shall not be here many hours," said the child; and Griselda, understanding it to mean that it would die of cold, paused no longer, but yielded to the impulse that prompted her to tear off the velvet and wrap it round the child. Then it looked up at her and smiled, and as it did so she thought, she did not know why, of beautiful pictures over the altars of churches, representing cherub faces and infant Christs; and it put its little hand into hers, and said, "I will go home with you to your house." Now some may think it strange that Griselda, instead of being angry at the boldness of the child, and thinking that it pre-stated upon her kindness, was pleased at the thought of taking it home with her, and providing for it, at least for the present; but so it was; for, by some law in our nature, we love those whom we have helped, and are ready to make fresh sacrifices for those who have already cost us trouble and self-denial, just as, on the other hand, bad people hate those whom they have injured, and pursue them more relentlessly on that very account.

And Griselda took the little one home, and warmed and sheltered it upon her own hearth, being aided in this charitable work by Rose, whose kind little

heart yearned with the instincts, perhaps, of future motherhood over this forsaken child, as they imagined it to be. But whenever the great bell tolled the child said again, "I have not long to stay," and they noticed with wonder, when candles were lighted in all the opposite houses, that their room was still light; and so the Christmas candles, that stood ready upon the mantel-shelf, were not taken down and lighted.

And that night, according to the custom of their town, they sat up till twelve o'clock, waiting for the Christmas morning to bless their home; and as they talked about the star that shone upon the watchful shepherds so many years ago, the little child began to talk too, and told them how it guided grave and hoary sages across trackless wastes and lonely mountains to the little town of Bethlehem. And they listened and wondered. But the great bell tolled eleven, and the child stopped, and said, "One hour more."

The last hour passed very quickly. Griselda busied herself in preparing with her own hands a little bed for the child, pausing every now and then to listen to its pretty talk. One thing gave the good dame some uneasiness—the child would not part with that precious piece of velvet that was still wrapped round its shoulders, apparently quite uninjured by the new use to which it was applied, but most pertinaciously retained by its wearer. In vain did Griselda, glancing woefully at her bare and untrimmed dress, endeavour to regain possession of this valuable adornment; in vain did she represent that the room was already too warm, and that such a wrap as this was superfluous, or offer to exchange it for another; the child only smiled at her. I do not know what logic there could have been in that smile, but it always silenced her for the time.

The great bell tolled twelve, and the moment the last stroke had ceased to sound, all the bells of the different churches began to ring in the Christmas morning, answering each other from various parts of the town. The two women had been expecting this, and they had both risen and gone to the window

to hear better. In about a quarter of an hour the bells ceased, and all was still again, when they turned round, and lo! the chair on which the little child had been sitting was unoccupied, and they were alone. They looked at each other with a stare of utter amazement, Rose being the first to recover the use of her tongue.

"It was the Christ-child," said she, "the angel that at Christmas time takes the guise of a little child, and making himself visible only to a few, supplicates for warmth and shelter to try their hearts. Blessed are they who succour Him in love and pity, and thus win from heaven some special mercy."

Griselda sat for some time silent with astonishment; then, as a thought struck her, she exclaimed with sudden dolefulness—

"Oh, my piece of velvet!"

"Is that really gone too?" asked Rose. "Let us look about for it." They searched the room, but with no success; the velvet had disappeared with the child.

"He has taken it with him," said Rose joyfully.

"You seem pleased with my loss," said Griselda, who was by no means so contented with the circumstance.

"Oh! mistress," answered the girl, "blessed are they from whom the Christ-child accepts an offering."

"Ten and sixpence a yard," said Griselda.

"It shall be repaid them a hundred-fold," added Rose.

"The ribbon on it was worth that," said Griselda, who did not hear her distinctly.

"And you really regret this token being accepted to witness for you in the other world?" asked Rose.

"Well, it's not much use to regret it now," answered Griselda. "After all, he was welcome to it, pretty dear, and if I saw him shivering in the cold I should do it again."

Rose groaned at her practical and matter-of-fact mistress, but said nothing more. She would have been only too glad to have given all her best treasures to the

supernatural visitant, and she did not understand how it was that Griselda was so insensible to the honour conferred on her, merely because the article taken from her had cost so much. Griselda was old and Rose was young—that was just the difference; moreover, Griselda had been taught in the bitter school of want, and she clung now to outward and tangible blessings as to the chiefest good.

The natural kindness of her disposition had been much roused and strengthened by the incident just recorded, and she often looked at the poor neglected children in the street, wishing that she could help them: not one of them, however, looked in the least like the mysterious child of Christmas-eve.

One evening early in the spring, when the days were growing long, and the sharp northerly winds were blowing perpetually, Griselda, on returning from a walk, found a heap of something white lying across her door-step. The light was fading, and her eyes were not very good, so that she had to call Rose before she could ascertain what it was. That blooming damsel having knelt down beside it, soon pronounced it to be a human being, all huddled together, and either asleep or insensible. "She looks worn and ill," added Rose, "and scarcely seems to have life in her."

"Try to get her into our warm room," said Griselda, "and let us see what we can do for her." Rose willingly obeyed.

The object of their compassion proved to be a young girl, about sixteen or seventeen years old, very poorly dressed, and, from some cause or other, so much numbed and stupefied, that she scarcely had the right use of any of her faculties. Her face, which was decidedly pretty, seemed to be familiar to Griselda, who could scarcely keep from staring at her, so certain was she that she remembered the features—not vaguely, as we remember things we have dreamed of, but in reality, as if certain places and events were recalled as in some way connected with her. These places and events, however, belonged entirely to the past, and Griselda often told herself that the girl could not by any possibility have

been born at the period to which her thoughts were always directed when she looked at her, adding that she was an old fool, and that she wondered what she meant by it. The girl revived sufficiently to tell them that she was an orphan and a stranger, and belonged to no one; that she had been ill a long time, and often near death; and that she begged them to shelter her yet a little longer, till she was better able to provide for herself. Griselda complied with a readiness that astonished Rose, who had seldom seen her take so great an interest in any one as in this stranger, and she would sit beside her for hours together, sometimes looking at her without seeing her, and seeming to see *through* her into some far-off region. Once she went up to the looking-glass, and attentively examined the reflection of her features. Rose, entering the room at that moment, said, "I have been thinking, ma'am, that you are very much like the stranger downstairs."

"Nonsense, child," said Griselda, "don't flatter an old woman like that." But she had been thinking that very thing herself.

Spring bloomed into summer, and still the stranger lingered with Griselda. She was very quiet and spoke little, but with her presence a change had fallen on the two inmates of the house. Rose observed with astonishment that her mistress no longer blamed her for her love of gay clothes, or if even she did say a word now upon that subject, some gentle saying from the stranger stopped her directly. It was the same with other matters about which they had formerly quarrelled; thus, when Rose, after finishing her work, would ask leave to go out into the town and look at the shops and the people, and some angry remark about her fondness for gadding abroad would rise to Griselda's lips, the stranger would say something about the pleasant lamp-lit walks in some other town, on the shore of the restless sea; then Griselda, after listening for a moment, with a strange dimness in her eyes, would quietly give Rose the desired permission. And when sometimes a hesitating tap at the door

made Rose start, and glance doubtfully at her mistress before she ventured to open it, and Griselda would prepare some acrid speech about the foolish encouragement given by Rose to a lover too poor to marry her, then would the stranger, speaking lower than before, whisper something that sent a thrill of newly-roused remembrance straight to Griselda's heart; and she would rise herself, and lift the latch, and welcome Rose's suitor, and her voice would sound strange to Rose, softer and less steady than usual. It was only natural that such a change in her should bring about a corresponding change in her little handmaiden, who now never gave a saucy answer or an indignant look. Some strange and unknown cause had bent these hearts towards each other, giving them what they had lacked before—sympathy. The stranger grew strong and well, and a new bloom came into her cheeks, and a new light into her eyes, while these changes were silently taking place in the little dwelling that had received her; and still, if any of the neighbours came within the door, their eyes would wander from her face to Griselda's, tracing out a likeness that grew more apparent between the young face and the old one. And a thought shaped itself in the mind of Rose, and as she watched and listened day by day she knew that she was not mistaken, and that the Christ-child had sent a blessing to Griselda, in return for the poor offering wrung from her half-reluctant compassion.

Coming down-stairs one bright morning in the summer, she was not surprised to see that the stranger's place was vacant. "Her work is done," she thought, "and she has returned whence she came." Griselda, perhaps, had the same thought, but she too was silent. But it happened, some time afterwards, that the tower of the grey old church beside their house shook out a joyous peal of marriage bells, and that Rose, wearing a white veil and crowned with the bridal wreath, left the home of her mistress for one of her own; and among the good wishes uttered by Griselda was one that she, too, in this new dwelling, might find favour with the

Christ-child: "For those whom he blesseth are blessed," she added in a low voice.

"I knew it long ago," said Rose eagerly "I guessed it almost from the first. The guest who lingered with us, and was as one of us for a time, brought you back your youth, your first warmth of feeling, your first belief in goodness, your first sympathy with innocent gaiety—all that you had lost in the long struggle of life."

"Even so," answered Griselda; "it was my youth that came to me again. To lose it is the sorest loss—it is to lose paradise over again. I lost it in a long and bitter conflict with want and poverty, and now that the Christ-child has sent it back to me, I know that even the ready sorrow and over-sensitiveness of youth are better than the hard indifference of age."

And be sure, dear children, when you see persons advancing in life, but preserving the cheerfulness and trustingspirit and hopefulness of their youth—be sure, I say, that such as these have found favour with the Christ-child, and that he has kept their youth fresh and unsullied in their hearts, or has returned it to them, if at any time they lost it on the battleplain of life. Doubt not that such are blessed, and of the number of those who shall as little children enter the kingdom of heaven.

## THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER.

### A SEA SKETCH.

"LAND O!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"Very well. Lay down."

"That is Cape Blanco, I take it, Mr. Muller," said Captain John Wilson to his mate.

"Yes, sir; from yesterday's observation, we must be well to windward. The *Belle* has not done much since the mid-watch. We'll be late in getting into port, I'm afraid."

"It will take us until nightfall with this breeze, Mr. Muller, and the land-breeze will then be blowing a perfect hurricane. Get up the chains, if you please, and have the anchors on the bows."

"Ay, ay, sir." And the mate went forward.

Such was the dialogue between Captain Wilson and his mate, on board the good ship the *Belle*, then bound to Payta (Peru) with merchandise.

We were sailing pleasantly along, at the rate, possibly, of six miles in the hour. The ship rose and pitched very lazily with the low swell; and as my hammock swung with every motion (I had been confined to it for weeks), I could see the peculiar "golden haziness" which always hangs over the land when you are making an approach from the west in the earlier hours of the morning. There is a very expressive word for the appearance among sailors; but an elderly gentleman's memory may be forgiven some small shortcomings.

Captain Wilson had been in the habit for several days—while I was slowly recovering from a violent fever—of having my hammock slung upon the poop-deck. On the morning of the day which commences my story, the decks were not yet dry from the morning scrubbing, when I climbed wearily on deck, with the assistance of the second mate and Ben the steward, and lay down in my hammock. As we stood in for the land, I could catch occasional glimpses of its outlines; and when we had passed Payta Head, there came deliciously to me an odour of the land. I remember that, in the girl-like weakness of my exhausted energies, the hot tears rolled down my cheeks as I murmured—

"Thank God! I shall live to set foot on land!"

As we approached Payta, the fresh land-breeze increased our speed to ten knots; and, just at nightfall, as Captain Wilson had anticipated, we came to anchor. During the last few tacks that we made in beating up nearer the town, the land-breeze had freshened to almost a gale. We were only showing whole top-sails, jib, and main-top gallant-sails; and even with that amount of canvas there was a clatter of ropes and blocks, and a *slatting* of sails, as the top-sails were clewed up, that rendered it almost impossible to hear the loudest order. The holding-ground at

Payta is excellent; and our scope of seventy fathoms on the smaller cable held the *Belle* to her moorings.

We were to remain but four days; and Captain Wilson urged me to remain for the next two months under the care of the physician to the consulate. Accordingly, I was carried ashore the next morning, and placed under the protection of old Pilar, who dignified his doggery of a house with the title of hotel. He was a Frenchman. He had married a Spanish-American lady some years before; a good-looking woman, with large, liquid eyes, that I had a wonderful fancy for gazing into; to whose care I probably owe it that I was not gathered, years ago, into the sheaves of the Grim Reaper.

The front apartment on the first-floor was a bar-room. Old Pilar had several other invalids under his care. Indeed, I believe the consul gave him the preference in that regard, as several men were added to our number during the short period of my sojourn.

He had, also, a little boy, who answered to the name of Whong (Juan), and who so far took a fancy to me as to provide me with many a coveted delicacy, for the want of which, so far as old Pilar's attentions were concerned, I might have gone to my last home.

Oh, how wearily the weeks dragged their hours away in that Spanish hovel! My sick-couch was an old settee. No one thought of retiring before midnight; for two hours of the morning, and the time from nightfall until midnight, were the only endurable portions of the whole twenty-four hours; and then, as soon as we laid our heads upon our pillows (mine was my monkey-jacket), the fleas carried the war into Africa. Groans and imprecations followed their ravenous onset; and there were few hours of the night in which I could not hear some gruff old sea-dog anathematizing the fleas. As the night waned, however, the enemy drew off their forces; and we slept the sleep of the weary.

We breakfasted at ten. The coffee—bah! let it pass. The principal dish was a huge omelet, consisting of eggs, onions, beef, vegetables—what not? and this,

with a very palatable roll of baker's bread, was our bill of fare. We had no water, except such as was brought in casks, on the backs of mules, from some place leagues away. It was warm, muddy, brackish; and, but for a cup of tea with our four o'clock dinner, I must have died of thirst.

During the third week of my sojourn, old Pilar announced to us that we had best "bug up a little," as the consul was about to pay us a visit. We complied with the suggestion, and had but just completed our toilet, when his arrival was announced.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed old Pilar, in the tones of alarm, (his usual Spanish epithets were always exchanged for the native French when he was excited), "de consul 'ave bring de ladies. Caramba!"

Even so. Following the consul, and a grey-haired gentleman who accompanied him, were two ladies; one, as I thought, most unmistakably the consul's wife; the other, I conjectured, the old gentleman's daughter. The consul made some general inquiries, as a matter of form; but his aged companion, as well as the ladies, looked from one to another of the invalids, with an expression of genuine kindness that I can never forget. The old gentleman was drawn aside by the consul to look at old Pilar's temple-like bird-cage, which hung in the balcony; while the ladies lingered and questioned us as to our improvement. The younger said nothing. She was a fair-haired, beautiful girl of seventeen, with blue eyes that peered timidly forth from a mass of curls, that fell from the slight restraint of a rich ribosa; and, as her eye met my own, I silently promised myself that, if human energy could accomplish it, she should be mine. They left us.

It was wonderful how I recovered. I gained new strength every day. I made the necessary inquiries of old Pilar, with the proper degree of caution, and learned that the old gentleman was Mr. Bathurst, the incumbent of the consulate many years before, and, for a long period, a resident of Payta. The young lady, he added, was his daughter; and both were about to embark for the United States.

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"In what vessel?"

"In that barque—the *Angelina*," and he pointed to a vessel, at whose peak the French ensign was flying.

"When does she sail?"

"Next Monday."

"Thank you."

"Pas de tout, Monsieur."

It was but a few evenings afterwards that I was passing the residence of the captain of the port; an important dignitary, by-the-by, in all the Spanish-American ports. He was holding a fandango. A violin, a clarionet, and a tenor-drum were the instruments used; and these were accompanied by singers in the nasal, minor tones of Spanish music. Of course there was a great deal of noise, to say nothing of the music. The door was open, and several sailors were standing around it, some of them very manifestly intoxicated. I paused a moment, and looked in. And there, dancing with a handsome Peruvian officer, was Miss Bathurst. It was late. The dance ceased. My charmer first left the room, accompanied by her father, who, I thought, seemed to be little pleased with the attentions of the young officer. He had left the door, when his host, the captain of the port, recalled him.

"Amigo mio!"

"Senor!"

Mr. Bathurst turned towards the house, leaving his daughter standing a few paces from the door, and saying to her—

"Stay here a single moment. I won't go in."

He went, accordingly, to the door, and was speaking in a low tone, when suddenly a drunken sailor approached the fair girl, and said—

"I say, sweetie! (hiccup!) shan't I (hic!) see ye home?"

He was in the act of seizing her arm, when I sprang forward, and, dealing him a blow that sent him reeling into the gutter, I turned towards the trembling girl, to assure her of her perfect safety, when I met the alarmed father face to face.

"Death, sir! what are you doing here?"

"Protecting your daughter from insult,

sir," I replied; and, turning on my heel, I sought my lodgings. The old gentleman called the next day at old Pilar's, apologized, thanked me, made proffer of his services "in any way," and ended by saying that it would afford him great pleasure to see me at his residence, but for the fact that he was busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements for sailing, on the following Monday, for the United States. I am afraid I did not receive his civilities with the best grace in the world; for, although he seemed a very benevolent, urbane old gentleman, he gave his shoulders the slightest possible shrug as he left me, as if he would have said—"Queer fellow, that. Can't approach him."

I went that very day to the consul, who very kindly waited on the captain of the *Angelina*, and secured my passage to Valparaiso, where, he said, we should be obliged to procure a passage in some American homeward-bound vessel. The day arrived. I had been half an hour on board, when Mr. Bathurst and his daughter came alongside in the government barge, under the personal escort of the captain of the port. I now discovered that that functionary was a sailor, for he worked the *Angelina* gallantly out of the harbour. At length, he laid the main topsail to the mast, got on board his beautiful barge, and left us.

For many days we sailed, close-hauled southward and westward. On that coast it never rains, and the air is so dry and clear that a ship seems like a thing of enchantment as she glides quietly along in the sunshine and the deep blue of the Pacific. We were well-nigh three weeks out when we passed Juan Fernandez, and as we were becalmed within three miles of it, it was decided that we should go on shore. So far, there had been little intercourse between the other passengers and myself. The occurrences at Payta caused a feeling of awkwardness that kept me aloof from them. On that day, however, the excitement of a jaunt on classic ground banished all reserve.

It is exceedingly difficult to land at Juan Fernandez. We had a crew, however, that was accustomed to land in the

surf, and no danger was apprehended. We reckoned without our host; for, in urging the jolly-boat towards the shore, on the back of an enormous swell, an oar broke; and, in the confusion, she capsized. I was sitting by the side of Miss Bathurst. The wave was receding; and, as I fell, I very fortunately struck the bottom near a sharp spur of a mass of rocks. I grasped the arm of the fair girl, and clutching a point of the rock, I succeeded in getting a safe footing just in time to catch her in my arms and bear her to the shore. As it was, the swell reached my knees as it broke furiously upon the beach. Captain Dubois had not been idle, and with the assistance of his men, he had borne the old gentleman safely to land, and secured the boat and oars. Mr. Bathurst was considerably bruised; and, in our drenched condition, it was desirable to return at once to the ship. The mate had seen our mishap, and sent us a boat. By the direction of the captain she lay at a short distance from the shore. A warp was thrown to us; and by her assistance we succeeded in getting safely through the surf. In a few minutes we were again on shipboard.

With a fresh breeze from the southwest we shaped our course for Coquimbo, at which port the *Angelina* was to discharge some two hundred tons of salt. There we were so fortunate as to find the good ship *Chili*, of Boston, Knowles, master, in which we obtained a passage home. I will not dwell upon the incidents of the passage. Enough to say, that we had a pleasant run of one hundred and four days to Cape Cod. It was near nightfall when we passed the cape. The wind being from the south-west, we hugged the southern shore, and two hours later took a pilot. The wind grew light and baffling. We bore away with the intention of going to leeward of "The Graves;" a reef on which I have, since that time, narrowly escaped shipwreck. We were quite near the reef, when suddenly the wind changed to the north-east. I was at that moment on the top-gallant fore-castle; a few moments before I had been conversing in low tones with Julia Bathurst. We spoke of the past.

I ventured to say, for all reserve had long since been banished, that I hoped our intimacy was not to end with the voyage.

"Surely not," was the reply; and she spoke of the obligations she had incurred in the earlier stage of our acquaintance. I know not what I said in reply, for I was in a flutter of excitement, but I have a tolerably distinct recollection that Julia dropped her eyes very suddenly to the deck, the seams of which she seemed to be making the subject of a philosophical investigation, while she picked the whipping from the end of the signal halyards, with the very prettiest of all pretty fingers. We were interrupted, and with a light heart I went forward.

As the squall, with which the wind changed, struck the ship, the spanker-boom flew fiercely to starboard, prostrating Captain Knowles, Mr. Bathurst, and the mate to the deck. All were so much injured that they were incapable of giving any assistance in the management of the ship. The second mate was so much frightened that he stood irresolute. We were going rapidly astern, directly towards the rocks, on which the surf was breaking in snow-white sheets with a deafening roar, and a glance showed me that a moment's delay would be fatal.

"Hard a-port! Down with your helm! Hard down!" I shouted, at the top of my voice; and I sprang to the wheel, and aided the man in shifting it. It saved the ship. She grazed the rock as she made a stern board. The second mate ordered the men to the braces; the ship was speedily got out of irons; and we bore away for Long Island light. At midnight we anchored.

A flattering letter from the owners of the ship, with the proffer of the berth of first officer on board the *Chili* for her next voyage, was my reward. I entered at once on my new duties. A conversation with Julia, on the day before we sailed, gave me no grounds for despair. The next voyage, I took the weather side of the quarter-deck; and, on my return, Miss Julia Bathurst very obligingly exchanged her maiden name for that of— Bless me, good reader, I had almost made you my father confessor.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A BATCH OF THOUGHTS.

- I *THINK* that some whom conscience curbs but lightly  
     Go fast ahead;  
 I think that all she guides and governs rightly  
     More surely tread.  
 I think, where knees are bent too low to Mammon,  
     Brows quickly crease;  
 I think the glittering bait which hooks the salmon,  
     No lure for peace.  
 I think life's lamp burns longer and more brightly,  
     Fed with fresh air;  
 I think a dormitory closed up nightly  
     Disease's lair.  
 I think their righteous due a rod of holly  
     Who *love* disparage;  
 I think the ugliest monument of Folly  
     A sordid marriage.  
 I think, the sufferers from many a union  
     Had "friends" to "guide" them;  
 I think, where souls unite in pure communion,  
     None should divide them.  
 I think there's only true respectability  
     Where Virtue rules;  
 I think mean homage to corrupt gentility  
     A badge of fools.  
 I think life's joys less partially divided  
     Than many ween;  
 I think externals ever have misguided—  
     Hearts are not seen.  
 I think the most of trouble men are mowing  
     Themselves have sown;  
 I think, could all but recognize the *sowing*,  
     This would be known.  
 I think an objectless existence issues  
     In countless ills;  
 I think 'tis more destructive of the tissues  
     Than quackery's pills.

CARACTACUS.

## TO THE SNOWDROP.

Fair herald of the spring,  
 So frail, and ever drooping  
 Thy snowy head in maiden bashfulness,  
 Fearing should passer-by  
 Thy loveliness descry,  
 And snatch thee from thy mother's tender  
     whitfulness!  
 Child of the wintry earth,  
 Frost and snow proclaim thy birth,  
 And stormy winds moan forth thy lullaby.  
 In weakness is thy strength;  
 And when at length  
 Deeply thou bend'st thy head; the storm  
     sweeps by.  
 Fain would I learn of thee,  
 Flower of humility,  
 Thy modest charms of sweet, attractive grace,  
 And 'mid the storm and strife  
 That attend this mortal life,  
 Patiently endure—a Father's hand still trace.

EVERGREEN.

## A TIME TO DIE.

WHEN is the time to die?  
 Is it in childhood, when the heart  
 Knows nought of anxious care, nor feels a smart,  
 Save from some trifling sorrow, which, like April's  
     rain,  
 Scarcely is felt ere it is dried again,  
 And when with thoughts of bliss to come the  
     pulse beats high?  
 Oh, 'tis not surely *then* the time to die!  
 When is the time to die?  
 Is it in youth, life's spring time, when we weave  
 With joy earth's fairest garlands, nor believe  
 E'en for a moment there can be alloy  
 To cloud our prospects or to damp our joy;  
 When no grief corrodes the bosom, and no sorrow  
     dims the eye?  
 Oh, 'tis not surely *then* the time to die!  
 When is the time to die?  
 Behold that mother, and around her see  
 Her group of little ones, her infant on her knee,  
 Each envying with unaffected pride  
 The one who nestles closest to her side!  
 Oh, ask *her* but the question, *she* with anguish  
     will reply,  
 That 'tis not *then* for *her* the time to die.  
 And yet how oft we're taught the solemn truth  
 That blooming childhood fades away—even youth  
 With all its loveliness is soon removed,  
 And the fond parent, though so much beloved!  
 Then let us learn the lesson taught, and on it still  
     rely,  
 The time that God appoints is best—that is the  
     time to die.—ALICIA.

## UNITED.

THINE for ever! be our pathway  
 Choked with thorns or deck'd with flowers  
 When with joys and when with trials  
 Heaven our life-linked spirits dowers.  
 THINE for ever! be our journey  
 Bleak or balmy, smooth or rough;  
 Aye content whate'er befall us—  
 Love returned is bliss enough!  
 Precious *love*-bond! Let the sordid  
 Scheme, and cringe, and lie, for gold;  
 Let the vain, the feeble-minded,  
 Pant for adulation cold:  
 Did they dream what joy excelling  
     Faithful hearts united know,  
 Ah! for such how freely, gladly,  
 Might they all beside forego!  
 Blessed *life*-bond! Heaven-reliant  
 Love excludes each earth-born fear!  
 Foes' attacks and friends' desertion  
 Kindred souls but more endear:  
 Joined in holy, fond communion,  
 What care we for adverse powers?  
 Armed to overcome the sternest,  
 What condition equals ours?  
 Grateful prospect! He, "our Father,"  
 Who with manna Israel fed,  
 If we, labouring, seek his blessing,  
 Will insure our "daily bread";  
 Thorns to us shall all be blunted,  
 Clouds their silver sides reveal,  
 LOVE and FAITH—our guardian angels—  
 Working out our life-long weal!

E. SAMUEL.



RUTH'S PITY.

### RUTH AND HER PET; OR, THE BLACK CHICKEN.

LITTLE Ruth had a great love for animals, and was so tender-hearted that she could not help crying when she saw a carter brutally beating his horses, or a sportsman chastising his dog. More than once she had spent all the money she had in buying birds, which cruel, mischievous boys had caught in a trap and put in a cage. It troubled her so much to see the poor affrighted things fluttering their wings, and beating their pretty heads against the bars of their prison, that, as soon as they were in her possession, she hastened to open the door of the cage, and watched with delight the released captives take wing to a neighbouring wood, from whence they would pour forth their gladdest songs, as if to thank her for having restored them to their liberty. If her parents would only have allowed her, she would have turned the house into a hospital for all the sick animals in the neighbourhood; for there was nothing she better liked than to pet and nurse any poor creature that had met with an accident.

But her mother did not gratify this fancy of hers. "We are not rich," said

she; "and another mouth to feed is an additional expense."

One day Ruth came to her mother, carefully holding something in her hands. "Guess, mother, what I have got here."

MOTHER.—I can't say; perhaps a cake.

RUTH.—No; it's not that.

MOTHER.—Then it's some fruit.

RUTH.—Oh no! you're very wide of the mark.



THE CRUEL GIRL.

MOTHER.—Oh, I see it moves! I think it must be a mouse.

RUTH.—Oh no! it's something better than that.

MOTHER.—I hear a chirping; it must be a bird.

RUTH.—Not exactly a bird, or, at least, not a little bird that flies; but look—the sweetest tiny black chicken you ever saw. It was Barbara Denny who gave it

me. You will let me keep it, won't you, mother?"

MOTHER.—Poor little creature! But you don't consider that it will be much better off, and happier, with the hen.

RUTH.—But it has got no mother; it was hatched by a duck, which is now sitting on her own eggs, so that she cannot look after this chicken. Barbara says she has not time to look after it, and that it will die if I don't take it; and that would be a sad pity, for it is a dear little creature. Oh, mother! you'll let me rear it, won't you?"

MOTHER.—Well, I suppose you must have it; but I warn you this little creature will give you nearly as much trouble as a child. You must always be attending to it—now giving it to eat, now keeping it warm. Are you sure you will have patience enough for this? I know very well that you are fond of animals; but it is one thing to amuse yourself occasionally with them, and another to give all your time and care to them. And this you must make up your mind to do if you wish to keep this chicken; for I tell you plainly that if I hear it often crying and complaining, I shall take it from you, for I have no notion of seeing creatures about me ill-cared for.

RUTH.—Don't be afraid, dear mother; I shall take the greatest care of it, and it will lead an easy life. Oh, how pleased I am! My dear chick, I love you dearly already.

MOTHER.—Take your little covered basket, and put in a handful of these feathers to make it a nest, and then put it near the hearth. It is so young that it requires a good deal of warmth. Very well. Now take this egg, boil it hard, and give the chick part of it, cut up into very small pieces. We shall not always indulge it with such a dainty; but while it is so young we must feed it well.

Ruth was not long in discovering that her mother had not exaggerated when she spoke of the trouble the chick would give her, for certainly the little creature demanded a great amount of attention, and announced its requirements most imperiously. It was seldom contented but when she held it in her hand, the

warmth of which seemed to please it. When she was busy playing or working, it was not always very pleasant to be called off by this impatient little creature clamouring for its frequent meals. Especially of a morning, at break of day, it was hard to be awakened by its impatient cries. Many little girls would have put it in an out-of-the-way room, and, not hearing its cries, would perhaps have forgotten it, and the little creature would have died of hunger. But not so our good little Ruth. She never got out of patience with her dear Chick-chick, and she was as fond of it, and cared for it as much as if it had been her child; so that the creature was not long in becoming attached to her, and followed her about everywhere like a dog. When she sat down Chick-chick jumped on to her lap, then hopped along her arm up to her shoulder, where it would comfortably roost or dress its little feathers, or sometimes even go so far as to peck its young mistress's ear.

One day Aunt Martha came over to propose that Ruth and her parents should accompany her, in her spring cart, the next morning, to spend the day with some distant relatives who lived near Dean Forest. Ruth was delighted at the proposition, for a day's excursion was a great treat to her, and she dearly loved to go with her kind Aunt Martha; but suddenly her face, which had been radiant with joy, became overcast, and presently she burst into tears.

"Oh, my chick, my chick!" cried she. "I cannot leave it all day alone in the house."

AUNT MARTHA.—You can leave it what food it will want.

RUTH.—Oh, aunt! it is too little to look after itself. It must be kept warm; and it will not take the trouble to search for its food. No, no, aunt; I am very much disappointed, but I must stay at home to look after my chick.

"Why, the child is quite absurd with her love for animals," said her father. "She makes herself quite a slave to them. Wife, you must not let her have any more pets."

AUNT MARTHA.—Why not? What

harm is there in loving animals? Are not they God's creatures as well as we? Ruth exercises her patience, perseverance, and goodness of heart in taking care of them. She is yet too young to be capable of doing much good to her equals; but what she is now doing for her animals she will hereafter do for her fellow-creatures. She is faithful in little things, and God will intrust her with great things.

"Sister Martha, you always speak up for your godchild. You quite spoil her."

AUNT MARTHA.—Look, brother; if you had to confide a child to some one, would you not rather intrust it to Ruth, who sacrifices her own pleasure to the welfare of her charge, though that charge be only a chicken, than to Gertrude Bell, who is always ready to give a kick to dog or cat, and would let her mother's poultry starve rather than trouble herself to throw them a handful of grain? Believe me, brother, the child that keeps her bedroom in order, and sees to the comfort of the domestic animals, will hereafter attend to her house and children.

FATHER.—You argue so well, there is no answering you. But say, which is to stay at home, the child or the chicken?

AUNT MARTHA.—Show me this dear chick, Ruth. Oh! it's not very heavy. Could you not carry it with you in a basket?

RUTH.—Oh, aunt, what a good thought! How kind you are! But will mother give leave?

MOTHER.—Yes, so long as you don't trouble us with it.

RUTH.—No, no; I will take sole charge of it.

Next morning the little girl's first care was to wrap up in paper the provision of grain for Chick-chick, and to tidy its basket preparatory to its setting out on its travels. I will not affirm that Chick-chick found the expedition as enjoyable as did Ruth; for if it could have spoken, I think it would have complained of being so long shut up in its basket, and jolted on a hard road.

When they got to their destination Ruth released her little prisoner, much to its satisfaction; and it hopped about the kitchen, chirping with joy. But during

dinner I am sorry to say it did not comport itself very well, causing its indulgent mistress a good deal of trouble by taking great liberties, such as hopping into dishes and plates, getting into every one's way, and soiling its glossy feathers, so that Ruth was obliged to return it to its basket, saying, "Oh, you naughty, troublesome Chick-chick! I expected you to behave much better when you came out visiting; I am afraid everybody will call you a spoilt chicken. I shall be ashamed to bring you out another time." After dinner Aunt Martha proposed a walk in Dean Forest, which was not far from Farmer Martin's house; so they all set forth and rambled about, and then sat down on the mossy turf, at the foot of a fine old oak. Ruth had brought out Chick-chick in its basket; and when they rested she took it out, that it might enjoy itself by running about on the grass, and picking up worms and other insects. Presently she asked her mother if she might go and gather herself a pretty nosegay of anemones, primroses, and wood-sorrel.

"Yes, you may do so," said her mother, "but don't stray too far; and you would do well, before you go, to put your chicken back in its basket, for I cannot be answerable for its safety."

RUTH.—Oh, mother! Chick-chick is so pleased to get out, I think I can leave it a little with you, and I shan't be long gone.

And thus saying, she ran further into the forest, and was speedily so taken up with her nosegay, that for the present she quite forgot Chick-chick. All at once she heard a noise behind her, and turning round, she saw her pet, which had probably been following her for long, though she was too much occupied to notice it. Chick-chick was uttering a cry of distress, and hopping and flying as fast as it could, pursued by a pointer. Before poor Ruth could come to the rescue of her pet, the dog snapped it up and ran off, followed by Ruth, wringing her hands and calling on it to stop. A sportsman, the master of the dog, hearing the noise, called out sharply, "Ponto! what have you got there? How dare you, sir?" Ponto,



THE FIRST EGG.

ashamed of himself, hung his tail between his legs, and dropped the chicken. And oh, how fortunate! it was not killed—it stirred. The gentleman came forward, picked it up, and giving it to Ruth, said, "Here, my little girl! I don't think your chicken is greatly the worse. Ponto has not mauled it much: it's very lucky he did not give it a grip." He was then

about to chastise his dog for its unsportsmanlike trick; but tender-hearted Ruth, who could not bear to see any creature suffer, begged so hard it might not be punished, that its master yielded, saying, "Well, Ponto, you shall get off this time; but never let me catch you again at such tricks."

Ruth, fondling her poor pet, ran back



RESCUE OF THE CHICK-CHICK.

to her parents, and greatly excited, told them of Chick-chick's mischance and narrow escape. She then carefully put it into its basket, where, I think, Chick-chick was not sorry to go, for it was a good deal ruffled, and rather hurt by its late adventure; so that it was glad to stay quiet all the way home.

This chicken, so tenderly reared, grew up into a splendid black Spanish hen; and Chick-chick being no longer an appropriate name, its mistress changed it



RUTH'S POULTRY.

to Partlet; and wherever gentle little Ruth was seen, so sure was Partlet to be close at hand.

One day, when the little girl had been sitting for an hour on a haycock, busy learning a lesson, she saw with surprise

that Partlet, usually so active, sat all this time by her side without stirring. Suddenly, however, the hen got up, and began to "cluck-cluck" with a very self-satisfied air. And what was Ruth's delight to find that she had laid in the hay her first

egg—a large one, and as white as milk! Ruth carried it in triumph to her mother.

"Just look, mother! here's Partlet's first egg. Is it not a fine one? You shall have it for your breakfast to-morrow; the second shall be for father; and the third for Aunt Martha."

Partlet continued for some time to lay an egg every other day; but one morning Ruth came to her mother looking very troubled, and said that she thought her hen must be ill, for it would not leave its nest, and uttered such odd cries.

"Don't alarm yourself, Ruth," said her mother; "there's nothing amiss with Partlet; she only asks to be left alone to hatch her eggs. Go and ask Barbara Denny to let you have a dozen of her finest ones; put them under Partlet, and you'll see how she'll reward you for all your care of her by giving you a fine brood of chickens."

Ruth did as her mother bade her, and very soon Partlet presented her with the chickens, which thrived capitally.

Her mother had part of the yard fitted up for Ruth's poultry, and then said to her, "You know I am not rich enough to keep a girl to look after the poultry-yard, so you must take the entire charge of yours. Here is a provision of grain, which will last you till your brood has grown up, when I shall give you no more; for you must then sell your eggs and chickens, and with the money they produce buy what is sufficient to bring up others."

In all the country round, when people wanted fresh eggs and fine fowls, they came to Ruth, who was noted for the excellence of hers; and so, by degrees, she amassed a very nice little sum. As for Dame Partlet, so long as she lived, she was the queen of the poultry-yard, and reigned supreme in her mistress's affection.

Aunt Martha's prediction came true; for Ruth proved as good a wife and mother of a family as she had shown herself a careful mistress over her poultry and other animals. With them she had served an apprenticeship of vigilance and self-denial, which stood her in good stead through life.

## DIFFICULTIES OF MARRIAGE IN BAVARIA.

I WENT a few days ago to see a peasant's marriage in the village church. To the wedding guests, I should suppose, the ceremony in the church was the least interesting part of the day, but to me it offered greater attractions than the eating, drinking, and dancing, which lasted from eight in the morning till eight at night, with only an hour's interval for the marriage service. Though I say the wedding guests, you must not suppose that the fact of their being invited frees them from expense; they are rather hosts than guests, for the chief costs of the music and food have to be defrayed by their contributions. Every one is expected to give from nine to fourteen shillings as his share of the entertainment, and consequently on this occasion many rich peasants absented themselves for trivial reasons.

The little village church wore an air of unusual importance as the time drew near. Two violins climbed into the organ gallery, accompanied by a chorus. Soon after the wedding party appeared; the men in long coats, almost touching the ground, and adorned with those white metal buttons particularly affectioned by the peasants, as they are often *Zwanzigers*, and enable men to wear their purses upon their coats—an improvement on Iago. The married women wore a black hat made of otter's fur, and costing about thirty-five shillings, in shape and look like a muff sewed up at one end. The unmarried had black peaked hats of the Vandyke order, with a gold cord twisted round. The bride appeared in married costume. Her dress consisted of a long black silk apron, bodice and sleeves in one piece, into which a handkerchief fitted at the top, so as to cover the shoulders and give most opportunity for colour. This is not a bride's usual dress, but its adoption is explained by reasons that unfortunately apply to a great number of Bavarian weddings. The Church does not allow brides who have children already to appear in the white raiment and the wreath that typify virgin innocence. I am told that a peasant who was found guilty of deceiving the Church in this respect, and marrying in the virgin apparel, to which she was not entitled, was fined about twenty pounds.

But we are waiting in the church while the procession enters. The best man, with an air of great importance, which never deserts him from first to last, brings a basket holding two bottles of wine, and gives it to

the sacristan. Then the pair come to the altar; the service is read, and the union is consummated by the priest binding their hands together with two lappets that hang from his shoulders. The mass now begins, with full orchestral accompaniment. The worthy parish priest seems rather puzzled by Gregorian requirements, and intones with an amount of original quavering, pronouncing the words first, and then huddling in the notes, that would scarcely be accepted by amateurs of Catholic Church music. So long as instruments and singers keep together, the effect is creditable; but every now and then a bit of solo breaks in, and ends in a squeak, which has to be drowned by vigorous *ensemble*. After the mass, the sacristan brought out the two bottles of wine; and the whole wedding party passed round behind the altar in rotation, making an offering in a little plate as they went in, and drinking some of the wine when they came out. The bridegroom drank first, then the bride, then all the men, then all the women, and the priest placed the glass to their lips. On leaving the church, the newly-married couple distributed copper pieces among the children of the village; the bride giving to the girls, the bridegroom to the boys.

Such was the marriage ceremony that I witnessed; and I do not describe it merely as a national show, but rather for the purpose of alluding to the marriage laws of Bavaria, and the effect they have on the people. I have already referred casually to the difficulties put in the way of marriage; and many facts have come to my knowledge since I treated the subject. The question is intimately connected with the question of free trade, which has just been debated in the Bavarian Chambers, and ended in a victory of the reactionary party. Allusions were made to the marriage law and the proletariat of illegitimate children produced by it, by some of the speakers; and, in some of the writings on the free-trade question, I find similar references. One pamphleteer defends the restrictions on trade as being restrictions on marriage, and asks, "What would become of towns, if every one in them was allowed to marry? Another, on the opposite side, traces the process of a forbidden marriage, and shows that the only result is the birth of illegitimate children, and that the support of illegitimate children, with the constantly-recurring expenses of applying for permission to marry, costs far more than a legitimate marriage would have cost, besides giving no return whatever for the money. "While I am writing

this," he says, "my servant girl, aged fifteen years, comes in dressed for a feast-day, and says that her father and mother are to be married to-day, so that she must henceforth be called by her father's name. Twelve times her father's application for licence to marry was rejected, and each time he had to pay fees for lawyers, &c., &c. I told you in a former letter of a couple who tried to get married in vain for fifteen years, and spent in that time 200 florins on their applications. I may add, on my own knowledge, that of two servants I had this last winter, one was engaged eighteen years, the other seven, during which her lover married another woman for money, and returned to her on the death of his first wife. The mere application for permission is expensive. It has to be made in writing to the magistrate, has to be protocolled, and referred to a body of 'trustees of the community;' the magistrate's answer is also in writing, and is sent by a messenger. It is quite intelligible that, when all this bureaucracy has to be set in motion for the mere purpose of deciding if two poor people shall be allowed to marry, the poor people's money must go to defray other expenses than those of maintaining their family." -

## THE WHITE HORSE.

### A KENTISH LEGEND.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth a famous freebooter infested the Isle of Sheppey, in the county of Kent, and made frequent incursions into the interior of the county. A nobleman by birth, and probably under the sentence of outlawry, he intrenched himself in his stronghold, where he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the traveller's purse had obtained. By adopting the often-practised ruse of shoeing his horse's feet the wrong way, he frequently escaped detection; and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode preserved him from his enemies, and carried him to a place of security. Thus the horse nearly rivalled the fame of its rider, whose exploits became so frequent and daring, that the whole country rose up against him, offering such large rewards for his apprehension, that at length he found himself so closely beset in his island, that, hopeless of extrication or relief, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then on a visit on board the admiral's ship at the Great Nore. The Queen, not disinclined to show favour to a man



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# PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES.

‘Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.’

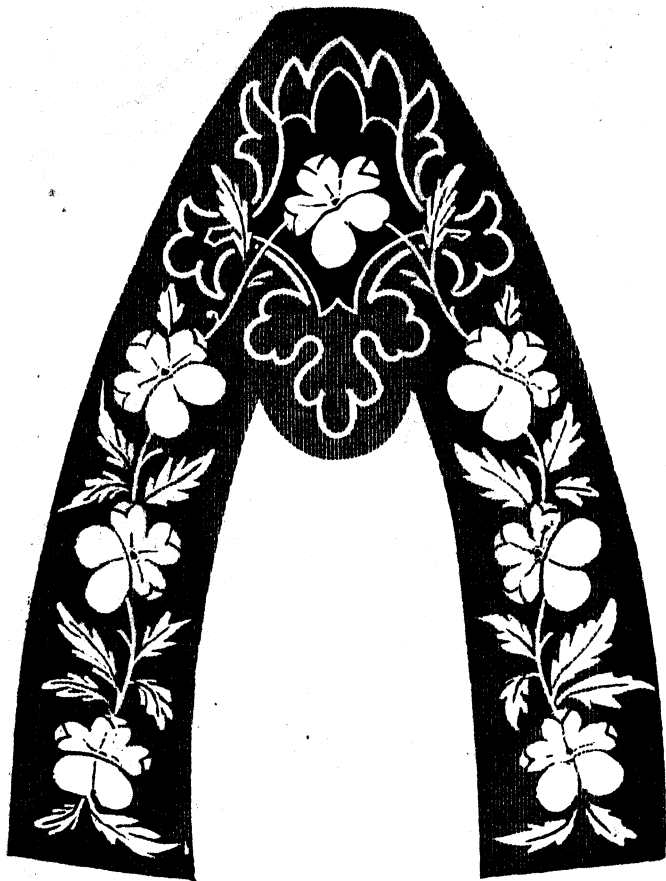
—DEUT. viii. 2.

## PART I.

Childhood—Clifton—Parish Church and Rev. J. Hensman—Weymouth and George III.—Salisbury and Dr. M.’s School—Bullying—Cork and Schools—Eye lost—Youghal and Dr. N.’s School—Wraxhall School and John Lawrence.

It has been suggested to me from several different quarters that I ought to write some memoranda of my life. There are numerous memoirs of giants, that of a small person can but have a slender place; but any life, however humble, is a drama played out before God and man. It is a humbling task, but I venture to make the attempt, with hesitation assuredly, for there can be little that is interesting or useful to others. It shall be a plain and simple statement of what I remember or have been told, and I trust it may be to the praise of God’s goodness and grace. I doubt much if it will ever see the light; if it does, I think it will be anonymous, or only for private circulation.

I have heard that during the first year of my life two devoted Christian ladies were on a visit in the family. They used to go among the sick and poor



EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

## THE WORK TABLE.

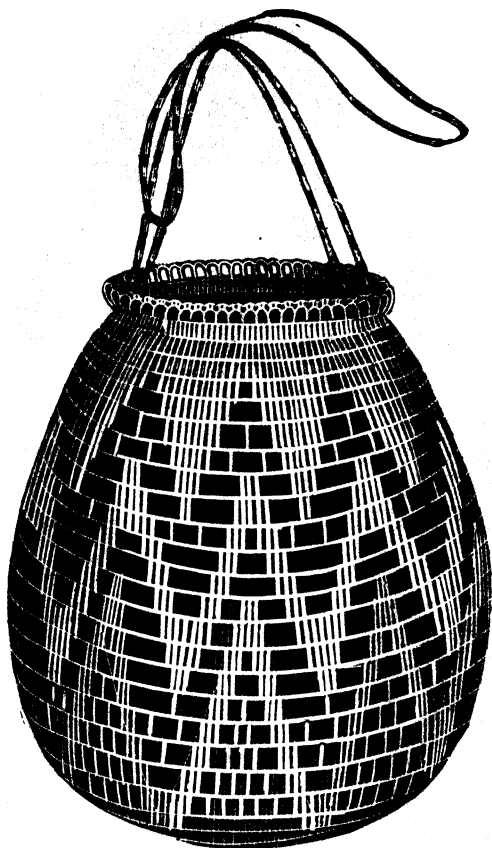
## EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

This Slipper is embroidered on cloth of royal blue in maize-colour silk. The patterns are to be left clear and distinct, both in the flowers and leaves. On the front is a piece of black velvet of an irregular form, ornamented with a flower of the same, embroidered. This tablet is edged with a silk braid of dark maize colour, and the ornamental piece which surrounds it is executed in the same materials. In making up, this

Slipper should be bound with black velvet.

## LADIES' PURSE, (NEW STYLE) ; CROCHET.

Since the renewed introduction of Reticules, ladies' Purses have undergone many changes of size and shape. The one which this engraving illustrates is a new form, and very convenient for opening without much trouble. It is worked in crochet, which is the most durable style of work for purses. The colour is a rich crimson. It is completed by being drawn in with a gold cord.



LADII'S PURSE, (NEW STYLE); CROCHET.

It may, if preferred, be made up with those pretty little gold slides and a ring, now much used, which give it a more ornamental appearance.

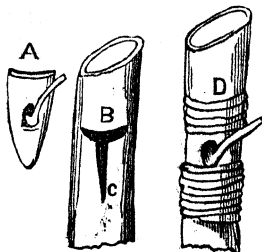
## BUDDING AND GRAFTING.

By GEORGE M. F. GLENNY, JUN.

**BUDDING.**—This, like grafting, answers much about the same end, although the method of doing it is vastly different, inasmuch as the former operation is performed early in the autumn, while the latter is practised in the spring. In a word, budding

is the insertion of a bud of the current season into the bark of a particular tree; grafting, the act of uniting one piece of wood upon another. The best period of the year for the performance of this kind of work is when the juvenile shoots, from which the buds will have, of necessity, to be taken, have all but completed their growth, which will, in a general way, be about the latter end of August. When about to undertake the job, with a sharp knife cut out a bud from the shoot, with about half an inch of bark attached to it both above and below, the technical or

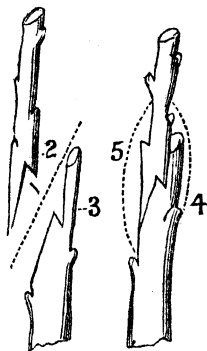
professional term for which is a shield, as at A. From this shield abstract the wood from the inside without injuring the bark or axis of the bud, and it will be then ready for insertion. Your next business will be to select the spot in the stock of the tree where you desire the bud to be inserted; on



this part make a cross cut, B, half way round, as deep as the wood; then make a perpendicular incision half an inch below the first, as at C. As soon as you have accomplished this portion of the work to your satisfaction, with the handle of your budding-knife lift the bark on either side of the upright slit, and slip in the shield. As soon as this is done bind it up with a soft string of bass, as represented in the engraving, D. Should the work have been skilfully performed, the bud will have become established in about three weeks' time, when the bandages may be untied and tied on again somewhat looser, and remain there for three or four weeks, after which period they may be entirely removed, having answered the purpose for which they were placed there.

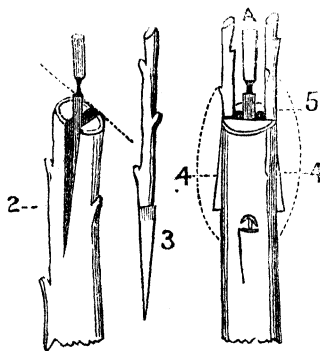
**GRAFTING.**—This is an operation that may be commenced at once, provided the weather continues mild. The sorts to begin with are Pears, Plums, and Cherries, which generally succeed well when operated upon about this period of the year. But Apples may undergo the same process, or they may, if preferred, be left for a week or two longer. The *first thing* to be observed is the selection of your grafts, which should be young shoots of last year's growth, older ones seldom taking well. These grafts should, by right, have been cut a fortnight back; but should you have been prevented from doing so, upon the principle that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," your best way will be to procure a few of a neighbour. The reason for cutting the grafts so early is, that the buds swell so fast that if they were not to be taken off in proper time, they would be too far advanced to unite

kindly with the stock. *Secondly*, before we proceed to describe the two principal methods of grafting, it will be necessary to mention what stocks are most suitable for grafting the different kinds of fruit upon, namely:—Apples should be grafted upon stocks raised from the pips of Apples; Pears upon those raised from the seed of their own fruit; Cherries upon stocks produced from the stones of the ordinary Black or Red Cherry; and Plums upon such as are reared from the stones of any common variety of their own family. Of course we do not suppose for one moment that you will be able, or would attempt, to wait for the growth of the stocks, should you be unprepared; but what we would suggest is, that you will purchase a few at the nearest nursery. In a word, all kinds of fruit trees should be grafted upon stocks of the same race or genus as themselves. *Thirdly*, there are several methods of grafting; but as our space is limited, we shall only take notice of the two most generally practised, termed WHIP and CLEFT GRAFTING, feeling assured that to give every different style would not only tend to bewilder our readers, but, to adopt the language of a celebrated writer, only make "confusion worse confounded." *Whip-grafting.*—Having furnished yourself with a proper grafting-knife, a sufficient quantity of bass strings for bandages to tie the grafts and stocks firmly together, and some



well-wrought clay, to clay them round over the tying, for the purpose of securing them from air and wet, you may commence operations, which should be done very carefully. Head down your stock, if for a dwarf tree, to within six inches of the ground; and if for a standard, to within as many feet, or, indeed, any height between the two examples that fancy or inclination may

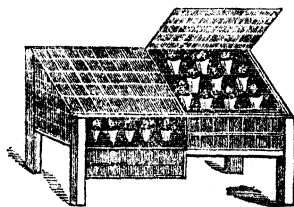
dictate; fix upon a smooth part of the stock, where headed off, and there cut away the bark or rind, with a portion of the wood, in a clean sloping manner upwards, Fig. 1, from an inch and a half to two inches in length; this done, take one of the scions, which should be cut into pieces with four or five eyes each, and prepare it by cutting it slanting, so as to exactly fit the stock as if cut from the same place, that the rinds of both may nearly join in every part; then cut a slit or tongue about half an inch in length upwards in the scion, Fig. 2, and a similar one downwards in the stock, Fig. 3, to receive the said tongue; in that manner fix the graft in the stock, as at Fig. 4, and then let it be immediately secured with a string of soft bass, which should be neatly wrapped round the graft and stock several times, taking care to keep them in their proper place, and tied securely; cover the bandage over with some grafting clay, observing to bring it an inch above the top of the stock, and a little below the bottom portion of the scion, as at Fig. 5, leaving a proper thickness on every side of both graft and stock, care being taken to close it well in every part, that neither wind, wet, nor sun can enter, to prevent which is the sole object of the clay. *Cleft-grafting*



is mostly practised on stocks from one to two inches in diameter, dimensions which would not answer for the former kind of grafting, inasmuch as the proportions would be too large. In the *first place*, then, let the head of the stock to be operated upon be sawn or cut off in a slanting direction (see Fig. 1); *secondly*, with a chisel or some other sharp instrument cleave the stock at the top, so as to insure a depth of two inches, Fig. 2, which should be kept open by allowing the tool, A, used to re-

main there; *thirdly*, cut the bottom end of the scion into the shape of a wedge, measuring one and a half inches long, of which the side nearest the middle of the stock should be sloped off to a very fine edge, Fig. 3; *fourthly*, the bark of the widest side of the wedge end of the said scion should be so placed as to correspond precisely with the bark of the stock, as at Fig. 4; *fifthly*, as soon as they are properly fixed, remove the tool, A, used to keep the stock open, so that it may pinch or hold fast the scions; *lastly*, bind it up with bass, and cover it securely with clay, Fig. 5, in precisely the same manner as previously advised, and a happy result cannot fail to follow judicious management. We will conclude our remarks on grafting by giving a receipt for grafting clay, which should be made as follows:—Take some horse manure, and having passed it through a fine sieve for the purpose of making it fine, next get some strong adhesive loam of a clayey character, and knead it until it assumes the consistency of soft soap. After these two ingredients are prepared, take a little fresh cow-manure, and mix equal portions of the three together, and knead as before until the whole is thoroughly mixed. This is one of the best in use, and will give satisfaction to all who may have occasion to use it.

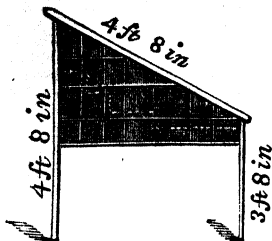
A PORTABLE GREENHOUSE FOR THE PROTECTION OF SMALL PLANTS OR SEEDLINGS THROUGH THE WINTER.—The following kind of portable greenhouse, or, more properly speaking, raised frame with glazed front and sides, I had when a boy at school, and was very successful in rearing small plants, cuttings, &c., and protecting them all through the worst part of the year; and thinking it might be of service to those similarly situated to myself at that time—namely, slightly pinched for want of means—I now give them a description of



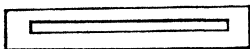
it:—Fig. 1, then, represents the house full, with the means of giving air in favourable weather; Fig. 2, a sectional view of the same. You will, therefore, see that this kind of building, if we may use the term,



not only facilitates the admission of air to your pots, but it can be easily covered during cold or frosty weather, and closed when the wind is too severe for the comfort



of its inhabitants. It stands, as you will observe, on legs three feet high; the top-lights slide, and, as shown in the engraving, may also be propped up by means of an iron bar. The front-lights let down on hinges; the ends are likewise glass, and in the back, which is wood, there is a door for the convenience of ascertaining how the pots behind are going on, and, for what is of still more importance, complete ventilation. There are four rows of shelves, as the dotted lines in the sectional view disclose—two narrow, a third double the width, and the front one treble; that is to say, two of them are six inches wide, one twelve inches, and the front one twenty inches.



These have each a piece sawn out of the centre, as at Fig. 3, for the purpose of allowing the water to run through, and as they are placed one above the other, there is little fear of the lower pots catching the water as it runs from those in a more exalted position. Taking the sectional or end view of this miniature house, the measurement will be—height of back, four feet eight inches; front, three feet eight inches, and depth from front to back, four feet eight inches; and the entire length of frame, consisting of two lights, seven feet two inches. It is only right to say that we were in the first place indebted to the "Gardener's Chronicle" for the idea, which, to suit our own convenience at that time, we slightly altered; but upon the principle of "render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's," it is only fair to give the inventor, whoever he may be, the credit for the discovery, which, as we have said before, we found exceedingly useful,

and which we are confident will turn out as valuable to any of our readers who may think proper to adopt the same.

#### MEMORANDA FOR APRIL.

**THE GREENHOUSE.**—Camellias in flower should be freely watered, while those done blooming should be kept close, to encourage growth, but repotted, if requisite, soon afterwards. Calceolarias, Cinerarias, and Primroses should be supplied with a very weak solution of liquid manure once a day at least during the present month. Geraniums set for flower may also undergo the same treatment with advantage, as they should be got as large as possible by the middle of next month. Heaths done flowering should be pruned or cut back, as also any other plants that show a disposition to ramble, a propensity not at all becoming, after which keep them by themselves, close and warm, to encourage them to break freely; but such as are in flower, or those just about to bloom, should be kept in the most airy part of the house. Attend to the requirements of Fuchsias, such as watering, repotting, &c. Give Azaleas plenty of water while in flower, and on no account stint those on the eve of blooming, as a check at this period of their existence would certainly mar their future prospects, if it did not entirely destroy them.

**THE CALCEOLARIA.**—Every one who knows anything of this plant is well aware that there are two distinct varieties, the *shrubby* and the *herbaceous*, the former possessing small flowers on short stems, the latter having large blooms on long flower-stalks. The second named are generally treated so as to bloom several times during the season, for which reason they are cultivated more especially as florists' flowers, and for pot growth. The first being of a very different nature, they are mostly used for bedding out, but occasionally potted for decorating the windows, a purpose which they very aptly serve. Seed may be sown of either kind any time between now and the end of the month. Some persons, however, have said that they may be sown as late as August, and that that period of the year is sufficiently early, or we should rather say late; but with all due respect to their opinion, we should much prefer the former time of sowing. However, as every one has a right to enjoy his or her own opinion, and the poet says "a man convinced against his will is of his own opinion still," we will state our view of the case, and leave others to adopt whichever method they prefer. Preparatory to sowing, select a piece of ground in a shady corner of the garden, and there establish, or rather place a hand-glass, or more, as occasion may require. Upon the spot which is to form the foundation, as it were, of the said hand-glass, put from two to three inches of ashes, which the good lady of the house can provide, as an antidote to the ravages of worms and the like, which are not very particular as to the mischief they do; then take three or four six-inch pots, according to the number of plants you are likely to require, and having half filled them with drainage, put an inch of soil of a roughish description, and afterwards fill up to within half an inch of the top with loam of a fine, light, sandy nature, containing a small quantity of well-sifted leaf-

mould. When you have so far prepared your pots, press the surface flat, and water each one well, allowing them to drain for twenty-four hours at least. Then, having placed a small portion of fine dryish soil on the surface, make it even again by pressing down as before, and sow the seed, which should be afterwards covered as lightly as possible, pressed level once more, covered with a piece of glass to prevent insects from doing them any injury, and placed under the hand-glasses destined to receive them. Provided these glasses are kept close, and the ashes in the interior moist, they will require no water until they have made their appearance above ground; but as soon as such is the case the hand-glasses should be tilted a little, and as they progress in growth, the piece of glass placed over the pot for protection may be slightly lifted, first at night, and then during the day, and ultimately it may be removed altogether. If everything has gone on right, the plants will by this time have a few leaves; but as it would be a matter of no small difficulty to handle them individually or separately without injury, small patches in the first instance should be pricked out into pots or pans, prepared in the same manner as for cuttings, an inch or so apart, to prevent their damping off. In a short time these patches will require dividing, or, in other words, planting singly. As they advance in growth, which fine weather and careful management will cause them to do very soon, the strongest may be allowed a four-inch pot, and be shifted to a still larger one before the blooming time, but the principal supply may be pricked out into shallow pans, two inches asunder. They may then be grown on with the aid of a cold frame merely, provided air, which to them is of vital importance when administered properly, is neither given too abundantly nor too sparingly dealt out. As, whenever the pots are full of roots, these plants will show a disposition to throw up flower-stems, it will be requisite to have them repotted, to prevent matting, a result at all times endangering their lives. Those sown at the present time will flower during June and July, if shifted up to the end of May.

**THE ANTIKEKINUM.**—Where you desire to have good flowers, it will be necessary to use every precaution; that is to say, you should procure a few of the best sorts in cultivation, grow them one year, and save seed from them, keeping each kind separate, as a matter of course. In sowing the seed, which may be done in the open ground any time between now and the end of the month, great care should be taken to prepare a bed for the purpose in that part of the garden where openness can be insured, by manuring it well, digging in the manure thoroughly, and afterwards making the surface perfectly level. When about to sow, choose a time when the surface is comparatively dry, and, having a label with the name of each variety written thereon, sprinkle the seed broad-cast until the contents of each paper are disposed of, placing the tally to each as you proceed; then rake the bed carefully over, so as to completely bury the seed, which, by the way, should be done as lightly as possible, so that they may be just covered, and no more. It is this very want of precaution that gives rise, amongst those who know little of the art of seed-sowing, to the "off-told tale"—"the

bad seed"—when, from personal experience, we can affirm that in nine cases out of every ten the fault rests with the sower. "As you sow, so shall ye reap," saith the Scriptures, and we cannot help taking the same view, knowing as we do that the ultimate success of the operation mainly depends upon how it is performed. Should the weather prove dry, as it may do even in April, a very slight watering now and then in the evening, when the sun has gone down, will be of great assistance, by helping the seeds to germinate quicker than they otherwise would. As soon as the seedling plants have attained the enormous height of two inches, another bed on a larger scale should be got ready, so that these plants may be shifted into it, giving them a good six inches apart in every direction, taking care, however, to keep each sort separate as before. They may remain here till they flower, when they should be examined minutely, for the purpose of ascertaining how many come up to the required standard, and any that do not realize your most sanguine expectations should be pulled up and thrown away at once; for, unless you pay particular attention in this respect, you might just as well abandon the idea of raising good flowers altogether.

**THE POLYANTHUS.**—To insure a good strain of this much-admired flower, seed should alone be saved from such plants as come up to the recognized idea of perfection; and care should be taken not to gather it before it is perfectly ripe, but previous to the bursting of the pods—a fact that may be easily ascertained by their turning brown. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that your seed is properly cleaned, and has been kept perfectly dry up to the present time; and such being the case, all you will have to do is to sow it now in soil composed of two parts rotten turf, one part clean loam, one part two-year-old cow-manure, half a part leaf-mould, and half a part silver-sand. Place the pots containing the seed in a gentle hotbed close to the glass of the frame; as soon as the seedlings are large enough to handle without risk, transplant them into a piece of ground properly prepared, and shaded to a certain degree from the mid-day sun, from six to eight inches apart every way; water them in dry weather, and let them remain in this situation during the winter, when, provided they are well looked after, they will, under ordinary circumstances, bloom the season following. To speak plainly, all the attention they will need is to keep them free from weeds, as well as slugs and other vermin. As soon as ever they have done blooming, such as have proved themselves worthy of cultivation should be taken up carefully with a trowel and potted, to be treated hereafter as varieties sufficiently meritorious for a place among those of decided merit. We could extend our paper upon this subject, but we have already said sufficient for the purpose; and as "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," we will leave further comment for a future article, promising to resume the subject as early as necessary.

#### THE GARDENER TO HIS FRIENDS.

We are pleased to observe that our friends take advantage of this column for the purpose of gain-

ing information—the object for which it was originally designed; for as, to those who take an interest in horticultural pursuits, this has proved an invaluable assistant, by affording, in a plain and practical manner, such instruction on matters of interest as cannot fail to please, so it will ever be found to produce a never-failing guide on all questions connected with the history, or relative to the cultivation of flowers, fruits, and vegetables. "Ask and ye shall have," saith the Scriptures; so say we; for it will ever be our ambition to render our aid, as far as it lays in our power, either through the medium of these columns or by letter, provided they send us a stamped and directed envelope to 41, Church Street, Chelsea, S.W., or for the "Gardener," under cover to the Editor, 122, Fleet Street, City, E.C.

**JAMES PORTLOCK, ESQ. (HASTINGS).—Choice Annual and other Seeds.**—We have repeatedly stated the manner in which our seeds are sent out, but as you particularly wish for a full description, we will oblige you, and for that end we shall take each packet separately.

No. 1 contains Twelve beautiful Hardy Annuals, namely—*Campanula Loreii*, Candytuft, *Clintonia pulchella*, *Convolvulus major*, *Convolvulus minor*, *Coreopsis tinctoria*, *Collinsia bicolor*, Dwarf Rocket Larkspur, *Erysimum Peroffskianum*, *Lupinus nanus*, Mignonette, and *Nemophila insignis*; twenty-four stamps.

No. 2, Twelve pretty Half-hardy Annuals, namely—*Anagallis grandiflora rosea*, African Marigold, *Calandrina discolor*, *Chenostoma polyantha*, China Aster, *Cleome speciosa*, German Ten-week Stock, French Marigold, *Lobelia ramosa rubra*, Phlox Drummondii, *Schizopetalon Walkeri*, and *Zinnia elegans*; thirty-six stamps.

No. 3, Twelve choice Tender Annuals, namely, *Calceolaria*, *Cineraria*, Cockscorn, Cuphea platycentra, Egg Plant, *Heliotropium Voltairianum*, *Lophospermum scandens*, *Lophospermum Jacksonii*, *Mimosa sensitiva*, *Mimulus moschatus*, *Petunia*, and *Primula Sinensis*; twenty-four stamps.

No. 4, Twelve showy Hardy Biennials and Perennials, namely—*Equilegia formosa*, *Delphinium formosum*, Double Canterbury Bell, Foxglove, *Polyanthus*, *Antirrhinum*, *Athemis purpurea*, Sweet William, Wallflower, Imperial India Pink, *Eriogonum Drummondii*, Nana, and Sweet Scabious; thirty-six stamps.

For the above number of stamps any one of the packets will be forwarded post free to any address.

**LOUISA J.—Camellias, and the cause of their buds falling.**—As it is very unusual for unhealthy plants of this kind to be so well set for bloom, we should imagine that neglect in some shape or other is the occasion of their buds dropping—an evil which may arise from two causes, viz., when the ball of large plants has been permitted to get dry in the centre from continual but inefficient surface waterings, or when the plants have become water-logged from defective drainage. In either case we should recommend you to repot them immediately. Should the latter cause be the reason, it will be necessary to put the plants into smaller pots, using a compost of a light, sandy nature, and allowing them bottom heat no longer than sufficient to cause the roots to work

freely. They may then be repotted again, shaded, and hardened off by degrees as soon as the young wood is made. If the former cause has produced the mischief, then the soil should be made firm round the sides of the pot, so as to throw the water into the centre of the balls, which, with a little extra heat and shade, will accomplish all that is requisite. We give you a list of a few of the best in cultivation:—*Alba Plena*, double white; *Fimbriata Alba*, white with fringed edges; *Montaroni*, globular, white; *Imbricata*, satin-like rose; *Master Rosea*, veined rose; *Marchioness of Exeter*, cherry rose; *Princesses Bacchianti*, crimson; *Countess of Derby*, striped; *Etoile Polaire*, striped. You cannot err in making a selection from the above list, as there is not a second-rate flower among them.

**A. G. PRINCE (HOUNSLOW).—Twelve First-class Pansies.**—YELLOW GROUND—Francis Low, Sir J. Cathcart, Mrs. Downie, General Young; WHITE GROUNDS—Countess of Rosslyn, Lady Lucy Dundas, Mrs. Laird, Seraph; SALRS—Rev. H. Dumbain, dark; Maid of Bath, white; Yellow Model, yellow; Mr. J. Graham, purple. If we were about to commence growing Pansies, we should certainly select the above to start with, and as such should advise you to go and do likewise.

**MARY ANNE SEYMOUR.**—A few words on the *Cultivation of Specimen Fuchsias*.—Good turfy loam, with a small portion of well-decomposed manure, is the right sort of compost to grow them in; but where you have a desire to encourage them by means of liquid manure, let the solution be both clear and weak. In a word, an ounce of guano to three gallons of rain water, or double the quantity of superphosphate to a like quantity of water, is the proportion to use, as the principal object is to avoid using it too strong, and to vary the kinds in the same way that we vary our food.

**ADOLPHUS WRAY, ESQ. (GREENWICH).—Layering Carnations.**—Having selected the shoot and stripped off a few of the lower leaves, fix on a joint best adapted for the purpose, and having done so, insert a knife just behind it, and permit it to go half way through the shoot; then give the knife a turn upwards, and run it up the centre of the shoot until it has arrived within a hair's-breadth of the next joint. The space termed the tongue consisting of the half of the stem between the two joints, which has the lower portion cut half way through, and the upper part joined to the stem as before, should then be layered and covered with mould. As soon as roots are observed to have sprung or started from the tongued portion of the stem, the young plant may be removed or severed from the parent, and allowed to shift for itself, being no longer dependent upon those who have brought it up, as it were, for support.

**RICHARD NICHOLSON.—Diseased Scarlet Geraniums.**—There is not the slightest doubt, from the appearance of the specimens forwarded for our inspection, that your plants are suffering from damp and cold; and we have no hesitation in saying that a drier and warmer atmosphere will restore them to health. We do not mean to infer that those portions which are injured will ever be restored; but, to express ourselves more clearly, we would say, that as soon as the affected parts, as well as the decayed leaves, have been removed, there will still be sufficient strength

left in the old stems to push forth healthy foliage; for it is well known that, although young plants require very careful management, old ones are proverbial for bearing very rough treatment, and, as such, will be all the better for what might be termed the free use of the knife.

JOHN GRANT (RICKMANSWORTH).—*The best mode of destroying Ants and Wireworms.*—Ants may be very easily driven away from their haunts by watering the infested parts with the ammoniacal liquor from a gaswork twice or thrice a week. They will soon discover their inability to keep possession of their establishment, and quietly submit to be driven out from the camp. As for the wireworm, we can only say that there is no better mode of destroying them than by paring and burning a spit of the depth of the surface over-run. We have seen this done on several occasions with signal success, while, on the other hand, we have witnessed numerous experiments for their destruction turn out entire failures. It is said, "Speak of a man as you find him," and we do so in this instance.

ONE IN A FIX.—*Raspberries.*—We are extremely obliged for your kind inquiries, and beg to say that we still continue to write for the weekly paper you speak of. You should plant your raspberry canes in any open part of your garden rather than the south border, which, we are sure, could be employed to much greater advantage for other things. After planting let the roots be mulched over, an operation which does as much as anything we know of towards strengthening them. The seeds you sent for our inspection are the hardy annual called *Chenopodium atriplicis*, and *Lupinus Hartwegii*, likewise a hardy annual, both of which may be sown in the open ground, where they are to bloom, any time between this and June.

THOMAS BARKER, ESQ. (WINDSOR).—*A Plant for a Name.*—The poet says, "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" so it would; but, putting all joking aside, we should judge, from the specimen sent, that it was the *Beladonna Lily*; and if so, Mr. T. Brigden, Seedsman, &c., 52, King William Street, City, will be able to supply you with them. We purchased some of him the other day at 6s. per dozen, and finer roots we never saw. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider that he selects them himself from the best growers in Holland, and pays a fair price for a good article, his motto being, "Quality the test of cheapness."

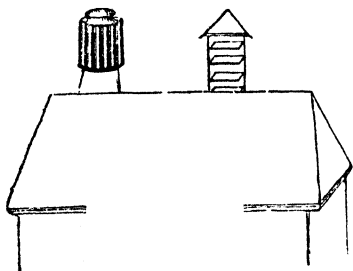
## AIR AND VENTILATION.

In the first place, the breathing of impure air tends inevitably to shorten life: the body loses its health and strength, the mind its vigour, and becomes feeble and desponding. People who breathe bad air day after day are always in a low, nervous state—they are, in fact, but little more than half alive. They fancy that the least whiff of fresh air will give them their death of cold: they have but little appetite for food; they become pale and sallow in complexion, and cannot bear a sudden noise without a

violent start. Scrofula, if not produced by impure air, is greatly aggravated by it; and the same may be said of consumption: besides which, measles, skin-diseases, sore eyes, rickets, are all more or less occasioned by want of proper ventilation. M. Baudeloque, a French physician, states that, in some ill-built villages in France, where the inhabitants breathed the bad air over and over again for months together, numbers of them died rotten with scrofula. No matter whether it be in a gentleman's house or labourer's house, if the foul air be not changed, disease will be certain to make its appearance: rich and poor, both suffer from neglect. A hundred years ago, the Lord Mayor of London, two judges, and one alderman, all died from a fever which broke out in Newgate, owing to the dirt and want of fresh air. Jails were never ventilated in those days, nor indeed until a much later period; and, as a consequence, were scarcely ever free from what was called jail-fever. On board ships, too, foul air often causes great waste of life: the suffocation of seventy individuals on board the *Londonderry* steamer, on the Irish coast, some years since, is a melancholy instance of the fatal effects of breathing foul air. We have heard of persons living in the worst parts of London who had not opened their windows or combed their hair for more than a year; the air in their rooms was so exceedingly impure and offensive that a benevolent visitor who had called fainted away. A similar result has followed on going into dress-makers' work-rooms, or tailors' workshops, where a great many persons work, sitting close together, and breathing the same foul atmosphere for weeks together. In all other workshops, too, where no measures are taken to get rid of bad air, ill effects will ensue; and can we wonder that the men are weak and low-spirited, and die early. Town or country, it will be all the same if people will not open their windows and let in fresh air. We have often gone into cottages out in the broad open country, in which the air was as foul as in the dirty alleys of a town; the inmates seemed to delight in keeping out the free pure air of heaven, blowing around them on every side.

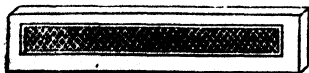
The air is rendered impure by other causes as well as that of breathing, as we shall presently see. Meantime, we have shown that pure air is composed of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas, in certain fixed proportions; that these proportions are such as are fitted for healthy breathing; that unless these proportions are maintained the blood cannot be purified; that impure air makes impure blood, and is one great

cause of disease and death. And our next duty will be to show that such a state of things need not exist. To quote from the Sanitary Commissioners' Report, "Pure air is so necessary to life, health, and comfort—more necessary, indeed, than food itself, inasmuch as that, without a due supply of it, the best and most abundant food will give neither health nor strength—that to insure it in every house occupied by the poor, in every factory, workhouse, hospital, or other building made to receive numbers, seems a primary and imperative duty."



Having thus fully explained what is meant by *air*—how it acts upon the living body, and the ill effects produced by breathing it in an impure state, we now come to treat of *ventilation*, or the means by which a constant supply of pure air may be obtained. This can be done in two ways, naturally and artificially: by the first is meant, availing ourselves of certain natural laws which exist, so to speak, ready to our hand; the second is the making use of certain mechanical methods for admitting good air and expelling bad air from our dwellings.

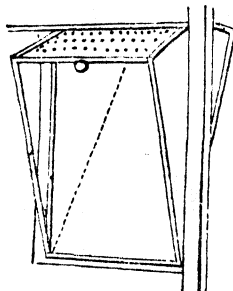
Now it is a natural law that air, when warm, is lighter than air at the ordinary



temperature, which is caused by the atoms composing it, expanding, and taking up a larger space, thereby causing the colder and heavier air to fall to the bottom. We see that smoke goes up a chimney, or rises upwards from a fire lit out of doors. Why is this? Because a stream of air passes through the fire, and being thus warmed, up it goes, carrying the smoke with it. In cold weather we see also that the breath ascends as it leaves the mouth and

nostrils; and the rising of steam from the spout of a tea-kettle must be familiar to every one. And it is owing to the continual movement occasioned by the passage of warm currents that the atmosphere is maintained in a healthy condition. Here we have so many proofs that warm air ascends; and if we make a proper vent it will escape of itself from a room.

Except in unwholesome neighbourhoods, when we are out of doors we breathe in or inspire pure air; but as the greater part of

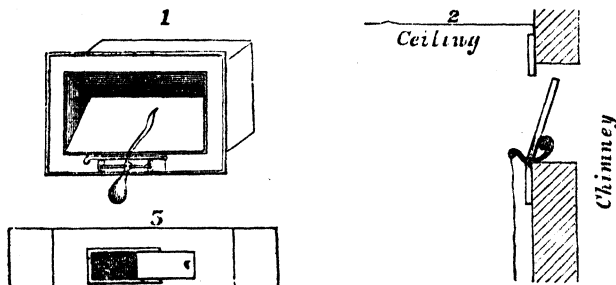


most persons' lives is passed in-doors, it concerns us chiefly to know how to bring pure air into houses and workshops. Generally speaking, no attempt is made to get rid of bad air; people who attend crowded meetings will have observed that the windows of the building soon become covered with vapour, which, after a time, runs down in large drops: besides this, a sickly, suffocating smell is perceived, produced by the watery vapour of the breath, the carbonic acid gas which comes off the lungs, and the perspiration constantly thrown off from every one's skin. All these effects put together make up a sickening and poisonous atmosphere. And if pure air were prevented finding its way in from the outside, before many hours all the people in the room would certainly die. If a man happen to die while cleaning out an old well or cesspool, or several persons are suffocated by the foul gas from a sewer, the event creates quite a sensation; but no one is startled by the fact that thousands of people in this country are breathing poisoned air day after day, as long as they live. In addition to the causes above mentioned, by which the air is vitiated or rendered unfit for breathing, the use of gas, oil-lamps, or candles in a room tends further to spoil it, as they all throw off carbonic acid gas.

Every person requires for healthful

breathing ten cubic feet of air every minute; that is, he ought to have as much as will fill a box one foot square and ten feet long; and unless a full supply is kept up he is sure to suffer in some way. Farmers know that when corn is too thickly sown it does not thrive well, the air cannot get in among it to shake it about, to ventilate it. The same with plantations of trees; unless they are kept thinned to admit sun and air, they grow up weak and of little value. So with human beings; old or young, they must all have a sufficient supply of pure air to keep their lungs properly ventilated.

There are several ways of ventilating rooms—by openings in the ceiling; ventilators in the window, chimney, or door; or by frequently opening the doors and windows. It must be remembered, however, that ventilation is not yet a perfect science; a method which answers successfully in one place will not act equally well in another. If, therefore, first experiments do not prove satisfactory, the attempt must not be given up in despair, as though ventilation were an impossibility; on the contrary, we must exert our inventive powers a little more until the object is accomplished.



Ventilation by means of openings in the ceiling is chiefly useful for large public buildings and school-rooms. For a room with 100 scholars in it two openings 18 inches square, or a large number of small openings, would be sufficient; the warm breathed air rises through these into the empty space above, and passes away into the atmosphere by funnels or cowls in the roof, as shown by the two forms in the drawing above. If the cowls are made to turn round and round by the wind, in the same way as those fixed on chimneys, so much the better, as the motion draws a current upwards, and thereby removes the bad air before it has had time to cool and descend again into the room beneath. Besides this, every time the scholars leave the room the windows should be opened.

There are several kinds of window ventilators: one of the simplest is a wooden frame, 3 inches wide, 1 inch thick, and in length the same as the width of the window. This is to be covered with a strip of fine wire gauze, and is placed at the top of the upper sash of the window lowered to receive it, and is kept in its place by pushing the sash up again until it holds the frame securely. A supply of fresh air will then find its way into the room without

causing an uncomfortable draught, as would be the case through an unprotected opening. If this plan cannot be adopted, a pane of glass may be taken out, and its place filled up with a sheet of zinc, perforated or pierced full of small holes. Instead of zinc, a pane of perforated glass may be used, which has the advantage of not keeping out light. Another way is to fix one of the upper panes in a hinged frame shut in at the sides and top with perforated zinc, and made to slope inwards as occasion requires. According to the slope so will be the quantity of fresh air that enters the room, and this may be regulated at pleasure, as seen in the annexed figure.

The chimney ventilator is meant to be fixed in an opening cut through the brick-work, or breast of the chimney, from the room to the flue, two or three inches below the ceiling: the opening may be the size of one or two bricks, according to circumstances. Arnott's ventilator, of which a representation is given above, (Fig. 1.), is self-acting. It may be described as a square metal box, made to fit a space the size of a brick (or two bricks, as above stated), and having a trap-door or valve on the side which comes into the room. This valve is balanced by a weight fastened to it by a bent arm, so as to

keep it shut; but as soon as any breathed or warm air rises to the top of the room, it pushes the valve open and passes away up the chimney with the smoke. In some cases it has been found necessary to keep the valve shut in very windy weather to prevent smoke blowing into the room, and this may be easily done by fixing a wire to the weight, and looping the lower end to a small hook in the wall. These ventilators act best when the fire is lighted, but they are serviceable at other times, and those who have used them say that they assist in keeping the walls of the room clean, as a good deal of dust which would otherwise settle upon them passes into the chimney with the current of air.

On holding a lighted candle in the open doorway of a warm room the flame will be blown outwards at the top of the door, and inwards at the bottom. Advantage may be taken of this fact to keep up a circulation of air in the apartment, by cutting a hole through the door at the top and bottom, and covering it with perforated zinc, wire gauze, or a sliding cover of wood (see Fig. 3, preceding page). The latter plan enables us to have a larger or smaller current of air passing in and out, as may be preferred.

Those persons who have neither the means nor ability to make or purchase ventilators can, whenever they choose, keep their rooms properly ventilated by frequently opening the doors and windows. This costs nothing, and will be effectual when all other means fail. Most working people have but one living-room, which makes it necessary for them to be more especially careful to keep it sweet, as they have to carry on many operations which tend to spoil the air—washing and cooking, for instance; and how long the smell of soapsuds, or of herrings and onions clings to a room! But this may be prevented by opening the door and window as soon as the work or meal is over. The air from without rushes through, and in a few minutes the room is purified. All rooms admit of being ventilated in this way, and it would be well to lay down a rule for the purpose, and follow it steadily day after day. Thus—open the door and window for a few minutes on first getting up in the morning; the same after every meal, and as often between as may be desirable. In fine warm weather the window may be left open all day; but should any one of the inmates be ill, care should be taken in admitting air. There are many men who work all day in close, unhealthy workshops: we trust that after reading these remarks they will en-

deavour at least to breathe pure air when at home. It is, perhaps, in bed-rooms more than elsewhere that mischief occurs. A third part of our lives is passed in sleep, and yet the object of people generally appears to be to shut out the pure air of heaven—the breath of life—from bed-chambers, under a mistaken notion that night air is injurious. As though Providence delighted to work mischief during the hours of darkness! Nothing of the kind: if we avoid draughts, we may breathe the night air as long as we like; what we have to do is, to avoid breathing the air which has already been breathed over and over again. Yet this is what commonly takes place in bed-rooms. Sometimes there are thick curtains to the windows as well as a blind; then there are curtains round the bed, and when these are kept drawn all night, the breath of the sleepers will have poisoned the air so much, that a bird will die if hung up for a time in the upper part of the bed. It would be well if bed-curtains were quite done away with, and French bedsteads used, or others with low posts, so as to allow of a free circulation of air. Fire-places in bed-rooms should be always kept open, and not closed by a fire-board; neither should the chimney be stopped, as it is a very useful channel of ventilation.

The door, whenever possible, should be left partly open; and by screwing on a chain, such as is now used for street doors, there will be as much security as with a door close shut and bolted. The upper half of the window also should be open an inch or two; it will be easy to hang up a curtain so as to prevent a draught blowing upon the persons in bed. Let those who have been hitherto accustomed to close bed-rooms try this plan, and they will at once be aware of a difference of feelings on rising in the morning; the dull, heavy sensation will be greatly relieved or disappear altogether. The close, sickly smell will no longer be perceived; and, where several children sleep in the same room, their rest will be more refreshing and undisturbed, and they will wake in the morning cheerful and active for the duties of the day. On this point Sir James Clark observes: "Let a mother, who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bed-room in the morning before a door or window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere—the close, oppressive, and often fœtid odour of the room—and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit

some time after means have been taken, by the chimney ventilator or otherwise, to secure a full supply and continual renewal of the air in the bed-room during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children, which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe."

It has been observed that the air of a room is spoiled and rendered unfit for breathing by smoke or flame. A single candle needs almost as much air to keep it burning as a man requires for breathing; and two ordinary gas burners consume as much air as three men. Hence it is especially necessary in workshops, and other large rooms where many lights are kept burning, to provide for a plentiful supply of fresh air, and for the immediate escape of the foul air. One of the best ways of doing this is to have a funnel, shaped something like the mouth of a trumpet, fixed over the burner. This funnel is connected with a tube that runs across the ceiling into the chimney, and in this way the smoke and heated air pass off immediately, and at the same time, by creating a current, assist materially in ventilating the apartment. Let it not be forgotten that heat in connection with a tube or other channel is the most effectual means for ventilation.

Most persons who work in factories know that such buildings are in many instances supplied with *warm* pure air. This is a great benefit in cold damp weather; and we are acquainted with several ingenious mechanics who have contrived to warm their houses in the same way. They make a square wooden tube or spout long enough to reach from the outside of the house to the fire-place; this is laid under the floor, and the inner end is brought into a hollow space or chamber made at the back of the fire. This chamber becomes hot, and consequently air rushes into it from the outside, and after being heated passes by another tube into the room at one side of the mantel-piece; thus, without any additional fire, a greater amount of warmth is obtained. To make this plan answer, the arrangements must be very carefully contrived. But those persons who live in manufacturing districts, if they will only make use of their powers of observation, may always find models in their neighbourhood.

We have thus considered the subject in a way most consistent with the nature of our work; we have explained methods which admit of being practically applied with but little expense or difficulty; and in bringing our remarks to a close, we may direct attention to one or two leading principles. First,

the upper part of a room (supposing it to be badly ventilated, or not ventilated at all) is always filled with foul air, which keeps on increasing until it is breathed by persons who are in the room to the prejudice of their health. Second, the openings for the escape of this foul air must be made as near the ceiling as possible. Third, fresh air finds its way into a room at the lower part; and if openings for ventilation are made in the upper part, a stream of air fit for breathing is always passing through the room. Fourth, by opening windows and doors, the air of a room may be purified as many times a day as may be desired.

Now this last suggestion is one which even the poorest person may adopt; and while so ready a method of ventilation may be practised, while such a cheap means for promoting health offers itself to every one, we trust that none—particularly readers of the *FAMILY FRIEND*—will neglect to adopt it.

#### COLOUR IN COMMON LIFE.

"COLOUR," says Mr. Patterson, in a series of pleasant Essays, marked rather by an educated fancifulness than very acute thought, "like its parent light, dies away towards the poles, and as the constitution of nations is ever in harmony with the region where they dwell, the susceptibility of us hyperboreans to colour is far inferior to that of the race who produce the magic dyes of India, or the still nobler one who built the glowing walls of the Alhambra." That sentence embodies in an artistic form an idea always prevalent in England, that the Northern races really *prefer* subdued colours, but both popular impression and artistic theory seem to rest upon insufficient grounds. It is quite true that educated civilians in the North usually dress in black, and the lower classes in some shade of grey, brown, or subdued blue, but it is very doubtful if this arises from any source other than economy. Englishmen lived in the North in the days of chivalry just as much as they do now, and they then delighted in vivid colouring, in gold, and silver, and red, and violently-contrasted draperies. The idea that black is not the dress of a gentleman has survived to our own time, and it still affects our court costume, our military service, and every dress devised with malice prepense to serve any particular end. No volunteer regiment has adopted black, and though many of the corps are clothed in hoden grey, that is only because grey is the least visible of colours. The volunteers would greatly have preferred



red. Then Englishwomen are as much under the influence of hyperborean climate as Englishmen, and *they* have always delighted in bright colours. The recent inventions, Mauve, Magenta, Solferino, and other shades of violet, are bright to offensiveness, and were adopted with a rapidity which certainly showed anything but "a want of susceptibility to colour," and which gave the inventor a fortune in two years. It is Spanish women, born under a bright sun, and amid a blaze of light, who have selected the black mantilla, the most graceful and the most sombre of garments. Even Quakeresses, though they wear drab, a colour which nature never shows us anywhere, do not affect to like it. They wear it to crucify the flesh, not because they are insensible to the charm of colour. The Russians, certainly an hyperborean people, colour their buildings, and delight in red to such a degree that they have no other word for beautiful. On the other hand again, the people of Bengal, a land where the sun is intolerably bright, where the sky is of sapphire, and nature has that strange yellow tint which makes the trees, for example, look as if they had been dipped in a bath of light, dress exclusively in white. In Egypt, a country which, though less bright, is still far south of Western Europe, the women affect dark blue, and the indigenous population, the Copts, coal black. The Moors undoubtedly used bright colours in Cordova, but the "magic dyes" of India are not arranged under a tropical sun at all, but in the temperate vale of Cashmere, where a man may have a snow-bath quite as readily as in England. The truth, we believe, is, that all men love and revel in bright colour; that the Norwegian would feel the effect of the eastern window in the church of St. Ouen—an acre, so to speak, of pure sapphire—as keenly as an Arab or a Hindoo, and that the apparent differences arise only from economical and social causes. We dress in black, firstly, because black wears best and does not show soils; and secondly, from a morbid fear of being "peculiar," the same fear that makes the high-class Englishwoman tone down her own exquisite taste, and while recognizing, for example, the lively beauty of the red opera-cloak, the brightest bit of costume ever invented, decline to wear it out of doors as "too conspicuous."

Where both these influences are absent, where bright colour is not noticeable and expense is no object—as, for example, in uniform—the Northern races delight in brightness. It is not the Southern people who

*cultivate* brilliant flowers, or who have invented coloured glass, or who have delighted to paint those exquisite alternations of colour which nature shows to perfection, indeed, in the tropics, but which are only fully appreciated in the North. Nothing on earth, nothing that poet ever dreamed, can equal the ethereal beauty of colour presented by a storm in the tropics, when, rising as it usually does in the north-west, the setting sun pours full on a black bank of clouds, and its rays are thrown back in masses of purple, gold, and salmon, such as would have made Turner sick with a sudden conviction of the impotence of art. But it is not the Hindoo who enjoys that glorious bit of colouring.

The cause of a *vulgar* taste in colour—that is, not a liking for neutral tints, but an inability to blend bright ones—is a very different question. Even here, however, the popular idea on the subject is based on error. Hindoos have no instinctive ideas in the combination of colour. The shawl dealers of Cashmere, and the jewellers all over the country, have inherited from some man or other of real genius, who originally commenced the manufacture, a few "cram" rules about colour, which produce wonderful effects, but from which they never depart. They cannot produce *new* combinations, and a new colour introduced into the manufacture would throw them all out of gear. They show no particular instinctive aptitude, though, like other races, they appreciate beautiful combinations. A Belgian flower-girl would make a bouquet no gardener in Cashmere could rival—their dislike of green in a bunch of flowers always impairing their judgment—and the colours of native silk handkerchiefs are not by any means well imagined. They can be taught easily, and so can English people, and the only differences are produced by the presence or absence of good models. In both countries some few have an instinct for colour, which has the effect of a scientific knowledge of its laws; and where their tastes rule, or even their rules prevail, the combinations of colour will be good. The great difference is, that the English are so much more susceptible of colour that they cannot endure a false harmony, and, rather than risk it, stifle their natural taste and suppress colour altogether. A little more knowledge of the laws which regulate the effect of colour, diffused among dressmakers, and among that anomalous class who "set the fashions," would soon give them confidence, and Mr. Patterson deserves the thanks of the whole sex for his endeavour to popularize the *principles* which

ought to regulate the choice of carpets and bonnets. His two main rules on the former point are really good "cram" rules, and, like their Indian rivals, would in most cases supply the place of taste. When the furniture shows vivid colours, the carpet should be simple in colour and pattern—green and black, for example. If, on the other hand, the furniture is of one colour, or many tones of one colour—and that colour *not* red or gold, a point Mr. Patterson omits—a carpet of brilliant colours is not detrimental. Taste in this matter has been a little injured by the wretched quality of most brightly-tinted carpets, which wear out too fast for moderate pockets, and, as good housekeepers say, fade in the sun. Cost, too, is a reason why the really marvellous effect of white and cream-coloured carpets, in "throwing up" the furniture placed on them, is not appreciated in England, and why yellow carpets, the effect of which is to neutralize dinginess of atmosphere, are never employed.

On another point Mr. Patterson has, we think, been a little deceived by his own words:—"It is evident," he says, "that we must assort rose or red-coloured woods, such as mahogany, with green stuffs; yellow woods, such as citron, ash-root, maple, satin-wood, &c., with violet or blue stuffs; while red woods likewise do well with blue-greys, and yellow woods with green-greys." Quite true, if red woods were ever red, but they are not, and the dark brown woods give to green that air of dinginess which is the speciality of green furniture. Gold and white bear green best, and the absence of pure white is a want in our furniture woods. Expense being set aside, ebony and gold on a white or cream-coloured carpet would probably produce the highest effect of splendour without vulgarity. As a matter of fact, though it has, of course, nothing to do with the law, greens and blues never suit the curious haze which Londoners are apt, by a perversion of language, to call and consider daylight.

As to the bonnets, we suppose we tread upon dangerous ground, but we have Mr. Patterson at our back, and he has M. Chevreul, who probably consulted a painter instead of a *modiste*, for he deprecates—hear it, all women of taste—pink bonnets. Rose-red, he says, takes away the freshness of the complexion, while "a delicate green" is "favourable to all complexions which are deficient in rose." One would like to hear the opinion of the countess who edits *Le Follet* upon those heresies before committing one's self. If they are truths, the whole sex has at various times been guilty of a blunder

only to be explained on the theory that every woman believes she has colour which requires only to be toned down. The objection to yellow bonnets for blondes they will admit, though a straw hat makes nobody plain; but M. Chevreul advocates, and Mr. Patterson endorses, "reserve in the use of violet," which will draw exclamations from those who believe Mr. Perkins's notion of colour much superior to any idea visible in nature. We question, too, if the dicta that yellow bonnets suit brunettes, that a green bonnet suits fair complexions, and that white feathers "accord well" with a "red bonnet," will be very highly appreciated. Yet if the only law for bonnets is to secure the colour which will reflect on the face the shade the lady wants, green is the only shade she ought to choose, for

"Green tends to diffuse Red		
Orange	....	Blue
Blue	....	Orange
Greenish-yellow	....	Violet
Violet	....	Greenish-yellow
Indigo	....	Orange-yellow."

And a "tinge of red" is, we imagine, the effect desired. We suspect that all these rules depend as much on the texture as the colour of the material, for the Quaker lady, who puts her head in an opaque coal-scuttle lined with white, always seems to have a tinge of red reflected from the interior.

### OLD HUMPHREY.

He passed through life, as one that would engage  
The ears of childhood, and the thoughts of age,  
While he discoursed of charity and love,  
Of trials here below, and rest above;  
So pleasant his discourse, all gladly heard,  
And thus his name became a "household word."

THERE is something to us very homely and heartsome in the name Humphrey: it is a good, old-fashioned kind of name—a square-toed, round-shouldered, broadly-benevolent designation, a trifle sunburned in the face; somewhat rustic in the gait and manners; full of weather wisdom, and other wisdom; loquacious, but not uttering fools' words; and quaint and odd, without any affectation of singularity; all real, all genuine about Humphrey, especially *Old* Humphrey; (we have known young Humphreys, who as the country people said, "warn't of much account); he can stand by himself, which a mere windbag cannot. He is a moralizer, a preacher, a sayer of sententious things; as a proverbialist, he beats "Poor Richard" hollow, and makes him ashamed of himself for his niggardly, cheese-paring maxims. With a spirit free and generous, and a sparkling eye, and a most inspiring laugh, and a

heart overflowing with love of all things good and beautiful; such is our ideal of Old Humphrey. He may be a dweller in town or country; in the former case he is a haunter of book stalls, and such quiet out-of-the-way places as the Temple Gardens; you may see him, too, in the crowded thoroughfares, with a look upon his calm contemplative face, which plainly says—"Ah, why all this weariness and vexation of spirit? Why this striving and hurrying after that which perisheth in the using; and above all, why this reckless disregard of the poor, and weak, and suffering? In the country he will be wandering about the churchyard, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

sitting upon the graves, and reading the half effaced inscriptions; picking wild-flowers in the shady lanes and woods, and patting the cottager's children on the head, or stopping at the barn door to exchange a good-day with his namesake,

"Humphrey with his flail:"

So we see him, gliding on through the various scenes of life, like a refreshing stream, whose current, now dark in shadow, now bright in sunshine, is everywhere, and at all times beautiful and welcome.

And is it all a *visio vana*, this of Old Humphrey? Was there ever such a person passing sometime among us in, his ministrations of mercy and benevolence? Was there such an old man of thoughtful, moralizing mind, who looked upon the things that were done under the sun with the eye of a sage and a philosopher, and smiled, but not cynically, at the follies and failings of poor human nature? Aye, until quite recently did this "old man eloquent," walk and talk with living men; and now he lies quietly sleeping in that sheltered bay on the Sussex coast, whither, like many another death-stricken one, he had gone to breathe out his last breath, which he did in words of hope and thankfulness. By and bye we shall visit his resting-place, but first let us glean a few particulars of his useful life, and thus answer the question, which is yet often asked,

"WHO WAS OLD HUMPHREY?"

George, born February 17, 1787, was the son of Matthias Mogridge, of Ashted, near Birmingham, a man of great piety and integrity. His occupation was that of canal agent, being constantly engaged in disposing of the shares, and in other ways promoting the success of Brindley's great work, "the Grand Trunk Navigation Canal," by which the Trent and the Mersey were united, and a water communication opened with both the East and West Coasts. He had for his

wife a woman of kindred spirit with himself, and thus the subject of our sketch, had the advantage of the teaching and example of an excellent mother; and George was early taught the great lesson of self-government. We learn that he was so happily constituted that "in him no deficiency, either physically or mentally, was discoverable." Even in childhood he was remarkable for the exhibition of a nicely balanced character, like the growth of a goodly, true, properly-trained tree. Such was his growth, both mental and physical; with no disproportionate branches, no undue development of one part at the expense of another; devotedly attached to his mother, regarding his father's commands as just and reasonable, he was ever ready to yield an immediate and unquestioning obedience. A great love of all living creatures was one of his distinguishing characteristics in youth, and this he carried with him all through life. Indeed, Old Humphrey never lost the simple, earnest, child-like spirit of Young Humphrey, and in that consisted the great charm of his writings. George is described as "a fair, blue-eyed, curly-headed boy; his form neither spare nor clumsy, but light, agile, and vigorous. He looked not downward nor askance, but with eyes sparkling with intelligence from an open and ingenuous face. As you spoke, it became intent with interest, or glowing with emotion. A few words—it might be one—would evoke the merry laugh or the truckling tear. Emotion slight or deep, continuous or transient, was always the product of thought; and had he been asked he could have described its origin. He could talk fluently and gracefully, but he had learned to be silent; and with animal spirits requiring restraint rather than stimulus, he was neither rude nor intrusive." He was remarkable, too, we learn, for his unselfish spirit; ever ready to yield up his own wishes and toys to his playfellows, he was beloved alike by old and young. This is an attractive picture. Truly may we say here that

"The child was father to the man."

George Mogridge was in due time sent to boarding-school—such a school as was more likely to be met with half a century ago than now. The place was Bourcote, near Bromsgrove, and the master, a tyrant and an ignoramus, who, not satisfied with giving lessons in reading, writing, and the earlier rules of arithmetic, which he, perhaps, was qualified to teach, fearlessly undertook to communicate "vulgar fractions, and decimals, algebra, grammar, history, geography, the use of the globes, and Latin;" about

which he knew very little. He was quick to discover errors, but not to correct them; and the unhappy urchins under his charge were sent back to their forms with frowns and threats, if not some more impressive tokens of displeasure, to set themselves right as they could. Here is a picture of this man, such as we are glad to believe could scarcely be paralleled in these days of improved modes of education. Before presenting it, we shall observe that he was ardently attached to the chase, and no sooner did he know that the hounds were abroad than he would saddle his horse, and ride off to join in the exciting sport, leaving his scholars to rejoice in his absence. "Rude in intellect, and coarse in manners, the schoolmaster at Bourcote was also ferocious in passion. Every boy within his power was acquainted with that reddened face, that kindled eye, that uplifted arm, and with its descending weight, from occasional observation, if not from bitter experience. A long-lashed hunting-whip was the ingenious instrument of torture, when it was too much trouble to repeat the blows of the clenched fist. It was his custom to shave himself standing in the schoolroom, with a handkerchief tied round his head like a turban, and the boys in a circle reading around him. On these occasions he often gave way to paroxysms of passion, and hardly can a more frightful picture of humanity be conceived than he presented, with a morose countenance, and half-shaven beard, giving utterance to cruel threats, and wildly brandishing his razor."

This "giant grim" had a kindly, gentle, and amiable wife, who did all she could to render the place endurable to the boys, who were greatly attached to her. He appears so have been happy, too, in the choice of his ushers, one of whom, Mark Noble, is spoken of as a worthy and sensitive young man.

How long George Mogridge remained at this school we do not know, but it must have been some years, for we do not hear of his going to any other. One of his school-fellows was Joseph Hughes, afterwards the proposer, and one of the first secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was remarkable as a boy for his sedateness and gravity. "Joseph," it was one day said to him in company, "do you love play?" And the reply of "the grotesque little urchin," as he afterwards called himself, was, "I did formerly."

Our hero did love play, then, and with all his kindness and consideration for others, manifested a bold and adventurous spirit. He was such a nimble and expert climber that the other boys called him "the squirrel,"

and looked upon him as their leader. His daring led him into many perilous situations, and his love for fun sometimes induced him to transgress the bounds of prudence and propriety; but he had such generous and endearing qualities, and was so universally beloved, that he never got into any serious mischief, and all were ready to pardon the noble boy, whose frolics had in them no spice of malice.

But we must leave these early scenes, and behold our hero launching forth upon the troubled sea of busy life. On leaving school, it seems he was intent upon some romantic enterprize; he had read "Robinson Crusoe," and "Philip Quarl," and other tales of discovery and adventure, and he saw not why he should not become the hero of a similar story. A schoolfellow named Dalton, who had gone out to Newfoundland, invited George to join him there, and he was much inclined to do so; but he was a dutiful son, and could not leave his parents—especially his mother. His father had been forming very different plans for him, and therefore he repressed his ardent longings for a life of adventure, and resolved to acquiesce in their plans, whatever they might be.

George Mogridge had very early shown a taste for reading, and this

"Grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength."

So that, even before he came to man's estate, he might be said to have a decided literary bias; his father was a subscriber to the general library at Birmingham, and when he left school, he drew from thence rich stores of food for his mental appetite. At first we learn that he particularly delighted in tales of chivalry; his imagination was captivated by the halo of generosity and knightly courtesy thrown around the deeds and characters of those who, in the rude, dark ages, went about to rescue female innocence from wrong and dishonour. We fancy that this kind of reading must have given a tinge to the character of our hero; for all through his after life, we trace something of the gentle courtesy and chivalrous bearing of the knight errant of old; it stimulated his fancy, too, and called into play powers of imagination which afterwards served to enrich writings, and to make them more generally attractive than they otherwise would have been.

George Mogridge loved quaint old Chaucer, with his pungent wit and graphic powers of depicting the people and manners of his period; and the poet of chivalry, Spenser, oh, yes, be sure he loved him! revelling in his glowing pictures and personifications of

Right, and Might, and Temperance, and Charity, and other powers and virtues. Ossian, too, was a favourite; those misty outlines were to him as visions of glory; those pathetic lamentations for down-stricken valour and loveliness touched his sensitive heart, and he was ready to weep with Fingal for the friends and the joys departed. George carried a copy of the "Faerie Queen," in one of his pockets until it was nearly worn out; and as his friend and biographer, Mr. Williams, remarks: "He pondered the varied treasures in which he now exulted by the light of the midnight taper, while his associates in daily toil were asleep; and often did he muse on, or hum some snatch of an ancient ballad when they were silent, or had better have remained so."

At an early age did our hero begin to write down his thoughts, but his innate modesty and delicacy of mind prevented the exhibition of his more youthful productions; he was a solitary reader, and his dreams and aspirations were kept mostly to himself. As he grew up his intense desire for a life of travel and adventure gave place to an inclination no less strong for one devoted to literary pursuits, and when a trade was proposed to him, he accepted it as a means to this greatly desired end. Once comfortably settled and prosperous, he would build himself a substantial habitation at a convenient distance from his place of business; it was to have a goodly surrounding of trees and flowers, which he loved so much, and two wings, one of which was to contain his study and library, and the other a nursery for his children. Alas for castle-building! George Mogridge, as we shall presently see, became a literary man, but was never a prosperous one in the worldly sense of the term.

It was about the year 1811 that our hero was taken into partnership by his elder brother, Matthew Mogridge, who had then been some years in business as a wholesale dealer in Japan ware in Birmingham; previous to this George had travelled into various parts of his native country, thus increasing his knowledge of life, and storing his mind with recollections of places and persons of historic or other interest, which he afterwards found most useful to him; he had also published in newspapers and magazines some of his mental effusions, and received encouragement from persons of literary eminence; and another thing which was to be expected from so sensitive and affectionate a nature, he fell in love with a friend and schoolfellow of his sister Mary,

by name Eliza Bloomer, to whom he was married in the spring of 1812, with every prospect of at least a sufficient maintenance for a wife and family, and of complete conjugal happiness, for the lady is represented, and, indeed, afterwards proved herself, in every way worthy of his affection.

It was at this period that Mr. Mogridge started his "Local Miscellany," a manuscript periodical which contained many remarkable specimens of his literary, artistic, and caligraphic skill—for he was an extremely neat and facile penman, and possessed the happy wit of depicting fanciful or natural objects with great quickness and fidelity; this was continued for three years, and there is no doubt that by the practice which it afforded, and the criticisms which it called forth, it greatly tended to give ease and facility to his style of composition. He records, with some pardonable pride, that Wilberforce, the great philanthropist, carried about with him in his pocket one of the numbers of his miscellany for a fortnight.

But now Mr. Mogridge was stricken with a great grief. He had taken a new relative to his bosom, and as though his cup of happiness were too full, he must resign one no less tenderly beloved, no less fondly cherished—her whose being is entwined with all his early recollections, all his youthful joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, his gentle, but tender, his dearest friend—his mother!

But his was not the mind to sit down and brood over a sorrow, until it sapped the springs of his health and energy; mental activity was at all times one of his distinguishing characteristics; and dearly as he loved that buried parent, much as he sorrowed her loss, beyond some touching lines to her memory, and occasional allusions in his letters, there is nothing to remind us of his deprivation. On the contrary, he ever displayed a cheerful spirit, and his benevolent heart seemed constantly to overflow upon all around him. Soon after he had settled among them, as a man of business, the Birmingham folk found out that "a chiel was among them takin' notes." Under the title of "Local Perambulations," attached to which was the signature, "Jemmy Gaunt," there appeared in the *Birmingham and Lichfield Chronicle*, a series of papers on men and things, remarkable for their kindly spirit, sly quiet humour, keen observation, and power of graphic portraiture. Among these are some of the best papers Mr. Mogridge ever produced; against vice and immorality, abuse of power, and local griev-

ances of every sort, did "Jemmy" direct his pertinent observations; and well would it be for every neighbourhood through the land to have such a kindly and observant spirit to watch over its public and private doings, and point out the errors of its ways. "Evidence," it is said, "is still extant that the papers of "Jemmy Gaunt" (who seems to have well preserved his incognito), on their appearance, excited no ordinary interest, and doubtless they contributed to many improvements which have since taken place in the condition of Birmingham."

We must briefly pass over the few remaining incidents of our author's domestic life, in order that we may chiefly devote the little space we have at command to his writings. He had enjoyed about ten years of happiness with his first wife, when she died, leaving him with three children, two sons and a daughter. At about the same time, too, he lost his beloved father, who, although he suffered much, experienced a happy and peaceful end. After remaining a widower for about two years Mr. Mogridge married again, a lady named Mary Ridsdale, who proved a fruitful and affectionate partner in the adversity, which was approaching. Soon after this marriage his brother, retiring from the business with a competency, left him to manage it alone with capital much diminished by this retirement, and habits by no means fitted for such a heavy responsibility; he was generous to a fault, careless of his accounts—as men of decidedly literary tastes commonly are, and loving the lines of sweet poesy far better than the red lines of day-book and ledgers, his affairs got into confusion, and finally he became a bankrupt; his stock was seized by the iron hand of the law, and sold, together with his household furniture and other effects; and he became for a time a wanderer and a fugitive, haunted by all the terrors of the old bankrupt laws, with the prospect of, it might be, a life-long incarceration in a debtor's gaol. At this period of distress, to relieve, as it were, his almost breaking heart, the poor wanderer penned a sort of retrospect of the steps which had led to this final and utter ruin. It is a most affecting piece of autobiography, written as if for the eye of one who could see, not merely acts, but motives; and in its stern self-examination, exhibits a full consciousness of faults and errors, in which there is nothing of meanness, nor palliation of wrong: all is open, and ingenuous, and noble. "Oh!" is the exclamation of this wounded spirit, smarting under a sense of reproach not altogether deserved, and

shrinking from the coldness, if not animosity, of those who, in prosperity, professed warmest friendship: "Oh, that some mighty effort on my part, some even dread endurance, some difficult but noble achievement, might emancipate me from the thralldom in which I am held, and enable me to stand forth again in resuscitated manhood, and as the friend of my species!" And now it was that George Mogridge determined to become a writer by profession—to live by his pen—a decision which, as he tells us, was not approved by any single friend; but he put confidence in the facility of composition which a long practice—for the mere pleasure of the thing—had enabled him to attain, and depended for success "more in strong feeling and a habit of observation, than in extensive knowledge, and on tact rather than talent." To qualify himself for his literary career, he now commences in right earnest to cultivate his powers of observation, and make himself acquainted with as much natural scenery, and as many phases of human life, as possible. While his wife, with her three children, remained at her father's house, he travelled hither and thither, making all sorts of curious "jottings," and pen-and-ink sketches for future uses. By the assistance of a friend and travelling companion, he is enabled to make a tour in France, which was then a far more uncommon and difficult achievement than it is now

"Returning from his finished tour—"

he takes a humble lodging in the suburbs of London, and sets up as author with a considerable stock-in-trade, in the shape of prose and poetical articles—completed or in embryo, rambling recollections, and no end of literary schemes, formed, or ready to be so, at the shortest notice, in his fertile imagination. His first letter to his wife at Birmingham is dated July 6th, 1827; therein he says "I must get out my poems as soon as possible; and I must also do something else before that time arrives, that we may eat and drink in peace, if not with luxury." Of luxurious living it is our author's lot to know but little; ever is there that—

"Sad necessity for bread and cheese"

staring him in the face, and urging him on to increased exertion. For the first year or two he makes but little way, but works on manfully in spite of disappointment, and penury, and discouragement of many kinds, including a severe fit of illness. A projected, and partly executed poem, or series

of poems, under the title of the "Wanderer," finds no acceptance with the publishers; but he is more fortunate with a little story for the young, entitled "The Juvenile Culpits," for which he obtains the munificent sum of *five guineas*. This is published by Houlston, and not long after is brought out by Nisbet "Twelve Moral Maxims of my Uncle Newberry," a series of simply and forcibly written papers well adapted for the instruction of young people. Then we have in rhyme, "The Grand Gala, or Fancy Fair, at the Zoological Gardens," issued by Mr. Harris without any author's name.

Mr. Mogridge's connection, as an author with the Religious Tract Society, which continued up to the time of his death, commenced in 1828, when two tracts of his, entitled "The Two Widows," and "Honest Jack," were accepted and paid for at the rate of three guineas each. But notwithstanding the assistance that he received from this and some other sources, his circumstances continued in so depressed a state that he could not have his wife and children up from Birmingham to live with him, much as his affectionate heart yearned for them and lamented the separation. His letters and poems are full of outgushing love and tenderness towards these objects of his affections, and truly touching are the pictures they present of that brave man working on in his loneliness, with a strong dependence upon God, and a determination to succeed in the toilsome vocation he has chosen.

At length he is enabled to draw around him the comforts and delights of "Home;" he takes a little cottage at Kingsland, just as his two eldest sons are preparing for a start in life; and in this humble though happy abode most of his remaining years glide on in a tolerably smooth course; he it is true, his stock of affliction, such as the loss of his beloved daughter, Eliza, a girl of great amiability and talent; he has, too, his privations, for his literary earnings are at all times barely sufficient for his wants; but then he has a cheerful mind and a contented spirit, and so he passes on his way rejoicing and praising God; and that way leads him, as it is leading all of us, to the tomb, on the borders of which we find him lingering at Hastings, whither he had gone, for the fourth time, in September, 1854, when he forwarded his last packet to the Tract Society. He died in November of the same year, and was interred near the wall of the burial ground of All Saints' Church. To mark their high estimate of his character and works, the Committee of

the Religious Tract Society erected a tablet to his memory bearing this inscription:—

THE MORTAL REMAINS  
OF  
GEORGE MOGRIDGE,

OF KINGSLAND,  
ARE DEPOSITED HERE.

Of a Pious, Humble, Grateful, Generous, and  
Cheerful Spirit, and  
Exemplary in every Relation of Life;  
He failed in Business,  
Despite of High Integrity,

from  
Inaptitude for its transactions, and the excess of  
his Benevolence.

A talent for Literature, cultivated from his  
Boyhood with great delight, urged him to seek  
Provision for his Family and Himself by the  
Employment of his Pen.

He was the Author of Tracts and Books,  
Dispensed by Millions through Great Britain, its  
Colonies, and the United States of America,  
Under a great variety of names, the most  
popular of which was

"OLD HUMPHREY."

He died at Hastings, November 9th, 1854,

Aged 67;

Bequeathing to his Family nothing, except the  
Remembrance of his Virtues, and the Honour of  
his Works; but to the World, the Truths he  
Laboriously sowed, which will spring up to his  
Eternal Joy,

and  
The Glory of the Redeemer  
at the

Last Great Harvest.

Such was "Old Humphrey," whose writings have pleased and instructed thousands—we may say tens of thousands—for the tracts and short pithy articles on homely subjects which he wrote with such freshness and facility, were circulated, through the instrumentality of the above-named society, in immense numbers. Written as they were chiefly for the humbler classes, yet do they possess a charm for the most cultivated minds, on account of their quaint humour, quiet philosophy, fervent piety, pathos, or poetic beauty; they came home to the feelings and sympathies of all, and hence their general acceptance. Many of them are perfect gems of English composition, although written, we are told, *currente calamo*. Indeed, Mr. Mogridge's facility of composition was truly astonishing. His letters, written under all sorts of disadvantageous circumstances and, even his ordinary conversation, would bear the ordeal of the printing press with little or no alteration; and his verse flowed forth with as little apparent effort as his prose. A friend relates that he one day recited some three or four verses to his wife, and then said, "My dear, what comes next?" "I don't

know," she replied, "I never heard them before." "I should be surprised if you had," was the rejoinder. "They have only this moment come into my head." Our author, we are told, had a singularly tenacious memory; everything which he had seen or said was stored up for future use, hence he always had plenty of happy illustrations for his subjects, which were literally inexhaustible. Then, too, his mental activity astonishes one; he seems to have been ever composing: at meal times, and all times, his mind was at work—a proverbial expression, a trivial domestic incident, a friendly greeting, a passing thought, an aspect of Nature—anything, and almost nothing, was sufficient to strike the keynote, as it were, and set him off into prosing or poetrying. His mind was like a musical box ever wound up, and ready to be set going; only that whereas in the case of the instrument, the range of tunes is limited, in that of the mind the variety was infinite.

Mr. Mogridge relates an amusing incident with regard to one of his productions—the first, and, perhaps, the most popular of his tracts—which was written while he was at Birmingham. He was one day passing down Wilderness Row, which branches off from St. John Street, well known as directly reached from Smithfield, when he observed a man elevated on a chair, as if about to address the surrounding throng. Urged by curiosity to know what was going on, he made his way almost up to the chair, when the orator, looking directly at him, broke out, in a loud voice, with

"Where have you been wandering about

In a jacket so out of repair, Thomas Brown?"

It was his own tract, which was now being recited, to his great surprise and even bewilderment; for as he was held in by the crowd he thought that every one of them looked at him. He was glad enough to escape, being, as he afterwards said, "Almost as ashamed as if he had been detected inadvertently passing a bad shilling."

We have here a good illustration of both the popularity of the ballad, and the modesty of the author, who always preferred writing under some such quaint *nom de pume* as "Jemmy Gaunt," "Old Humphrey," "Ephraim Holding," "Old Father Thames," &c. Indeed, we believe that not one of the numerous volumes of which he is the author appeared with his real name attached—an extraordinary circumstance considering the popularity he had attained under his assumed designations. But we must now bring our remarks to a close, having already

exceeded the usual bounds of a magazine article. Such of our readers as desire a fuller acquaintance with the subject of it, will do well to refer to the work whose title we give below.\* It is written by one who evidently knew Mr. Mogridge long and intimately, and contains much epistolary and other matters, not to be met with elsewhere, and highly interesting as illustrative of the inner life and true character of "Old Humphrey."

## L I F E .

It is well to measure life by life's employment. By such admeasurement many minors have earned the meed the centenarian has missed. Few of the great works of genius have grown amid luxuries and abundant leisure. They have, in general, been the product of laborious effort in the intervals of less congenial toils, during the pauses of dull drudgery, enjoined by necessity, and exacted by avarice. They have been elaborated amid neglect, anxiety, and privation. They that have spread light through the world had often scarcely oil for the lamp by which they worked; they that have left imperishable records of their mind had often little to support the body, and gave forth the incense in which knowledge is embalmed "in self-consuming flames." All that have obtained for themselves great and permanent reputation have won and secured it by patient and persevering labour; by treating time not as a waste land, fit only for the stubble and the goose, but as a true estate, of which no corner is to be left uncultivated. Locke carried his note-book in his pocket, to catch the scintillations of even common conversation. Pope employed the wakeful moments of the night. They felt, as did Arnault, when he replied to the objection of Nicole, who, on a new work being proposed, said, "We are now old: is it not time we should rest?" "Rest!" exclaimed Arnault; "have we not all eternity to rest in?" Hear how Hazlitt, in the green vigour of his genius, speaks to us from his grave—"The more people do, the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work we are preparing ourselves to undertake another." He that neglects time, time will neglect. The idler, like the idiot, stands in the lowest scale of humanity—morally considered, even lower, for indolence wastes, but imbecility waits.

\* "George Mogridge," his Life, Character, and Writings, by the Rev. Charles Williams. London, 1880. Ward and Lock.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

—  
SPRING.—A POEM.

It comes, it comes, the bright, sweet spring,  
 Upon the wings of time;  
 And cold bleak winter has prepared  
 To leave our English clime.  
 The trees will soon begin to shoot  
 Their leaves so young and tender,  
 To deck the dry, bare forest trees,  
 And a new green covering render.  
 The snowdrops and the crocuses  
 Which in our garden grow,  
 Have all proclaimed the weather changed  
 From frost and cold and snow.  
 To soft and balmy breezes  
 And gentle April showers,  
 Which never fail to bring always  
 The blooming summer flowers.  
 The birds are singing sweetly,  
 In a gleeful joyous strain—  
 They cannot speak how glad they are  
 To have Spring back again.  
 The sportive lambs are seen to play  
 In the meadows smooth and green—  
 Look how they jump and leap about  
 And very happy seem.  
 The young green corn is springing up  
 In many a pleasant field;  
 Thanks be to Almighty God, who makes  
 The earth her increase yield.  
 For what should we do without that grain  
 Which is the staff of life?  
 It's made into the wholesome bread  
 By many a good housewife.  
 Let us think a moment seriously  
 What an emblem is the Spring,  
 Of the glorious resurrection  
 Which solemn thoughts does bring  
 For as sure as the tiny minute seed  
 Which in the ground is sown,  
 We every one must rise again,  
 When Death his victim has mown!  
 Then let us please our Master here,  
 While time to us is given;  
 Oh! may we strive with humble hearts  
 To fit ourselves for heaven!—MOSS ROSE.

## "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD?"

Though literally this prayer we use,  
 "Give us this day our daily bread?" we mean  
 Much more than this. The grace of yesterday,  
 The help, the wisdom given then, will not  
 Suffice to-day. Perhaps a keener woe  
 Than then we knew or thought of may await,  
 And call for help which then we needed not;  
 Or some delight might lead our hearts astray,  
 If grace and wisdom came not from on high.  
 'Tis to no small resource we come—but one  
 Which could at first supply as much, or more,  
 As longest life could need. This makes us ask,  
 In human ignorance—Why spare not, then,  
 The daily task, by giving all at once?  
 No; step by step God wisely leads us on,  
 Bidding us leave the future to his care.  
 Enough for us our present need to feel,  
 And cry, "Give us this day our daily bread."—M. D.

## TO THE MOON.

I LOVE to gaze on thee,  
 And see thy beams  
 Resting on field, and tree,  
 And murmuring streams;  
 Or on some rude old cot  
 Shedding thy light,  
 Making the lowly spot  
 Lovely and bright.  
 I love to gaze on thee  
 When naught is heard  
 Save some old rustling tree  
 Or warbling bird;  
 And then to silent stand,  
 And gaze around  
 Upon this happy land—  
 This favour'd ground.  
 I loved to see thee shed  
 Thy gentle rays  
 Upon my little bed  
 In childhood's days;  
 And often have I crept  
 With shivering form  
 To see thee ere I slept—  
 Peaceful and calm.  
 My memory oft recalls,  
 In pleasant dreams,  
 A cot whose low white walls  
 Were bright with beams;  
 Where 'mid the dewy grass  
 I'd sit for hours,  
 Watching thy bright rays pass  
 Amongst the flowers.  
 My childhood's days are fled,  
 With all their glee,  
 And friends sleep with the dead,  
 Who watch'd with me;  
 But, oh! how sweet to feel,  
 Where'er I be,  
 The gentle moonbeams still  
 Will fall on me!—LUCINDA B.

## GONE!

And they are gone, and gone for ever,  
 Where they are we may not tell;  
 Yet our hearts say we shall never  
 See them—whom we love so well.  
 This the spot so often pondered  
 Since they left it one by one,  
 There the woodland where we wandered,  
 Here we met—but they are gone.  
 Here, where hopes grew fondly round us,  
 Here we loved in days of yore;  
 But they left the home that bound us,  
 For the far Canadian shore.  
 Silent here are now their voices,  
 Once so full of joyous swell;  
 And the heart no more rejoices  
 With a kindred heart to dwell.  
 Here, where hopes and hearts were blended,  
 Where they first grew side by side,  
 By love strengthened, nursed and tended,  
 Here they bloomed awhile, and died.  
 Here in silence, here we parted,  
 By the old church where we met;  
 Here the willing tear is started  
 By these scenes we can't forget.

RALPH W. G. HUNTER.

## THE ART OF WEeping.

LITTLE books on natural history tell us that if a cricket were as large as an elephant his chirp would be heard from London to Constantinople. On what exact data this interesting calculation is founded does not quite appear, but if there is any truth in it, we should suppose, by a parallel process of reasoning, that if an infant were as large as an adult person, its cries, when hungry or in pain, would be heard at least as far as from London to Paris. The vulgar notion is that this tremendous power of vociferation has been bestowed by Providence in order that the small helpless individual, termed a baby, may have the best chance possible of attracting the notice of friends, and the public in general, to its wants and necessities. The ingenious Mr. Darwin would, of course, explain the matter differently. Babies have acquired the faculty of roaring through the process of natural selection. It was originally a mere accident—a sport of nature. But being a profitable modification of infant functions, it turned the nicely-balanced scale in the struggle for life, and gradually became the common property of babyhood. Crying babies flourished and multiplied—silent babies became rarer and rarer, and are now an extinct species.

Whether we pin our faith on the theory of ingenious Mr. Darwin, or accept old-fashioned notions, it is certain that infants possess a remarkable capacity for making known their sorrows, and commonly have a very good reason for exercising it. Tears of childhood and early youth are allowable—nay, sometimes desirable. But the tears of grown people are more or less objectionable. An adult who weeps extravagantly is either unhealthily susceptible, or bent upon deceiving the bystanders. We do not refer to tears wrung from unwilling eyes by the pressure of some terrible calamity. We mean tears shed for the sake of appearances, or with a view to deceive. We mean tears evoked by histrionic influences in private or public life. We mean the lachrymose sensibility to a doleful impression so often proved to be compatible with a cold and cruel heart.

Actors—we do not mean actors in social circles and on public platforms, of which there are so many, but *bonâ fide* actors on the stage—are of course right to cultivate the faculty of weeping. It helps both themselves and the spectators to realize the passion represented. We have read, indeed, of an actor so thoroughly carried away by his feelings, whilst performing in a suicide scene, as not only to plunge a real dagger

home to the hilt in his breast, but faithfully to support his character to the last by dying, in a studied attitude, according to the most approved stage rules. We confess, however, that the story comes from the other side of the Atlantic, and may not be strictly true. On the other hand, one of our foremost English actors—Young, the tragedian—merited severe censure when he sobbed aloud at the pathetic voice and gesture of Mrs. Siddons, and was only recalled to a sense of his responsibilities, as the villain of the piece, by the stern admonition of the great actress—uttered in a thrilling whisper—“Mr. Young, command yourself!”

Women have often an extraordinary talent for shedding tears. It is well that this should be so. Tears are not without their influence on the baser sex. Even brutish husbands—a class entering largely into the composition of society, whether high or low—are not insensible to tears, especially when sober. But women must be careful not to weep overmuch. The demonstration should be reserved for special occasions. The more frugally tears are shed, the deeper will be the effect produced. Madame D'Arblay describes a young lady gifted with inexhaustible powers in this line. When requested, at a large social gathering, to oblige the company by weeping, she would cheerfully comply. The process was as follows:—The young lady's features first became composed and thoughtful. Presently her calm blue eyes filled with tears. Then, one by one, in endless sequence, the pearly drops rained down her serene countenance until the curiosity of the spectators was satiated, and each one murmured, “Hold, enough!” As a rule, we suppose that tears easily secreted affect beholders as little as they cost the lady shedding them.

We only once witnessed an exhibition of this kind. An Irishwoman, in tattered garments, with an imperfectly-washed physiognomy, abruptly waylaid us at the back-door of our modest suburban residence. Never was passionate grief so vividly portrayed on the face of a human being as on that of this excited daughter of Erin. The tears poured down her cheeks. We stopped, almost awe-struck, to listen to her tale of woe. It was this. Her baby, an interesting little creature, three weeks old, was lying dead in the village, and the vicar declined to consign it to consecrated ground unless the customary fees were paid. “Sure your honour will give a thrife to get the blessed baby put decently under ground?” Now, we were personally acquainted with the vicar. He was the most amiable of

men. Rather than have witnessed those gushing tears for the space of one minute, he would have gladly submitted to be buried alive along with the baby. A portly coachman was therefore summoned to accompany the Irishwoman to the vicarage, and ascertain the rights of the story. Mounted on a pony of corresponding bulk, John started, with the weeping mother walking by his side. In a quarter of an hour he returned, flushed and discomfited. The weeping mother had suddenly dashed through a gap in the hedge, and vanished across country. Both coachman and pony were too fat to follow, and the unburied baby was a myth.

Our young friend Eugenius once met with a very unpleasant adventure in a railway train. Bound for town, to enjoy a week or two of intellectual recreation, he noticed on the platform of the station from whence he started an affecting scene. A lady in deep mourning, apparently young and handsome, bade farewell, with ill-concealed emotion, to a swarthy gentleman, clad in the height of fashion, but labouring under the disadvantage of a flattened nose and a slight cast in the eye. Who can account for tastes? Pity is akin to love, and probably the lady had been touched originally by the man's extremely unprepossessing appearance. The railway-whistle gives the fatal signal—there is no time to lose—the lady tears herself away, and lightly springs into a first-class carriage, of which Eugenius chanced to be the sole occupant. Off went the train. The lady waved out of the window a handkerchief moistened by her tears, and, burying her face in her hands, wept silently and persistently. What could Eugenius do? He could only offer the respectful tribute of an occasional sigh or a glance of modest sympathy. At Swindleburg, as every one knows, the train stops ten minutes for refreshments. Eugenius delicately offered the afflicted lady a cup of tea. She declined; but in a low, musical voice, murmured the words, "A glass of stout." Eugenius flew to procure it for her. As the train approached London he endeavoured to soothe her mind by other unostentatious little civilities. In accents of deep compassion he asked her commonplace questions. Would she like the window up? Might he offer her the loan of his railway-rug? The rug was accepted with silent gratitude. Presently the train rolls into the London terminus. Our young friend leaps from the carriage, in order to procure a cab for his forlorn companion. He has barely recovered his balance when a swarthy gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, with a flattened nose and

a slight cast in the eye, seizes him by the throat, and communicates his intention of instantly giving him into custody on a charge of insulting the unprotected female who had been his fellow-traveller to London! Eugenius remembers little more beyond a dreadful row—his hat knocked over his eyes amidst the plaudits of an indignant mob—the interference of a puzzled policeman, who believed the asseverations of neither party—and the final surrender of all the ready money in his pocket to the swarthy man of fashion with the imperfect nose, as the shortest mode of effecting his escape from the clutches of a brace of conspirators.

Emotion may not be feigned, yet its source may be very different from what lookers-on imagine. A jail chaplain strove, day after day, to awaken a culprit condemned to the gallows to some sense of his miserable condition. All seemed in vain. One night, however, on taking leave, the prisoner's manner changed. There was some slight exhibition of feeling; the clergyman's hopes revived. He paused, spoke kindly to the man, and asked him what was on his mind. The man burst into tears, and, grasping the other's hand, exclaimed in broken accents, "Sir, I *should* like to have a good bellyful of victuals afore I die!"

To turn now to tears that spring from morbid susceptibility, or from the force of unreasoning sympathy. People whose eyes brim over with tears at the slightest provocation, and at the shortest notice, are not necessarily gentle and pitiful in every-day life. They are so sometimes, but not as a matter of course. To shed tears becomes a sort of habit, but a habit fruitless in results. It is a shallow excitement, an agreeable perturbation, physical rather than moral, meaning little, and ending in nothing. That it is partly physical would appear from its epidemic or contagious character at large gatherings of men and women. Once upon a time, at a country church, the clergyman, an earnest, excitable preacher, chanced, in the middle of his sermon, to throw a tenderly pathetic accent into a sentence that was totally devoid of anything approaching to pathos—a plain sensible announcement of a solid fact—the distance from Jerusalem to Jericho in English miles, or the number of years occupied, according to the best authorities, in building the Second Temple of Jerusalem. The earnest, excitable man heard the accents of his own voice, and was much moved. His voice trembled more and more, his eyes grew moist; it was a chance that he did not entirely break down. Immediately three young ladies in the

squire's pew put their handkerchiefs to their eyes; the squire blew his nose violently; a heavy dragoon, who chanced to be staying at the Hall, was sensibly affected; several females in the back benches sobbed audibly; an elderly spinster groaned; nineteen charity-school children thought it prudent, on a sign from the schoolmistress, to rub their eyes with the back of their hands; and the churchwardens nudged each other in the ribs, and endeavoured to look solemn. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" But in Hecuba's case there was a tragic substratum; there was really something to cry about. All that was needed was the imaginative power to realize the pathos of the story. In the case of the earnest, excitable preacher there was nothing, so to say, to go upon—it was literally "*vox et præterea nihil*!" A statistical fact was uttered by the merest chance in touching accents; the utterer was melted; his audience was melted; action and reaction followed; it was a mercy that the quiet country church was not startled from its propriety by an outburst of frantic hysteria from transept, nave, and aisles.

We are of opinion that the clergy should be on their guard against evoking unreal emotion. It is a bad plan to use up feelings that on proper occasions may lead to a wholesome practical result. For this reason we object to clergymen performing special services in which they are personally interested. We have seen a rector baptize his own infant. In the middle of the ceremony his self-possession gave way; his voice quavered; tears started from his eyes. Of course the bystanders were deeply agitated. You will say it was a touching scene, but we do not think so. There was no greater reason for weeping at the baptism of the "little stranger" recently arrived at the rectory than at that of the son and heir of Hodge the ploughman. It was a waste of emotion, and all waste is injurious. Thus, too, we have witnessed that most depressing ceremony, a marriage, rendered doubly so by being performed, as the newspapers say, by "the father of the bridegroom." To use an appropriate simile, all had gone "merry as a marriage bell" until the service began—the bridegroom radiant, the bride endeavouring not to look happy, the aged uncle who was to give away the bride, and had a turn for comedy, perpetrating heavy jokes in all the intervals of business, the bridesmaids secretly uneasy at not feeling disposed to cry. But before the father of the bridegroom had advanced well into the ceremony he became abruptly pathetic;

his feelings carried him away; tears came to his relief. The company broke forth into sympathetic agitation. The bridegroom sobbed, the bride was like to faint, the bridesmaids shook with spasmodic grief, the comic uncle, who had hitherto been the life of the party, was led out into the churchyard, choking with emotion. If it had not been for the presence of mind of the parish clerk, who had a loud voice with a nasal twang, and caused, by the noise he made, a revulsion of ideas, the happy couple would never have been married that day.

Charles Lamb professed an utter inability to keep his countenance on solemn occasions. He laboured under a morbid tendency to laugh at funerals; but, on the whole, a morbid tendency to weep is likely to do more harm. It is so very catching, and it is so very deceptive. You fancy that your tears do you so much credit. In the clever novel of the *Silver Cord* a lady's religious status is happily defined by the fact that "she felt very good when she heard the organ played at church." So people fancy themselves tender-hearted when moisture, from whatever cause, mechanically oozes from their eyes. The east wind or a pinch of snuff can evoke tears as valuable as those that owe their origin to a passing twinge of sentiment, or the contagious excitement of a large assemblage of men and women.

We may be sure that Gertrude Von der Wart, Lady Rachel Russell, and other women of heroic mould, did not waste time and strength in profitless weeping, but nobly did the work before them, regardless of the world's opinion. Or, if they wept at all, they hastened, like Cordelia,

"To shake  
The holy water from their heavenly eyes,"

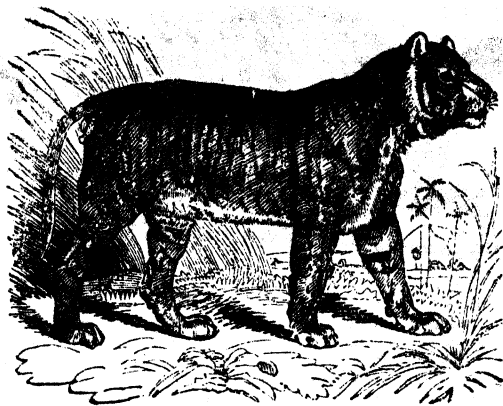
and mastered the emotion which would otherwise have made them weak and useless.

## WILD ANIMALS;

THEIR HOMES, HAUNTS, AND HISTORIES.

### THE TIGER.

THE Royal Tiger, as it is often called to distinguish it from the smaller tiger-cats, is far more limited in its range than the lion. It is exclusively Asiatic. Hindustan may be considered as its head quarters, but it is common in the larger islands, as Sumatra, where it is a fearful scourge. It is said to occur in the south of China, and also in the deserts which separate China from Siberia, and as far as the banks of the Obi. It is found in Tonquin and Siam. The ancients regarded India and Hyrcania as nurseries of



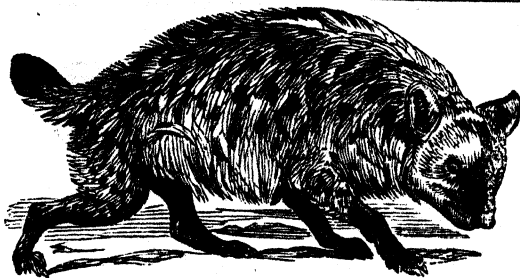
the tiger. Hyrcania was a province of the ancient Persian empire, at the south-eastern corner of the Caspian Sea; but its boundaries are not very determinate. Whether the tiger still inhabits this district is not very clear; there is no reason, however, to doubt the concurrent testimonies of the ancient writers.

The tiger is equal in size to the lion, but of a more elongated form, and pre-eminently graceful. The head also is shorter and more rounded. Occasionally individuals occur exceeding any lion we have contemplated in menageries; but the average height is from three feet six inches to four feet. The general tint of the fur is of a fine yellow or reddish yellow, ornamented by a series of transverse black bands or stripes, which occupy the sides of the head, neck, and body, and are continued on the tail in the form of rings: the under parts of the body and inner parts of the limbs are almost white. Individuals are sometimes exhibited of a very pale colour, with the stripes very obscure; and Du Halde says that the Chinese tiger (*Lou-chu* or *Lau-hu*) varies in colour, some being white, striped with black and grey.

The ancients make frequent mention of the tiger, with which it cannot be doubted that Aristotle was well acquainted, though he talks of a breed in India between this animal and the dog, meaning, perhaps, the cheetah, which is used for the chase. Pliny describes the "tremendous velocity" of the tiger, and the devoted attachment of the tigress to her young. Oppian speaks of swift tigers, the offspring of the zephyr; and of

its swiftness Mr. Bell, the traveller, and Père Gerbillon, were witnesses in China; the chase of this animal being a favourite diversion with the great Cam-Hi, the Chinese monarch. It appears that Augustus was the first who exhibited a tiger at Rome, which was tame and kept in a cage. Claudius afterwards exhibited four, and Cuvier suggests that it was in commemoration of this rare spectacle that the mosaic discovered some years since at Rome was made representing four royal tigers in the act of devouring their prey. As, however, India and its products became better known to the Romans, the tiger became more familiar to them, but was never exhibited in great numbers. Ten were in the possession of Gordian III.

Active, powerful, and ferocious, the tiger is more to be dreaded than the lion, because it is more insidious in its attack, and also prowls abroad by day as well as by night. In some districts of India, and in Sumatra, its ravages are frightful. We are informed by Colonel Sykes that, in the province of Kandeish alone, 1,032 tigers were killed from the year 1825 to 1829 inclusive, according to the official returns. In Sumatra the infatuated natives seldom attempt their destruction, having a notion that they are animated by the souls of their ancestors. Tiger-hunting is one of the favourite field-sports of the East, and as the chase is not unattended with danger, it is productive of proportionate excitement. Though horsemen as well as persons on foot attend on these occasions, it is more for the sake of "being



THE SPOTTED HYENA.

in at the death" than of taking a decided part, for the horse will seldom stand steadily when near this dreaded beast. It is to the armed riders on elephants that the dangerous work of rousing up the tiger from the jungle covert is left, and of firing at him as he bounds along. The tiger's first object is to escape under the covert of the long grass or jungle; but, when wounded or hard pressed, he will turn with great fury, and, by springing on the elephant's head or shoulder, endeavour to reach his antagonists. The agitation of the elephants, which often lose all obedience to control at such a moment, together with the rapidity of the attack, renders this a critical juncture, and fatal accidents have often embittered the conclusion of the contest.

#### THE SPOTTED HYENA.

Perhaps the most mischievous and destructive animal with which the settler in South Africa has to contend is the spotted hyena (*Hyæna crocuta*), to which the colonists have given the name of the tiger-wolf, tolerably expressive of its fierce and ravening nature. This animal appears to occupy a position about midway between the cats and dogs, partaking much of the nature of both, as manifested in their natural state. It is a hideous, shaggy monster, with a voracious appetite, and a cry the most doleful and horrible that can be conceived, something that seems to be made up of fiendish laughter and the wail of condemned spirits. This is the nightly music to which the colonist must listen, and it is associated with all that is terrible and revolting to humanity; for the hyena is not only the great marauder and destroyer of sheep and all domesticated animals, but the devourer of infants and infirm persons, as well as of dead bodies, whether human or bestial, and in any stage of decomposition. Prowling

about the towns and the out-settlements, and often stealing into the very houses, it will seize whatever comes in its way, and make off to its lair on the mountains. The infant from its mother's breast, the sick person from the bed, and the corpse from the coffin or recently filled-up grave, have often been thus mangled on the spot, or borne away to be devoured at home. It is a cowardly brute, and attacks no living creatures that make a bold stand against it. Even sick calves and sheep that have been really unable to flee at its approach, or to manifest any sign of fear, have driven it off by stupidly looking in its face. With the Kaffirs it is a kind of sacred animal, and they expose their dead bodies, and even their sick and aged relatives, to be devoured by it; and, thus encouraged, it becomes bold, frequently entering the huts and carrying off children. Where fire-arms have been introduced, it has learned to live in wholesome dread of them; and a single man, with a gun, need not fear to encounter a host of hungry hyenas. They will scamper away in every direction; but he must not go to sleep in an unprotected spot in their vicinity, or they will soon be round him, sniffing and whining, with their fœtid breath, and horrid, blood-stained jaws, and green, glaring eyes, looking out for a vulnerable part. A story is told of a Cape trumpeter, who, having become dead drunk, was put out in the air to cool and recover himself. It was night, and the sharp-scented hyenas were soon attracted to the spot, and believing the man to be really dead, they dragged him away to the mountains for a feast. As they were about to commence operations, the trumpeter awoke to a sense of his agreeable situation, and sitting up, did, perhaps, the most sensible thing which, under the circumstances, he could have done; he applied his instrument to his lips, and blew a shrill

blast that made the rocks echo again, and his cowardly assailants to fly as if a musket-ball had been sent among them. The narrator of this story adds, that if the man had been anything but a trumpeter, he would, in all probability, have been devoured; but, from what we know of the hyenas, this seems unlikely, unless he had been so utterly stupefied by drink, or paralyzed by fear, as to have been incapable of making any resistance before some vital part had been reached. The jaws of this animal are so powerful that they are said to be able to crush the largest bones—of a horse even. A settler relates that when his horse was killed by a lion, only a small part of the carcass was devoured by the destroyer; but next night the entire remains were carried off by the hyenas, and all that was ever afterwards discovered was one of the hoofs and part of the skull.

The hyena is a very cunning and suspicious animal, so that it is not often taken in the traps and pitfalls set for it by the farmers; when it is, and its dead carcass is thrown to the dogs, they will not eat it, so rank and offensive is it. If, however, the dead body is left till night, its relatives will scent it out, and soon pick the bones quite clean, if they do not crunch and swallow them too.

#### WEATHER SIGNS.

A FEW of the more marked signs of weather, useful alike to seaman, farmer, and gardener, are the following:—

Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather, or much wind (perhaps rain); a grey sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather.

Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate and light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy, blue sky is windy; but a light, bright, blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally, the *softer* clouds look, the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more “greasy,” rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow, or grey tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly.

Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light scud clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but, if alone, may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcasting of murky vapour that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infallible sign.

Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual, but general, the coming change of weather will prove.

Light, delicate, quiet tints or colours, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but gaudy or unusual hues, with hard, definitely-outlined clouds, foretell rain, and probably strong wind. Misty clouds forming, or hanging on heights, show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

When sea-birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected.

When they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind, with stormy weather. As many creatures besides birds are affected by the approach of rain or wind, such indications should not be slighted by an observer who wishes to foresee weather, or compare its variations. There are other signs of a coming change in the weather, known less generally than may be desirable, and therefore worth notice; such as when birds of long flight—rooks, swallows, or others—hang about home, and fly up and down, or low, rain or wind may be expected. Also, when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily (or straight upwards during a calm), an unfavourable change is probable.

Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog. Neither of these two formations occurs under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind. One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were, by wind; but seldom or never *formed* while it is blowing.

Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon; distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised (by refraction); and what is called “a good *hearing* day,” may be mentioned among signs of wet, if not wind, to be expected.

## THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

It is only necessary to cast our eyes for one moment on the face of a child to be convinced that the pocket-handkerchief is one of the first things of which mankind stands in need. This article of our toilet, though small and insignificant as it may appear, is for all that one of the most important and necessary portions of our attire, seeing the elevated functions it is called upon to fulfil. It is the pocket-handkerchief which daily travels over the most delicate organs of our senses—which moves gracefully over our visage, rendering us in its course the most signal services. We may forget our purse, our watch, our penknife, without any ostensible inconvenience resulting therefrom, without our embarrassment being, so to speak, intense and patent; but our pocket-handkerchief! Every one can perceive the serious consequences which might result from such a sad lapse of memory.

The pocket-handkerchief, from the smallness of its size and its position in the wearer's pocket, is very susceptible of being lost at "the wash," or stolen in the crowd. How very few privileged beings are there who can with truth affirm that their dozens of pocket-handkerchiefs have never diminished save by the process of that natural decay which when applied to things inanimate, we term wear and tear! It is upon this article of our toilet that the thief of tender years exercises his budding genius, and against which he "tries the strength of his youth." Pocket-handkerchief picking is among the amateurs of the goods of others the A B C of the trade—we beg pardon, the profession of the swell-mobman; it is, in fact, theft reduced to its simplest denomination.

The pocket-handkerchief has replaced the fan in the hands of the fairer half of creation; it forms a portion of their deportment, if we may be allowed the term; it allies itself with their countenance. An actress on the stage without a pocket-handkerchief is like a body without a soul. Does she feign anger? She crumples her pocket-handkerchief. Does she affect the arch, the coy? The pocket-handkerchief is again in requisition to conceal the smile or the glance of intelligence. Is she moved to tears? The *batiste* covers her eyes. In short, does she speak, gesticulate, threaten? The pocket-handkerchief accompanies the motions of the arm, and gives additional effect to every word or action.

The pocket-handkerchief, in general, plays an eminently pathetic part in leave-takings

of every description. When a husband quits his wife, a youth his relatives, a young girl the parental roof, what is it that prolongs the "sweet sorrow" of leave-taking, as love-sick Romeo hath it? What is it that is wafted aloft in the air, bearing in every flourish an expression of regret, a mute sign of sorrow? It is the pocket-handkerchief, now become the telegraph of attachment—the hieroglyphic of love—the interpreter of the heart. Each of the curves which it then describes in space bears afar off a chagrin at separation—a vow of a speedy return. What tender heart is there that does not feel deeply the full value of this pantomime of the pocket-handkerchief?

It is the pocket-handkerchief again which aids the memory, its knotted corners recalling to mind a commission to be executed, a message to be delivered. It is in one of these same knotted corners also that lies concealed the humble treasure of the poor; it is beneath its folds that the *lachrymose* joy of the youthful heir hides its crocodile tears, and the *inconsolable* widow her sorrow for the "dear departed;" it is within its bosom that the tears of the unhappy are shed; and it is it again which envelops the nose of the victim of cold or influenza.

It has lately become the fashion to print picturesque views, portraits of celebrated men, remarkable events, and so forth, upon our pocket-handkerchiefs. And it is, we think, a truly saddening spectacle to see so many efforts of genius destined to a usage which, in our estimation, seems little better than profanation; for does it not appear almost barbarous to sneeze in a beautiful landscape, or to blow one's nose upon the countenance of a hero, or in the very centre of a glorious event? To thrust one's nose into these marvels of high art seems little short of Vandalism; and our gorge rises with indignation and disgust at seeing the visage of Wellington wipe the nostrils of a fool, or the good-humoured countenance of Jenny Lind perform the same kind office for the olfactory organs of some empty-headed "gent."

How deeply can the *batiste* pocket-handkerchief of a pretty woman move the heart, and how loudly can it appeal to the imagination of the youthful lover! For has not the French muslin been in contact with the adored visage? Has it not lightly glanced over the rosy-hued features of innocence, wiped away the tear-drops from beauty's cheek, followed the graceful lines of a lovely countenance, sounded each dimple of those rounded cheeks, where love delights to niche itself, and, finally, has it not touched that



goal to which the lips of the ardent lover so oft aspire?

In an old *ménage*, the presiding deity of which is not over careful, the pocket-handkerchief very frequently plays its possessor some rather sorry tricks. For instance, you have, on leaving home, taken a clean pocket-handkerchief out of your drawer, and in order that its pristine brilliancy be not sullied, you leave it in its original folds until the moment shall arrive when you purpose making use of it. When the proper time comes you flourish the cambric in the eyes of the assembly, and lo! two or three wide rents are discoverable to all. The secret of an ill-kept wardrobe is thus divulged to the world; it is like an accusation of untidiness brought against your better half. But how much more disagreeable is it, when seizing hurriedly your pocket-handkerchief, you too plainly feel that your fingers have discovered the deplorable fissures, and that, unprotected by the cambric, they touch, *in puribus naturalibus*, the nose which they have just that instant seized!

There is a certain class of would-be fashionables who designedly leave an end of the handkerchief projecting from the pocket: a Frenchman would call this the *petit bout d'oreille* of vanity.

In conclusion, we can perceive that even the Sublime Porte has never discovered anything so graceful for the woman he prefers as that of casting to her a pocket-handkerchief. Now we have often pondered in our minds what emblem could lie hidden under this custom of the Levant—a country where all is metaphorical; and after mature deliberation we have come to the conclusion that this is meant to say, perhaps, that in Turkey, as elsewhere, a pretty woman often leads men by the nose, and that, in casting a pocket-handkerchief to the object of his choice, the Sultan merely exclaims in figurative language, "Lead me!"

### EMIGRATION OF EDUCATED WOMEN.

THE following letter has been addressed by Miss Faithful to the editor of the *Times*, and we cheerfully give insertion to it.

"Sir,—The last few days have brought so many enquirers to the Victoria Press about the emigration of educated women, owing to the pamphlet by Miss Pye, which I have just published, on the question, that I am anxious to make known, through your paper, a plan which has been formed by the Society for Promoting the Employment of

Women, which appears likely to meet the necessities of the case. The committee state:—

"It has been ascertained that educated women are required in the colonies as teachers in public schools, schoolmistresses, and private governesses; and to supply these is the object the society has in view. The means by which it proposes to work are the following:—

"1. The establishment in the different colonies (such as Natal, Sydney, Melbourne, Canterbury, and Vancouver) of local committees to work with the central committee in London; to forward instructions as to the kind and number of educated women required, the situations vacant, or likely soon to become vacant, together with all such information as may assist the home committee, and promote, most advantageously to both countries, the objects in view.

"2. The local committees, or agents appointed by and responsible to them, to receive the ladies on their arrival, to direct them to safe and respectable lodgings when necessary, and in all cases protect and assist them while their character and conduct remain unimpeachable.

"3. The application of no candidate to be entertained who is not able at once to produce the most satisfactory references, into which, in all cases, the strictest inquiries will be made, and personal guarantees required.

"4. The home committee will endeavour to procure assisted passages; and while it reserves the right of determining how far it will assist candidates with money from the special emigration fund, it will, in all, save extreme cases, look to the repayment of the sum advanced through the local committee of the port to which the candidate is bound, guaranteed by relations or friends at home.

"5. The London committee will also give the protection of this organization to single ladies, with means of their own, desirous to emigrate, and will in every way use its influence for the promotion and safe conduct of the emigration of educated women."

"Such an organization may accomplish much; the necessity for some plan of this kind no one doubts. We cannot find employment for the surplus women here, and every one who has resided in the colonies assures us how much they are required there. Very truly,

"EMILY FAITHFUL.

"Great Coram Street, London."

## A FRENCH SALON.

WHAT is a *salon* in France? And, in the first place, we will begin our answer by saying what it is not. It is not, then, and the word does not convey to French ears the signification of an easy, comfortable, well-furnished, well-curtained, and well-carpeted family sitting-room, in which there is always a cheerful fire in winter, and open windows and sunshine in summer, and a pleasant "litter," more or less elegant, of ladies' work, books, newspapers, and the newest periodical lying about on snug easy-chairs and sofas. It is not, in short, as a general rule, the room in which the members of the household live and meet as a matter of course every day of their lives at the close of their more active occupations, whether of business or pleasure, for family and social intercourse. A French *salon* is something essentially different from all this; and, in the first place, it may be said of it that the leading feature and idea connected with it are, that it is a *pièce de réception*. A Frenchwoman *lives* in her bedroom or her boudoir; she *receives* in her *salon*; and that word "receives" gives the key at once both to the use and external character and decorations of the place to which it so specially applies. The phrase is of universal usage and application, and descends to the mouths of the very humblest classes of the social scale. We once had a *cuisinière*—a female cook, not a *chef de cuisine*—who objected to her place because "her kitchen was too small." Why? perhaps you will ask. Because she had not sufficient room in it for the adequate display of her culinary ability, and was afraid of her artistic reputation receiving injury in consequence? Nothing of the kind. "*Comment voulez-vous que j'y reçoive ?*" was the precise form of words in which she stated her objection with great *naïveté*, and as though it were the most natural thing in the world for her to say. There was not room enough for her to "receive" company and hold a *soirée* when the labours of the day were over.

But let us reascend again to the *salon* from the kitchen, into which latter department we have only dipped for a moment in order to demonstrate the universality of the idea of a reception-room which attaches to the former. A *salon*, then, in France, is *par excellence* a room *où on reçoit*, where one receives company, and which is comparatively little used at other times. It exhibits, therefore, almost always that degree either of stiffness, elegance, or grandeur, according

to the breeding, taste, and position of fortune of the owners, which is almost incompatible with the free and easy usages of family life and daily habitation of our own drawing-rooms. Books, even of the most elegant description, are altogether out of place; there is, indeed, nowhere to put them; nor do we ever remember to have seen a newspaper lying about in such a place, the *Journal des Débats* excepted, perhaps, in the *salons* of some illustrious *doctinaire*. The French *salon* is used to receive company, and, with all its elegance, has always, more or less, a company look. The reception, as is well known, takes place either in the morning or the evening; but it is with the latter only, or the *soirée*, that we are concerned at this moment.

There are a great variety of *salons* in Paris, the different types of which are wonderfully distinct from each other, and generally to be found in totally opposite quarters of the town. There is the literary *salon*, the musical *salon*, the fashionable *salon*, the political *salon*, the legitimate *salon*; but with respect to none of these is it an easy task, in such a city as Paris, to establish a reputation for having a *salon* at once *bien composé*, well attended, and attractive. Much, almost everything, indeed, depends upon the lady of the house; but to "receive well" is recognized as a peculiar talent in France; it requires what the French designate emphatically as *des qualités*; and people say of the mistress of a household who is successful in this respect—"Elle reçoit d'une manière charmante," in a tone as if they were paying her almost the highest compliment she could receive. What these qualifications are it would be at once too long and extremely difficult precisely to attempt to define, and we prefer, therefore, summing them up in that universal and inexplicable *je ne sais quoi*, which stands in the stead of all impossible descriptions. Certain it is, however, that without them your *salon* soon becomes dull, dreary, and—word more dreadful than any other to French ears—*ennuyeux*—frequented only by bores who have succeeded in closing all other doors against them. In two respects only will we venture to lay down definitely what a Frenchwoman need not be, and what she must needs be, in order to win the desired success: she need not be pretty, but she must be *spirituelle*.

One is rarely bored in France by young ladies being asked and sitting down to play, *impromptu*, one of those pieces which Dr. Johnson so emphatically wished impossible.

## DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

## No. 3.—THE CARPET.

THE following kinds of carpets are now made in Great Britain:—Axminster, Venetian, Kidderminster or Scotch, British or damask Venetian, Brussels, and Wilton or Pile carpeting. These names do not always denote either the present or original place of manufacture. Brussels carpets were introduced into Kidderminster from Tournay in 1745; and it is doubtful whether Venetians were ever made at Venice. Wiltons (which are in fact Brussels carpets) were made on the continent before they were introduced at Wilton; and what are called Kidderminster, are made in the greatest quantities in Scotland or Yorkshire.

*Axminster Carpets* are usually made in one piece, according to the dimensions of the room for which they are required.



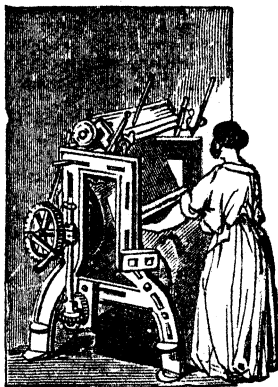
COMBING WHEEL.

The warp or chain is of strong linen, placed perpendicularly between two rolls, or beams, which turn round and enable the chain to be rolled from off one beam and on to the other as the weaving of the carpet proceeds. Small tufts or bunches of different coloured worsted or woollen are tied to or fastened under the warp; and when one row of these tufts has been finished, the shoot of linen is thrown in and firmly rammed down. Another row of tufts is then arranged in such a manner as, by a change of colours, to form a further portion of the pattern. To guide the weaver as to the position of the colours, a small paper design or drawing constantly hangs

before him, from which he works. The tufts wholly conceal the linen threads. Real Turkey carpets are manufactured in a similar manner, and they are regularly imported, though not in very large quantities. Finger or Town-made and Stormont rugs are also formed with tufts put in as they are in Axminster carpets, but with a different arrangement of apparatus.

*Venetian Carpets*.—Here the warp or chain, which is of worsted, and generally arranged in stripes of different colours, is alone visible; the shoot, which is of a dark colour and usually black, is concealed between the upper and under surface. By using shoot of different sizes, these carpets are made to assume the appearance of plaids, checks, or twills.

*Kidderminster or Scotch Carpets* are formed by the intersection of two or more cloths of different colours; but, as these



CARPET SHEARING.

cloths may be woven in stripes of different shades, by introducing at intervals shoots of different colours; the carpet is usually made to assume a great variety of colours. These carpets are sometimes "three-ply," or have three thicknesses of cloth; but, for the most part, they are "two-ply." Each cloth is perfect in itself, so that, if one cloth were carefully cut away, the other would remain perfect, and be in appearance like a very coarse baize. The process of weaving both cloths is carried on at the same time, and in each part of the carpet that cloth is brought to the surface which is required to produce that portion of the pattern. The

back of the carpet will necessarily be of exactly the same pattern as the front, but the colours will be reversed. A complicated variety of the jacquard loom is used in weaving these carpets.

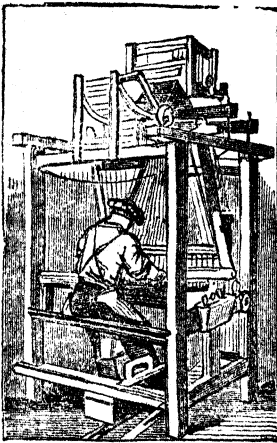
*British or Damask Venetian Carpets* partake both of the character of Venetian and Kidderminster, though more of the former than the latter. The warp, as in the Venetian, is the only part seen, whereas, in Kidderminster, the shoot forms the greater part of what is visible.

*Brussels Carpets* form by far the most important and increasing portion of the carpet trade. Brussels are composed of linen and worsted, the cloth or reticuled part of the structure being entirely of linen, which is formed into a kind of very coarse sampler

goods, were distinguished by the Cut or Wilton carpets.

The chief export trade for carpets is to the United States of America, but they are also sent to most parts of the continents of Europe and America. By far the greatest quantity of Brussels is made in Kidderminster; what are called Kidderminster or Scotch are made in Scotland and the north of England.

Mr. Wood, of Darwen, patented in 1850, an ingenious mode of making looped or piled (or what may perhaps be termed velvet) carpets. Under the ordinary circumstances of making the velvet, wires are inserted at intervals to assist in forming the loops; and these wires have to be inserted and removed by hand. In Mr. Wood's plan



SCOTCH CARPET LOOM.

cloth, with two threads of linen for the shoot (one above, and the other below the worsted). The mode of bringing up to the surface the particular worsted thread which gives the pattern requires much ingenuity.

*Wilton or Pile Carpets* differ from Brussels only in this: that the loops of worsted are all cut through, and the carpet assumes a velvety appearance. At Glasgow a beautiful kind of velvet carpet is manufactured, in which coloured chenille is thrown in as a shoot, and afterwards cut at the surface. The manufacture of Brussels carpet was introduced into Wilton soon after its introduction into Kidderminster: the Wilton carpets being originally a better description of



PERSIAN RUG MAKING.

of carpet-making, however, wires are thrown in among the warp-threads, and removed when the weft is formed, by ingenious mechanism attached to the loom.

There is a mode of imparting colour to carpets, patented by Mr. Henshall, a carpet manufacturer of Huddersfield, in which something like the principle of calico-printing is applied to carpet-work. The object is to produce differently coloured spots, squares, or stripes, independent of the mere weaving process. The warp-threads are arranged side by side in a peculiar frame, so as to form an even horizontal layer; and in that state they are drawn tightly over a printing table, and printed in colours by blocks in the usual way. When these warp-

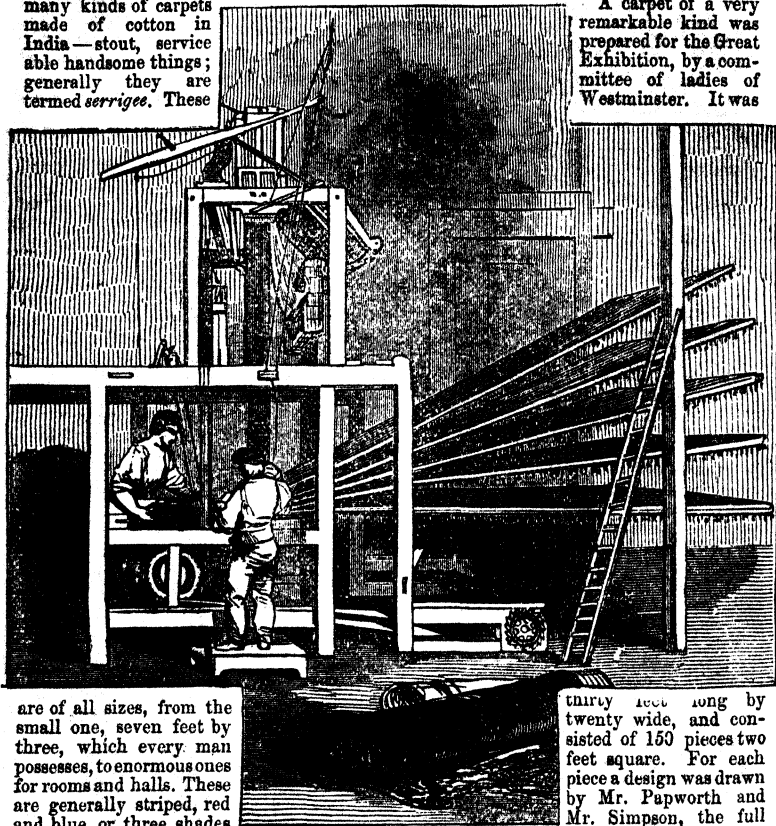
threads (or they may just as conveniently be weft-threads) are applied to weaving, a pattern is produced by the variation of the colour in each thread, in addition to the primary pattern.

In a communication to the *Times* in 1845, a correspondent suggests the manufacture of cheap carpets from coarse cotton. There are many kinds of carpets made of cotton in India—stout, serviceable handsome things; generally they are termed *serrigee*. These

be made for exportation to Africa, South America, and even India! At Warungole, in the Nizam's country, beautiful carpets of the same description as Turkey—that is, with the nap raised—are made of cotton.

A patent has been taken out within the last few years, for a mode of manufacturing carpets by a felting process.

A carpet of a very remarkable kind was prepared for the Great Exhibition, by a committee of ladies of Westminster. It was



BRUSSELS-CARPET LOOM.

are of all sizes, from the small one, seven feet by three, which every man possesses, to enormous ones for rooms and halls. These are generally striped, red and blue, or three shades of blue, sometimes woven into patterns; and I have often thought how useful they would be in England, these coarse kinds, for the poorer classes, for bed-rooms, &c. Again, what beautiful designs might not be manufactured by the skill of English workmen,—how large a quantity of small ones for individuals, or large for halls, might not

thirty feet long by twenty wide, and consisted of 150 pieces two feet square. For each piece a design was drawn by Mr. Papworth and Mr. Simpson, the full size; and each lady, on payment of a guinea, had a design placed at her disposal, to work up into a piece of the carpet; the work was to be executed by hand in Berlin wool, which was supplied by the committee. There were 340 threads in each direction, in each piece; and the whole of the pieces were joined edge to edge to form a carpet.

SKETCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

No. 1.—THE FRUIT TREE.



the human soul of His love, His power, or His sovereign will.

Mrs. Westerton conversed with her children and grand-children, by an open window, on a summer evening, when the garden and shrubbery before their view were lit up with the splendid rays of the setting sun. The young people listened to her with reverence and love, all but the youngest, Emmeline, who had reached her fourteenth birth day without a serious thought, as far as could be perceived, and turned a deaf ear to all that the venerable lady said, for it was *only Grandmamma talking*. For her sake chiefly, Mrs. Westerton, holding Emmeline's hand with a firm but affectionate grasp, repeated impressively the following lines:—

THE FRUIT TREE.

Anna was beautiful and vain,  
Self-admiration was her bane;  
To work or read she had no will,  
She sought no good, she fear'd no ill;  
Flattery closed her ears to truth,  
And folly marr'd her early youth;  
Abroad, 'twas all her aim to see  
The dresses of the company;  
At home, the glass was her delight—  
To gaze on eyes so dark and bright,

The works of God are full of instruction for us, and if we will attend to their teachings we shall grow in wisdom. You may have heard of a certain man, of whom a poet said—

"A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was *nothing more*."

Why, what more *could* it be? you say. Dear children, have you ever looked at a flower to learn from it? Have you seen

humility in the perfumed violet—purity in the delicate snowdrop? O! believe it, every little flower is more than it seems—more than botanists can describe. God speaks through each. So also the trees, and all the other beautiful objects of nature have precious lessons to impart. I am going to give you one example of the important truths which a common tree may teach. But every leaf—every blossom came from God, and speaks to

And crimson cheeks, and curls that deck  
With jetty droop, her lustrous neck;  
And so, with self-adorning smiles,  
To practise little artful wiles;  
With silly dreams then turn aside,  
And ransack all her wardrobe's pride.  
The trees might bud, the flowers might blow,  
The birds of Spring might come and go,—  
Of Nature little did she know,—  
But once it chanced, she stood before o'er,  
A fruit-tree clothed with blossoms o'er,  
Fragrant and gay, and fair of hue;  
Enchanted, Anna stood to view;  
'Twas like a bridal Queen of May—  
So white, so pure, so fresh, so gay.  
A few days after, Anna came;  
Surely the tree was not the same!  
The fragrance gone, the fair tints fled,  
And all the beauteous blossoms dead.  
"This is a swift and sad decay,"  
She said, and ponder'd all the day;  
And then she noted how the flowers,  
Resplendent in the garden bowers,  
Faded away, swiftly and sure,  
And naught of summer might endure:  
Then green leaves fell that graced the trees,  
Rough winds displaced the summer breeze,  
The splendid moths soon pass'd away,  
The butterflies soon ceased to play  
Over the flower-beds joyously:  
Ceased cricket, grasshopper, and bee  
And sickness came to her, and pain—  
And pass'd—  
And left her no more vain.

She ceased to trust in charms that die  
 Fast as the swallow's wings can fly;  
 She learn'd to read, to think, to pray,  
 And walk in heavenly Wisdom's way:  
 Seeking the beauties that will last  
 When youth, and life, and earth are past!

"That story was but an invention," said Emmeline.

"It was *truth*," said Mrs. Westerton. "Anna was myself, I wrote the lines you have just heard for your especial benefit, Emmeline. Promise me, dear child, that you will consider their meaning, and lay it to heart."

Emmeline was proudly silent; but when she had retired from the family circle the story of the fruit tree hung on her mind, and would not be banished. The moon had risen while yet the beams of day lingered over the shrubbery, and thoughtful and unquiet she went out on a terrace overlooking the garden, and sat down before a tree. But Emmeline derived no benefit from the contemplation. It was *but* a tree to her. So the moonlight was lovely, but it was *only* moonlight. The sighing of the evening breeze touched not her heart, it was *only* the wind.

This state of mind veils all life and all blessings, and clothes them in one dull unplesant hue. The children's maid slipped out to suggest that dew was falling, and excused herself for covering the young lady's shoulders with a light shawl, because "Miss Emmeline was so delicate." This kind attention excited not the least feeling of thoughtfulness in Emmeline—it was *only* the servant; and what are servants for, if not to wait on young ladies. A canary was dropping asleep on its perch in a cage by the doorway, Emmeline drew her fingers sharply over the bars to frighten it as she passed, it was *only* a bird. Emmeline reflected on nothing—was impressed by nothing, until her grandmother's story of the fruit tree was repeated, and a copy of it placed in her hand. "For *me* was this written," she said to herself, "for my good. And when Grandmamma was a girl like me she was instructed by a fruit tree, and by flowers and leaves, and moths and butterflies. Ah, it would be a long time before such things instructed *me*; besides, I don't know that I have anything to learn, or if I have, I suppose Mamma pays for masters enough. I am bored to death with their instructions." Grandmamma could make nothing of Emmeline, until the old lady declined, and sunk slowly to death. Emmeline then kept aloof from her as much as possible, for she hated sickness, and all the

solemn and affecting thoughts that sickness brings. But she kept a slip of her Grandmamma's writing in a little toilette box, and often read it, when no eye saw her. It was the fruit tree, and when the paper was locked away, Emmeline thoughtfully observed that the dying old lady was always peaceful and happy, surrounded by the beautiful objects of nature, on which her fading eyes gazed earnestly; while her ears were eager to catch the song of a bird, or even the distant lowing of the cattle on the pastures, or the rustling of leaves in the wind.

With her hand on her cherished Bible, she lay for hours watching the floating clouds, or the midnight stars. "*She* certainly must see more in them than *I* do," Emmeline concluded. Yes, and the old lady saw more in all that was round her than worldly eyes could see. *She* spoke often affectionately to the servants, as if she saw more in them than persons created to wait on the sick.

The good old lady was soon at rest, smiling in her sleep. Emmeline drew near to her coffin, and fancied the sunshine rested lovingly on it, because the sleeper there had loved the sunshine. The birds sang out as if to assure the dead she should not be forgotten. The very flowers and trees Anna fancied whispered of the happy spirit newly released from pain. "And I—I," wept Emmeline—"I loved her too, though I behaved so ill her. O, my dear Grandmamma, forgive me! I will be thankful and teachable as you have so often entreated me to be; I will seek God in His word and His works, and I will try to learn from the heavenly creations amidst which my happy lot is cast. Henceforth nothing I see or hear shall be slighted by me. I will try to observe and listen and lay to heart the spiritual truths which nature teaches, so perhaps, dear Grandmamma, I may at last find the way of peace which thou hast trod."

May all who read this find that sweet way as well as Emmeline!

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EXERCISE OF CHARITY.—When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them! How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfilment of those offices of affection which may yet be in our power to perform; for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation!

## DOMESTIC HINTS.

**FARINACEOUS FOOD FOR INFANTS.**—The prejudice, on the part of medical men, against the use of farinaceous food (or flour of cereals) is much to be lamented. I believe that if that prejudice were to give way, and a more rational system of feeding to take place, thousands of infant lives might be spared annually. I consider the farinaceous foods (a few of them) most valuable articles of diet, used either in the way of an adjuvant to the cow's milk, when it may be deficient in nutritive qualities, as it often is, by diluting or skimming, or the farinaceous substance will act as a corrective to the milk, when an undue proportion of acidity may be present. . . . But the real objection is not so much against some particular sort of food as it is to the excessive quantity given, and that quantity being improperly prepared. It is as senseless, and as much fraught with mischief—nay, more so—to overload the stomach of an infant beyond its powers of digestion, as to weigh the tiny body down with a burden which, from its tender age and fragile structure, it is unequal to sustain. Over-feeding, which has made so many victims, is the real evil to be combated. The effects of over-feeding are numerous: convulsions, diarrhoea, atrophy, inanition, defective assimilation, may all be the results of improper feeding. It takes different forms, and exhibits various symptoms; in some individuals the effect is rapid, in others slow. An overloaded stomach may, after a short time, cause any of the above disorders; the digestive organs becoming weakened, they cease to do their duty, and the frame is deficiently nourished in consequence.

**TO MAKE FANCY BISCUITS.**—Take one pound of almonds, one pound of sugar, and some orange-flower water. Pound the almonds very fine, and sprinkle them with orange-flower water: when they are perfectly smooth to the touch, put them in a small pan, with flour sifted through a silk sieve; put the pan on a slow fire, and dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; move it well from the bottom to prevent its burning; then take it off, and roll it into small round fillets, to make knots, rings, &c., and cut it into various shapes; make a tinge of different colours, dip one side of them in it, and set them on wire gratings to drain. They may be varied by strewing over them coloured pistachios, or coloured almonds, according to fancy.

**TO MAKE CREAM OF ROSES.**—Take one pound of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, one pint of rose-water, and two drachms of Malta rose, or neroleet essence. Put the oil, spermaceti, and wax into a well-glazed pipkin over a clear fire, and, when melted, pour in the rose-water by degrees, and keep beating till the compound becomes like pomatum. Now add the essence, and then put the cream into small pots or jars, which must be well covered up with pieces of bladder and soft skin leather.

**TO MAKE COLD CREAM POMATUM FOR THE COMPLEXION.**—Take an ounce of oil of sweet almonds, and half a drachm each of white wax and spermaceti, with a little balm. Melt these ingredients in a glazed pipkin over hot ashes, and pour the solution into a marble mortar; stir it

with the pestle until it becomes smooth and cold, then add gradually an ounce of rose or orange-flower water; stir all the mixture till incorporated to resemble cream. This pomatum renders the skin at once supple and smooth. To prevent marks from the small pox, add a little powder of saffron. The gallipot in which it is kept should have a piece of bladder tied over it.

**TO CLEAN WINE DECANTERS.**—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk-warm, into the decanters upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearl-ash: by well working this about the decanters, it will take off the crust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish. Where the decanters have been scratched, and the wine left to stand in them a long time, have a small cane with a bit of sponge tied tight at one end: by putting this into the decanter any crust of the wine may be removed. When the decanters have been properly washed, let them be thoroughly dried, and turned down in a proper rack.

**TO MAKE CRUMPLETS.**—Set two pounds of flour, with a little salt, before the fire till quite warm; then mix it with warm milk and water till it is as stiff as it can be stirred; let the milk be as warm as it can be borne with the finger; put a cupful of this with three eggs well beaten, and mixed with three spoonfuls of very thick yeast; then put this to the batter, and beat them all well together in a large pan or bowl; add as much milk and water as will make it into a thick batter; cover it close, and put it before the fire to rise; put a bit of butter in a piece of thin muslin, tie it up, and rub it lightly over the iron hearth or frying-pan; then pour on a sufficient quantity of batter at a time to make one crumplet; let it do slowly, and it will be very light. Bake them all the same way. They should not be brown, but of a fine yellow.

**RHEUMATIC PAINS IN THE FACE AND THREAT** may be greatly alleviated by adopting the following course:—Take two tea-spoonfuls of flour, the same quantity of grated ginger, and incorporate them well together with sufficient spirits to make a thin paste. Spread this on a linen rag, and apply it to the part affected on going to bed, wrapping a piece of flannel over all, and it will effect a cure.

**TURKEY CARPET, TO CLEAN.**—Beat it well with a stick in the usual manner until all the dust is removed, then take out the stains, if any, with lemon or sorrel juice. When thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf, and if the weather is very fine, let it hang out in the open air for a night or two. This treatment will revive the colours, and make the carpet appear equal to new.

**TO SALT HAMS.**—For three hams pound and mix together half a peck of salt, half an ounce of sal prunella, three ounces of saltpetre, and four pounds of coarse salt; rub the hams well with this, and lay what is to spare over them; let them lie three days, then hang them up. Take the pickle in which the hams were, put water enough to cover the hams with more common salt, till it will bear an egg; then boil and skim it well, put it in the salting tub, and the next morning put in the hams; keep them down the same as pickled pork; in a fortnight take them out of the liquor, rub them well with brine, and hang them up to dry.



## THE HIVE.

**WORKING DOGS.**—Dogs, of almost every breed, are taught to work by the Germans. It looks odd enough to see these sagacious animals, of all descriptions, from the thick-headed bull-dog, and mild and intelligent Newfoundland, down to the candle-leg, half-hound and snappish rat-terrier, all fully employed, instead of idling away their time as they do here. The majority of the dogs, however, are of the larger kind; and it is quite amusing to see their willingness to work, and the various ways in which they are employed. No person is presumed to use a wheelbarrow without a dog to draw the load; and in vehicles of this kind we saw loads of wood, milk, butter, cabbages, bricks, bread, mortar, and hot coffee and refreshments for travellers. All the labour that the person behind had to perform was to act as steersman, while the dog would draw the load, and instantly stop when so ordered. We saw a few cases where the teamsters had become intoxicated and fallen asleep, and the teams had turned around to watch them.

MAN is not merely a creature displaying the endowment of two legs, and the only being entitled to study grammar; not an animal browsing in the fair fields of creation, and endeavouring with all possible grace to gild and swallow the pill of existence; but the masterpiece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom are wedded the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual; before whom the waves of the ocean crouch, and on whom the winds and lightnings and all wait to do his bidding; the great gardener of the Lord; the keeper of his great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of God. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away, far above the world, amid the melodies of heaven.

**THE MULETEER.**—These muleteers of Spanish America, in every part, talk to their mules as if they were human beings, and understood every word addressed to them, in every variety of intonation. I believe the sagacious mules did comprehend all the shades of the admonitions, and all the intensity of the opprobrious epithets lavished on them. Our principal *literero* or *capataz*, a pleasant fellow called Romero, kept constantly either animating, exhorting, or upbraiding the animals which were doing his work. "*Ah, mulas sin vergüenza!*" "O shameless mules!" was his favourite expression, although he sometimes used even more unworthy appellations. The mules jogged on, patiently bearing all. Then Romero would mix up with his addresses to his dumb friends, and a conversation with his companion, who guided the front mule, interloutory snatches with myself, as he rode alongside of the *lítera*. He was highly amused at last by my telling him that I thought his sturdy mules were not nearly so "shameless" as he would make them believe; and what entertained us in return was, that, after my appeal, Romero was less prodigal of his vituperations and anathemas.—*Robertson's Visit to Mexico.*

"IT WAS THE CAT, SIR!"—If anything goes wrong in our household, or if we miss anything, we usually get a very remarkable answer to our inquiry into particulars. All blame is laid to the charge of the cat! Pussy brings it upon herself, however, for she really does make herself very disagreeable. Nobody will attempt to deny that she is of thoroughly selfish principles. She considers it an act of paramount duty to live for her own sweet self. She has a cold heart, and is unstable in her affections. Rub her the wrong way, or not in the right place, and she will scratch you; you will find your hand covered with blood. Is she sorry for it? Not a bit of it. She always chooses a warm berth on the hearthrug; and, if you attempt to remove her, she immediately ceases purring, and will sulk for a week. Sometimes she will leave you, without permission, for a whole fortnight, and return home—artful hussy!—as if nothing had happened—looking, too, demure as a Jesuit. Now you find her peeping into every cupboard in the house; presently she is in the coal-cellar, staring at you most mysteriously with those two great glassy eyes of hers. In every case, find her where you may, she is creeping about stealthily and noiselessly. And see, there she is now, at this very moment, looking down upon us from the house-top—the Sly-boots! No wonder if anything goes wrong, or is missed, that all should be laid to the charge of the cat. I can trace many very extraordinary losses, in years gone by, to "the cat." Tea, sugar, wine, and even ardent spirits have disappeared in quantities—all, I was told, under feline agency. "Hang the cat!" said I. "It's of no use trying to do that, Sir," was the reply I once received; "cats won't die." "Obstinate thieves!" muttered I.—*William Kidd.*

**WITH WHAT INSTRUMENT DID THE ANCIENTS WRITE?**—We have no record in the classical monuments of the use of the quill, much less of the steel pen, as a writing instrument by the ancient scribes. But various pictures in stones show us how they did accomplish their calligraphy. It seems that they chiefly employed tablets, on which they engraved the characters with a metal style (*Lat. stylus*); and when they wrote with liquids on parchment, or on the paper then manufactured from the Egyptian papyrus, they made use of reeds. It has been supposed that quills were made use of for writing so early as the fifth century; but the conjecture rests merely on an anecdote of Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, who, being so illiterate that he could not write even the initials of his name, was provided with a plate of gold, through which the letters were cut; and this being placed on the paper, when his signature was required, he traced the letters with a quill. The earliest certain account of the modern writing pen dates no further back than 1639; and the next occurs towards the latter end of the same century, in a Latin sonnet to a pen, composed by Adhelm, a Saxon author, and the first of his nation who wrote in that language. After that period, however, there are numerous proofs of their having been very generally known; but they were so far from having at once superseded the use of reeds, that the latter were commonly used in the eighteenth century. Reeds are still employed to write with by many of eastern nations.

## FAMILY COUNCIL.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.**—A very great increase in the family circle has been one result of the changed aspect of the Magazine. The gathering of Letters before us is something formidable, yet cheering too, as marking the lively interest taken in the prize competitions. There is, indeed, a very lively emulation excited among the members, and the energetic efforts to excel in the different branches of composition pointed out by the President are such as must tend to individual improvement.

We wish to observe that the Prizes for the year 1862 are intended to be for *general contributions* to the Council, whereas the Certificates of Merit accorded from 1856 to 1861 were intended principally to reward *solutions* of Enigmas. This explanation will set at rest some doubts that have been expressed.

Another point on which we have been questioned respects the selection of prize recipients; but surely there was no ambiguity in the Rules published in January. However, at the commencement of the new volume the Prize Rules will be again set forth, and made clear beyond the possibility of mistake.

The literary strength of the Council has been this month thrown into Original Pastime, Definitions, and the **COMPETITION POEM ON THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION**. As regards the Pastime there is too much *length* prevalent. Brief puzzles and short conundrums are scarce.

We have been desirous that the members should freely criticize each other's productions, and they have pointed out faults of importance, which all contributors will do well to note. Want of originality in one or two, at least, of the enigmas for March, errors of knowledge, errors of spelling—let each writer look closely to these things, and also avoid a too great *easiness* of solution.

Of the **COMPETITION POEMS ON THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION** the best is by LUCINDA B., as we had reason to expect. The second in merit nearly ranks with the first: it is by BLANCHE ALSINGTON. ALIQUIS gives the best description of the Great Temple of Industry. There is a fine comparison set forth in ILLA's poem between a great Roman triumph held in honour of a celebrated general who had died during a campaign, and our magnificent festival, whose chief designer lies low; and the comparison is as beautifully expressed as conceived. ALEXANDRE ERSKINE is again too flowery, but decidedly eloquent—a praise also well deserved by SNOW. There are geniality and sense, but little of poetry, in the effusion by MAX; and RUTHERFARL'S verses are careless, though flowing; whilst ANNA GREY, W. Y. SOMERVILLE, and several others give us respectable compositions, but calculated to benefit the writers, we think, more than the readers.

## LINES ON THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Barrows! uplift your banner;  
High let it be unfurl'd  
O'er this grand and mighty gathering  
Of the nations of the world.

The standard of Old England—  
The honour'd and the fear'd—  
Lift it high above the structure  
Your honest hands have rear'd.

Hark! to the thrilling welcome  
That rings along our shores,  
As our gifted brethren gather round,  
Laden with precious stores.  
Hark! how in distant countries  
They answer to the call,  
And hasten with their noblest works  
To England's Festival!

Our glorious, glittering temple  
With wonders shall be rife;  
From the sculptured marble statue  
Ready to throb with life,  
And the thousand grand achievements—  
Oh, earnest, searching thought!—  
To the delicate embroidery  
By woman's fingers wrought.

Oh! shall not this assembly  
Be link'd in friendly bonds,  
And souls of kindred genius join?  
"THEY SHALL!" each heart responds.  
Old England's sons shall warmly  
Clasp their foreign brethren's hand,  
And the voice of unfeign'd friendship  
Resound in every land.

Oh, England! Oh, my country!  
Well may my bosom glow  
With an exquisite emotion  
As I gaze upon thee now.  
First 'mid the ranks of science,  
Of genius, and of art,  
Well may the laurels crown thy brow—  
Thou hast no counterpart!

But hark! amid the gladness  
A mournful cadence falls;  
It toucheth every English heart  
In cottages or halls.

We miss from this bright concourse  
Our nation's guiding star;  
Its rays have set on England,  
To shine in worlds afar.

We mourn for thee, brave ALBERT,  
With a deep and lasting grief;  
Amid this noble company  
Thou wouldest have rank'd as chief.  
But we would not call thee back again  
To sickness and decay,  
For thine's the crown of glory  
That "fadeth not away."

Our hearts bleed for thy widow,  
Left in her palace home;  
To her this gorgeous splendour  
Is but a scene of gloom.  
Her faithful heart is burden'd  
With a load of care and grief.  
O harken to us, KING OF KINGS,  
And send our Queen relief!

Oh may her deep affliction  
To her be sanctified;  
Close, and closer may she cling  
To Thee, her Heavenly Guide.  
Be with her, Lord, and help her  
In every earthly scene;  
And hear the nation's fervent prayer,  
"GOD BLESS OUR WIDOW'D QUEEN!"

LUCINDA B.

# A FRIENDLY LETTER ABOUT PAYING A WEDDING VISIT.

MY DEAR LOUISA,—I embrace this first spare hour to tell you that one of my most wished-for pleasures has at last been realized. It was a strange thing to be so anxious about, and you will doubtless smile when informed that all this introduction refers to the *paying of a wedding visit*—"only that, and nothing more." And now, if you should happen to feel any interest in the subject, I will proceed to tell you how it all came to pass. Since staying here with my friend Mrs. H—, I have become acquainted with several nice families, and the eldest daughter of one, who is a near neighbour, was married about a month ago, on which occasion Mrs. H— and I were invited to the evening party. We went, and thoroughly enjoyed it—I the more because I saw in it the probability of thereby gaining the fulfilment of my wish, as the newly-married couple had taken a house in the neighbourhood. But alas for the falsity of human suppositions! The next morning, at breakfast, the delicate satin cards lay on the table, but, to my utter dismay, I had not a separate set directed to myself; and, according to the etiquette observed in my friend's house, no one would think of calling on the bride excepting those favoured with an "at home." Oh the tantalizing feeling of seeing those fair, shiny things directed to Mrs. H—, and to hear her dilate on their beauty! I felt inclined to exclaim—

"What care I how fair they be,  
So they be not fair to me?"

Of course my friend agreed with me in thinking it very strange that I should not have received cards, and we both came to the conclusion that it must be either an intentional slight or an unwitting omission. I need scarcely say that I preferred adopting the latter supposition, as being more in unison with my self-esteem; and, on the strength of it, I tried to persuade myself that the mistake would be discovered and rectified before a month had passed. But no; day by day went by, and not the slightest notice was taken of it. At length the important 28th actually arrived, and found me disappointed and vexed, the more so when I saw Mrs. H— dressed ready for going; but I pretended to make light of it, being ashamed to let her know how foolishly irritated I felt. When, however, the last sound of the carriage-wheels had died away, what do you think I did? Oh, "tell it not in Gath" that I, a young lady of seventeen years and upwards, should retain so much childishness as to cry about a trivial thing *(like that)*! But I did have "a regular good cry," as we used to say at school—none of your quiet weeping, but a real, earnest performance, which reddens the eyes, and swells the cheeks, and rumples the hair, and altogether makes its subject a "perfect fright;" and such was certainly my verdict as I stood on tiptoe to take a glance at myself in Mrs. H—'s great chimney-glass. But even that appalling sight did not deter me from continuing the same. I even felt a morbid pleasure in thus revenging nature after the fashion of little George, who refuses to eat his dinner when anybody has offended him. Of course, when one is determined to work one's

self up into a miserable passion, there are always plenty of subjects ready to serve for fuel to the fire, and as I allowed them to present themselves one after another, I began, at last, to think myself the most ill-used and the greatest sufferer in the world. Not that I cared about the visit—oh dear, no!—but it was the same with *everything*. I was *continually* being disappointed—my expectations *never* were realized. Ah, what a weary world it is! In the midst of these sad reflections I was suddenly recalled to things present by a violent peal of the bell, and, on peeping through the blinds, fancy what my feelings must have been when I beheld Mr. Smith helping my friend out of her carriage. "What on earth could he have come for? There was no time, however, for speculation; and the dread of being discovered in such a sorry plight must have lent me wings, for the next minute I found myself up two pairs of stairs, and in my own bedroom. But there were voices in the hall, and I heard Mrs. H— calling me. "Letty, Letty!" But no Letty answered. Instead thereof she darted several furtive glances at the large cupboard, with a vague intention of stowing herself away in one of its dark corners; but ere any such plan could be carried into action Mrs. H— had entered the room, saying in a very hurried manner, "Letty, my dear, they are so sorry that there should have been a mistake about the cards, and Mr. Smith has returned with me on purpose to accompany you back. Make haste and get ready," she added, seeing that I did not attempt anything in that way. Now, between you and I, Mr. Smith, who is the bride's brother, is a very nice young man, and, under ordinary circumstances, it would have been no great trial to be obliged to spend half an hour in his company; but then—ugh!—I had enough of the woman in my nature not to wish to be seen under such a disadvantage. Accordingly, my anxiety about going to pay the aforesaid visit was considerably lessened, and I replied,—

"Thank you; but—really—I—do—not think—in fact, I have a headache, and would rather not go."

"Oh, nonsense! it will do you good," responded the merry little woman, not observing, or pretending not to observe, the real cause of my refusal. "Come, shall I get your bonnet out?"

I will not ask you to imagine what my feelings must have been at this crisis, for experience alone could tell. But there was no help for it; so, like a martyr, I put it on, and beheld the reflection of a delicate, gauzy, white bonnet, which by no increased the charms of a face within a few shades of the colour of beetroot. The sight was not pleasant, and I hurried over the process of dressing, hoping that the outdoor air might refresh and cool me. Several minor accidents occurred, of course, as they always do when one is in a particular hurry, but no very serious damage was incurred; and in less than an hour I found myself in the carriage rattling over the stones, with which the men are mending our roads. But my lessening paper warns me that I must condense the remainder of my story. Suffice it to say, then, that on entering the room with much fear and trembling, I was conscious of some dozen pairs of eyes being fastened on me—the said eyes belonging to the bride, bridegroom, bride's sister, and another

bride's-maid, besides sundry other friends, and a goodly number of visitors like myself. The scene was bewildering, and I know not what blunder I might have fallen into had not the bride risen, and, advancing towards me, offered her hand. She looked so sweet and pretty, with her wreath and veil and lacy attire, that my feelings exceeded all ceremony, and I gave her a hearty kiss. Whether this was contrary to etiquette I am ignorant to this day, but the *motive* was evidently appreciated, for she looked pleased, and led me to a seat next her own, by which I inferred that each new comer enjoyed that privilege so long as the title could be retained; whereupon, as the renowned Captain Cuttle used to say, "I took a note thereof." Cake and wine were now handed, and my heart beat fast as I wondered much what would be the right thing to say by way of congratulation. In vain I strove to put a sentence together; it seemed as though brain and tongue had both been left behind, or were at least in a very obstinate mood. Oh, I had such work with them! At last, determined to say something I mumbled a few words, of which the principal were hope—future happiness; and I comforted myself that, as possibly only these disjointed words would reach her ear, she might give me credit for the utterance of a prettier speech than it really was. As to attempting anything of the kind to her husband, it was quite beyond my power; so, after a little talk of the places visited on their journey, I felt greatly relieved that the occasion for which I had taken the afore-mentioned mental note gave me a pretext for withdrawing, which I did, feeling rather ashamed that such a small affair should have excited so much anticipation. So endeth my story.

And now, my dear, having wasted so much of your time and my paper, I think it only right that I should redeem both by trying to finish with a bit of moralizing. Humph! I am not very ready at that sort of thing—I must lay down my pen, and meditate thereon. Well, I *have* thought, and the result is as follows:—First, never despair of having any moderate wish gratified. Secondly, do not colour your anticipations too highly. Thirdly,—I am really afraid to go on, lest such weighty remarks should double the postage of my letter, so will conclude with my kindest love.

From your affectionate Friend,  
LETTY BATEMAN.  
(GIPSY.)

We have also received a few superior Offerings in prose; and we may thus designate "Our Ghost," "A Cure for Melancholy," by LILY H., and "Allon Lee;" but the Offerings will be noticed more in full in the next number.

## OFFERINGS FROM OUR COUNCIL:

BEING  
ORIGINAL NARRATIVES OF REAL LIFE AND  
CHARACTER, WRITTEN FROM PERSONAL  
EXPERIENCE.

### AN HOUR'S RIDE, WITH REFLECTIONS THEREON.

BEING a smoke-dried denizen of one of our great Yorkshire manufacturing towns, it was with no small delight that I received an invitation to visit some friends who resided near the little village

which the genius of Charlotte Bronte has immortalized.

Fully believing, in this case, in the truth of the saying, that "one hour in the morning is worth two at night," I made a brave resolution, and though it was a cold wintry morning, I found myself seated in a rather airy carriage, at the primitive hour of seven A.M. It is strange to observe how much inconvenience is "put up with," and even passes unobserved, when there is a hearty *will* in the matter we undertake.

Nothing but the anticipation of much pleasure, I fear, could have persuaded me to leap from my snug bed, and undergo the ordeal of half-frozen water, and an hour's ride in a second-class railway carriage, on that cold, bleak morning. Slowly, very slowly, did the train glide along through the keen air. The black, grimy, crowded houses of the town disappeared one by one, and nothing at last remained but a blank waste of snow, enlivened now and then by a hamlet, from whose windows the ruddy glare of the cheerful fire shone out, and told a tale of the frugal meal which was being enjoyed within.

I was the only occupant of No. A, 234, except an elderly person, who was huddled up in the opposite corner. For a long time neither of us spoke, and, indeed, had it not been for several ominous hicups, I should have thought that my companion was enjoying a nap. Presently, however, he opened his eyes, which looked very shaly, and he seemed, at first, to have no idea of his whereabouts. Soon, however, I was accosted thus:—"I—sh—sh—shay—old—oo—cock, have—ye got a ma—ma—t—sh?"

I at once perceived that my *vis-à-vis* had been trying to keep out the cold by pouring in heat; and having unfortunately poured in rather too much for the limited accommodation of his stomach, the remainder had taken up a temporary abode in his head. He was in the talkative stage, and so far as my gravity would allow, I tried to humour him. He informed me of the fact that "good ingenuitive experience makes no bad industrious," and when I begged an explanation, was told that he "had seen a great deal more information than I was aware of." This I was fully prepared to admit to myself, so far as whiskey was concerned, but unluckily his information in this case was not seen, but *tasted*.

This reminds me of the answer of a Quaker to a person who told him that the Bible told him to "love his enemies," and therefore he was not teetotal. "Ay, ay, friend, the Bible tells thee to love thing enemies, but *not* to swallow them."

At the second stoppage I was partly relieved of the conversation of "him of the dram" by the entrance of a jolly-looking "Yurksberman," but had to listen to a repetition of the philosophical proposition which had just been enunciated.

Our smiles seemed to be taken for "loud applause," as they seemed to give fresh energy to the perorations. Soon, however, another stoppage removed our traveller, who, in taking his departure, again reminded us of the fact that "good ingenuitive experience makes no bad industrious." Slowly onwards we ploughed through the keen, cold air, till at length Keighley was reached, and announced by the stentorian lungs of the Yorkshire porters.

During a four-mile drive I had ample time to

ruminate over the hour's ride, and could not help comparing it with the counterpart journey which we are all making through life. We have our cold, frosty, moral rides; we listen to the useless jargon of the world; we have some happy glimpses of joy, which streams on us from above. Then comes the last and coldest part of the journey, but the bright sun of Hope lightens it up, and the warm welcome of friends already seems to burst on us, and even before we reach the "home," the blessed light streams out to meet us, and warm the way. To all who are travelling in the one "Way," that happy time is ever drawing nearer, and they can repeat and feel the comfort of these beautiful lines:—

"One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I've ever been before;  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea;  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where I lay my burden down;  
Nearer leaving my cross!  
Nearer wearing my crown!"

ALIXIUS.

#### ELLEN'S STORY.

On a bed, the curtains of which seem as pure as the snow without, a young girl is reclining, whose form is wasted by a protracted illness. She is evidently awaiting the arrival of a friend, for her eyes are intently fixed on the door. At length a gentle knock at the door is heard, and a young lady enters; she approaches the invalid, who receives her with tears of joy.

"I am sorry, my dear Ellen, I have been so long away from you, but mamma is anxious I should make all my calls before my dear Edward arrives; and, would you believe? he is coming on Tuesday."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," replied the invalid; "and may you be happy both in this world and hereafter! I had a wish to see you united before my death, but the Almighty has willed it otherwise. But now take off your shawl, and sit here, so that I can see you, for to-day I will tell you my long-promised story."

Fanny did as desired, and Ellen began.

"I was the only child of wealthy and indulgent parents: during the early years of my life my every wish was gratified. As I advanced in years I was intrusted to the care of a governess; afterwards I was sent to a boarding-school, and, at my desire, I was permitted to spend the vacation previous to my last year's education with one of the young ladies. At her home I was introduced to a young gentleman, who paid great attention to me. We entered into conversation, and he told me he was the eldest son of a wealthy gentleman, and he also elicited from me my position in life. We met often, and the evening before my return to school he proposed. How my heart beat as he poured forth his protestations of love! He gained my consent, and we parted. But, alas! how soon was my joy turned into grief! A messenger awaited me at school to convey me home. Mamma,

venly home, where I soon hope to meet her. I found papa seriously ill; in fact, the whole house was in disorder. Oh, how changed was papa's manly face! Grief had indeed done its work there. How soon, indeed, was death to take its place! Before his death he gave consent to my union, telling me that losses and extravagance had deprived me of even the simplest necessities of life. I was now an orphan. I had, I thought, no one to care for me; but God, in his infinite mercy, sent me your dear mamma, and she brought me here, Fanny, to share with you this lovely home. But my beloved, where was he? In a few days I had a letter from him, begging me to think no more of his former conduct, as difference in position compelled him to seek a desirable match. I was struck with surprise. I turned giddy; I know no more. When I regained my senses I was on this bed; since then I have never quitted this room. Now my tale is ended. I have one more thing to say; it will cost me an effort, but I am determined, so listen, Fanny. That same 'heartless being,' as you have just now called him, is no other than Edward Stanley, your affianced."

Fanny burst into tears, and, clasping the weak, emaciated hand of Ellen, she desired her to pray God to bless a union she must now fulfil.

Ellen readily acquiesced; and the one fall of strength and beauty, the other pale and weak, joined their voices in prayer to Him who governs all for the best.

Ellen's last wish was gratified. She expired the day after the solemn nuptials were performed. Edward saw her, and immediately recognized his once loved Ellen. At her request he related to all his attachment, and, in words which moved all present, she forgave him. That same night her spirit took its flight in peace.

Fanny and Edward are happy, and they both attribute their happiness to the poor orphan Ellen, whom Edward loved for her wealth, and then despised for her poverty. Readers, does it not teach us a lesson?

ROSALIE.

#### A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A POACHER.

SOME few days ago I was in company with a gentleman who had worked his way from a state of indigence to an elevated position in society. He told me in early life he had been a poacher, and said he even now felt some degree of pleasure in looking back to the time when "twas his delight on a shiny night." The following incident in his life, as related to me, may be relied on as strictly true:—"The shooting season had commenced, and game was very valuable. A man to whom I had often sold the proceeds of a night's adventure asked me one morning if I could let him have a number of partridges that evening. To do so they must be caught in the day. About eleven o'clock in the morning I started out on my 'adventure.' I walked into a field where I had often caught birds before: it was filled with wheat stubble. I walked nearly to the centre of the field, and put down five or six snares; but scarcely had I done so before I observed a keeper in a field very near. I quietly walked to a rick of wheat on one side of the field, and hid myself

a keeper entered the field. He passed very near my snare, but, fortunately for me, did not observe them. At this moment two noblemen entered the field on a shooting excursion. They had not walked more than ten yards into the field when a covey of partridges flew up. They both fired—two birds fell dead. One was wounded, and flew till it fell close by the risk where I was standing. There was no chance to make my escape. I climbed up a large tree behind the rick. The two gentlemen came and picked up the wounded bird. I had hidden myself in the leaves as well as I could; but they were falling fast. The gentlemen came beneath the tree. One drew from his pocket a small flask containing brandy. They both drank, when one, the proprietor of the estate, commenced telling his friend of a notorious poacher in the neighbourhood, but they could not possibly catch him. That poacher was me. Had either of the gentlemen looked up in the tree, he would, in all probability, have seen me; but neither did. They stood nearly half an hour, talking about me all the time. Some time after they were gone I came down the tree, and walked away a few hours, when I came back, and found sufficient birds for my purpose. I was never caught."

IVANHOE.

#### A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

MANY and various are the remedies that have been prescribed for this distressing complaint, but it is neither my business nor my intention to decide on the efficacy of any of them; the fact that the malady still exists is a sufficient warrant for me to make public a cure which has been tried by many, and never found to fail.

It has been said that the evils of life are only so far evils as they affect the spirits and cause sorrow. The spirits, we know, depend in a great measure for their strength and buoyancy on that robust health which is a blessing very unequally possessed. There are some whose spirits are so delicately attuned as to vibrate to the slightest influence; they present phases as various as the varying circumstances through which they pass; while there are others of temperaments strong and steady, more apt to give the impression than to be themselves impressed. But after making every allowance for original differences of temperament, it is evident that our mental nature was not intended to be the passive subject of our material constitution, and those who surrender themselves to a voluntary slavery have no right to cry out against fate. In the case of a large majority of individuals it is certainly not owing to their fate that they are melancholy, but rather to their folly. They have been all their lives succumbing to a force which now holds them with the grasp of a tyrant, they have been dwelling in darkness so long, that their eyes have become blinded, and now they will scarcely believe that there is a sun in the heavens. But might not the force to which they have yielded have been as successful if applied in a contrary direction? Yes, surely. If, instead of cultivating the habit of looking at the dark side of life, they had reversed the picture, and looked at the bright side in the place of "murmuring and ungrateful discontent," there might now be songs of joy and thanksgiving.

I speak not of those afflictive dispensations of Providence to which all are subject, and which

no precaution can avert. To one thus really sorrow-stricken I would no more say, "Why do you weep?" than I would ask the wind why it blows. But my remarks are aimed at the class of persons—too numerous alas!—who, while possessing the comforts, luxuries, endearments—in short, all that is calculated to make life happy, yet turn disgusted from all, extract bitterness from sweets, and flatter themselves that it is because their tastes are adapted for something more exalted, that they find these common-place blessings incapable of ministering to their satisfaction. I guess that most of these melancholy folks are day-dreamers. "Accustomed to revel amid the beautiful, but fallacious scenes of imagination," they find the reality of life distasteful; and, as they cannot live entirely in a world of their own creating, they seem to have made up their minds that it is impossible for them to be happy, and thus they become the poor seeping creatures that excite the sympathy they do not deserve. But I have said enough of the disease; it is time I spoke of the remedy. I may, perhaps, be allowed to follow the example of advertisers of remarkable cures, and relate a case as a testimonial. It is that of a young lady who, a few years ago, had a severe attack of the disease in question. Here appeared rather a singular case; it presented an effect for which there was assigned no adequate cause. There might have been a secret one, but if so, it was never divulged, and the slightest hint of the possibility of there being one was always indignantly repelled. It was singular, certainly, to a common observer, to see a person in good health, free from care, and by no means stinted for means of enjoyment, yet overburdened with melancholy.

It may be as well to inform my readers that the various members of the family to which my young friend belongs have each their respective occupations. Two of the sisters are governesses; one is employed as her father's clerk; one is incapable of active exertion, being a confirmed invalid; and Miss Fanny—the young lady of whom it is my special business to speak—is by her own choice her mother's assistant in the domestic management; but there is reason to suspect that she never really entered into her duties with the spirit of enthusiastic earnestness. I rather think she regarded all work as a necessary evil; and, at the time she was under the influence of the malady, her daily duties were either neglected, or performed with the mechanical listlessness of one who neither knows nor cares what she is about. Poor Fanny continued in this distressing condition so long that her relatives became alarmed, and they tried, by every method that affectionate solicitude could suggest, to dissipate the gloom, and direct her thoughts into a more healthful channel. But alas! their efforts were unavailing; the case seemed hopeless. One day, however, a valued friend of the family happened to call; she had not seen Fanny for some time, and, moved to hear of her distress, began to reason with her as others had done before, and with as little success.

"Ah! it is of no use to argue with Fanny," said one of her sisters. "She may admit that your reasonings are powerful, but she will tell you they do not touch her case. She speaks of her melancholy disposition as a something over which she has not the slightest control."

"Recollect, Fanny," said the visitor, "that melancholy dispositions will grow stronger by indulgence, so I would have you beware how you cherish an enemy."

"Well, but, my dear Mrs. M——," Fanny replied, "what can I do? If you can tell me of a cure, I shall indeed be grateful. I do try to be happy; but alas! all my endeavours are vain."

"Well, dear Fanny, I can tell you of a remedy, though I will not promise that its application may not be difficult at first; but I can vouch for its success if used with earnest perseverance, having proved it myself. You tell me that you sometimes feel tired of your life. I happened, in my reading the other day, to meet with this affirmation—'He that is tired of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.' So you perceive that melancholy, which is the cause of this life-weariness, involves a selfish disregard to others. Now, if I mistake not, your thoughts have been almost wholly concentrated on self. You are unable, you say, to take an interest in anything besides; you try to be happy, but in vain. Well, now, suppose I tell you to cease trying—leave happiness out of the question. And as self is evidently a painful subject to think upon, endeavour to turn your thoughts to something else—to your duties, for instance. Why not make them labours of love for those around you? Practice self-denial, dear Fanny; live for the good of others, and you will surely find happiness springing up spontaneously in your pathway, and you will be able to give melancholy to the winds. It is certain that if we habitually regard our lot as appointed by a gracious Father's hands, impious repinings will be hushed, and 'duty's meaneast call' will be viewed, not as a slavish task, but as free and noble service. Howard, the philanthropist, used to advise persons that were attacked with lowliness of the spirits to arouse themselves and go forth, and visit the abodes of suffering and misery, well knowing that the act of attempting to bear the burdens of others would lighten our own. And does not the poet teach the same doctrine when he says—

"Rise to some high and holy work of love,

And thou an angel's happiness shalt know?"

Say not, dear Fanny, that such happiness is not for you. I affirm that it is for you, if you will but strive for it in earnest."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor, and Fanny, in consequence, made no reply, but fell to musing. From that hour, however, she began gradually to amend; and, from being a melancholy, discontented drone in the busy world's hive, she became a cheerful, earnest worker. And she found with surprise that, while sowing happiness for others, she reaped it for herself. She still lives, a blessing to all within the sphere of her influence. Her melancholy days are gone; but deep and holy is her grateful love for the friend who pointed the way out of their gloomy shades.

LILY H.

#### NECESSITY.

A hard taskmaster, who often drives us into sections which we should otherwise avoid.—**AGUSTINE.**

A law inflexible as the Medes and Persians.—**MARGUERITE.**

Where want and poverty abound,  
Necessity will be found.

**EMMA BUTTERWORTH.**

1. What the starving (?) beggar writes on the pavement.

2. The greatest stimulant for the accomplishment of anything.

3. What each new periodical prospectus tells us there is for itself.—**ZANONI.**

Eating and drinking—also wanting meat and drink.—**EXCELSIOR.**

"Escape for thy life!"—**BUSK.**

1. One of the prime movers of the wheels of industry.

2. A doctrine urged by some as an argument against man's responsibility.

3. One of the strongest forces in nature.—**LILY H.**

*The heritage of the poor.*—**KATE SYDNAS.**

1. "Your money or your life."

2. The only thing not amenable to law.

**ALIGUIS.**

1. An unanswerable plea.

2. The fruit of sin.—**RUTHERFORD.**

1. What causeth man with hand and head  
To labour for his daily bread.

2. The cause of the prodigal son's return.—**IAGO FRYMONAUV.**

"I must have my *carte de visite*."—**EWOL TENNER.**

Friendless, homeless, and with an empty pocket.  
—**DORA.**

"It is painful to me," says old Dr. Birch

To the urchin that snored so loud in church;  
"This flogging, you see, is most painful to me,  
But you make it a painful necessity."

**MAX.**

1. The golden spur that prompts the noblest deeds.

2. An angel in disguise.—**SNOW.**

1. Food and air.

2. A lady's excuse for her milliner's bill.—**ST. CLAIRE.**

Retrimming your last winter's bonnet.—**CHRISTINA.**

1. Affection to a woman's heart.

2. The mother of invention, but too often the daughter of idleness and extravagance.—**KATE LESLIE.**

The terminus on the line of volition.—**LELL.**

1. That which made King John sign Magna Charta.

2. The test of "love in a cottage."

3. Poverty's stern law.—**REBECCA.**

A stern parent whose commands all must obey.—**GILBERT A.**

That which brings unknown and unsuspected talents into action.—**RUTH.**

Fashion to a London belle.—**ISABELL.**

An orphan parting with a parent's last gift for bread.—**SNOWDROP.**

The invincible foe of indecision.—**CHARACTACUS.**

Relentless leveller of pride.—**NELLIE.**

1. "What can't be cured, must be endured."

2. A burden we do not know the weight of until it is laid upon our own shoulders.—**DAISY H.**

A whip to make idle people work.—**CINDERELLA.**

David and those who were with him eating the shew-bread when he was an hungered.—**ASHLEAF.**

Nature's earnest appeal.—**STEPHANIE.**

Rest after a wearisome journey.—**VIOLET.**

Fate's inexorable mandate.—GIPSY.

Poverty's photograph.—HOLANDO.

No friends, no home, no bread.—NELLA.

A poor widow who has striven hard to keep out of the workhouse, but is compelled to go in at last.—DELTA.

That which shows us our poverty in ourselves, and our richness in God.—J. C.

Being compelled to pay income-tax against your inclination.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

1. That we conform to the world's rules, or exclude ourselves from it.

2. Death's embrace.—MIGNONETTE.

1. The propagating glass of invention.

2. The forcing pump of genius.

3. The Federal Government giving up Messrs. Mason and Co.—NIOBE.

A very *lawless* thing.—GORGONIA.

Daily bread.—G. MATTHEWSON.

A lone widow selling her wedding-ring to obtain food.—ELIZABETH H.

1. The card of introduction to the pawnbroker.

2. Being in bed while your garments are being washed.

3. The steam that propels the engine of invention.—C. T. RYE.

#### PROVOCATION.

1. The bully's delight.

2. To tread on a man's toes, and tell him not to apologize.—AUGUSTINE.

1. To stroke a cat's back the wrong way of the fur.

2. The beginning of strife.—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.

1. A bee stinging an elephant.

2. A London boy's "chaff".—ZANONI.

The cause of the bloodhounds of war being loosed.—MARGUERITE.

"Declined with thanks".—EXCELSIOR.

1. "Clean yer boots, and let yer have a shot at me for a penny."

2. An unexpected morning call.—RUSK.

The sound of the policeman's cane to an angry dog.—CATHERINE S.

Want of punctuality in others to a punctual person.—LEILA S.

The pet dog fed in the presence of the cat at dinner.—PAULINE S.

The test of temper.—KATE SYDNAS.

1. A machine for forging quarrels.

2. The coward's blow in the dark.—ALQUIB.

The Trent affair.—RUTHERPHAL.

To break the laws of any nation

Must surely be a provocation.

IAGO FRYXONAV.

1. Oh dear, oh dear! it is quite provoking. The fire won't light, but keeps on smoking.

2. That which an idle mind occasions in the heart of an industrious family.—EWOL TENNEB.

1. The acts of the pretty coquette who ridicules old bachelors, yet jilts them by the dozen.

2. A child's insolent answers to its parents.

3. Says Sir R., "The O'D. was trussed up t'other day

In a most unloyal transaction."

"Sir Robert, I like not the words that you say."

Quoth O'D., "I demand satisfaction!"

MAX.

Baby pulling the cat's tail.—DELTA.

*A little rift within the lute's lute,  
That by-and-by shall make the music mute.*

BROW.

Giving a cabman more than his fare, and then being asked, "What's this?"—ST. CLAIR.

"Do, if you dare!"—KATE LESLIE.

1. What a noble spirit seems to give or receive.

2. A coward's revenge on a fallen foe.

3. What the soldier gave to King Charles I. when he spat in his face.—REBECCA.

To find your pocket has been picked by the genteel-looking individual who asked you very politely what o'clock it was.—GILBERT A.

1. To see the unconcerned look of the little calf after he has eaten your favourite collar.

2. Going on an errand of mercy, and being coolly told to mind your own business.—LUCINDA B.

Being kept waiting for dinner half an hour after the proper time.—BLANCH ALINGTON.

1. A smoky chimney.

2. Crying babies and wet umbrellas in an omnibus.—DAISY H.

Mamma burning my crinoline (a fact).—CECILIA.

The construction which a fast young man puts upon a mither's silent tear till her death embalms it in his heart for ever.—ELSIE.

The little spark that kindles the great flame.—PINK.

1. A sarcastic speech.

2. "Go up, go up, thou bald-head!"—MIGNONETTE.

*If intentional, the receiver will show magnanimity in not resenting it.*—ANNA GREY.

The poker that raises fuel into flame.—NIOBE.

"If you dare!"—GORGONIA.

Receiving the answer "Nil."

Instead of the amount of your bill.

C. T. RYE.

Shimei cursing David, and casting stones at him and at his servants.—ASHLAR.

To see a person doing the very thing you told him not to do.—ST. PHALIS.

1. Forerunner of crime.

2. Harmless to noble men.—TERESA COTTA.

Having lodged a large sum in a bank, to find next day that it has become insolvent.—LUCRECE.

PRAISEWORTHY.

(Triple Definition.)

The picture of children half wild and half clad Duth speak in plain terms their necessity sad;

And if to such wants you do strive to be kind, Then much that's provoking you surely will find

In the scoffs and the jeers of your neighbours, no few, And of sometimes, alas! the assisted ones too.

When 'tis so, and still you a friend are in need, Your conduct it then is praiseworthy indeed.

EXCELSIOR.

1. Our volunteers.

2. One who, braving the dangers of war and pestilence, sacrifices her health to alleviate the sufferings of our wounded soldiers.—AUGUSTINE.

1. The actions of the just.

2. Sans peur et sans reproche.

3. Returning good for evil.

EMMA BUTTERWORTH.



A young lady neglecting crochet, and learning to sew on buttons.—**ZEPHYRUS**.  
The efforts of the "officer" who, in the face of ridicule, sounds the Gospel trumpet.—**MARGUERITE**.

To tread the narrow path of self-denial.—**MAY B.**

The exertions of the Editor of the **FAMILY FRIEND**.—**EXCELSIOR**.

1. A very humble flower, emitting a most delightful fragrance, but rarely receiving its meed of praise.

2. My efforts to write for the **FAMILY FRIEND**. When weary and faint, and annoyed without end.—**BUSK**.

A lady with £10,000 a year teaching a ragged school.—**FLORENCE**.

A labouring man giving up his night's rest to watch by an invalid friend.—**CATHERINE S.**

1. He who restrains his temper.

2. That unfortunate contributor who perseveres in writing, although his effusions are ever and anon declined.—**LEILA S.**

Not to reply to angry words.—**PAULINE S.**

The memory of Prince Albert.—**KATE SYDNAS**.

1. The heroic conduct of the Hartley Colliery men.

2. John Bull's conduct in his late small fracas with Jonathan.—**ALICIA**.

1. All endeavours to excel.

2. Emulation without envy.

3. Speaking of an opponent's good, but not of his bad qualities.—**ALIQUIS**.

The widow's mite offering.—**RUTHERFORD**.

1. The crew of a life-boat putting off to sea in a storm.

2. The poor spider's many attempts to piece its broken web.—**EWOL TENNER**.

Saladin saving the only foe he dreaded.—**DORA**.

A young man offering his arm to a poor old man at the risk of being laughed at by his companions.—**MYRA**.

1. Charity without publicity.

2. The life of a true Christian.

3. The Editor's untiring endeavours to meet the wishes of his Council.—**MAX**.

Obedying all the regulations of the Council of the **FAMILY FRIEND**.—**SYLVANDER**.

Returning a kiss for a blow.—**J. J. GORTON**.

1. King Alfred sharing his last loaf with the beggar.

2. Speaking the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, when it is against your own interest.

3. The lady who dares to wear an unfashionable dress rather than run in debt for a new one.

**KATE LESLIE**.

The efforts of a peace-maker.—**GILBERT A.**

1. To defend the right

Against sinful might.

2. The reclaimed drunkard resolutely setting his face against his old haunts.—**LUCINDA B.**

1. Taking truth for our standard, and keeping it stainless.

2. Real nobility.—**ISABEL**.

1. Non-complaint under misfortune.

2. Self-denial for the good of others.

**CHARACTACUS**.

Repentance and reparation.—**NEELLE**.

1. Bearing with patience the little ills of life.

2. Living within your means.—**DAISY H.**

Faith, Hope, and Charity.—**ST. CLAIR**.  
The temperance movement.—**ALFRED JAMES**.  
He who defends his country at the peril of his life.—**ROSALIE**.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—**ROBERTA**.

Attempting to save a drowning person at the risk of your own life.—**OMEGA BLACKHAM**.

To choose that "good part" which shall not be taken away.—**ALEXANDER**.

To keep true to a first love, tho' adversity has changed her smiles to tears, and affliction deadens her true love.—**ELFIE**.

1. The hoary head in the path of righteousness.

2. To aim at a good end, and persevere till its attainment.—**MIGNONETTE**.

1. The patient endurance of constant small trials.

2. To love them that hate you.—**NIGRO**.

Moderation in prosperity, and resignation in calamity.—**GORGONIA**.

To have everywhere due respect to thy ways, That no act of thy life slander may raise,

**G. MATTHEWSON**.

Preferring another's interest to your own.

**SARAH C.**

The efforts of a thief to retrieve his lost character.—**ELIZABETH H.**

1. Aigh i. agh.—**C. T. BYE**.

Patience waiting upon the impatient invalids.

**AMELIA**.

When ye do well and suffer for it, that ye take it patiently.—**J. WATSON**.

A child supporting an aged parent.

**STEPHANIE**.

Helping the poor out of the mire.—**TERRA COTTA**.

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."—**ELLA VON K.**

Unselfish politeness.

Jones's struggle to keep that "dear baby" quiet.

**ROLANDO**.

The wearers of the Victoria Cross.—**NELLA**.

## WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

IDENTICAL. | SIMILITUDE. | FORTUNE.

## HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

1.

THE scene is in an ancient castle. Two royal brothers are alone together. The one wears an aspect ofering terror, and his attitude bespeaks earnest supplication; the noble countenance of the other is filled with lofty indignation, but presently it softens, and he makes answer to the entreaties of the trembling suppliant before him. "I forgive you, and would I could as soon forget your injuries as you will my pardon!"—**ISABEL**.

2.

In the courtyard of a prison lie several soldiers lately slain. One of the bodies has been opened, and robbed of its heart. In one of the rooms of the prison are a number of men of authority, and standing beside them is an old man, with a pale girl, his daughter, who is drinking a goblet of blood.

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &amp;c.

105.

I am a river of England; transposed, I am another English river; again transposed, I am a tree.

ZANONI.

106.

I fly in the air, and I creep o'er the earth;  
Oft caused by a laugh, while a tear gives me birth;

I dance in the sunshine, repose in the shade,  
And men could not live were it not for my aid.

To the most remote parts of the earth I oft roam,

And yet I have never deserted your home;  
No dandy, and yet I'm a bit of a swell;  
Not cunning, and yet I'm as deep as a well.

In fleetness I surely was never outdone,  
No Deerfoot could equal me in the long run;  
And as I haste on I get many a fall,  
Which does not diminish my swiftness at all.

No animal makes such a terrible roar,  
No bird to a height so immense would dare soar;

As rough as can be, yet as glass I am smooth—  
My noise may affright, and my melody soothe.

Both science and art have recourse to my aid,  
Although, truth to say, I'm a miller by trade.  
I run without legs, and I fly without wings;  
No acrobat ever could boast of such springs.

MAX.

107.

I'm found in the ocean, and seen in the storm,  
In the bowels of the earth, and in every form;  
No country's without me, no people I mean,  
For in every house and cottage I'm seen.  
When our troops are call'd out in battle array,  
I'm with soldiers and officers every day;  
I share in their glory, and even their spoils:  
Why not? for I have part in all their turmoils.  
I am heard in the shot and the cannon's roar,  
And e'en in the echo: what can I say more?  
I cling to the seasons and months as they pass;  
I come with the flowers, but not with the grass;  
I am found in the hothouse all the year round,  
Yet exist with the frost and snow on the ground.  
There's no love without me: what, then, must I be,

To give pleasure to thousands of every degree?

IRISH.

108.—NUMERICAL CHARADE.

My 4, 8, 9, 19. That which unites the honourable more strongly than any cable.

My 13, 11, 9. One of the last persons we wish to see, especially when we keep open house.

My 10, 5, 8, 4, 6. A mysterious phenomenon, whose depths have never been fully ascertained.

My 4, 8, 5, 7. A fastener.

My 7, 12, 9, 4, 7. A principle.

My 1, 8, 5, 7. Often found in schools.

My 10, 5, 3, 6. That which often unites the most opposite natures.

My whole, a compound word of thirteen letters is the attribute of a very dangerous person.

NORR.

109.

I'm of every shade and every hue;  
I'm bright and black, and brown and blue;  
I vie with the rainbow in colours bright,  
Yet sometimes am sombre and dark as the night.

I hear the bird in his onward flight;  
I buoy him up through the halls of light;  
I speed him on through the golden dawn,  
To meet the march of the early morn,  
And while the day its circuit doth run,  
I leave the way for the gates of the sun;  
I speed him up through the morning air,  
To sing the song of his worshipping there.  
Without my aid he would droop and die,  
Longing in vain for the joy of the sky.

Without my aid he could never roam,  
Nor climb on far to his eyrie home;  
Nor join the revel so wild and free  
On the cliff that laughs at the boiling sea;  
Nor the joys of the cold, cold winter seek  
On the whiten crown of the snow-clad peak;  
Nor soar away to a brighter land,  
Nor join the song of a brighter band.

'Tis the solemn hush ere the strife is begun;  
'Tis the awful pause ere the roar of the gun.  
I am there, I am there, on the left and right,  
Awaiting the summons-call on to the fight;  
But the trumpet is sounding, the lances are bright,

And flash in the gleam of the morning light;  
And the deafening roar of the battle drum  
Is heard far above the voices' hum.

Then no longer in rest or watch I stay,  
But across the plain away, away,  
To the tug of war and the grasp of death,  
Where the brave in that hour will hold their breath—

To the shock of the battle, the shout and the roar,

The gasp and the groan, and the flow of the gore.

I advance to the charge, or turn and retreat,  
With the flush of success or the shame of defeat.

The place is a room, and the hour is night,  
And the fire is burning warm and bright;  
And happy faces are gathering round,  
And happy hearts in that circle are found.  
I am there in that room, and against the wall;  
I am part of an article there, and that's all;  
In me the good things are kept and locked by,  
To be brought out when wanted for company.  
Then, reader, you easily may divine  
I contain the cake and the ruddy wine.  
I'm polished and shine an ornament there,  
In the brightness and flash of the fire's glare.  
I've told you enough; and now, I suppose,  
My name and my nature you'll truly disclose.

BUTHERFIELD.

110.

A useful horse my first is reckon'd,  
In England it's easy to find;  
The ladies for men weave my second,  
And men rush into them blind.  
Sir Ralph was a bachelor old,  
And in his house my whole did lay;  
But he married Miss Mary the bold,  
And she soon swept my whole away.

ZANONI.

## 111.

I am a river in Scotland; but behead me, and I am the gardener's enemy; behead and curtail me, and I am what denotes little.

## 112.—TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

Two gentlemen met at a tavern one day,  
And began to converse in the usual way  
About trade and the weather, the Church and the State,

And the towns they had visited, little and great;  
When a third party, older by several years,  
Said, "My friends, you have seen a great deal it appears;

But I'll venture to say I have travelled through  
more  
Towns and cities than ever you dreamt of or saw."  
"Oh, indeed!" said the first. "Well, if such is the case,

I presume you will mention the name of each place

You have passed through, as then we shall soon ascertain

The correctness of what you have stated so plain;  
And I do not mind laying a bottle of wine  
That your knowledge of towns is no better than mine."

"Nor than mine," said the next; "and I'll bet ten to one

That my list will be longer than yours when 'tis done."

"'Tis agreed," said the third, who at once set about

Making what he considered a longish list out.  
'And if I don't mistake, I shall soon have to claim  
Both the bottle of wine and the money you name;  
And as such I shall make it my aim to surprise  
By compiling my schedule in riddling guise,  
And leave you to decipher the name of each town  
I have been at the pains to describe or put down.

1. First of all there's a bird which I have known to talk,

And a valley where all classes frequently walk;

2. Then a moderate circle which can't fail to please,

And a very extensive plantation of trees;

3. To part, which oft causes much anguish of mind,

And what Captain Cook wished and endeavoured to find;

4. Conversation, the source of a gossip's delight,  
And three-fourths of to cheat, which of course is not right;

5. Four-fifths of a pretty, but difficult game,  
And a sport to which country people lay claim;

6. The centre of anything oval or round,  
And a weight you'd not easily lift from the ground;

7. A term which, defined, means excessively rare,  
And a wine which should always be taken with care;

8. To gallop away at a very high speed,  
And an act that's performed in the sowing of seed;

9. The name of a star in the heavens above,  
And a residence animals fervently love;

10. A pudding as luscious as here and there one,  
And a body of water on which vessels run;

11. A hostile engagement destructive to life,  
And two-thirds of one given to criminal strife

12. What riflemen do as a matter of course,  
And to make a shrill noise without using much force.

Now, I think upon close observation you'll say  
I'm entitled to all you have thought fit to lay,  
Which I don't mind returning, provided that you  
Can unfathom the mystery, which is quite true."

## 113.

An instrument all very well in its place;  
A term which refers to a different case;  
Three-fifths of a man who is wicked inclined;  
A representation correctly designed;  
The name of a painter of ancient renown;  
Not level, or something that wants smoothing down;

An injury many are forced to endure;  
And a passion we seldom, if ever, can cure.  
The initials will show you a creature that creeps  
Into holes in the winter, and rolls up and sleeps  
Till the summer appears, when it unwinds again,  
And repairs in great haste to the meadow or plain.  
The initials, read downwards, will point out as sure  
The author of this and a great many more  
In the FAMILY FRIEND, which permit me to say  
Is the cheapest and best magazine of the day.

## 114.

These lines without my useful first  
I could not write for thee,  
For neither verses, tales, nor songs  
Would you or others see,  
Provided it was never used;  
Besides which, it is true,  
It could not move at all, but for  
That which my next can do.  
And now just wait, for I perceive  
The gipsy by my third,  
She of whom the folks all say  
They never good have heard,  
But I these sayings disregard,  
For I've the tear seen roll  
Fast trickling down her aged face,  
And felt she was my whole.

## 115.

A flower that offers you gratis admission;  
As much as the hand can conveniently hold;  
To lie at the table—an ancient position;  
Five-sevenths of that which infers to unfold;  
To frighten a person to death very nearly;  
A passion, inverted, you'd do well to shun;  
A term which, defined, means consented to really  
An insect familiar to every one;  
An epistle from those near or very far distant;  
A widow deprived of her feet and her face.  
The initials, read downwards, are most inconsistent;  
The initials, read upwards, devoid of disgrace.  
G. F. M. GLENNY.

## 116.

Take the name of an English divine,  
And a part of the verb of "to be,"  
And together these particles join,  
And an English philosopher, see.

RUTHENFARL.

117.

Complete, I am old and well known, you will say,  
Or I'm food that's unfit to be sold.  
Behold, I'm amusing, I'm grave, and I'm gay,  
And I please both the young and the old  
On a sharp winter's night,  
When the fire burns bright,  
And there's nothing to fear from the cold.

Behold me again, and you'll instantly see  
A beverage some may think prime;  
My head now return and transpose, I shall be  
Like idle boys are "after time,"

Though they know 'tis the rule  
To be punctual at school,  
And not after birds'-nests to climb.

Behold and transpose, and as quickly I change  
To a drink that's disliked by few;  
The letters of which, if you'll first re-arrange,  
Will show what all living things do—  
The birds on the tree,  
The fish in the sea,  
And the beasts of the forest too.

MAX.

118.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 4, 7, 6, is a  
place to rest upon. My 9, 2, 14, 7, 2, is the re-  
mains of coal after being consumed. My 10, 7, 9,  
8, is what you show when you are in earnest.  
My 3, 11, 12, 2, 7, is composed both of brick and  
stone. My 13, 11, 12, 13, 3, is a piece of drawing-  
room furniture. My 8, 1, 6, 5, is a term applied  
to the fair sex. My *whole* is a town in England.

119.

Lady Clara, Lady Clara,  
You whom all the world adores,  
Tell me if you do not love me  
As I ne'er was loved before.  
Lady Clara, do you prize me  
For my genuine worth alone?  
Is there not some spell about me  
Only unto you that's known?  
Lady Clara is a beauty,  
Idolized by all around;  
And they little think, those gay ones,  
She has felt a grief profound.  
Mark her proud and stately figure;  
See her waving jet-black hair;  
See my *first* so finely chiselled,  
And you'll own she is most fair.

Richly dressed is Lady Clara;  
She is such a lovely sight  
That description's fairly baffled,  
Though a volume I should write.  
Smiles upon her face are playing,  
Roses twine her flowing hair,  
And her dress, I pray you mark it,  
For my *second* is found there.

Lady Clara, Lady Clara,  
Much my *whole* is prized by you;  
It is cherished, fondly cherished,  
Though of little use, 'tis true.  
Ah! perchance it was a token  
That thy warrior-lover gave  
Ere he left for those lone regions  
Where he found an early grave.

MAX.

120.

My *first* is seen at harvest time,  
And horses often eat it;  
My *second* is an English stream;  
My *whole*—but just repeat it,  
And you will hear a painter's name,  
A man of art, who lived for fame.  
RUTHERPHARL.

121.

Fair is the scene when in gorgeous array  
My *first* doth steal o'er the rippling bay;  
When the sun's bright rays tinge the wavelets'  
crest,  
When the balmy zephyrs lave the ocean's breast.  
When it gently steals o'er the sleeping land,  
My *second* it bears in its fair right hand;  
And the gorgeous sun as he mounts on high  
Doth spread my *whole* o'er the azure sky.

ALEXANDER ESKKINE.

122.

Sir Roland he was as brave a knight  
As ever the Red Cross wore;  
With his trusty sword he bled his right  
In the braver days of yore.  
His heart was bold and his hand was strong,  
And he loved a lady fair;  
He wooed her true, and he wooed her long,  
And he hoped her hand to share.

For Lady Ella was fair to see,  
And blue and bright was her eye  
As the stars that beam on the dark, dark sea,  
From the dimm'd and quiet sky.

"Fair Ella, my own, my lady-love,"  
Sir Roland he said with a tear;  
"Let my sorrow thy soft compassion move—  
To my *first* oh, lend an ear;

"For I pledge my troth my *next* you are,  
That I am as loyal a knight  
As ever lifted a lance in the Paynim war,  
Or bled in the gory fight."

"Thy prayer is heard, and my heart is thine,"  
Fair Ella she said with a smile;  
"And now in peace or in war thou art mine,  
For well hast thou stood the trial."

Sir Rowland his eye was bright with my *whole*,  
And his heart leapt up for joy;  
A warm, impassioned kiss he stole,  
And his rapture knew no alloy.

And when she was his at her own sweet will,  
He loved her more and more;  
And when he was old he loved her still,  
As he loved in days of yore.

RUTHERPHARL.

123.

1. What's got a mouth and cannot eat?
2. What has got teeth and eats no meat?
3. What's got an eye and cannot see,  
I'm loth to tell you, more than thee?
4. What cannot write although 'thas hands?
5. What has got feet yet never stands?

ALEXANDER ESKKINE.

124.

My *first* generally holds the chief wealth of the  
farmer, my *second* is a loop of iron, my *whole* a  
town in England.

## 125.

Search us in the combat,  
Search us in the battle,  
Where 'tis all confusion,  
Smoke, and fire, and rattle.  
When the foe is beaten,  
When the fighting's over,  
We welcome back the husband,  
We welcome back the lover.

For many generations  
We've been downward-handed,  
E'en before the Norman  
On our island landed.

In summer time a certain  
Gentleman and lady  
Seek us in the meadows,  
Where 'tis cool and shady.

In winter, dreary winter,  
When outside it is freezing,  
Sit down by the fireside,  
And you'll find us pleasing.

## 126.—RIDDLE.

Some have a desire for me,  
Others set fire to me;  
Though you discover me,  
None can get over me.

## 127.

My *first* is an element,  
My *next* will one produce;  
And men of science tell me  
My *whole* they find of use.

MAX.

## 128.

My *first* is an article, my *second* part of a fence,  
my *third* a French article, and my *whole* a good man.

## 129.

I am weak; behold me, I am often weak; be-  
head me again, and I am very weak.

IRENE.

## 130.

First take a French preposition  
And a cardinal number in addition,  
And an insect of great ambition,  
And you have a military position.

RUTHERFORD.

## 131.

My *first* is a river in Cornwall, my *second* a  
prop, and my *whole* one of Shakespeare's cele-  
brities.

OCTOBER.

## 132.

Jem Jenkinson waited on Brown,  
To ask for the hand of his daughter;  
He held a snug berth in the town,  
And felt pretty sure he had caught her;  
But queer are the fortune's of love,  
And Jem's was one of the worst;

For Brown, in my *second* (most unlike a dove!),  
Right speedily showed him my *first*.  
Our hero, abashed and confounded,  
Lost over his feelings control,  
And hurrying home deeply wounded,  
Spoke of it when there as my *whole*.

CHARACTACTUS.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &amp;c.

(On pp. 252-254.)

79.—1. Santee. 2. Land-tax. 3. Orbiuela. 4.  
Thiorhead. 5. Hindon. 6. Fillet. 7. Utica.  
8. Lance. 9. Ningpo. 10. Entire. 11. Salini.  
12. Sharks.—*Slothfulness*.

80.—1. Descend. 2. Internal. 3. Sag-o. 4.  
Hang. 5. Off. 6. Notion. 7. Encase. 8.  
Salv(o). 9. To O. 19. Ypmul.—*Dishonesty, Love  
of Gold*.

81.—Sport, Port, Spot, Post, Pot, Po.  
82.—1. Day. 2. Ale. 3. Hat. 4. Love. 5.

Iris. 6. Art.—*Dahlia*.

83.—Consolation. 84.—Understand.

85.—1. Latonk. 2. Apollo. 3. Penelope. 4.

Lysander. 5. Achilles. 6. Circe. 7. Endymion

—*Laplace*.

86.—Mar-I-gol. 87.—Absence of body. 88.

—Work-man-ship. 89.—Nan-keen. 90.—The

letter X. 91.—Independent. 92.—Am-er-ica.

93.—Heroine.

94.—1. Aga-tha. 2. Asp-Asia. 3.—Beat-rica.

4. Carol-(w)ine. 5. Constance. 6. Fen-ella. 7.

Jul-iana. 8. Mar-gar-(et). 9. Winif-red.

95.—1. Ekaterinoslav. 2. Napoli. 3. Gallia C.

4.—Lowestoft. 5. Abo. 6. Nicoball. 7. Da-

ventry.—*England, Victory*.

96.—Swear, Wear, Ear. 97.—Land-lord.

98.—Lamp, Palm; Post, Stop; Lamp-post;

Malt pops.

99.—Beds. 1. Beds of rivers. 2. Flower-beds.

3. Beds we sleep in. 4. Beds, a much-used abbre-

viation for Bedfordshire.

100.—Lace, Ace, Lac. 101.—Brass, Race, Ace.

102.—Pirate, Irate, Rate, Ate.

103.—1. Silver Fir. 2. White Pine.

104.—Crimoline.

## HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES. (p. 260.)

1.—Richard I. (Cœur de Lion) confined in  
Dierstein Castle, and discovered by a French  
minstrel named Blondel.

2.—1303, near Roslin, between the Scots and  
English.

## ANSWER TO PUZZLE LETTER.

(On p. 260.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I LAY you one guinea you do not read this  
right. My understanding is quite confounded at  
missing my diamonds. The Parliament may well  
boast of their prerogative; but no more of this  
at present, for the Star-lighter has just brought  
me twelve chaldrons of coal, and I can get no  
waggoners to conduct them. Yesterday I took  
our neighbour to see some paintings, but she was  
not much amused, for she seemed quite a valet-  
udinarian, though said to understand anatomy. A  
funeral passed, which made me low-spirited; so I  
got into my phaeton, and proceeded to Maidstone.  
In the evening we went to the masquerade, where  
I saw nothing but deformity. On returning home  
I gazed on the atmosphere, and wished for some  
knowledge of astronomy; but remembering my  
father's mandate, I conquered my ambition, and  
now write to divert or perplex you with my ad-  
ventures.—Yours, sincerely,

AGUSTA.





PULCHERIE'S RETURN TO BENEVAL.—(See p. 363.)

# HEARTS OF GOLD;

OR, THE  
CHILDREN OF THE SEA.  
A TALE OF NORMANDY.

## CHAPTER XV.

In the month of May the Malais returned with the de Fondois. Marie had not changed her name, but she now called herself Madame. Madame Dorothee Malais was saddened and changed. The Count de Morville had entrusted the preliminary arrangements of his marriage to his elder brother, who had displayed a revolting degree of exaction in the matter, making no delicacy whatever in naming the price of an alliance of a family like theirs with a family of graziers. The dowry had completely stripped the Malais; nothing was left to them but the chateau and a pension payable out of the rest, which amounted to scarcely eight thousand livres per annum. Madame Malais, annoyed alike by these exactions, and the arrogant pride of the father, pressed her husband several times to break the match off; but M. Malais was so proud of this alliance, which could only serve to overwhelm him with humiliations, that he resolved to go through with it. Moreover, a marriage in such an advanced state of preparation could not be broken off without the greatest injustice to Pulcherie, and she appeared so happy, she coaxed them so fondly, and thanked them with so many caresses, that the contract was signed before they left Paris. The return to Benzeval completed the desolation of Dorothee; she was surrounded by all that had been once theirs, but was so no longer.

She refused to give orders to the servants. Whenever her husband said "my farm," or "my house," or "my garden," she would turn round on him, saying—

"None of them belong to you any longer."

M. Ernest de Fondois and his lady, as a matter of course, stayed at the chateau; but when the Count arrived, he took up his old quarters with the miller, his former host. He had learnt in the neighbourhood that Eloi kept a bank, and

he had need of his assistance. The truth was, that the Count's family, who were not over rich, had already paid his enormous gambling debts several times, and neither could nor would offer him their purse again. They had, however, advanced him the sum necessary for the trousseau, and other indispensable matters. Unfortunately, at a bachelor's dinner, which had lasted all night long, on the eve of the Count's departure for Benzeval, he had gambled and lost the entire sum, and more. He had paid, and found himself without a sou. To borrow in Paris was not easy. It struck him that the miller, who knew the extent of the Malais property, and who only knew him by his title, and the opulence which surrounded him, would be very willing to lend him some money on account of the marriage portion. He showed him a copy of the contract. Eloi was so delighted to see the Malais thus pillaged, that he gladly lent the sum necessary to bring the affair to a settlement; not, however, without having taken measures for his own security, and exacted an enormous rate of interest.

The Count managed affairs so magnificently, that Marie de Fondois was a little humiliated. Her shawls, her laces, and her diamonds had been vastly inferior to those received by Pulcherie. She was in an ill humour for some days, and made a point of finding all the fault she could with the Count.

"It seems to require a great deal of money," she said, "to get this gentleman to consent to marry a girl so charming in every respect as Pulcherie. I am neither as pretty nor as fascinating as she; but I should certainly have set a higher price upon myself."

Great difficulties arose with the question of invitations to the wedding. Pulcherie went herself to invite Pelagie, Tranquille, and Berenice. This, she was afraid, would displease Urbain; on the contrary, he applauded it highly, for he himself had promised to invite the miller, who would pass easily in the family muster. M. Malais, however, was annoyed to see Eloi's name down on the list.

"I don't like that man; he is envious and insolent. Besides, he has a bad reput-



tation in the country, they say he is an usurer."

"An usurer!" said the Count; "but the thing is absurd. The poor man would have more need to borrow than to lend. You should see how impatiently he looks forward to the few sous I have to pay him every week."

"People speak of him very differently to that."

"I am very sorry, my dear Malais, that you did not forewarn me of your objections to him. I am so happy," he added, kissing Pulcherie's hand, "that I wish all the world to partake of my joy, and see everybody happy about me. I have invited the miller;" and, he added, laughing, "you may think yourself lucky I haven't invited worse still."

The miller's name remained on the list.

In the evening, M. Malais said to his wife—

"At last the great day draws near. I am only annoyed at the miller's being invited; I don't like seeing that man in my house."

"We must submit to our destiny," said Dorothee, ironically. "Besides, if seeing Eloi Alain in my house puts you out of the way, you may make your mind easy at once, for he'll find it difficult to be seen in your—'my house.'"

"Hold your tongue, Dorothee; it really seems as if you wished to spoil my happiness."

"Oh! I like your happiness. I would rather Pulcherie had a husband who would feel it an honour to marry her, and to belong to our family, instead of a fine gentleman who thinks he is doing us an honour."

"Don't give yourself such sad and lamentable airs. What will people think of you?"

"They can think nothing worse than the truth, at all events."

"Our niece will be called the Countess de Morville to-morrow. Is there anything degrading in that?"

"No; but the price we pay for it shows how much this alliance is really above us. It will only serve to humiliate us, and then what will injure us most in the world's estimation is, that we shall be no longer rich."

"All this will not prevent his elder brother coming here to-morrow, and its having a famous effect for people to say we had a peer of France at Pulcherie's wedding."

"The house will have to be turned topsy turvy again for him, and I am sure he will turn up his nose at everything."

"We must give him up our bed-room."

"What! our bed-room!"

"After that, I have no more to say: when you are in other people's houses, we ought to be very thankful that they let us stop here at all."

When Pulcherie went to invite Berenice, the latter accepted the invitation, but after a moment's silence, as if she had sought for a pretext to refuse, and only accepted in default of finding one.

"What ails you, Berenice?" said Pulcherie; "you receive the news of a marriage that makes me happy, very coldly."

"Ah!" said Berenice, "I was thinking, at the same time, of the sufferings of my poor Onesime."

"What, Berenice, could Onesime really think?"

"I told him often you were not for him. You were rich, brought up in the great world; it was madness to think of it; but Onesime could only see the little Pulcherie almost as poor as ourselves, playing about barefooted with us on the beach. Pulcherie eating our black bread with us, and thinking it good. Certainly, if things had remained as they were, that is to say, if M. Malais' son had lived, there would have been nothing surprising in Pulcherie becoming one day Madame Alain. Onesime saw you always like that. And so, when he became assured that you were about to marry another, despair seized him, and he went from us! We have need to thank God that he did not kill himself; at first I believed he had done so."

"I did not wish to believe it, in spite of that letter found in my bed-room, the bust of Socrates broken, and the other letters taken away."

"I know nothing of all that; but on the day he was so nearly strangling the Count he was like a madman, and it was that night that he went away."

"Poor Onesime! I am sorry to have

been a cause of grief to him. However, I always received him kindly, with the same friendship I have never ceased, and never can cease, to feel for both of you, and for Father Alain and Mother Pelagie."

"It was precisely that air of friendship that deceived him. However, Pulcherie, I do not blame you; it was not your fault; you could no more continue to love Onesime than you could now eat our black bread, or run barefooted on the sands."

The two young girls fell into each other's arms, and kissed each other tenderly.

"I wish you to be my bridesmaid of honour, Berenice."

"Do not ask it, Pulcherie; do not ask me to have any share in this marriage but my prayers for your happiness."

The marriage-day arrived. A heavy wind began to blow; the sea was rough, the fishing-boats had not been able to go out; from time to time violent gusts made the church-windows rattle again. There came one, terrific in its force and suddenness, that made the very church itself totter. The service was suspended. Berenice, whose eyes met those of Pulcherie, looked in the direction of the sea, and they both fervently prayed for the safety of Onesime, who doubtless at that moment was in the midst of danger, perhaps perishing.

At the same moment, in another part of the world, the raging waters attacked the ship containing Onesime. A wave swept the deck, and carried away three men from the stern of the vessel. Two sunk never to reappear; Onesime, who was the third, was caught in a portion of the rigging, and remained in the ship.

At the wedding-dinner, the conversation turned upon the weather.

"It was a wind enough to snash a cow's horns, saving your presence, M. Malais," said the miller; "and you ought to know if cows have their horns well moored on to their heads or not. Do you remember, when you were a little chap, in one of the fields of Malais of Dive, your grandfather, you were pitched into a hedge by a great white ox that was chosen for the *boeuf gras* at Paris that year?"

Repeated efforts were made to stop the miller's eloquence, but in vain; he went on from one subject to another without heeding interruptions.

"The bride is very handsome," he said, when he thought the moment favourable. "Who would have thought we should one day have to call her Madame the Countess, when we used to see her playing about with my cousin Pelagie's children, and Onesime, a fine brave young fellow! What has become of him now God only knows. All we know is, he has sent home a little money to his family. *Eh bien!* when I used to see that little Pulcherie running about the beach with Pelagie's other children, and calling me cousin, and Onesime and Berenice her brother and sister, I never thought I should live to say to her one day, 'Madame the Countess.'"

After dinner there was a dance in the park; all the neighbourhood had been invited, and musicians engaged from Caen. During the ball the rumbling of a post-chaise was heard; it was the Count de Morville taking his wife away, and starting with her for Paris.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THREE years later a ship laden with cod entered the port of Fecamp. The voyage had been prosperous. The sailors' share amounted to nearly *eight hundred francs a man*. The sails were furled and the ship put in order. The crew landed. Onesime, who this year had sailed as first mate, had nearly twelve hundred francs to receive. He felt himself almost cured of his love, or, at any rate, thought the pleasure of once more seeing his family would more than compensate for the poignant grief that awaited him in the scenes where he had known Pulcherie.

Onesime, having been paid off, started for Havre; from Havre he proceeded to Honfleur. At Honfleur he found a large fishing-smack from Dive, which was to start during the night, and in this he embarked. He quickly asked for news of his parents, and Berenice, but he dared not speak of Pulcherie. As they reached the Villerville roads, he saw in the twilight a boat containing a single man.

"Is not that my father?" he asked of the fisherman; "I am greatly mistaken or I recognise the *Monette*. Tranquille Alain, ahoy!"

"Who hails?" cried a voice from the boat.

"Neither more nor less than your own son, Onesime, come to help you to lift your nets. Come alongside."

The boat was soon alongside, and Onesime threw himself into his father's arms.

"*Eh bien!* poor Cesaire?"

"Alas! lost, two years ago; and I was afraid you were so too. You should see Berenice and your mother praying when a gale of wind's blowing; but their prayers were not able to save our poor eldest boy; Heaven rest his soul! But what have you been doing?"

"I have been three times to the cod-fishery off Newfoundland, and this last time as first mate. Don't fret yourself, I've got more than a thousand francs in my belt here. And poor Cesaire not alive to share our happiness!"

They lifted their nets; they were filled with fish.

"You see you've brought back your good luck with you," said Tranquille.

The fish secured, they made for the land.

"Turn your back as we get near shore," said Tranquille. "Berenice and your mother will be on the beach when we get in."

In fact, Berenice and Pelagie were getting rather fidgetty on the beach.

"I assure you," said Berenice, "there are two men in the boat."

"Then it is not your father."

"I am certain it is the *Monette*, however; see, she is coming in. Now I can see my father."

"Yes, it is he; but there is another man with him."

"It is a sailor—in a sailor's dress; but—ah!—it is impossible!"

At this moment the boat shot up the river, and Berenice, falling on her knees, cried out—

"Onesime!"

Onesime could contain himself no longer; he leapt into the water nearly up to his waist, and threw himself into the arms of his mother and sister.

"Oh, my God, I thank thee!" said Pelagie; "thou hast restored me one!"

"Mother," said Onesime, "some one must go and speak to the Cure directly, to get him to perform a grand mass this very morning: I have made a vow to our Lady of Good Help, and I can neither eat nor drink till I have accomplished it."

Pelagie went to speak to the Cure, while Onesime assisted his father to land the fish, wash them, and hang the nets to dry. Such fishermen as were on shore came to shake Onesime by the hand, who informed them that he had made a vow at sea.

"Is it for to-day?"

"Yes; my mother has gone to speak to the Cure."

"They'll wait, I suppose, for all the people to come ashore."

"Certainly. Will some one go and tell my Cousin Elot?"

"The miller of Benzeval?"

"Yes."

"I'll go, and smoke a pipe on the way."

Pelagie was soon back. They waited for the return of the fishing-boats, whose sails were already seen peeping on the horizon. The Cure came to Alain's cottage to inform himself of the circumstances of the vow; then when the boatmen had returned, the bells were rung, and all the village proceeded to the church; the strangers and bathers staying at Dive joined the cortège; Onesime, followed by his family, walked with head and feet bare, carrying a large taper in his hand; he advanced to the choir, and knelt down. The Cure ascended the pulpit, and said—

"My brethren and children, one of us, Onesime Alain, was in the midst of a fearful tempest. At a moment when the ship was breaking in all directions, when the bravest were turning pale at the face of death, and the oldest sailors did not know what to do to save their lives, Onesime Alain made a vow to our Lady of Good Help: he promised the blessed mother of God to have a mass said, and to burn a taper of six pounds weight at her altar, to which he would walk bareheaded and barefooted before eating or drinking at Dive, if by her intercession he could be enabled once more to see his native place and his family. Just as he had expressed

his vow, a fearful wave covered the ship, and carried away three of her crew: one alone was thrown against the rigging to which he clung; the two others, the captain and the mate, were drowned. Subsequently, the sea grew calm, and Onesime had the good fortune to recover the ship, though she was so damaged by the sea that a man had to be constantly kept at the pump, till she came into harbour. Onesime Alain is here to-day loyally to accomplish his vow. Let us unite to return thanks to our Lady of Good Help, the sailor's guardian saint."

Then all the voices thundered out the famous hymn to our Lady of Good Help, that we have already heard sung at the christening of the *Monette*.

At that moment the miller of Benzeval came down the coast, and reached Dive.

He embraced Onesime with warmth. The two walked together to Tranquille's cottage, where breakfast was waiting for Onesime.

Eloi, whose own breakfast had been interrupted, ate with the family. During the meal, Onesime had again to go over the particulars of his three voyages, his dangers, and his vow.

"I might have known some misfortune would happen to that ship," said Onesime; "but when I first started, I was so miserable" (and he looked at Berenice) "that I would have engaged in any ship. She was a new boat, going to sea for the first time."

"That was no very bad look out," said the miller.

"True; but when she was launched in the Fecamp dock, at the end of her course, instead of her head turning round towards the chapel of Our Lady, as a baptised boat ought to do, she went the other way. At this the master and four sailors refused to sail in her. Good: they found three other men and myself. Two days before we sailed, one of the men, eating on deck, let his knife fall, and the blade dropped on its point, and stuck upright on the deck. This time it was too much. Some who had stopped after the first bad sign, went off at the second; and it was only by dint of great promises they managed to get a crew together at all."

"Unhappy boy!" said Pelagie; "you wished, then, to rush to your destruction!"

Onesime again looked at Berenice, and made no reply to his mother. He continued—

"When we were attacked by a storm, such as the oldest sailors never remembered seeing before, we all reproached ourselves with not having listened to the warnings of Heaven, when we embarked on board this cursed ship."

Eloi Alain invited the family to dinner; but the ruling passion asserted its dominion, and he chose a few fish from the number Tranquille and his son had brought home. He returned to appease Desiree his housekeeper, who had a dinner to prepare for a family towards one of whose members, at least, she bore a grudge. Dinner over, Pelagie remained for a chat with Desiree, while Eloi and Tranquille smoked their pipes over a pot of cider. Berenice and Onesime left the house, and went to sit down by the edge of the little mill-pond. Both had much to say, but neither dared commence. However, after a considerably prolonged silence, the ice was broken by these words—

"My poor Onesime! and so you have come back. Is it because you are less unhappy, or because you want consolation?"

"Both, sister. I still love Pulcherie; but with the sort of love we might have for a star, which we know we can never reach. Since I left home, I have reflected, and seen the world a good deal. I have seen through my folly. Pulcherie could never have been mine. When I left, Pulcherie was going to be married. Is she married?"

"Yes"—

"Wait a moment—I thought so—I knew it; but, however, it has upset me a little. I must say to myself, Pulcherie is married; Pulcherie is another's. She married him, because she loved him—because she was in love with him. Now I have made the wound bleed. Speak—nothing can hurt me so much as what I have just said."

"*Eh bien!* you are right, brother. I will tell you all at once. Pulcherie is married. She knew you loved her from

a letter you left in her room, and by a conversation she had with me on the day of her marriage. During the marriage mass there was a fearful storm. We both thought together of a friend who was on the sea—and we prayed together for him. Think how I felt this morning, when you were telling your story; it was at the very moment when you were about to perish that we addressed a fervent prayer to heaven for your safety."

Onesime embraced his sister, and both were silent for some moments. Berenice continued—

"When Pulcherie left here with her husband, there were a great many rumours afloat about her marriage. It was said that M. Malais—his head turned by the pride of seeing his niece a countess—had ruined himself for her marriage portion. Madame Malais—against whose will it was all done—complained to those who would listen to her. Pulcherie wrote sometimes, regretting that she could not see her uncle and aunt; her husband's business affairs would not allow him to come to Normandy, and he did not like her to travel alone. She seemed sad, though she was always speaking of her happiness; and Madame Dorothee often said, 'They cannot deceive me: we have lost everything, and have not even the consolation of having secured Pulcherie's happiness! It was our ridiculous vanity that turned the unfortunate child's head. We were so proud to see a count at our table, we praised everything he did so absurdly, that at last we turned the poor girl's brain, and now she is paying dearly for it.'

"In the midst of all this, Madame Malais died. This time, Pulcherie came down with her husband. She seemed so wretched, it was distressing to see her; but as she had a natural cause of grief, in the death of her kind benefactress, it could not be inferred from that that she was unhappy in her marriage. I only saw Pulcherie once; she came to kiss me before she left for Paris; she appeared sad, and was very much changed. If my cousin Eloi says nothing, there is one who does not know as much, perhaps, but who tells whatever he does know, and very likely a great deal more. That is,

Maitre Epiphane, who is no longer the clerk: all on a sudden he became the miller's friend, and from that time never left the mill. It is said that Eloi employed him in some business affairs with Pulcherie's husband. At any rate, he disappeared some months after having given up his school, and came back a tremendously fine gentleman; he had turned bailiff. A thousand things were said about this unheard-of good fortune—a schoolmaster to become a bailiff! His wife wears bonnets now; there is no more opposition at the baths. Desire manages them all. Maitre Epiphane says that the miller has got hold of nearly all the Malais' fortune, and can have the rest whenever he pleases. He says, also, that Eloi Alain vowed a vengeance against the Malais in his youth; that he has M. Malais at the end of his line, and if he does not yet draw him out of the water, it is because he is amused to see him struggle. However, I can scarcely believe that cousin Eloi has become so rich, and M. Malais so poor. Neither one nor the other has made the slightest change in his habits. M. Malais has still his horse and carriage, and the miller is still a miser. When he drinks a pot of cider with any one, he is so long looking for his money that the person he has invited is very often forced to pay; he never gives anything to anybody; and it was remarked very much when you went away—which seemed to be a real grief to him—that he said, 'If it was the want of money sent him away, I would have given him some.' It is true he added, 'a little;' and that was before it was rumoured he had earned all the Malais' fortune."

The brother and sister then saw that it was growing late; they returned towards the mill, but lights were no longer visible there. Tranquille and Pelagie had gone home long ago, thinking their children had retired for the night. Berenice returned to the cottage. Onesime said he was not yet disposed for sleep. He went to ramble round the chateau. He wished to see from a distance Pulcherie's chamber, from which he had emerged, so wretched, three years ago; but all was darkness. He was turning back when, in a neighbouring

field, he saw a man and a horse. The horse was browsing the grass with eager teeth; the man appeared uneasy, and on the watch; he heard footsteps, and taking his horse by the halter, seemed about to lead him away. Onesime, seeing his trouble, and seized with a vague suspicion, ceased walking, and hid himself behind a bush. The horse's master seemed to recover his confidence without relaxing in his watchfulness; and the horse was allowed to continue his meal. Onesime had time to see that he had not been mistaken, and that this personage was no other than M. Malais de Benzeval. He did not clearly understand what brought him into the fields so late, nor what made him appear so uncomfortable; all he could understand for the moment was, that the old man was anxious not to be seen by anybody. He wished to retire without noise, but could not avoid agitating some branches; and in a few moments the horse and his master disappeared and re-entered the chateau.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ONESIME resumed his fishing pursuits, as before his departure. A portion of the money he had brought home placed the family on a footing of humble prosperity. A new boat, larger than the former, and new fishing apparatus, were purchased; Pelagie and Berenice had each new dresses for Sunday, Tranquille and Onesime stout fishermen's boots, and red woollen shirts. Never had they been so happy. Cesaire was the more regretted on account of the blessings he should have shared with them. Eloi said to Onesime—

"If you have any money left, Onesime, instead of letting it sleep like a *slug-a-bed*, in an old earthen pot, give it to me; I'll make it work for you. The money makes us work hard enough, it is quite right we should make it work too."

"I've scarcely any left, cousin," said Onesime, "and what I have I may want at any moment. Besides, excuse me, cousin, I've often heard say in these parts that your money works hard it's true, but it follows a villainous trade."

"They're fools who tell you that, Onesime, lad. Just look how I'm treated

by everybody. Tell me if there's anybody they take their hats off to so humbly, or whose health they inquire about so often. We couldn't walk from here to Benzeval Mill, without fifteen people stopping to ask me how I find myself. If I go out to dinner anywhere, who is it gets the best place, or what's worth more, the best cuts? I know well enough folks say that I'm an usurer, but they say it under their breath, and they'd be in a fine way if I heard them. Do you suppose there is any one that they haven't something to say of? Do you believe people get well spoken of because they do no harm? Suppose I didn't make my money work a little, they wouldn't say, 'Eloi Alain is a good fellow, not too fond of money,' not the least in the world. They would say, 'Eloi Alain is a drunkard,' or 'Eloi Alain is a spendthrift.' Do you suppose they have nothing to say about you? They can't say you are an usurer. Good! they say you came the fine gentleman; that you wanted to marry Pulcherie Malais; that you go swaggering about with that medal, which you have a right to be proud of, which makes me look upon you as my son, and tell you always as I tell you now, if you ever want me for anything, I'm your man; you hear me? They say I wear old clothes. True; but I have only to put a hundred francs in my pocket, and it seems to me that I have all the fine suits at once, only one of which I should have if I spent my hundred francs. I love money, and I think I have reason to love it. Besides, it isn't only the love of money that has made me try to get on; there's vengeance as well. The Malais have an account running with me, a terrible account. Malais, the custom-house officer, betrayed me villainously. I have sworn a deep hatred against the race. For the last thirty years, in saying my *pater noster*, morning and evening, I have skipped the words 'and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' The Malais family had raised themselves; I have lowered them. They were rich; you'll see them poor enough presently."

"But, cousin Eloi," said Onesime, "these now living have done you no harm."

"You have not noticed their pride then, their disdain for me. And then, besides, it's a struggle, a pitched battle. By degrees, as I get possession of a little piece of land having belonged to the Malais, I feel as happy as a man can do. I go and walk about in it, plant, or root up something or other in it. At the present moment, if things went by their right names, I have more claim to be called M. de Benzeval than they have; but I don't trouble my head about that. I have been helped famously by this Count. He is a mad gambler, who fancies he has returned to reason, and given up play by mixing up with business speculations. The fool! as if people changed! The name of his enemy is changed, that is all. He gambles without cards. It strikes me at present he is playing with sharper gamesters than himself; for he is going a-head fast. There is a speculation a-foot, nothing can be touched as yet, the affair is not ripe, he must have money—always money. Father Malais doesn't get his pension paid, and he lives no one knows how, though nothing of it appears out of doors. He has been fool enough to give everything to his niece's husband; he has nothing left in the world but the chateau, which, far from bringing him in any money, costs him a great deal. All the rest went to the son-in-law, who has sold nearly everything to me. I expect him here to-night. The meeting will be a stormy one, as I mean to commence fixing my claws on the chateau. When he comes here, he usually arrives during the night, as he is about to do once more, and goes away before daybreak. Nobody knows anything of his appearance here. Just time to sign a bill-stamp, and pocket my money. But that won't be the plan any longer. He will have to go and find Father Malais this time, and Father Malais will have to make himself answerable for a sum which I absolutely will not lend, except on the chateau."

"But cousin, will nothing be left to this poor M. Malais? You are rather hard, cousin Eloi."

"Listen, Onesime; when I thought it was all over with me, when I felt the flames which surrounded me already singeing my hair, you came and threw yourself in

the midst of my perils, and you saved me. Since that time, I have considered myself as yours, and there is scarcely anything I wouldn't do for you. But I will not give up my revenge against the Malais. Let me alone, and some day, if you like, you may call yourself M. De Benzeval in your turn. Why, man, have they not despised you also? Have they not repulsed and scorned you?"

"I never asked them for anything, cousin."

"They have done more; they have not even thought for an instant that you could have the audacity to ask."

Onesime returned to his father, and both put out to lift their nets. At day-break they returned to the shore. Onesime took a fine lobster, walked up to Benzeval, and rang the bell of the chateau. It was about nine o'clock in the morning. Instead of the door, a little wicket only was opened, through which Onesime saw a livery servant with a patch over one eye.

"Here is something I have brought for M. de Benzeval," he said.

The servant stretched his hand through the wicket, and took the lobster.

"You will tell him it is from Onesime Alain."

As Onesime descended the hill, he saw the Count leave the miller's house, and proceed towards the chateau. He rang the bell, and the same wicket was opened by the same livery servant.

"My friend," said the Count, "inform M. de Benzeval that the Count de Morville has come from Paris for the honour of seeing him, and has only a few moments to devote to him."

The wicket was re-closed, and ten minutes elapsed, at the expiration of which the Count rang again. The door was opened this time, and M. Malais appeared.

"I did not expect the honour of a visit from you, monsieur," he said. "Several letters of mine remaining unanswered, had made me believe that all relations between us were at an end."

"Monsieur," said the Count, "I have been from home, and, besides, I delayed writing to you until I should be able to satisfy your just demands. I have ex-

hausted my last resources, and to-day a magnificent project, in which I have embarked successively all my own fortune and that of Pulcherie, will be wrecked in sight of port unless you come promptly and efficiently to the assistance of your niece and myself."

"Assistance of—I assist anybody!" cried M. Malais. "I, whom you have made a miserable beggar! Do you know, Monsieur, the situation to which you have reduced me? I have not a servant left, Monsieur; my last left me because I could no longer pay him his wages. It is now a year since you left off paying my pension, and you know well you had left me nothing else of all my fortune."

M. Malais observed that the Count was looking at the seals and watch-key hanging from his fob.

"You are looking at this, Monsieur le Comte. It is only the watch-ribbon I have kept, and which I wear, that it may not be noticed out of doors."

And he showed him that the ribbon was stitched into his watch-pocket, and that the appendages were merely false colours.

"For the last year, Monsieur, I have lived on the price of my poor wife's jewels, which I sell from time to time at Caen, when I say that I get rid of them because they remind me too much of my loss, whilst, in reality, they are priceless treasures to me; but one can't avow one's misery to people, Monsieur. What would people think if they knew what M. Malais de Benzeval really is now a-days! And why am I so, Monsieur? I will be generous enough not to remind you of it. I have consented to become poor, but not to become a beggar."

"I know it, Monsieur," replied the Count; "I know you have ample cause to complain. Pulcherie should have told you—"

"The Countess de Morville," replied poor Malais, still proud to call his niece Countess, even at the moment of his recapitulating with what miseries to himself the title had been purchased, "the Countess de Morville has written to me what you have just informed me of, and the poor child sent me a few louis: it is all the money I have received for a year.

Her letter was very sad, and has made me fear that I have not succeeded in purchasing her happiness, though I have paid for it so dearly."

"I know it too well, Monsieur: an unfortunate speculation has absorbed all my capital, and reduced me myself to the most serious straits, even to the point of suspending the payment of your pension, which I look upon as a sacred debt."

M. Malais remained unmoved. The Count touched another chord.

"The bad times will blow over, M. de Benzeval," he said; "and next summer you shall see us coming to Benzeval—Pulcherie and I—with all the splendour and reputation of a fortune to which that which you have possessed would be considered nothing."

"Pray Heaven, Monsieur, that you may not live to repent that you were unable to content yourself with that fortune which I gave you."

"If you refuse to aid me in this final affair all is lost; the speculation is ruined for a miserable sum of ten thousand francs; Pulcherie and I are completely ruined, and the payment of your pension, which has only been as yet suspended from unavoidable reasons, becomes for ever impossible."

Henceforth M. Malais made no further resistance. He even asked for particulars of the speculation in question. It was agreed that a grand fête should be given in the ensuing summer at Benzeval, to which the whole neighbourhood should be invited.

"But how can I get you the ten thousand francs to-day?" inquired M. Malais.

"Nothing easier than that. You have Eloi Alain, the miller, here: he has money."

"He is an usurer."

"So much the better. They sell their money cheaper than other people. We owe them no humility or cringing."

"Paradox! my good nephew—but, however—"

"Well, I'll go and look for Maitre Eloi Alain, and on your note of hand he will lend me the sum of ten thousand francs; that is to say, we'll take five hundred francs more, which will carry you on for



the few days which must elapse between this and the success of our scheme."

The Count went to fetch Eloi. A lengthy discussion took place: there had been no mention of the five hundred francs, and the miller had only ten thousand by him. The five hundred francs demanded in addition to that sum he would have to borrow, and "God knows at what price!" Eloi said. However, he agreed to give the ten thousand five hundred francs.

Eloi, during the discussion, contemplated the arrangements of the chateau de Benzeval with a look of hypocritical triumph. He could not restrain himself from indulging in certain familiarities with M. Malais, whose heart was sufficiently elevated to become more proud in proportion to his poverty—(they are only really superior minds whom poverty renders neither ashamed nor even proud)—and who, moreover, would have thought that not to show a little contempt and impertinence towards a man like the miller would be to acknowledge his ruin.

The miller left the house with the Count, to whom M. Malais took care to say—

"Embrace her ladyship the Countess for me."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN M. Malais was alone, he cooked his lobster, of which he ate half; then he saddled and bridled his horse, and started out to pay some debts he owed in the neighbourhood, and which were a singular source of torment to him. On his way he met a man with whom he pulled up for a short time. Gossiping, and smoothing the horse's mane down with his hand,

"A nice little tit," said the man.

"I like the other one much better," said M. Malais.

"I thought you only kept one horse now. I fancy I see you always on the same."

"They are very much like each other, in truth; however, the other has a white mark, a little star, on the forehead, which I would much rather he had not, as but for that they would be a perfect pair. The other is called Mouton; this one's name is Pyrame."

"Please to tell me what time it is, M. de Benzeval," asked a peasant.

"My watch is stopped," said M. Malais, turning red; "it's nearly two o'clock."

Then, continuing his ride,

"I cannot expose myself twice to such a humiliation," he said.

And he entered a watchmaker's shop, where he purchased a watch for what was left of his five hundred francs. He even made excuses for not buying a more expensive one; but what he wanted, he said, was a watch of no value to carry in his pocket, so as not to risk the loss of a very valuable watch he had at home by carrying it with him wherever he went. Subsequently, he returned to the chateau, muttering,

"What a brute that Melinet must be to believe I always ride the same horse! What was the use of my going a long way off to sell the other, and giving myself the trouble every other day to paint a little white star on Pyrame's forehead which I wash off the next day?"

The next night the grand drawing-room was brilliantly illuminated, and the sounds of a piano were heard. These sounds were not exactly music, but were sufficient to make the neighbours and passers-by remark, "Ah! ah! it appears they are giving a dance at the chateau." And as, on the following day, the Maire met M. Malais mounted on his second horse, that is to say, on Mouton, with the white star, he said to him—

"You had a dance last night, M. de Benzeval?"

"M. le Maire," replied the master of Benzeval, "I consider it the duty of those whom fortune has regarded with favour to display a little luxury, and give festive entertainments."

The letter, promised a few days afterwards, and the news of the great speculation, not arriving, M. Malais had soon cause to repent of the ball, illuminated by forty wax candles, which he had given to himself, and was compelled to ride to Caen to sell the watch he had so recently bought, still reserving the ribbon and seals which continued to rebound indissolubly against his stomach.

## CHAPTER XIX.

ONE day a coach drew up at the door of the chateau. The bell was rung, the little wicket opened. Then scarcely had the livery-servant with the patch on his eye seen who the person was demanding admission, than, forgetting his habitual reserve and taciturnity, he opened the door, and pressed to his heart a young woman dressed in black, and carrying in her arms an infant which appeared to be ill. The young woman drew back alarmed. M. Malais then perceived what his surprise and emotion had made him do. He tore the patch from his eye, took off his livery coat, and cried—

"Pulcherie, my niece! my daughter!"

Pulcherie returned his embraces, and, without speaking a word, placed the child in his arms, showing him by a look that it was also dressed in black.

Pulcherie saw a little trunk brought into the house, and dismissed the coachman; then taking her child once more in her arms—

"Dear uncle," she said, "this child and I have come to you in our distress. The Count de Morville is dead—dying completely ruined. Immediately after his death, a drove of creditors came to fight for the house. I have left everything to them. I have collected a few articles indispensable to my son and myself in this trunk, and we have come to beg for a shelter and for bread."

"My children! my poor children!" said poor old Malais, weeping, "we will share all I have. But, my God, I have scarcely anything left to share with you but misery."

"But, uncle, what is the meaning of that dress in which—"

M. Malais was slightly embarrassed.

"You know that your husband had left me nothing of all my fortune but a pension."

"Which he paid you very irregularly."

"And which for a very long time he has not paid at all. I have only lived by shifts, by selling, piece by piece, a few jewels and my plate, which I disposed of at a distance from here. But if I am resigned to such a depth of poverty, there

is one thing to which I could never be resigned, that is, to have my misery known to people who have always seen me rich and happy. I had sent away all my servants but one, on different pretexts. I had only one left; but as I could not pay him, he is gone too, and I gave him my watch for his wages."

M. Malais dolefully showed his niece the watch-ribbon, which was only fastened to the empty fob.

"Since then I have not allowed anybody to enter the house; only, as I am compelled occasionally to receive letters and certain articles, and as there are certain things that must be done, such as rubbing down my horse and cleaning the stable, I hit upon the plan of doing all jobs of the kind dressed in a livery, and disguised by this patch over my eye. Thanks to this scheme, no one can suspect my real position."

"My poor uncle!" said Pulcherie; "I will assist and comfort you. I am still strong, although grief has injured my health a little. I was brought up in the country with the Alains; I was brought up like them."

"But a moment: tell me how it is the count is dead so suddenly."

"Oh, uncle! let us never speak of it to a soul. The unfortunate man! he destroyed himself," she said, sobbing. "I would not have his child know of it, when he grows old enough to understand it. He killed himself, uncle: when he found that gambling, in all its forms, had deprived him of his last resources, he killed himself. They brought me home his body! After the last duties had been performed to him, I left all to the creditors. I brought away nothing but the jewels I owed to your kindness, some of which I have sold for the expenses of my journey here; and now I am come with my poor child to ask shelter from him who has ruined himself on my account."

"It is not your fault, my poor niece; it is simply unfortunate that we did not listen to your poor aunt. From the first she set her face against your marriage, which has been the ruin of us all. But since he is dead, all should be forgiven him. You shall be my consolation, my dear Pulcherie; we will bring up your

son together. How unfortunate that I should be poor at such a time ! ”

“ Here is some money remaining from the sale of nearly all my jewels, my dear uncle. ”

M. Malais informed no one of the arrival of his niece, who remained confined to the house, on account of her recent mourning ; he himself went out but seldom ; he was no longer alone in the huge house. She made every imaginable effort to induce him to leave off the habit he had acquired of putting on his own livery while occupying his mornings with certain tasks. M. Malais would hear nothing. He repeated, that he would resign himself to poverty, even want, but not to shame ; and that he would rather die a hundred times than have witnesses to his humiliation. Pulcherie was sadly cast down during the first few days after her arrival. The last sad catastrophe had not come upon her without preliminary distresses. The husband had exacted from her all the sacrifices in her power, to feed the new species of gambling called *business* to which he had given himself up. After her child's birth, she had had the courage to remonstrate with him ; she had proposed to save the wreck of the poor child's fortune ; then frequent broils and ill-treatment had compelled her to yield. She had not seen him for more than a month when he was brought home to her—drowned ! A few hours afterwards a letter arrived by the post, informing his wife of his terrible resolution, and advising her to seek refuge, with her child, under the roof of M. Malais, for whose ruin he expressed the keenest regret.

Nevertheless, Pulcherie gradually recovered her calmness at Benzeval. She divided her cares between her uncle and her child ; she found both relief and pleasure in certain occupations which had been unknown to her since she quitted Pelagie's roof ; she prepared the meals and took charge of the household. One day she said to M. Malais, who was complaining of his poverty—

“ Uncle, you are poor, because you will be so ; sell the chateau ; keep only for us three the gardener's house and the little garden attached to it. Let us no longer

seem to be rich, and we shall cease to be poor. ”

M. Malais exclaimed that if he were to sell the chateau, it would be to leave the country, and never set foot in it again.

“ What ! my dear uncle, ” said Pulcherie, “ could you quit the country where my poor aunt is buried, without regret ? ”

“ No, certainly ; but then don't speak to me again about advertising our misery, and exposing it to all eyes. I have still one or two good pieces of land here and there ; if I see a good chance I will sell them ; and, living as we do, that will carry us a long way. I will sell the rest of the plate, and at least the Count, your son, will be the owner of the Chateau de Benzeval. ”

Two or three times Onesime brought some fish, which he gave through the wicket to the one-eyed servant, whom, it should be remarked, he did not recognise. Pulcherie, with the greatest affection, had taken care to inquire after all the Alain family. Her grief subdued, she wished greatly to see the friends of her childhood ; but in answer to an allusion she had made to this wish, her uncle had told her that it would greatly distress him to see his niece, the Countess, appear in a condition inferior to her rank.

One day Onesime entered the cottage pale and agitated. He told Berenice that, in crossing the cemetery, he had seen a young woman dressed in black, on her knees at a tomb, with a baby also in mourning, and that woman—that woman was Pulcherie ! or, if not, it was the strongest resemblance he had ever seen in his life.

“ But no, ” he added, “ I am not deceived—I felt that it was she, and no other. ”

In the evening, when he returned from fishing, Berenice said to him—

“ You were right ; Pulcherie is at the chateau. M. Malais has been to see us while you were out at sea ; I told him that you thought you had seen Pulcherie at the cemetery. ‘ He was not deceived, ’ M. Malais said to me. ”

“ Pulcherie here ! ” cried Onesime. “ Oh, no ! I was not deceived ; another woman could not have made me feel cold

to the very roots of my hair as I did when I saw her."

"Let me finish, Onesime. 'She went then,' M. Malais said to me afterwards, 'with the young Count, her son, to pray at my poor Dorothee's tomb. My niece is a widow, and—'"

"A widow!" cried Onesime.

"Tut! tut! hold your tongue, let's have no new dreams. 'My niece is a widow,' M. Malais said to me, and she is come to pass her widowhood with me. She is very unhappy—"

"Very unhappy," murmured Onesime.

"She is very unhappy, and lives in the most absolute retirement. However, Berenice, she is anxious to see you—you, and all your family. Come up to the chateau—not altogether—that would have a look of merrymaking, which would be unbecoming—but one at a time. She would be very glad to see you."

"She will be very glad to see us," Onesime repeated.

"I wished to go up at once, but M. Malais told me not to come till to-morrow."

"You will see her to-morrow—in the morning—early?"

"Yes, and I will announce your visit to her."

The next morning, Pulcherie fell weeping into the arms of Berenice, who wept no less than herself. In spite of the injunctions of M. Malais—who had only retarded Berenice's visit that he might have time to lecture his niece on the subject—she confided to her early friend all that had happened, and the secret of her real situation.

"Come and see me often," she said to her. "Come sometimes with Pelagie; and," she added, "bring Onesime and good Father Tranquille—once."

She asked a thousand questions about all the family. Then she said—

"I know how to do all sorts of work: could you not get me something to do, through the people who buy your lace of you?"

"You!—my lady the Countess?"

"My poor Berenice, let us forget that dream—which has not been even a pleasing one. My uncle has lost much of his fortune," she said, softening down his real situation, out of respect to M. Malais'

peculiar mania. "I do not wish to be entirely a burden on him; and, besides, I must occupy myself; that will serve to distract my thoughts. But wait a moment—let me show you my child."

The babe was asleep in his cradle. The young widow and the young maiden looked at him long, with satisfaction.

"Bring Mamma Pelagie to see me soon. I will see the others a little later; and, in a little time longer, I shall return to you, like in the old times, when my boy can walk. Do not repeat anything of what I have told you, except what you may consider unavoidable; and think of what I told you about getting me some work."

As soon as Onesime had touched the shore, he ran to the house, and dragged Berenice out to the little garden.

"Well?" he said.

"Well! I have seen her. She is very sad, and much altered. She has a little boy, as beautiful as an angel, and her very picture."

This last word softened a little that which had been painful to Onesime in what preceded it, and which Berenice had laid intentional stress on, so as not to give her brother an encouragement which could only result in fresh disappointment. This child of Pulcherie's, which was like her, rendered less distinct for Onesime the thought of *another*. He felt that, as the child was like *her*, he would be able to look on it without horror.

Berenice returned the next day with Pelagie to see the Countess. They were commissioned by Father Tranquille and Onesime to take a splendid pair of soles to Pulcherie. There was fresh weeping—fresh looking at and admiring the infant, who was well grown and handsome. There was as much confidence, but less *confiding*. Pulcherie reminded Berenice of her resolution to work; and the latter, a few days afterwards, brought her some embroideries to do, the prices of which were to be fixed when it should be ascertained how they were executed. Their execution appeared so satisfactory, that, at the price offered, Pulcherie saw that she could, by diligent application—at all events *very* nearly—meet the expenses of her little household.

Finally, Onesime went with his sister to see Pulcherie. She gave him a friendly reception, though a little constrained by the confidence Berenice had imparted to her in former days. But he, on their way home, said to Berenice—

"Oh, sister! what majesty is bestowed by grief. It is now that I feel Pulcherie is above us."

He had looked at the child first sadly; but the child had smiled at him; and, whilst the women were passing it from one to another, he had taken it in his turn, and caressed it.

### ROWLAND HILL AND HIS REFRACTORY SERVANTS.

THE Reverend Rowland Hill was not only a good man and a great preacher, but one of the most eccentric of human beings. It was he who compared the Gospel to a huge round of beef, "where there was cut and come again;" it was he who broke into Greek suddenly in a sermon to rouse some sleepers; it was he who turned "Rule Britannia" into a psalm tune, saying, "the devil should not have all the good melodies;" yet never sturdier arm beat dust out of pulpit cushions, or set the pendent sounding-board ringing. If the drum ecclesiastic ever frightened away Apollyon, it did when beaten lustily by Rowland Hill, one of the heartiest and honestest of men—the very Cobbett of the pulpit, at whose feet all the great of the age by hours sat and listened. Our verses refer to one of the numerous stories told of him.

On one occasion his servants neglected to get him milk for breakfast. He rang and ordered; the kitchen had scruples; there were questions of precedency to settle. Cook said it was housemaid's place—housemaid thought it cook's—butler never did such a thing—and footman was not going to begin. A line must be drawn somewhere. In a word, the kitchen down-stairs was mutinying against the parlour up-stairs. A deputation was sent up to decline going for milk; culinary vanity was hurt even at the proposal. But Rowland Hill was not to be put down by the pride and in-

solence of a fat cook, with temper and liver deranged by incessant Indian heat.

At once he rang the bell, and ordered the horses to be put to the carriage. The coachman mounted, and drove to the street-door. Then Rowland Hill ordered his cook and housemaid to get in, and drive to the milk-shop. Abashed and confused, the servants complied, and the mutiny was quelled for ever. In our verses we have ventured to gently parody Tennyson's beautiful poem, and christen the refractory cook, for obvious reasons, "*the Lady of Shalot*."

The bubbling urn goes steaming up,  
Set is each china breakfast cup,  
All but the milk is taken up

(The tardy milkman cometh not).  
Heedless of bells, the housemaid sings;  
The master for the milk-jug rings;  
No milk to him the cook-maid brings—  
That Lady of Shalot.

The milkman with his clattering cans  
And shrill long cry—O drat the man's  
Neglect that so disturbs our plans!

The fat cook's tongue is loud and hot—  
"Master must wait—Why, there's his bell;  
Well, Mary Jane, go up and tell  
The accident wot as befel—"

The Lady of Shalot,

"It's not my place," pert Mary said,  
Tossing her little saucy head.  
"Nor mine, I'm sure," cried out the lad  
That cleaned the yellow chariot;  
"I'm not an arrant boy," said Joe,  
"Nor, Mary Jane, his slave are you;"  
"As one u'd be done by, one should do,"  
Says the Lady of Shalot.

The butler's busy with his plate,  
"Likewise the hour is very late;"  
So Joe, the knife-boy, scratched his pate,  
And went to clean the chariot.  
The kitchen-maid is scraping fish,  
The cook is rinsing greasy dish,  
Defiant of her master's wish,  
That Lady of Shalot.

The angry master rings the bell;  
Orders the carriage; bids them tell  
The coachman and the page as well  
To mount the yellow chariot.

"Now ladies," thinks bold Rowland Hill,  
"I'll give your pride a bitter pill,  
And vex and fret unto the fill  
Our Lady of Shalot."

"Out on their silly mincing airs!  
Go, bring our rebel cook up-stairs!"



ROWLAND HILL AND HIS REFRACTORY SERVANTS.

(The footman, frightened, gaping stares,  
And orders out the chariot).  
"These maids of mine shall quickly go,  
Their pride shall have a parious blow;  
I'll see if I am lord or no,  
My Lady of Shalot!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The fat cook put the onions down,  
And, with a grim sardonic frown,  
Smoothed her smart cap upon her crown,  
And tied her greasy ribbon knot.  
Then, with her flouncing angry jets,  
And many pouting sulks and frets,  
Into the yellow chariot gets  
The Lady of Shalot.

And Mary Jane—with cheeks on fire,  
 Red eyes, half bashfulness, half ire,  
 Angry by turns, now all the shyer—  
 Steps quick into the chariot.  
 Then master slams the carriage-door,  
 "So as he never did before;"  
 While John, the coachman, softly swore  
 At the Lady of Shalot.

And, "Well, I'm sure!" the fat cook cries,  
 Rubbing quite red her tearful eyes,  
 Which soon she vexed yet angry dries,  
 Rocked in that yellow chariot.  
 While Mary Jane, with hot cheek red,  
 Hangs down her pretty pouting head,  
 Wishing that she were cold and dead,  
 Like the Lady of Shalot.

The page his silvery buttons counts,  
 His eyes stream like rain-swollen founts;  
 The footman on the dicky mounts,  
 Ashamed of the old chariot.  
 "A pack of nonsense—master's mad  
 Why, John, I say this ere's too bad!  
 Drive on to Bedlam, there's a lad,  
 The Lady of Shalot."

"Why, here's a pretty go," said he.  
 "I'm so ashamed," cries Mary, she  
 By far the worst of all the three,  
 Cussing the yellow chariot.  
 They hung their heads—no Tyburn cart  
 Could give those rebels such a start;  
 Each stoppage struck as with a dart  
 Our Lady of Shalot.

The butcher-boy, with loaded tray,  
 Calls out, with leering eye, "Make way!"  
 The dirty urchins cease to play  
 To watch the yellow chariot.  
 Around the baker's grating there  
 A crowd of dirty street-boys stare,  
 To see the coachman and his fare—  
 The Lady of Shalot.

Then, looking back, they see their master  
 Laughing at their sad disaster,  
 Calm and cool as alabaster,  
 Gazing at the chariot.  
 O horrible! the boys begin  
 With yell and shout, and whoop and din,  
 To see the dreadful scrape she's in—  
 The Lady of Shalot.

WALTER THORNBURY.

## THE KELPIE'S MIRROR.

By GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

ALL over Scotland there is no festival more generally observed than that of All-Hallowmass-eve, with its merry games and mystic spells, woven half in sport

and half in earnest, to win that telescopic glimpse of distant events which in all ages and every nation has been the haunting desire of poor impatient human nature. Pretty nearly all the superstitious observances, charms, and magic rites, which in any part of England belong to St. John's or Christmas-eve, are common in Scotland on Hallowe'en, with many another beside, in which the sister kingdoms have no share. And though it may be, that during the last twenty years the gatherings at this season have become less frequent in the neighbourhood of the larger towns and cities, and its sports and spells been alike interrupted by the whirl of machinery, the puffing of railway engines, and the stir and hum of business, still, wherever these disenchanting intruders have not come, ancient customs are preserved, and far and wide through the land thousands may be found to pay due honour to that night, during which, according to all tradition, spirits seem to have more power on earth than its legitimate inhabitants.

It is some years since, that, one thirty-first of October, All Hallowe'en, a merry party were assembled for its celebration in a lonely glen in Ross-shire. All the young people, and not a few of the elders of the little hamlet, filled the large kitchen of old Colin Mackenzie with cheerful tones and smiling faces, while the glowing peat, piled high upon the ample hearth, overpowered the feeble light of the candles, and cast a strong red radiance over the gay groups of merry Highlanders and laughing maidens, with their blue eyes and snooded flaxen hair. As usual, there was more of mirth than of superstition in the demeanour of the assembly, and when at length the preliminary noisy games were ended, and the real business of the evening began, it still seemed in a jesting spirit that the various schemes of divination were conducted. Yet many a heart beat quick, and many a hand trembled, when the moment which might dimly shadow forth its owner's fate drew nigh, and there was none there that put not some faith in the prophetic nature of the oracles thus written, and sometimes in strange and misty characters enough.

But we have no time to glance at one-twentieth of these devices, or dwell upon how the wisest lent attention fixed and deep, as, in the fanciful shapes the boiling lead assumed when poured into cold water, was read the destiny of the inquirer; or, when the calling of each girl's future husband was revealed in the white of an egg, dropped by her in the pure element. Nor can we chronicle the jests and peals of laughter which echoed far up the glen, when, led blindfold one by one to the table where three bowls were ranged, each time in different order, the prettiest girl in the village put her hand into the empty bowl, which betokened a life of single blessedness; or the most scornful dipped hers into the discoloured water, prognosticating that her future spouse should be a widower; or the suppressed titters and covert looks, when, on the whole band of merry maidens rushing forth into a neighbouring field to speer, to some extent, their fortunes there, by the cabbage stocks they pulled, the most ill-favoured lassie in all the community returned with that whose superior straightness and smoothness promised her the comeliest and kindest husband.

"The fairest nut may have nought but darkened dust within; it is the soundness and sweetness of the kernel which bids the gatherer's heart rejoice," said, in the poetic diction of their native Gaelic, old Elspet Mackenzie, as, taking a handful of filberts from the table, she sat herself down upon the hearth. "Here, Janet Bruce, and Lachlan Mackenzie," she continued, placing with each name a nut close to the fire, "let us see how ye will agree together." And, though bearing the names of the handsomest youth and plainest damsel present, who had never evinced the least liking for each other's society, the nuts remained side by side, burning the most peaceably of all the pairs which were placed upon the hearth that night. For countless were their numbers, and great the fizzing, sputtering, and quarrelling which ensued among the filberts, before each of the young people could be provided with a couple of nuts, one named after themselves. the

other after any person present or absent, which had passed through the fiery ordeal in passable friendliness, and which, being placed that night under their pillows, should ensure to each a prophetic dream of his or her destined partner in the pleasures and cares of life.

"That is all verra weel; a dream's but a dream, ye ken, and can hurt naebody, for ane dreams whiles about a body they never clappet eyes on, and they ne'er a bit the waur when a's done," observed a stranger from Inverness, whose "braw English" the Gaelic inhabitants of the glen could barely comprehend. "But eh, lassies!" pursued the worthy woman, "it's an awfu' thing to pit yersel in the clutches of the Evil Ane, by trying forbidden spells, and garring the deil to send his angels anent ye in the shape of God's own creatures. For a' thae onairthly sights in whilk living folk are brought in the spirit afore our waking een are but a glamour o' the Prince o' Darkness to wile us to our ruin."

"To pe shurely," said her host; "her nainsel kens it for a troot, tat nae goot ever fallowit them tat keeket wi' a wish\* into ta Kelpie's pool, over ayont Craig Mhor, an' no coot bide ta Laird's ain time to ken his pleasure."

All those whom experience had taught to regard the future with misgiving, or whose years bade them feel that its changes could be little for their happiness, echoed the sayings of old Colin and his Inverness-shire guest. But the young said nothing; the future to them was all in all, and though at that name a shudder passed through many a frame, there was not one among them that did not long to peer into the Kelpie's pool, or Kelpie's mirror (as it was indiscriminately called), however few of them might dare to look upon its surface at the fearful hour of midnight on Hallowe'en, when alone the water Kelpie, or spirit, whose home was in its depths, had power to reveal the foreshadowing of future events to curious eyes. And well might many a bold heart shrink from the thought of treading the wild path, and seeking the lonely spot,

\* Looked with a wish.



at a time when the very air around them might be full of spirits let loose to work their will on earth; and when, according to belief of old, not yet wholly banished from those secluded valleys, the witches held their highest revelries, and played their most unholy catnips.

Stillness and silence were in Glengarbh; the flickering lights were out, the gathering peat lay on the hearth, and darkness reigned within each humble cottage, save where the trembling moonlight gleamed through the small glazed windows, or struggled through the squares of gypsum with which many casements in the lonely hamlet had been furnished by way of substitute. The old folks were dreaming, perchance, of Hallowe'ens long past, and most of the young had fallen asleep in hopeful anticipation of blissful visions. It wanted an hour of midnight, when two girls, wrapped in their plaids, stood on the border of the village, at the entrance to the path winding up Craig Mhor. For a moment they hesitated, and looked back at the quiet houses, sleeping so tranquilly in the pale moonlight, as though half disposed to seek their shelter. But it was only for a moment, when, with a convulsive sigh, the taller of the two turned away, and whispering hastily, "Come on, Janet!" sprang up the rugged path, followed closely by her companion. There was indeed but little time to spare, if they would reach the rocky dell where lay the Kelpie's pool, ere midnight, and it was with no less bold an aim that they had stolen from their parents' roofs to tread the wild passes of the mountains at this unwonted hour. On they sped with trembling hearts and rapid steps, fearful, yet determined. A passing cloud obstructing the moonlight, or the shadow of rock or tree falling across their way, was enough to bid them start and cling to each other as though some unearthly being barred their passage, while in the fitful sighing of the wind amid the trembling leaves they heard the hollow laugh of spirits, or the rustling of viewless wings. Yet shuddering, but resolved, they pressed onward, over rough hill and through dark defile, into the wild rocky dell, where lay the Kelpie's Mirror.

It was in the cleft of a rock which formed a natural basin, kept perpetually full by a mountain stream trickling down the rugged wall of rock above. The waters, which had worn away no passage in the sides of the basin, overflowed its brim, after performing their part in maintaining a constantly even but tremulous surface, and the dark pine forest, clothing the sides of the deep narrow dell, cast its shadowy reflection on their bosom. Here it was that, many a time of old, and more rarely of later years, youth and maiden had come to read the future in the spectral scenes which superstition dreamed would at this hour flit across the fluid mirror; and here it was that the beauty of Glengarbh had come to learn her destiny. Could she not have left her own fair face and winning smile under the guidance of one far wiser, to decide it for her? And Janet Bruce, too, she whose only charms of kindly heart and gentle spirit were so far better fitted to win girlish friendship than the affection of a lover, what tales of weddings or of wooers thought she to see in that dark mirror? But it was not to please herself, but Elsie, that she came; for though her spirit longed eagerly to learn her earthly doom, she would never of her own will have so sought the knowledge. Even now, her natural timidity would gladly have shrunk from a trial of the mirror's magic power, though at a whisper from her friend she took the lead, and kneeling down on a ledge of rock, which well-nigh overhung the pool, gazed intently and "with a wish," as the spell demanded, upon its surface.

"Janet, woman, what do you see?" whispered Elsie, after a few seconds had thus glided by in silence.

"I see a man," replied the girl in a low voice; "it is Lachlan, with his bonnet and plaid—and, now he smiles on me—and, now he's gone."

She arose, and Elsie knelt down upon the rock with an anxious and fluttering heart; for one whom she loved had long been absent, and it was the doubts, now of his welfare, now of his constancy, which so torturingly beset her, that led the beauty of Glengarbh to this rash step

to solve them. With absorbing intentness she gazed upon the mystic pool. For a while all was confusion; the pale stars, half shrouded by a floating mist, cast a changeful reflection on the water, and the shadow of the overhanging trees, and the moonbeams gleaming through their trembling branches, with the indistinct forms of rock and hill more dimly mirrored, combined to give a mazy and uncertain aspect to the quivering surface of the pool. After a time elfish faces began to glare on her from the depths of the waters, and then they passed away, and the waving shadows seemed to resolve themselves into many strange fleeting figures, one of which grew on her sight until she thought she recognised Angus Forbes, her absent lover, standing forth with a female by his side, the others grouped around them, as though it were a marriage ceremony. And such it appeared while she looked on for a moment; then it passed, a dark shade came over the water, and she could see no more; but surely she had already seen too much.

With a heavy heart and aching brow Elsie retraced the wild path to the glen; for she felt certain it was the phantom-bridal of her faithless lover she had seen; and not all the soothing words or cheering arguments of her gentle companion could console her. If before she had been doubtful and anxious, she was now restless, indignant, and doubly unhappy. Day after day still fled by, and no tidings came of Angus Forbes, and the imagination of poor Elsie was left to supply as it would the absence of all intelligence of where he wandered and how he fared. And that brief glance into the Kelpie's Mirror was for ever in her thoughts, tinged all with its dark hues, helping her to a solution of every mystery, and haunting her perpetually with the idea of Angus's falsehood and union with another. Yet sometimes brighter hopes would flash like sunrays on the gloom, and she would be happy for a while in a dream of Angus returning with unaltered heart to claim her hand. For if Janet's vision was for nought, why should her own prove more truthful? And though

poor Janet loved him with the most devoted affection, Lachlan rarely spoke to her, but was on the point of uniting his fate with that of his distant cousin, Madge Mackenzie. But ere the day came, Lachlan quarrelled with his betrothed, and going out the next morning to hunt, returned not at night, nor yet on the morrow. The men of Glengarbh went forth to seek him, but in vain; and suspicion grew strong that he had left the country. Madge adopted the idea readily, and jested and flirted with a youth as thoughtless as herself. But Janet could not rest while he whom she had loved, despite indifference and through despair, might be in suffering and danger. With a little basket on her arm did she explore the wildest crannies of the mountains, and the deepest recesses of the glens, patiently and unweariedly, from the earliest dawn to the latest gloaming, pursuing with fleet steps the most dangerous and least-frequented paths. At length she found him she sought, helpless and exhausted, in a deep chasm at the foot of a cliff where he had lain for four days, watching the slow approach of death, which there was no succouring hand to ward away. The face of Janet was to him as that of an angel of light, and from that hour it wore an unfading beauty in his eyes. He was carried back to the hamlet, where the tale of the gentle girl's patient search for him when all else desisted was told to him by many. Her unobtrusive devotion, which he had so little deserved, touched his heart, utterly alienated from Madge by the knowledge of her carelessness of what might have befallen him. And it was no great wonder that, on his recovery, Lachlan sought the hand of Janet Bruce, and they were married.

But words cannot describe the effect of this incident on Elsie. For still there was no news of Forbes; and every day the impression of that shadowy scene sank deeper and deeper in her mind, strengthened by the chance coincidence of Janet's vision and Janet's fate. Yes, it *must* be that she was forgotten, that Elsie Mackenzie, the fairest maiden in Glengarbh, was scorned and slighted, or

wherefore came not Angus, or sent her message or token of remembrance? Constant brooding on this thought gave to it a colouring of certainty; and that fleeting scene dwelt on her mind until it assumed the force and substance of reality, awaking in the chafed and indignant spirit the desire of proving that the desertion of the false one could not wound it. The opportunity was not wanting; for at that very time there was one striving with soft words and gentle speeches to win the heart which was, alas! far beyond his reach, though ere long the beauty of Glengarbh promised to plight her troth to him. The marriage was hurried on, and, restless and feverish, Elsie sought not to delay it, but, upheld by pride and a fixed belief in the prophetic nature of that one brief glance into the Kelpie's Mirror, she stood calm and firm before the minister, to vow a love which well she knew her heart could never feel. Was there no one by to whisper to the misguided girl that a passing shadow on the water could have no connection with her destiny? None to whisper that in Janet's lot the only magic had been that of love? For what was more natural, than that he who was for ever in her thoughts should seem to fit before her eyes when imagination's sway was absolute? And the pure and unselfish affection which did this, had also wrought the rest. But there was none to breathe one word of this to Elsie, no voice to warn her, or to counsel; and so the binding words were spoken, and she was a bride.

There was great mirth and festivity in Glengarbh that day, and merry dancing on the only smooth spot of green which the Rough Glen could boast. The bagpipes were pealing forth their liveliest strains, and the light feet were dancing their fleetest measure upon the grass, when a traveller in his wayfaring dress appeared among them. There was one cheek grew pale at his approach: but while still he looked round inquiringly, and ere yet there was time for any other eye to recognise him, the bride stepped forward, and, calmly and proudly, yet coldly, she greeted him,—“And where is

your wife, Angus Forbes?” were her concluding words.

“I have no wife,” said Angus, retaining the hand which she had given him; and bending down, he whispered in her ear. There was a something of plighted vows, and changeless love, and hopes *she* knew that her own will had blighted. A torrent of wildest agony rushed at once over thought, and sense, and feeling, and she fell unconscious at his feet.

It matters not to tell how distant wanderings, sickness, and misfortune could all account for Angus's absence, nor how the messages sent had failed to reach his promised bride. He himself took little trouble to explain, but departed that very evening, to be never more heard of at the Glen, until when, in after years, there came tidings of his having died in a foreign land, unwedded. But poor Elsie! no words can speak her misery, when unwelcome sense returned, and the consciousness of the fatal truth came like a deadening frost over heart and soul, as she felt that on the altar of superstition she had sacrificed her all of love, and hope, and earthly happiness. Yet it needs not either to detail her sorrows and her trials, with a grief she dared not show, and could not banish, and a husband whom people said it was no wonder should sometimes be unkind—nor how people said that her looks and words were always strange from that eventful bridal day. It is enough that, though they wept for her unhappy fate, her dearest friends yet could not mourn when they laid her in her early grave.

Since that time, so it is said, no one has ever gazed into the Kelpie's Pool at midnight, to distort its fleeting shadows into creations of their fancy. For the fate of the Beauty of Glengarbh has been a beacon to the most reckless of its inhabitants. And however regarded, whether, as by old Colin Mackenzie, as a glamour of the Evil One, sent to punish those “who no coot bide ta Laird's ain time to ken his pleasure;” or whether, as by the more reasoning and enlightened, as an evidence of the fallacy of all such superstitions, and a proof of the folly, wickedness, and evil consequences of first conjuring up

phantoms of the gazer's own over-excited imaginations, coloured by their own hopes, or fears, or wishes, and then making those phantasies the rule and guide of their conduct—in whichever light regarded, the tale to this day is told in Ross-shire, at Hallowe'en, as a warning to the young, and all whose impatient spirits would strive to raise the impenetrable veil by which the future is shrouded, and oftentimes in mercy, from our view.

### THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

"WELL, Colonel, what engrosses your thoughts so entirely this morning? The last new fashion for vests, the price of Macassar oil, or the misfit of your last primrose kids? Make a 'clean breast' of it."

"Come, Minnie, don't be satirical. I've a perfect horror of satirical women. There's no such thing as repose in their presence. One needs to be always on the defensive, armed at all points; and then, like as not, some arrow will pierce the joints of his armour. Be amiable, Minnie, and listen to me. I want a wife."

"You! a man of your resources! Clubs, cigars, fast horses, operas, concerts, theatres, billiard-rooms! Can't account for it," said the merciless Minnie. "Had a premonitory symptom of a crow's foot, or a grey hair? Has old Time begun to step on your bachelor toes?" and she levelled her eye-glass at his fine figure.

The Colonel took up a book with a very injured air, as much as to say,— "Have it out, fair lady, and when you get off your stilts, I'll talk reason to you."

But Minnie had no idea of getting off her stilts: so she proceeded,— "Want a wife, do you? I don't see but your buttons and strings and straps are all tip-top. Your laundress attends to your wardrobe, your *maitre d'hôtel* to your appetite; you've nice snug quarters at the ——— House, plenty of 'fine fellows' to drop in upon you; and what, in the name of the gods, do you want of 'a wife?' And if it is a necessity that is not postponable, what description of

apron-string does your high mightiness desire? I've an idea you've only to name the thing, and there'd be a perfect crowd of applicants for the situation. Come, bestir yourself, Sir Oracle; open your mouth, trot out your ideal."

"Well, then, negatively, I don't want a literary woman. I should desire my wife's thoughts and feelings to centre in me—to be content in the little kingdom, where I reign supreme—to have the capacity to appreciate me, but not brilliancy enough to outshine me, or to attract 'outsiders.'"

"I like that, because 'tis so unselfish," said Minnie, with mock humility. "Go on."

"You see, Minnie, these literary women live on public admiration—glory in seeing themselves in print. Just fancy my wife's heart turned inside-out to thousands of eyes beside mine, for dissection. Fancy her quickening ten thousand strange pulses with 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' Fancy me walking meekly by her side, known only as Mr. Somebody, that the talented Miss ——— condescended to marry. Horrible! Minnie, I tell you, literary women are a sort of nondescript monsters, nothing feminine about them. They are as ambitious as Lucifer; else, why do they write?"

"Because they can't help it," said Minnie, with a flashing eye. "Why does a bird carol? There is that in such a soul that will not be pent up—that must find voice and expression; a heaven-kindled spark that is unquenchable; an earnest soaring spirit whose wings cannot be earth-clipped. These very qualities fit it to appreciate, with a zest none else may know, the strong deep love of a kindred human heart. Reverence, respect, indeed, such a soul claims and exacts; but think you it will be satisfied with that? No! It craves the very treasure you would wrest from it—love! That there are vain and ambitious female writers is true; but pass no sweeping condemnation; there are literary women who have none the less deserved the holy names of wife and mother because God has granted to them the power of ex-

pressing the same tide of emotions that sweep, perchance, over the soul of another, whose lips have never been touched 'with a coal from the altar.'"

"Good morning, Colonel," said Minnie; "how do you like the lady to whom I introduced you last evening?"

"Like her? I don't like her at all—I love her! She took me by storm! Minnie, that woman must be Mrs. Colonel Van Zandt. She's the very ideal of a wife embodied."

"I thought she'd suit you," said Minnie, not trusting herself to look up. "She's very attractive; but are you sure you can secure her?"

"Well, I flatter myself," said the Colonel, glancing at an opposite mirror, "I shall, at least, 'die making an effort,' before I take 'no' for an answer. Charming woman! feminine from her shoe-lacings to the tips of her eye-brows; no blue-stockings peeping from under the graceful folds of her silken robe. What a charming life a man might lead with her! Her fingers never dabbled with ink, thank heaven! She must be Mrs. Colonel Van Zandt, Minnie!"

She was "Mrs. Colonel Van Zandt." A week after their marriage, Minnie came in, looking uncommonly wicked and mischievous. "What a turtle-dove scene!" said she, as she stood at the door. "Do you know, I never peep into paradise that I don't feel a Luciferish desire to raise a mutiny among the celestials? And apropos of that, you recollect 'Abelard,' Colonel; and the beautiful 'Zeluka,' by the same anonymous writer; and those little essays by the same hand, that you hoarded up so long? Well, I've discovered the author—after a persevering investigation among the knowing ones—the anonymous author with the signature of 'Heloise.' You have your matrimonial arm around her this minute! May I be kissed if you haven't!" and she threw herself on the sofa in a paroxysm of mirth. "Oh, Colonel, 'marry a woman who has just sense enough to appreciate you, and not brilliancy enough to attract outsiders! Fancy my wife quickening ten

thousand strange pulses with thoughts that breathe and words that burn! Fancy me walking merely by her side, known only as the Mr. Somebody the talented Miss——condescended to marry!" I declare I'm sorry for you, Colonel; you have my everlasting sympathy! you look already like a man 'transported for life!'"

"Laugh away, Minnie. You might have played me a worse trick—for instance, had you married me yourself! 'Heloise' or Amy, 'tis all one to me, so long as I can call her wife. I'm quite happy enough to be willing you should enjoy your triumph; and quite willing to subscribe on my knees to your creed, that a woman may be literary and yet feminine and loveable; content to find her greatest happiness in the charmed circle of home."

### SINGULAR ATTACHMENT.

ONE morning lately, a lady having gone rather early into an apartment in which she had a fine canary, and whose cage hung on the knob of the window-shutter, was much surprised to find the bird sitting asleep in the bottom of the cage, and side by side with a live mouse, also asleep. On raising the window-blind, the mouse squeezed itself through between the wires of the cage and fled. On examination, the box of seed was cleaned out, as well as crumbs, &c., intended for the canary, but, doubtless, devoured by his strange companion. On the following evening, about half-past ten o'clock, while the lady and her husband were sitting quietly by the fire-side, they were still further astonished at seeing a mouse (no doubt the same) climbing nimbly up the shutter, and entering the cage between the two wires. Thinking it might do harm to the bird, they tried to catch the mouse, but it made its escape as before. The cage was then suspended from a nail, so that the mouse could not gain access. Strange to say, however, on the following morning the canary was found asleep on the floor of the room (the cage-door having been left open) and a piece of potatoe beside him. Most likely the mouse had spent the whole of the night by the side of the bird.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE MAID OF NORWAY.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD.

In her father's halls a maiden sits,  
Eyes filled with trembling tears;  
Her sighs arise from her bosom deep  
As she thinks on other years.

Yes, Norway's maid sits in the halls  
Forsaken, sad, and lone,  
Where once her guileless mirth arose  
In music's melting tone.

But the warrior's voice has ceased to cheer  
Her virgin lays so sweet,  
And nought is heard save the murmuring sound  
Of the billows at her feet.

And now she sits in her old grey halls,  
Her hands o'er the harp strings cast,  
And wakes a witching melody  
Of days long gone and past.

For lonely is her dwelling-place,  
More lonely is her heart;  
Yet wild and sweet those dulcet lays  
The harp strings still impart.

In fancy's dream see Trenmor comes,  
A pale and haggard form;  
His voice is heard upon the breeze,  
And in the coming storm.

He comes from Larno's bloody field,  
His armour dyed with blood;  
He has passed the darkly-rolling wave,  
And by the raging flood.

Is't Trenmor's spirit meets her eye?  
'Tis a dream of her feverish brain;  
He comes from Larno's well-fought field,  
To list to her wild harp's strain.

Straight from that bloody battle-field,  
Where the flower of the foe lies slain,  
He has come to claim his lovely bride,  
And murmur his vows again.

Ere many days the nuptial tie  
Proclaimed these fond hearts one,  
And happily now Trenmor lives  
With Moine of Arindone.

GEORGE MATTHEWSOHN.

## "TOTTIE!"

TOTTIE'S birthday!  
Oh, how gay  
Mother makes her little fay!  
Tiny shoes  
Of azure hue;  
Lacy cap,  
With ribbons blue;  
Snowy frock and loop'd-up sleeve—  
That Tottie's gay, you may believe!

Tottie's presents!  
What a store  
Scatter'd round her on the floor!  
Coral red

For dimpled arm;  
Flower-wreath  
To lend a charm;  
Then carried round for birthday kiss.  
Oh! what a happy day is this!

Tottie's birthday!  
No more gay,  
Canst thou, mother, make thy fay!  
Brow of marble,  
Spotless hue,  
Eyelids hiding  
Their sweet blue,  
Makes mother weep! Her little fay  
Is passing from her swift away.

Tottie sleeping!  
Oh, how fair,  
Mother, does thy fay appear!  
Holy smile for  
Early bliss!  
(Mother, touch it  
With thy kiss!)  
So fair the form by fay forsook,  
That smiling cherubs bent to look!

Tottie's birthday!  
See above,  
How Tottie's deck'd by hands of Love!  
Feet so tiny  
Cased in light,  
Robe of snowy,  
Spotless white,  
By angels led with gentle hand,  
Tottie awakes in "Happy Land!"

Tottie's presents!  
Long prepared,  
Nothing has by "Love" been spared!  
Palmy branch,  
That ready lay,  
Golden harp  
On which to play,  
And dazling crown that looks so sweet—  
She laid it at her Saviour's feet!

SOMER YOUNG.

## SYMPATHY.

As some frail bark by tempests torn  
Seeketh a calmer sea,  
So doth the heart of pleasure shorn,  
Yearn after sympathy,  
To pour into some friendly ear  
Its troubled tale, its every fear.

To dry the mourner's tears, to still  
The surges of the breast,  
To guard from each impending ill  
Mortals by grief oppressed,  
These, these are deeds of priceless worth,  
Acts which are holy in their birth.

When the hard lines of trying care  
Are furrowed in the cheek,  
When those fond hopes which young hearts wear  
No more those hearts shall seek,  
Blessed are they who so befriend,  
And close the eyes when life shall end.

TIMON BAKER.

## THE ECONOMICAL GRATE.

MISS PENELOPE JENKINS is a very economical maiden lady, and "knows what's what," as well as most people. Indeed, I scarcely knew her equal for making bargains, and if I wanted to collect a store of remnants of calicoes, white and coloured; of ribbons, satin, gauze, and lutestring; of handkerchiefs of all sizes, materials and colours; cotton-reels, Whitechapel needles, &c., or of any articles within the range of her experience and judgment, I should be anxious to obtain her services as my agent in making the purchases, for I am certain that a shilling in her hands would be more easily expanded to thirteen or fourteen pence, than in those of any other economist of my acquaintance. Miss Jenkins has also a correct taste in articles of female dress or furniture, and I have never remarked upon her an unbecoming cap or bonnet, or ill-chosen trimmings to them. Take her with you to an auction of furniture, and she will bid and buy in for you, with a degree of cleverness which long experience, combined with intellectual acuteness, has enabled her to attain.

It happened that I was present in a small country town at an auction of books and furniture, at which a spirited competition was proceeding for the possession of an economical and genteel grate, as the auctioneer described it. I have its minute form and proportions at this moment in my mind's eye. Indeed, I have reasons for remembering them precisely—reasons to which I cannot revert in imagination, even after the lapse of many months, without a sensation of shivering. This grate was of cast metal, and a highly-ornamented affair. It presented a medium average breadth of eight inches between its side pillars (which terminated on claws resting on a metal platform which was supported by dog-irons of polished steel), and had lozenge-formed bars, displaying seven apertures, of which the two centre ones alone gave any distinct view of the fire within. A moulded balustrade surmounted the upper cross bar, which was exactly four and a-half inches above the lower parallel bar. The sides were of corresponding mouldings. The back part alone, which was designed to stand against the rear wall of some sooty chimney, was, excepting a consequential-looking battlement on the top, a plain sheet of metal, which, as if unfit company for the sides and front, and unwilling to come forward, was to place its back closely to the wall, about thirteen inches from the genteel-looking

front. It reminded me of a vulgar man conscious of his unfitness for the well-bred and well-dressed society of a drawing-room of real ladies and gentlemen, sneaking into a corner, or behind a door, to keep aloof from the company with which, by some chance, he finds himself associated for the moment, to his own confusion, if he have *modesty*; which, by the way, a very vulgar ill-bred man has not.

Miss Jenkins had bid nine shillings and three-pence for the grate in question. Mrs. Tomkins was regarding it by stealthy glances, rather anxiously; Miss Jenkins was trying to look as if she did not want it, and said it was a paltry, shabby concern to the persons around her, not worth more than a very few shillings, &c. &c. Both these ladies telegraphed the auctioneer from time to time by an imperceptible movement of the head or the lips, or a motion of the fingers, and so slyly and cleverly was this communication carried on between the man with the hammer and Miss Jenkins more particularly, that few, if any, of the bystanders would have perceived that she was bidding at all. The bids had swelled to 14s. 6d., which sum was Mrs. Tomkins's *bid*. Miss Jenkins flushed indignantly. "I will go no further," said she, "it's monstrous—let them that's fool enough to buy it, have it." Mrs. Tomkins flushed with triumph, though she had some misgivings as to the intrinsic merits of the grate. She wheeled about. Miss Jenkins threw out one little sparkle from the corner of her left eye towards the hammer—Going, going, gone—*fifteen shillings*, Miss Jenkins! Mrs. Tomkins protested, but in vain. The auctioneer had, in fact, a liking for Miss Jenkins, and had stretched his powers a little to gratify her longing in this instance. He declared that he thought Mrs. Tomkins had declined, &c. &c., and offered to put up the article again; but Mrs. Tomkins was in a passion, and talked of foul play, and retired in dudgeon from the field of contest. Miss Jenkins now declared, that the "paltry, shabby concern," was "a beau-ti-ful grate"—"a perfect love of a grate"—Oh, Penelope Jenkins, how could you have put on such a double face, and exercised such a double tongue!

I lodged afterwards with Miss Jenkins, who was to supply me with board and *fuel* at discretion; that is to say, at *my* discretion, not at *hers*, which would have been, I suspect, of very contracted limits, and, oddly enough, the pretty economical grate was placed in my sitting-room, and became my companion during some of the coldest months of a very cold season. It occupied

a deep, open, gaping chimney, which always looked miserable for want of a fixed register grate of a very different construction from that of my economical grate. This, indeed, has been to me the occasion of more bodily misery than I ever before experienced. It gave out no *heat*. How could it, with so limited a front, and that guarded by thick bars of metal? The back part of the chimney was, no doubt, well warmed, and any animal actually *in* the chimney directly over the economical grate would have been well warmed; but I could not perch myself *there*—and in the position in which I actually sat, that is, crouching as closely to the front of the grate as possible, with my feet on the fender, and the poker continually in my hands, I derived no warmth from the heat, which every fresh poke sent up the chimney. But who cares whether I was warmed or not? My intention is merely to draw attention to the fact, that pretty-looking articles are often worse than useless, and that what is designed for *economy* often proves to be a source of *waste*.

It was so in the present instance. Penelope Jenkins, instead of putting up a fixed register grate made on philosophical principles, capable of giving out a great deal of heat with comparatively little coal, used, while I was quivering over “the love of a grate” and grumbling perpetually, half a ton of coals (at 32s. per ton) more than would have sufficed to keep me in comfort, health, and good humour, if a different kind of grate had been provided for me.

Besides, Miss Jenkins has lost a lodger by her economical grate. I could not bear the want of warmth—my very intellects were becoming frozen up. I gave warning—I departed; and no one else has supplied my place in front of the economical grate. And assuredly Mrs. Tomkins will not recommend a new lodger to Miss Jenkins.

What a creditable affair, too, it would have been to Miss Jenkins, if I had remained at her house, dating from it papers for the *Family Friend*. This would have attracted attention to her and her house (I say it of course without vanity), and insured her lodgers during the term of her natural life. This has been altogether a mistaken economy.

◆  
**DISSIMULATION.**—Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt.

## FOOD.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

THE diversity prevailing in different nations in reference to articles of food, seems to confirm, in its literal sense, the proverbial saying, that “One man’s meat is another man’s poison.”

Many an article of food which is in high esteem in one country, is regarded in others with an abhorrence which even famine can hardly surmount.

In the Shetland Islands it is said that crabs and lobsters abound; which the people catch for the London market, but refuse to eat, even when half-starved.

The “John Dory” is reckoned by epicures one of the choicest of fish; but in Devonshire, where it abounds, and also in Ireland, it used to be thrown away as unfit for food. There seems to be some superstition connected with this, as it is said that a Devonshire cook-maid flatly refused even to dress it.

Eels, which are abundant, and of good quality, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and also in Scotland, are regarded by the people there with as much disgust as snakes.

Skate, which is in high estimation in England, in Ireland is hardly ever eaten, except by the fishermen.

Scallops, on the other hand, which are reckoned a dainty in Ireland, are hardly ever eaten in England; and though they are abundant on many of the coasts, few of the English have any idea that they are eatable.

The cuttle-fish (that kind which produces the inky fluid), though found on our coasts, is not eaten by us; but at Naples it is highly esteemed, and travellers report that it tastes like veal. Cockchafters are, by the Italians, candied, and served up with other confectionery.

The echinans, or sea-egg, is also unknown to us as food, but is reckoned a delicacy in the West Indies.

The hedgehog no one in England thinks of eating (either “*à la sauce piquante*,” or otherwise), except the gipsies, and some who have joined them, and who report that it is better than rabbit.

The sailors in the English and Dutch whale-ships do not eat the flesh of the whale. But those in the French whalers (with their well-known national skill in cookery) are said to make a palatable dish of it.

By almost all the lower classes in England venison and game of all kinds are held in abhorrence; and so are fresh figs.



By the Australian savages, frogs, snakes, large moths, and grubs picked out of rotten wood, all of which the English settlers turn from with disgust, are esteemed as dainties; but they are shocked at our eating oysters.

Milk, as an article of food (except for sucking babies), is leathed by the South Sea Islanders. Goats have been introduced into several of the islands, but the people deride the settlers for using their milk, and ask them why they do not milk the sows. On the other hand, dogs and rats are favourite articles of food with them.

These last (as is well known) are often eaten by the Chinese; who also eat salted earthworms, and a kind of sea-slug (*Holothuria*), which most Europeans would turn from with disgust.

In the narrative of Anson's voyage is a full account of the prejudice of the South Americans (both Creoles and Indians) against turtle, as poisonous. The prisoners captured in the prize-ships warned our sailors against eating it, and for some time lived on bad ship-beef; but seeing that our men thrived on the turtle, they began to eat it, at first sparingly, and at length heartily. And when set ashore and liberated, they declared that they blessed the day of their capture, which had introduced them to a plentiful supply of wholesome and delicious food.

Horse-flesh, which most Europeans would refuse to eat except in great extremity, is preferred by the Tartars to all other; and the flesh of a wild ass's colt was greatly esteemed by the ancient Romans.

As for pork, it is on religious grounds that Jews and Mohammedans abstain from it (as the Hindus do from beef), but the Christians of the East seem to have nearly an equal aversion to it; and the like prevailed to a great degree, till lately, in Scotland also. (See *Waverley* and *The Fortunes of Nigel*.)

The large shell-snail, called escargot, was a favourite dainty with the ancient Romans, and still is so in a great part of the South of Europe, though most Englishmen would be half-starved before they would eat it.

It is said that in Vienna the large wood-ants are served up and eaten alive! And small land-crabs are eaten alive in China.

The iguana, a large species of lizard, is reckoned a great dainty in some of the West India Islands. And the monkey and the alligator are eaten both in Africa and in South America; and some travellers who have overcome their prejudices have pronounced them to be very good eating. A large crocodile or alligator, indeed, is said to have a

strong musky flavour, but a young one tastes much like a skate.

Even when the same substances are eaten in different countries, there is often a strange difference in the mode of preparing them. Both we and the Icelanders use butter, but they store it up without salt, till it is rancid and sour.

We agree with the Abyssinians in liking beef; but they would probably object as much to the "roast-beef of old England," as we should to the half-living morsels of raw beef in which they delight.

Maize has been introduced into New Zealand by the missionaries, and the people cultivate and highly esteem it. But their mode of preparing it for food is to Europeans most disgusting. They steep it in water till it is putrid, and then make it into a kind of porridge, which emits a most intolerable stench.

Human flesh has been, and still is, eaten in many parts of the world, and that by people considerably above the lowest rank of savages; such as the Fiji Islanders, and an Indian people called the Batta, who are said even to have a written language.

And even in cannibalism there are great diversities. Some nations eat their enemies, and some their friends. Herodotus relates that a Persian king asked the Indian soldiers that were in his service, what reward would induce them to burn the dead bodies of their friends, as the Greeks did, instead of eating them. They replied by entreating him not to mention anything so shocking.

On the other hand, the New Zealanders before their conversion, who seem to have considered that "the proper diet of mankind is man," seem to have eaten only their enemies. Among the Australian savages, on the contrary, it is said, that if a mother finds a young baby troublesome to carry about, she will eat it (although she would not allow any one else to do so), under the full persuasion that she has merely deferred its birth, and that the next child she bears will be a re-appearance of the eaten one. When remonstrated with by the Europeans, she will reply, "Oh, massa, he plenty come again!"—*Good Words*.

## ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

OUR language, like our island, has undergone many revolutions, and perhaps each for the best. It derives its origin from various sources; it has been propagated by many different nations, and owes some of its excellencies to them all. Its basis may

be said to be Saxon, with such an intermixture of ancient and modern words as conquest, commerce, or learning, in a succession of ages, has gradually introduced.

From the influx of so many streams, from the connection of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows that the English, like every compounded language, must possess a certain degree of irregularity; that complete analogy in structure cannot, therefore, be expected from it, which is found in those simpler languages which have been derived from one source, and raised on one foundation. Hence our syntax is confined, since there are few marks in the words themselves which can show their relation to each other, or point out either their concordance or their government in the sentence. But if these disadvantages attend a compounded language, they are balanced by other attendant beauties, particularly by the number and variety of words with which such a language is commonly enriched. And, in fact, few languages are more copious than the English. In all the graver subjects of human investigation or discussion, no complaints can justly be made of the sterility of our tongue. We are likewise rich in the language of poetry: our poetical style differs essentially from prose; not with respect to numbers only, but in the very words themselves. In this we have an infinite superiority over the French, whose poetical language, were it not distinguished by rhyme, would not appear to differ very considerably from their prose. Their language, however, surpasses ours in expressing whatever is gay, delicate, and amusing; for conversation it is unrivalled; but for the higher subjects of composition it is justly considered as inferior to the English.

The flexibility of a language, or its power of adaptation to grave and strong, easy and flowing, tender and gentle, pompous and magnificent sentiments, as occasions require, is a quality of great consideration, both in speaking and writing. This seems to depend on the copiousness of language; the different arrangement of which its words are susceptible; and the variety and beauty of the sound of those words, so as to correspond with so many different subjects. The Greek possesses these requisites in a higher degree than any other language, ancient or modern. It superadds the graceful variety of its different dialects to its beautiful original form, and thereby readily assumes every kind of character, from the most simple and familiar to the most formal and majestic. The Latin, though it has many intrinsic and appropriate beauties, in this

respect is inferior to the Greek. It has more of a settled character of stateliness and gravity, and is supported by a certain senatorial dignity of which it is not easy to be uniformly divested. Among the modern tongues, the Italian, as possessing on the whole the greatest degree of flexibility, seems to be the most perfect of all the dialects which have arisen from the ruins of the ancient.

Our language, though it cannot pretend to equal the Italian in flexibility, has, nevertheless, a very considerable portion of this valuable quality. Whoever considers the diversity of style which appears in some of our most distinguished writers, will discover such a circle of expression, and such a power of accommodation to the various tastes of men, as must redound to the honour of our tongue, and deservedly fix its reputation.

Harmony of sound has ever been regarded as essential to perfect language; and in this quality English has been supposed to be very deficient: yet whoever considers the melody of its versification, and its power of supporting poetical numbers without the assistance of rhyme, must confess that it is far from being unharmonious. Even our prose, in the hands of a writer of taste, is susceptible of musical periods; and our poetry has received a smoothness and polish from Pope and some others that can scarcely be surpassed in any language. Smoothness, however, it must be admitted, is not the distinguishing characteristic of the English tongue. Strength and expression, rather than grace and melody, constitute its character. The simplicity of its form and construction is certainly superior to that of any of the European dialects,—a property deserving attention. It is free from the intricacy of cases, declensions, moods, and tenses. Its words are subject to fewer variations from their original form than those of any other language. Its substantives have no other distinction of gender but what is made by nature; and but one variation in case, namely, the possessive. Its adjectives admit of no change, except what expresses the degree of comparison. Its verbs, instead of the inflections of other languages, admit no more than four or five changes in termination. A few prepositions and auxiliary verbs supply all the purposes of tenses; whilst the words in general preserve their form unaltered. Hence our language possesses a simplicity and facility, which is the very reason why it is so frequently spoken and written with inaccuracy. We imagine that a competent skill in it may be acquired without any study, and that in a syntax so

narrow and limited as ours there is nothing which requires attention. But the fundamental rules of syntax are common to the English, as well as to the ancient tongues; and a regard to them is absolutely necessary if we wish to write with propriety, purity, or elegance.

In short, whatever may be the comparative advantages or defects of our language, it certainly deserves in the highest degree our study and attention. The Greeks and Romans, in the meridian of their glory, thought the cultivation of their respective languages an object worthy their most serious regard, their most sedulous application. The French and Italians have employed considerable industry upon theirs; and in this respect their example is highly laudable and deserving imitation. For whatever knowledge may be gained by the study of other languages, it can never be communicated with advantage, unless by those who can write and speak their own language with promptitude and purity. Without this, the matter of an author, be it ever so good and useful, will suffer in the public esteem. The marble block will be passed without notice; it is the polish of the statuary that arrests the attention.

### THE DANGERS OF A VOLUNTEER BALL.

*A Letter from Miss Julia Flirthington to her friend Miss Maud Summerbell, of Russell-square.*

Harcourt Grange, March, 1862.

MY DEAREST MAUD,—I promised, when I left town, to write and tell you all the news, and I have so much to say to you that I really don't know where to begin first. Of course you remember Minnie Elderton, who was at Miss Prism's school, at Fulham, when you and I were there. Well, I received an invitation from Minnie's mamma, Mrs. Elderton, to come down here and spend a few weeks with them; and here I am, dear, in a large quaint country-house, with a wide-sweeping lawn in front, and surrounded with great black trees, on the branches of which the little green buds are bursting out, and the air is full of the balmy breath of spring. I cannot tell you how happy I have been. Mr. and Mrs. Elderton are such *nice* people, and Minnie is as good and kind as ever, and she has a brother, Mr. Henry Elderton, who is very clever, and has most splendid whiskers. Minnie and I, and Harry—I mean Minnie's brother—have had several rides together. I have

always ridden a beautiful black horse called Gheber, and I believe in my new habit I look rather nice—at least I have been told so by *some one*. The great event, though, in the whole of my visit, has been the volunteer ball. Mr. Elderton is the lieutenant-colonel of the Oldminster Rifle Corps, and, as they had determined to give a ball, we were all expected to go. Several other companies offered to join, and the local papers were ecstatic in their allusions to the forthcoming event. The ball was to come off in the Assembly-rooms at Oldminster, and the excitement in the little old town, I am told, was something unprecedented. Harry Elderton—there! I have got into a way of calling young Mr. Elderton Harry, through being so much with Minnie, that I cannot help it—Harry Elderton is a captain in the same corps as his father, and took the lead in getting up the company. He objected to the ball himself, but, when he found that the notion was popular in the corps, he went at it heart and soul. He is so nice, and has such beautiful curly hair, and such soft deep brown eyes—but I was going to tell you about the ball. *Revenons à nos moutons*. The momentous night arrived. I wore that blue wreath you liked so much, and my white silk dress, and, with my torquoise brooch and earrings, I believe I looked rather pretty—at least Harry said so. A beautiful bouquet of white camellias, and azalias, and blue violets was lying on my dressing-table. I have not the slightest notion where it came from, but I believe it was sent from Covent Garden the same morning. Well, we drove to Oldminster, and got down at the Assembly-rooms. There was a guard of honour at the door, that presented arms to Colonel Elderton, who looked so nice in his uniform; and as to Harry—oh! he looked beautiful; I wish you had seen him. When we got up-stairs there was a great deal of hand-shaking and introductions, and at last the orchestra began to play. The room was prettily decorated with evergreens and bayonets. Some statues had been removed from niches round the room, and stands of Enfield rifles substituted, which produced a *coup d'œil* at once cheerful and appropriate.

The rifle movement was well represented, there being not only the two Oldminster corps present, but also the Blankshire Artillery volunteers, and a cavalry company, represented by one young man, Cornet Spoonbill, who wore spurs, and injured every lady's skirt, more or less, during the course of the evening.

There were some very pretty girls amongst the party: there was one that I admired very much at first, but I took a dislike to her before the evening was over. You know that I am very fair; well, this girl was dark—and she had black eyes, and was very forward. Harry danced several times with her—but I believe she asked him to do so. The company was rather mixed, but all seemed determined to enjoy themselves—and the ball began.

The first dance was a quadrille. Colonel Elderton led off with a young lady—a bride—the wife of a very soft-looking officer in his own corps. The most distinguishing point about this young man was, that his sword, which he was evidently wearing for the first time, was never where it ought to be. If it was not tripping himself up, it was tripping up some one else; but his young wife was evidently very fond of him, and danced with him the whole of the evening.

As I said before, the first dance was a quadrille. It was a respectable, orderly quadrille. The young married officer, of course, tripped himself up in *la pastorelle*, and the cavalry gentleman with the spurs began his work of crinoline demolition. These events excluded, the quadrille was as regular, as formal, and as dull as quadrilles usually are. I danced with Harry, who put his name down for a great many dances on my card. He told me if any person I did not like asked me to dance, that I had to say that I was engaged to him; and I said I would. Oh Maud! he blushed so after he said "engaged;" and so did I, for I saw my face in a mirror!

The quadrille was dull and orderly, but what shall I say of the first waltz—how can I even describe the complicated disasters of the first polka? Cornet Spoonbill slashed into flounces and skirts with his many-spiked spurs. The recently-married man dealt irrelative blows on every side with his sword, which was fortunately in the scabbard, and ultimately finished in his usual way by tripping himself and several others up.

Poor Minnie Elderton came to grief during a waltz: she wears curls, and one of her ringlets got entangled in the embroidery of some absurd rifle uniform. What men want with embroidery I can't conceive, and this man was a perfect nuisance. He asked me to dance, but I said I was engaged to Harry. There were several men in very ridiculous uniforms, and one rifleman came in knickerbockers! another artilleryman, proud of his appearance, came into the ball-

room with his busby on; and one distinguished-looking volunteer wore on his breast a medal that he had won at a cattle-show!

The supper was very good. I sat next Harry, who talked to me so, the whole time, that I could not listen to the speeches. Harry proposed the ladies—oh, he speaks so nicely, Maud—and this toast was responded to by a little man. He was very robust and very funny, and evidently a great favourite with the corps. In speaking of Harry Elderton, he said that the corps expected that he would soon be married, and that he believed that the lady who was to be his wife was not far from him at that moment. Oh, Maud! all the people turned and looked at me. I thought I should have fainted, and I know I wished the ground would open and swallow me up. But Harry whispered something in my ear which made me feel all right again.

After supper we danced again. Cornet Spoonbill once more dealt destruction with his spurs; but the youthful Benedict having injured his nose by tumbling over his sword, in coming out of the supper-room, was taken away by his wife.

We left between two and three o'clock, and they cheered as the carriages drove away; and when I got back to Harcourt Grange, I was very tired, but very happy.

Mrs. Elderton has given me a beautiful Indian crape shawl, which I will show you when we meet; and then I shall have such a host of things to tell you.

Ever yours affectionately,

JULIA FLINTINGTON.

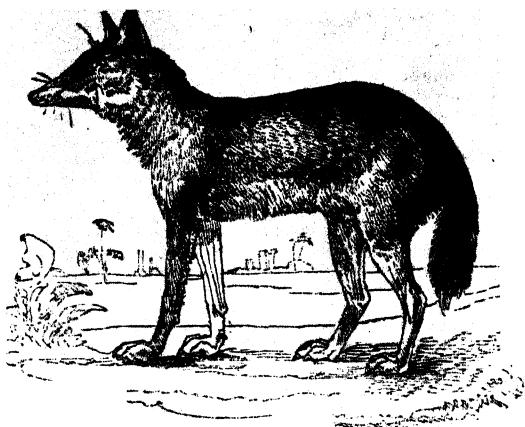
P.S.—If you are a very good girl and do not tell any one, you will, probably, be *somebody's* bridesmaid soon.—J. F.

## WILD ANIMALS.

THEIR HOMES, HAUNTS, AND HISTORIES.

### THE JACKAL.

THE Jackal (*Canis aureus*) is another of those gregarious predatory creatures which give an infinity of trouble to the South African settler. Not so savage and repulsive as the hyæna; not so strong and bold as the wild dog—it yet, perhaps, is as mischievous as either. Much like a fox in appearance, it is so in character also; sly and wary, it steals by night into the poultry close, and carries off the feathered inhabitants; it gives chase to the sheep and antelopes, and any other defenceless creatures which it can, singly or in united numbers, overcome; it is likewise



THE JACKAL.

very destructive in the fruit garden, being somewhat of an omnivorous feeder, and seems to have a particular partiality for grapes; pulls up the roots and vegetables in the kitchen-garden, and thus, in more ways than the animals before named, with which it is often found associated, injures and annoys the husbandman. Its wild cry, like a shriek heard in the silence of the night, is somewhat truly horrifying; bursting forth out of the thick forest, or the rocky kloof, or sweeping afar over the desolate karroo, it rises, and ere it dies away is taken up and repeated by echo; or one troop answers another, and is in turn answered from a different quarter, till the wild chorus fills all the air, and it seems as though demons were holding their revels in some weird spot near at hand. Away go the yelling pack, light of foot, keen of scent, and sharp of eye; if they light upon a sick or wounded animal of the larger kind, they stand shrieking round him, until the lion, guided by the sound, approaches, strikes down his prey, and having satisfied his hunger, leaves the rest for his noisy providers, as they have been called, who quarrel and fight over every morsel, and chase each other round the carcase for choice bits, all the while keeping up a terrific din. When the bones are picked clean, off they go again, with tails stretched out and noses high in air, sniffing the gale, and, as it seems, attending on the desert-king in his nightly roamings. When the daylight

comes, they retire to their holes and burrows, and there lie crouched, until the night, their season for racing, feasting, and yelling, again approaches.

#### THE CAPE HUNTING DOG.

THIS is a wild, fleet, and savage animal, and one of the pests of South Africa, often committing fearful ravages on the flocks and herds of the farmers; when it breaks into the sheep-fold, it worries and mangles far more than it requires to satisfy its carnivorous propensities. It does not attack horned cattle openly, but steals behind, or upon them, when asleep, and, with a single bite, will snap off the tail, and scurry away to devour it in a place of security. Large packs of these wild dogs go scouring the country in all directions, sometimes by day, but oftenest by night, hunting the different kinds of antelopes, which they generally run down, being long-winded, as well as strong and fleet: they will attack and tear in pieces any disabled animal they come across, however large it may be; they are about the size of an English pointer, have long limbs, erect ears, and muscular, well-proportioned forms. Gordon Cumming describes their mode of hunting, and says, "that their pace is a long, cantering gallop; and in the chase they relieve one another, the leading hounds falling to the rear when fatigued, when others, who have been husbanding their strength, come up and relieve them.



THE CAPE HUNTING DOG.

succeeded in bringing their quarry to bay, they all surround him, and he is immediately dragged to the ground, and in a few minutes torn to pieces and consumed. They are of a bold and daring disposition, and do not entertain much fear of man, evincing less concern at his approach than any other carnivorous animal with which we are acquainted. When a pack is disturbed, they trot leisurely along before the intruder, repeatedly halting, and looking back at him. The females bring forth their young in large holes in desolate open places, and their burrows are connected with one another underground. When a troop of wild dogs observe a man approaching, they rush forth, with their young, even though the intruder should be close upon them, and retreat across the plain. Their voice consists of three different kinds of cry, each being used on special occasions; one is a sharp, angry bark, usually uttered when they suddenly behold an object which they cannot make out; and another resembles the chattering of monkeys. This cry is emitted at night, when large numbers of them are congregated together, and they are excited by any peculiar occurrence, such as being barked at by domestic dogs. The third, and the one most commonly made, is a sort of rallying note, to bring the various members of the pack together when they have been scattered in following several individuals in a troop of antelopes. It is a peculiarly soft and melodious cry, yet, nevertheless, may be distin-

guished at a great distance; it very much resembles the second note of the cuckoo, and, when heard in a calm morning, echoing through the distant woodlands, it has a very pleasing effect. They treat all domestic dogs, however large and fierce, with the utmost scorn, waiting to receive their attack, and then cleverly assisting one another, they generally rend them to pieces. The domestic dogs most cordially reciprocate their animosity, at what distance soever heard, even more than that of the lion, starting to their feet, and angrily barking for hours." Further, the wild dog is strong, and swift, and rapacious, and only a shade less fearful and repulsive than the hyena itself; the gnu and the eland, and the pallah, bound off when they hear the wild musical cry, and the tempest of pattering feet, which betokens the approach of the ravening pack; and even the fierce buffalo cowers among the reeds, fearful of their ~~hunting~~ overpowering numbers.

SMILES.—A smile, to have an agreeable effect, must be the natural consequence of a kind, social feeling, and it must be followed by the repose of the risible muscles, and these alternations should pass over the countenance, like the lights and shadows on a field of waving grain in summer. Cultivate, then, a feeling of social sympathy, and the expression of it will come unbidden.

## THE ART OF THINKING.

"Yes, at that very moment,  
 Consideration, like an angel, came,  
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;  
 Leaving his body as a paradise,  
 To enyolepe and contain celestial spirits."  
*Shakespeare.*

**MEDITATION**, that great and universal instructor of the human race, which presides over all the creations of genius—the parent of philosophy—the sure guide of the arts in all their applications, because it enlightens them with general principles—plays a still more important and more extensive part in the great process of moral development. It is here that its value is most conspicuous, for it puts man in possession of all his powers, and elevates him to the real dignity of his nature. In science, and in art, thinking elaborates the elementary facts furnished by observation and experiment; in the work of moral development its object is to explore the inmost recesses of the mind, to collect together those elementary phenomena which reveal to us the great law of duty, and to familiarise us with a knowledge of ourselves. In science, and in art, thinking operates only on ideas furnished by the senses and the intellect; in the work of moral education it also excites those emotions or feelings which are associated with, or which naturally flow out of our conceptions of good, and which constitute the immediate springs of action. Thinking, indeed, may be said to be the living principle of wisdom; and, if the practice of it be so difficult in the ordinary course of study, and familiar only to a small number of minds, it becomes still more so, and is consequently less practised, in reference to moral objects. In the acquirement of scientific truth, thought is often aided by images of sense, by descriptions and definitions. In moral speculations these exterior aids do not exist; the mind is thrown upon its own resources, is fed only by its own aliment, and maintains itself by its own native strength.

There is, in reference to morals, not only an *intellectual conception*, but an *emotion* or *feeling*; the one informing the intellect, the other influencing the will, *the emotion or feeling flowing naturally from clear conceptions of the intellect*. Such, indeed, is the imposing authority with which the Author of all things has invested the law of duty, that the conception of it has an effect upon the heart more certain and more absolute, according as it is presented to the mind under a form simple and free from all that is foreign to its nature. It is, however, in vain that we seek for the prototype

of this conception out of ourselves; externally we are presented with a reflection of image only; it is to be found only *within*, in the inmost sanctuary of consciousness. But it is not sufficient that the conception should merely be *presented* to the mind; pains must be taken to search for it, and to keep it steadily before us. Ignorance and inattention cover it as with a veil. It does not generally happen that the law of duty is violated with deliberate intention, but rather by neglecting to study it; and so far from evil ever being committed for its *own* sake, it would be next to impossible to resist the attraction which surrounds the good, if we really knew how to consider it in all its beauty. It is not sufficient simply to *glance* at our duties—they should be deliberately reflected upon; their influence should gradually extend through the whole of our mortal nature; should ramify through, and penetrate its inmost folds; should, indeed, take entire possession of us. Such is the end proposed by the art of thinking, the first and the most powerful of all arts, since it alone enables man to enjoy the exercise of those high faculties which his Creator has endowed him with, and invests the mind with true causative power.

Struck with the importance and pregnant character of this great art, the ascetic writers and philosophers of antiquity have, with praiseworthy industry, endeavoured to develop its laws, and we are indebted to them for a great number of useful precepts on a subject on which precepts are, indeed, essential. The art of thinking has, however, experienced the fate of other arts that have become loaded with didactic rules. It has become embarrassed by rules useless both to such as are capable of acting of themselves, and to those that are not so; for the first act naturally without their aid, and the others are not in a state to profit by them at all.

In the hope of rendering the application of rules easy and certain, they have become purely mechanical, and consequently deprived of their true principle of action, both morally and intellectually. Rules have been laid down as to how to select a subject, how to determine it, how to circumscribe and divide it; the proper times and places for action and repose, for ideas and emotions, have been assigned; the boundaries, the method and formularies, have all been laid down; the exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties has been rigorously bound by a pre-conceived system, utterly neglectful of the fact that in order that the faculties should fulfil their destined functions, a cer-

high degree of *independence* is necessary, and that the first and most indispensable requisite for thinking is the acquirement of that energy and freedom of the mind, which allows the soul to appropriate to itself the truths on which it meditates, as if they sprang spontaneously from the depths of its own being.

The truth is, that, in reference to the art of thinking, the difficulty does not lie so much in the act itself, as in the *commencement* of the act; not so much in the cultivation of the soul, as in the taking possession of it. The shores of the regions of thought are steep and rugged, and inspire feelings of afright and terror to those who first approach them. This is the true reason why the art of thinking is really practised by so few. In first attempting this difficult process, we are repulsed on all sides; memory assails us with a thousand reminiscences in the retreat we may have chosen; capricious and wandering phantoms of objects, long since removed from us, return and importune us more than the objects themselves ever did, crowding round us in every direction. If we strive to appease this tumult, a still more painful state often awaits us—blank void and obscurity. Instead of those fertile regions where we had hoped to wander in joyous happiness, we discover a parched desert; it is in vain that we attempt to call up those heavenly images that were to transport us to Elysium; they fly from us, and we fall back upon ourselves, overwhelmed with weariness, the mind seeming but a vast solitude. By another effort the clouds become dissipated; ideas present themselves, yet confused, incoherent, and disordered; they escape us the moment we try to seize them; they confusedly mix and interfere with each other, and end by plunging us in a state the most painful of all, viz., doubt and scepticism. It is only when we have the courage to traverse these three successive zones, so to speak, that we come at last to that luminous and peaceful sphere where the fruit of meditation and all its pleasures await us; but we are too often discouraged, and renounce the enterprise as impossible.

A most important thing, therefore, is to facilitate the entrance to these regions of thought; and this can be effected only by a suitable preparation, the proximate result of which is the attainment of that state of mind which we usually term self-possession. Self-possession, however, does not exclusively consist, as some mystical writers have imagined, in isolating the soul from every external influence. It is the gathering

together of all the powers of the mind, and the disposing of them with sovereign power. The presence of certain exterior objects may sometimes second, rather than counteract this energetic reaction; whilst, on the other hand, the soul may, in the absence of external objects, become plunged in idle lethargy. Self-possession is a state of mental freedom at once active and peaceful, because well ordered; but it is a state not under the immediate dominion of the will, nor is it easily acquired; it is a prerogative purchased by a long apprenticeship, and hence the error of those inexperienced persons who present themselves at the door of the sanctuary with a confident hope of being instantly admitted. Neophytes of a day, they wonder that they are not at once initiated; they forget that they must first become *worthy* of initiation by a well-conducted life, by order, regularity, and temperance in all things, but especially by self-knowledge, and the habitual practice of self-vigilance and self-control.

Thinking, then, is facilitated not only by an immediate preparation, but by one more extended and remote. The first comprises silence and seclusion: certain times and certain places are particularly favourable to the development of thought. The most favourable *place* is that which is most in harmony with our habits and dispositions, which inspires calmness of mind, and which excites serious and uniform feelings. The *time* most suitable is that in which the mind, freed from the influence of the external world, feels all its strength, and is possessed of all its powers; and that where the mind, casting aside external influences, falls back on itself, and resumes its inward communings. The influence of circumstances becomes modified in different individuals. There are some whose minds demand almost an entire isolation from external objects, and whose thoughts arise in greatest number and rigour amidst the stillness and darkness of night; others, on the contrary, are aided in thinking by the presence of objects analogous to the subjects of thought, in the same way that a feeble and unsteady voice is aided by instrumental accompaniments. We should not, however, rely too much upon these extraneous aids, which we cannot always command, but rather acquire the habit of preserving our mental liberty in the midst of the tumult of the world and material occupations. The *chief* of these multiplied precautions, in order to obtain the self-possession of the soul, is, that we are peculiarly susceptible to external influences. In estimating also too highly the



value of these precautions—in thus isolating ourselves so completely—in thus concentrating the faculties, we are exposed to the danger of falling into vague reveries, or being carried away by enthusiasm which we cannot moderate, since we are not aware of its existence. Besides, this system of precautions is of extremely little value to those who have not undergone the necessary mental discipline before alluded to; nay, more, these very precautions themselves not unfrequently serve to increase a state of mental agitation, if the soul nourish in itself the germs from whence it springs. The most violent passions are sometimes nourished in solitude; and the world has witnessed the spectacle of an army of anchorites issuing from the desert, and spreading disorder through an empire (the Byzantine). It is in the very sanctuary of the mind that the law of silence should be observed—there that all the elements should be disposed in a regular harmony—there that freedom should be complete—and there that meditation should receive all the aid of the gravest and sweetest images. If the mind, by this union of precaution and care, once becomes capable of this noble mental action, the art of thinking will become an easy exercise, and all its fruits will be attainable; unexpected inspirations, more valuable than any extrinsic counsel, will often spring up. We must have confidence in our own nature, and trust to the teachings of our own experience.

One of the earliest truths that will thus develop itself is, that, in order to think to advantage, it is not desirable to fatigue and torment the mind with too much effort. Meditation is the parent of all vigorous thought and deep emotions; but both the one and the other should spring up naturally in the mind. We may, indeed, facilitate their birth, but not by agitation and constraint; while the energy of these mental manifestations will be in proportion to the spontaneousness of their issue. The art of governing the mind does not consist in oppression and violence, but in a wise and calm impulsion. All moral thinking is an intercourse of the mind with itself. It questions itself, and should wait the reply, and receive it with confidence and with entire good faith; there should be no suggestion of the reply, *for we learn only what we have a sincere desire to learn*. All men have very nearly the same primitive or fundamental notions, particularly as regards moral subjects; the chief difference is, that some know how to cultivate and develop them, while others neglect and disuse them.

That restless agitation of the mind which arises from our very anxiety to develop its powers, affects chiefly those inexperienced in the art of thinking. There is nothing more difficult of comprehension than a mental state of calm activity, because there is nothing more difficult than complete self-possession in the midst of action. We pass from sleep to agitation, and fall again from agitation into sleep; the impatience of success makes us blind to the true means of attaining it.

There is no successful thinking without *method*, which is rendered doubly needful in moral meditations, since the mind cannot here rest on any extraneous aids, and is, therefore, in constant danger of falling into vague incoherency. This method, however, need not have all the vigour and precision of science, for this would entail upon it something of the dryness of science; it should be natural and simple, in order to allow entire liberty to the mental movements, and to the springs of emotion in the heart. It consists at first in dissipating the clouds in which ideas are usually involved, in clearly distinguishing them, in distributing and arranging them, and in *clearly discerning the end of thinking itself*. If this be perfectly apprehended, precise views will spring up in abundance, as in geometry, when the position of the problem is once established, the means of solution readily and naturally present themselves. Method will lead to the discovery of those *parent* thoughts which contain the germs of numberless others, and at the same time enable us to seize their connecting links; it will fix the rank and relation of each separate consideration, reduce to unity the scattered notions which float on the surface of the mind, assign to them a determinate place, make them reflect light on each other, and develop from them their practical applications. The mind has a tendency to fall into vague and idle reverie where the natural labour of thought is replaced by a soft mental voluptuousness, in which we cannot properly be said to think at all; we become, on the contrary, oblivious and dreaming, or rapt in a state of vain or false ecstasy. This is a dangerous state, and clearly arises from such a want of method as allows this state of confusion and anarchy.

The advantages of thinking do not follow immediately, nor after a first trial; the success obtained will vary according as we mix up with those secret operations of nature, those varying states of the mind which often arise quite independently of the will. Perseverance is essential to success: both

clearness and freedom will be gained by it, for it is especially necessary that on many points we should dwell long and patiently, in order that we may completely develop all that the subject may involve. *Barrenness of intellect is generally a consequence of precipitation.* In moral meditations the tranquillity which attends steady perseverance is necessary, in order that from the conceptions of the reason may flow the emotions which should fill the heart. The spring of those emotions demands a certain amount of quiet contemplation; just as in the admiration excited by the highest works of art, time is required to develop all their beauty. The soul must have leisure to perceive the emanations of the true and the good; to feel them, appropriate them, and transform them, as it were, into its own proper substance. There is even danger in considering too many objects; each should be thoroughly digested, and, in developing itself, display all the fertility that belongs to it.

Finally, in order that meditation should produce its greatest effect, it should be appropriately recapitulated, and presented in simple formulae, that it may without difficulty be fixed in the memory, and be made easily applicable to the wants and duties of daily life. Method in these exercises will render this last operation easy, particularly if we once acquire the habit of carrying into practice the truths which flow from meditation. Contemplation and action too often assume a sort of rivalry to each other, and dispute possession of man; the former has its most zealous advocates with mystical writers, the other amongst men of the world. But the truth is, that each of these powers has need of the other: they are mutually strengthened and ordained by their alliance; they mutually serve for preparation, check, and proof of each other. The contemplation of moral truth, when it remains idle and barren, both condemns and belies itself. We should not present to virtue voluptuous Sybarites, but courageous Athletes. Conceived in its proper spirit, thinking urges us to practical application, and longs for good actions. It inspires the necessary strength, and delights in the realisation of truths that have been conceived with so much happy feeling. Reciprocally the practical application of moral truth becomes what observation and experiment are in the physical sciences; it controls, determines, and circumscribes what, in conception, often appears vague and incomplete. It controls the imagination, and forces it to regulated movements; it foresees and cor-

rects the wanderings and hallucinations of enthusiasm, generally pure and innocent in its origin. It alone can teach us that those meditations indulged in with so much delight have brought forth moral truth, and feelings that have penetrated the heart, and there taken sure and deep root. Nothing so effectively cures the afflictions of the heart, and dissipates that grave and depressing melancholy to which, perhaps, all are more or less subject, than the exercise of the great law of duty. We not unfrequently find ourselves incapable of thinking or feeling. At such times we should *act*, and *do good*; we find that the depressed faculties soon regain their natural vigour. Besides, there are always involved in our conceptions of duty conditions only fully understood by those who have essayed to put them into practice. It is in the field of action that we estimate difficulties, discover obstacles, and learn the value and strength of particular motives. It is there that we thoroughly learn to know ourselves, for there we are put to the proof. It is there, also, that we learn to preserve ourselves against the illusions of vanity—illusions which habitual contemplation too often tends to foster and encourage. After having *done good*, we return to a study of its laws with renewed ardour and increased pleasure; meditation is invested with a greater serenity of feeling by the approbation of conscience; and thus it happens that Vice perseveres in its course, because it is *blind*, and Virtue perseveres in *hers*, because she is *enlightened*. The most persevering sinner often curses and condemns his own weakness, yet seems as if constrained by some mechanical and foreign force, while the virtuous man increases in his love of it by perseveringly practising it: the chains of the former go on increasing in weight and in strength, while the latter becomes free as the mountain air.

If we reflect on the nature of the obstacles which usually deter so many men from moral meditations, it becomes manifest that such obstacles do not arise so much out of the *nature* of the thing, like scientific and philosophical speculations, as from negligence and levity. Moral truths, unlike the lofty speculations of science, which often exceed the capacity of ordinary minds, are at hand—are familiar and simple; we do not *make* them, but simply *recognise* them, not by any extraordinary efforts, but simply by self-scrutiny and good faith; so that no man, whatever may be his condition or rank in life, is excluded from such exercises, nor consequently from the aids they give to our

moral development. The maxims of the earliest sages, which have been by ancient tradition handed down to us from the very cradle of civilisation, evince the most profound meditation on the destination of human nature; and it is no uncommon thing to find in the most obscure ranks of society individuals with very little acquired knowledge, who nevertheless possess an almost marvellous clearness of vision; and, thanks to this interior education, which is the result of patient thought, speak the language of virtue better than men of the world, who are so often vain of their knowledge. These men, simple and honest, may be incapable of *expressing* their thoughts; their meditations have not been conducted according to any prescribed rules and forms; but they have acquired the habit of diving deep into the recesses of their own minds *with fixed honesty of purpose*. The tumult of the world and the agitations of vanity have not interfered with this self-study. They learn much in a short time under the guidance of this greater teacher of man; they learn, at least, enough to enable them to recognise the good, and to love it.

#### THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF AN OLD-FASHIONED FARMER.

WE stumbled, the other day, upon an old book; and in the book we stumbled again upon an old letter—a veritable one—containing the diary of a day in the every-day life of an old-fashioned farmer.

We shall further premise, that the writer was not only a farmer, but a preacher, and a popular one; a bookish man, too, and a learned one; and an author as well. He made some noise in the world in his time,—corresponded with bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, though he was not a minister of the Establishment, and—But the letter shall speak for itself; and if it should give a hint to any of our readers as to the economy of time, the true dignity of work, or any other matter, we shall not have stumbled upon it in vain. Thus begins the diary—

“*May 26, 1784.*—Rose at three o’clock—crawled into the library—and met one who said, ‘Yet a little while is the light with you; work while ye have the light; the night cometh when no man can work; my Father worketh hitherto, and I work.’—Bang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking—went up to the farm, roused the horse-keeper—fed the horses while he was getting up—called the boy to suckle the

calves and clean out the cow-house—lighted the pipe, walked round the gardens to see what was wanting there—went up the paddock, to see if the weanling calves were well—went down to the ferry to see whether the boy had scooped and cleaned the boats—(the writer rented a neighbouring ferry), returned to the farm—examined the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn, of eight horses going to plough—mended the acre staff—cut some thongs, whip-corded the boys’ plough-whips—pumped the troughs full—saw the hogs fed—examined the swill-tubs and then the cellar—ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grains, and the men want beer—filled the pipe again, returned to the river, and bought a lighter of turf for dairy fires, and another of sedge for ovens—hunted up the wheel-barrows, and set them a-trundling—returned to the farm, called the men to breakfast, and cut the boys’ bread and cheese, and saw the wooden bottles filled—sent one plough to the three roods, and one to the three half-acres, and so on—shut the gates and the clock struck five—breakfasted—set two men to ditch the five roods—two more to chop sods, and spread about the land—two more to throw up muck in the yard—and three men and six women to weed wheat—set on the carpenter to repair cow cribs, and set them up till winter—the wheeler to mend up the old carts, cart-ladders, rakes, &c., preparatory to hay-time and harvest—walked to the six-acres, found hogs in the grass—went back and set a man to hedge and thorn—sold the butcher a fat calf, and the suckler a lean one—the clock strikes nine—walked into barley-field—barleys fine, picked off a few tiles and stones, and cut a few thistles—the peas fine but foul; the charlock must be topped—the tares doubtful; the fly seems to have taken them;—prayed for rain, but could not see a cloud—came round to the wheat-field—wheats rather thin, but the finest colour in the world—sent four women on to the shortest wheats—ordered one man to weed the ridges of the long wheats, and two women to keep rank and file with him in the furrows—thistles many—blue-bottles no end—traversed all the wheat-field—came to the fallow field—the ditches have run crooked—set them straight—the flag-sods cut too much, rush-sods too little, strength wasted, show the men how to three-corner them—laid out more work for the ditchers—went to the ploughs—set the foot a little higher, cut a wedge, set the coulter deeper, must go and get a new mould-board against to-morrow—went to the other ploughs—picked up some wool, and tied over the traces—mended a

horse-tree, tied a thong to the plough-hammer—went to see which lands wanted ploughing first—sat me down under a bush—wondered how any man could be so silly as call me *reverend*—read two verses, and thought of His loving-kindness in the midst of His temple—gave out, ‘*Come, all harmonious tongues,*’ and set Mount Ephraim tune—rose up—whistled—the dogs wagged their tails, and on we went—got home—dinner ready—filled the pipe—drank some milk, and fell asleep—woke by the carpenter for some slats, which the sawyer must cut—the reverend Messrs A. in a coat, B. in a gown of black, and C. in one of purple, came to drink tea, and to settle whether Gomer was the father of the Celts and Gauls and Britons, or only the uncle—proof-sheet from Mr. Archdeacon—corrected it—washed, dressed, went to meeting, and preached from, ‘*The end of all things is at hand: be ye sober and watch unto prayer*’—found a dear brother *reverence* there, who went home with me, and edified us all out of Solomon’s Song, with a dish of tripe out of Leviticus, and a golden candlestick out of Exodus——.”

To this sketch of a day’s work, written to amuse a friend, while the writer was kept from the prosecution of similar labours on the next day, by a violent thunderstorm, we shall only add, that there is no great cause for wonder that—though the *reverend* farmer had a very large family, and a very small professional income, and had commenced life in absolute poverty, he prospered in life while he enjoyed it, and left an inheritance to his children.

### TRUTH.

THE temple of Truth is, indeed, built of stones of crystal; but, inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that Truth herself will attract little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency, as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed, that he that follows Truth too closely, must take care that she does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows Truth has little to fear from Truth, while he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles and frowns of the living, alone is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times.

### HOUSE PAINTING.

HOUSE PAINTING is an important subject as regards health and comfort, as well as appearance and durability. It is well known that our climate is very changeable; we have a good deal of fog and damp, as well as of rain, and we all like to have our houses built and finished in such a way as will keep us dry and warm at all seasons. This, however, is a point which has not been sufficiently attended to, perhaps more on account of ignorance than any other cause.

Every one knows that walls and ceilings are finished with plaster; but every one does not know that plaster has the property of absorbing moisture. This, of course, cannot take place in rooms where a fire is kept; but in rooms left, as is often the case, for many weeks together without a fire, the walls and ceiling will take up a considerable quantity of damp, and the effect of this will be positively injurious to the health of the inmates. There are few persons who have not had a mysterious cold, that came they did not know how, at some time in their lives; perhaps the damp in the plaster may have had something to do with it. The way in which damp will settle on a wall may be judged of by what so often takes place in painted passages and staircases, when the walls have been chilled by a spell of cold weather. As soon as the temperature becomes warmer, the atmosphere is condensed on the walls, which cool very slowly, and at times in such quantities as to run off in streams. Now, had it not been for the paint, a great part of this moisture would have been absorbed by the wall; for paper or colour are no preventive, and the consequence would be, that the plaster does not last so long as it ought, and the house becomes unwholesome.

We need not wonder, therefore, that plaster so often cracks and comes off without any apparent cause, especially as some builders have a bad practice of using very worthless materials. And it becomes a question well worth considering under these circumstances, whether, in finishing a house, the walls shall be painted or papered. Moisture can be wiped off paint, but not off paper or colour.

If paint be decided on, it is then highly necessary to see that the painting is properly done; that the material is good, and a sufficient quantity laid on. The principal colours used by painters are: the different sorts of ochres and umbers, Venetian and Indian red, lake, and vermilion, red and orange lead, Prussian blue, chrome-yellow, and

terra de Sienna. These are mixed with white lead; but the latter constitutes fully nine-tenths of the whole, and is indeed the chief ingredient of all the paint that is used. It is of consequence, therefore, that the white lead should be of good quality; but owing to the practice of adulterating it with powdered chalk, and a heavy mineral earth, it is rarely to be purchased in a perfectly pure state, and it soon turns yellow. The price is from 25s. to 40s. per hundredweight, and in this difference we see a reason why some painters work so much cheaper than others. There are dishonest painters who will lay on nothing but whiting and size for the first coats, and finish off with one coat of oil paint, and it is not easy to detect the fraud at the time; but as such paint wears off very soon, the customer finds out at last that he has been cheated.

Unless a plaster wall has had five coats of paint, it cannot be considered as properly painted. The first coat should be white lead, mixed rather thin with linseed oil, and a little litharge for drying, so that it may soak in easily. If this soaks in freely, as it generally does, to the depth of an eighth of an inch, a second coat of the same must be applied, which will insure a hard surface. The third coat is to be made much thicker, and brought pretty near to the colour that has been chosen for the wall; and the fourth coat still thicker, as thick indeed as can be worked with convenience, and stirred with oil and turpentine in equal quantities. It should be rather darker than the finishing coat is intended to be, and should have sugar of lead instead of litharge for 'driers,' as painters call it. Each coat should be thoroughly dry before the next is laid on, and if necessary, they may be smoothed with sand-paper, rubbed straight up and down: too much pains cannot be taken to lay the coats on equally and smooth. It is usual to finish the outside coat without any gloss, it is then said to be "flatted;" the paint for this is made with white lead, stirred with turpentine only, and cold size for driers, no oil being used. It must be laid on with great care and quickness, as the turpentine evaporates rapidly, and a second touch of the brush over a finished place gives a patchy appearance. The time for drying may be generally reckoned as follows:—the first coat should be left three days; the second, four days; the third, five or six days; but between the fourth and the finishing coat there should be no more than two days. The beauty and durability of the work depend on attention to these particulars.

From the details here given, most people will be able to form an idea of the proper method of painting a wall. Of course a fewer number of coats may be laid on if thought desirable; and ceilings may be finished in distemper, to look as pure and light as whitewash, but yet to resist the damp. In painting there is abundant scope for the exercise of taste; and such colours may be chosen as are most suitable for each apartment, and there may be decorations of various designs, or imitations of marble. The style in which a house should be painted, must depend materially upon the sort of house, and its furniture and fittings; it is a point which can be determined by scientific laws, as has been shown by Mr. Hay of Edinburgh, whose reputation as a house painter stands in the foremost rank. We borrow some of his observations, which, although they may not be in all cases applicable to the circumstances of those for whom our instructions are more especially intended, will, nevertheless, be highly useful to many of the working-men who will read our pages. "When," he says, "the tone of an apartment is fixed by the choice of the furniture, it is the business of the house painter to introduce such tints upon the ceiling, walls, and wood-work, as will unite the whole in perfect harmony. Apartments lighted from the south and west, particularly in a summer residence, should be cool in their colouring; but the apartments of a town-house ought all to approach towards a warm tone; as also such apartments as are lighted from the west and east of a country residence.

"In a drawing-room, vivacity, gaiety, and a light cheerfulness should characterise the colouring. This is produced by the introduction of light tints of brilliant colours, with a considerable degree of contrast and gilding; but the brightest colours and strongest contrasts should be upon the furniture, the effect of which will derive additional value and brilliancy from the walls being kept in due subordination, although, at the same time, partaking of the general liveliness.

"The characteristic colouring of a dining-room should be warm, rich, and substantial; and where contrasts are introduced they should not be vivid. This style of colouring will be found to correspond best with the massive description of the furniture. Gilding, unless in very small quantities for the sake of relief, should be avoided.

Parlours ought to be painted in a medium style, between that of a drawing-room and dining-room.

"The most appropriate style of colouring for libraries is solemn and grave, and no higher colouring should be employed than is necessary to give the effect of grandeur, which can scarcely be done where one monotonous tint prevails. But care should be taken not to disturb the quiet and solemn tone which ought to characterise the colouring of all apartments of this description.

"In bed-rooms a light, cleanly, and cheerful style of colouring is the most appropriate. A greater degree of contrast may be here admitted between the room and its furniture than any other apartment. There may also be admitted gayer and brighter colours upon the carpet.

"Staircases, lobbies and vestibules, should all be rather of a cool tone, and simple in their style of colouring, which will much improve the effect of the apartments which enter from them. There must be no strong contrasts. The effect to be produced is that of architectural grandeur, which owes its beauty more to the effect of light and shadow, than to any arrangement of colours; yet they ought not to be so entirely free from colour as the exterior of a mansion, but should be in colouring, what they are in use—a link between exterior simplicity and interior richness."

### THE MOTH.

THE moth is a pretty, yet formidable enemy in a house. In all woollen manufactures, blankets, flannels, morcen curtains, carpets, as well as in furs and amidst feathers, it seeks to form its nest, and to deposit its eggs; whence in the spring of the year issue the larvæ which from such substances derive nourishment. In this stage of the insect's existence the ruin takes place of the fabrics upon which it feeds. This is visible in the innumerable small circular holes through which it has eaten, and which, destroying the strength and tenacity of the material, render it worthless.

Many persons suppose that moths are produced in clothes that are laid by, merely by their being shut up in closed places; but this is an error. None of the little larvæ or caterpillars of the moth, that really do the mischief, ever appear among clothes or articles of any kind, provided none of the winged moths can have access to them to lay their eggs there; for no insects can be engendered otherwise than by the usual method of propagation. The winged moth, that flies about in the dark, does not, cannot, eat or destroy cloth of any kind; but

lays its eggs in woollen articles, upon which alone nature dictates to her that her young must feed. These eggs in time produce little caterpillars, and it is they that eat holes in and destroy clothes, &c. After a time these caterpillars assume the pupa state, out of which burst forth the winged insect, to proceed, as before described, in laying eggs. From this account it is easy to see that, provided you can prevent the winged moth from having access to what you wish to preserve, no injury by moths can happen to them. For instance, if you tie up any article that is quite free from moth in a bag of linen, cotton, or paper, no winged moth can enter the bag to lay its eggs, and therefore the bag will be a perfect security. But it is to be observed the winged animal is very cunning, or rather instinct impels it to search with great care for suitable places to lay its eggs; and therefore simply putting things into drawers, however tight, or covering them over with paper, will not be sufficient: if there are chinks by which the winged animal can insinuate itself, such places will not be safe from moths.

Nature has likewise given the instinct to moths not to lay their eggs in places liable to be often disturbed; therefore, if you shake any articles very frequently, it is not likely that moths will deposit their eggs there; and if not, there can be no caterpillars to do mischief. These facts being clearly understood, the means of guarding against these destructive insects will be comparatively easy. Should any articles of wool appear to be attacked by moth, beating and brushing should be resorted to, and, if possible, they should be put into hot water to destroy the young larvæ. It sometimes happens that, on discovering the winged moths in some places, they are driven out to fly about, when they resort to some other part of the house, where they will be more safe. This must, if possible, be prevented; otherwise they will continue to propagate somewhere, and the breed will be kept up. Even if driven out of the house, they have been known to enter again at the windows.

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**THINK OF YOUR UMBRELLA.**—If the weather appears doubtful, always take the precaution of having an umbrella when you go out, particularly in going to church; you thereby avoid incurring one of three disagreeables: in the first place, the chance of getting wet—or encroaching under a friend's umbrella—or being under the necessity of borrowing one, consequently involving the trouble of returning it, and inconveniencing your friend by neglecting to return it. Those who disdain the use of umbrellas generally appear with shabby hats, tumbled bonnet ribbons, wrinkled silk dresses, &c.

## ULLA: A FAIRY TALE.

IN that far-off time when fairy-faith yet lingered upon earth, when every bud and blossom enshrined some invisible tenant, and dark-green circles sprang among the grass in honour of elfin dancers, there dwelt in the far north a great lord whose name was Aubyn. His lands stretched far and wide; so wide, that tribes who spoke different dialects owned his sway and swelled the number of his serfs; huge forests of pine and jagged mountains, wide plains and mighty rivers, diversified the great tract of country over which he ruled like a king, making laws, and distributing honours and titles.

But as in these days we seldom find a mortal who is entirely contented, so, even in the good old fairy time, longings for some crowning blessing, perversely withheld by fate, were wont to fill the hearts of kings and heroes; and to this rule Aubyn was no exception. Many years before the story commences he had married a princess named Lolah, but he was still childless, though not without an heir. In the event of his death, his territories, if he left no children, would descend to the orphan daughter of his brother, who is no other than Ulla, our heroine. This little damsel was still quite a child, but old enough to be aware of the prospect before her of ruling her uncle's dominions after his death.

Aubyn was really fond of his little niece, and he gradually lost much of his great discontent at the want of a direct heir, and grew to regard her as his destined successor. Not so his wife, who, standing in no relationship to Ulla, and not naturally disposed to be fond of other people's children, looked upon her with an eye of jealousy and dislike, and resented her probable heirship, exactly as if it were the child's own fault. Then Aubyn liked the little one to be much in his own part of the castle, though it would really have been better for her to be with her nurses and servants, for the child could do nothing to please Lolah, who was fretted and angry at her very existence.

One night, when all the fires and torches had been for some time extinguished, a cautious footstep passed lightly down the great stairs of the castle, and a hand very gently loosened the chain that guarded the entrance; a female figure, closely muffled up, glided through the gate, moved quickly on through the gardens and shrubberies of the castle, and crossed some fields that were lying in the beautiful northern moonlight. For a few moments it disappeared in the thick shadows of a pine wood, then again it

might be traced, as it passed onward and gained a hollow beneath the overhanging wood, usually shunned by all passers-by after nightfall, and known as the Fairies' Glen.

From a small opening between the stems of two thick trees the wanderer cast a half-timid and half-curious glance towards the charmed spot, on which the moon was shining brightly. At first she saw nothing save the pointed shadows of the trees lying black and solemn across the moonlight, and the waving tufts of grass heavy with the dews of night. Presently her ear caught a sound, or was it only her fancy? It was like a single note from some wind instrument, heard from a great distance. The next moment she knew that she had not fancied it, for she could see a flutter of life among the grass and wild flowers, a glitter of bright colours, and a stir of gauzy wings.

It is a pity that such sights have passed away from earth, that our fairy haunts are silent and deserted, and that our fairy-rings have degenerated into mere mushroom-beds, for a fairer spectacle was surely never seen than the one which greeted the wondering eyes of the solitary beholder. From field and flood, from bush and brake, the elfin tribe assembled, some borne on golden wings from their fragrant home amid the gorse, some standing purely white, dwellers in the Northern Lily, some robed in blue that was the very reflection of the sky above their heads. And there was nothing monstrous or unnatural in their appearance: on the contrary, they seemed to be so entirely in keeping with all sights and sounds of that dewy and moonlit night, that the glen without them would have been incomplete and dreary-looking. As usual in fairy assemblies, dancing was the order of the night, and gallant elfin cavaliers, arrayed in orthodox green and gold, succeeded in persuading shy young fairies, half hidden in a maze of cloud-like drapery, to join in the merry elfin waltz, the music of which was heard to steal upward, as from the caverns underground. This only lasted a few moments, for the music died away in broken cadences, and then ceased altogether, and a dimness came over the gorgeous colours of the fairy pageant. All paused for a moment, as in wonder, and half in trouble, and then a voice that sounded like the speech of birds translated into human language announced the cause of their perplexity by saying—

"The breath of a mortal mingles with the night wind. Why does she linger near the Fairies' Glen? Let her stand forth and answer."

Lolah (for it was she), perceiving that she could no longer be concealed, advanced a few paces with unsteady and trembling steps, and, without leaving the shadow of the trees, crouched down on the ground in the attitude of a suppliant. The voice repeated—

"Speak, and fear nothing. What has brought you here?"

Lolah felt her voice falter and die away when she tried to answer; at last she spoke—

"I seek a boon from the kindness of the elfin people," she said, and her voice sounded strange and out of place in the fairy scene.

After a moment of whispering and debate the bird-like speech was heard again.

"Name the boon," it said.

"Give me a child; make me the mother of an heir to these fair lands. I am lonely and desolate, obliged to endure too, day by day, the presence of one not of my blood, who must one day rule in my husband's stead, should no child be given him. Grant me but this, sweet dwellers in the fairy glen, or, if it may not be, tell me that I cannot be a mother, so shall my heart be more at rest, no longer distracted by unquiet hopes and fears."

For a long time no reply came to the ear that listened for it so eagerly, but a soft murmur, as of many voices mingled with the night wind, and Lolah knew that her petition was being considered. At last the answer came,—

"This thing is not impossible; you may be the mother of a child, but a heavy penalty must go with the gift."

"Yet might this penalty be softened—hidden from the mother's heart," said another voice.

"Oh, grant me my petition," exclaimed Lolah, "and I accept the penalty! Yet stay—you have not named it."

"It must not be named," answered one of the fairy speakers; "were it once whispered in your ear, our power to veil and soften it would be gone. Be content; the desire of your heart shall be given you, and a token awaits you at your home."

Lolah would have poured out thanks and blessings, but in a moment the elfin people had vanished from her sight; only the heavy shadows laid upon the wet grass, and the wind sighed mournfully among the pines. Swiftly and silently she returned to the castle, and worn out with fatigue and excitement, she soon fell fast asleep.

When she opened her eyes the next morning, all that had happened the night

before seemed to her so like a dream that she could not persuade herself to believe in its reality until, on looking round her room, she saw close to the foot of her bed a cradle, beautifully wrought in silver filagree. This, then, was the fairy token promised to her, and the scene in the haunted glen had really taken place. She rapturously kissed the little cradle, and pressed to her heart the downy pillow on which her baby's cheek should rest; then a sadness fell upon her as she thought of the unnamed and mysterious penalty attached to its birth, and again the thought that the fullness of her love should close it round and shelter it from every evil gave her courage and comfort.

As she descended the stairs she met little Ulla, and she hastily gathered up the skirts of her robe, that they might not touch the child. I am sorry to represent Lolah in an unamiable light, for she is rather a favourite of mine, but the truth must be told, above all in anything so veracious as a fairy tale, and the truth is that in her heart of hearts Lolah hated this child. She was naturally jealous, not fond of children, easily worried and irritated by them, yet exceedingly anxious to have one of her own, on which to bestow a world of love and tenderness that was stored up somewhere in that wayward and inconsistent nature of hers. It is a great pity, but the fact is that people were no more perfect in fairy times than they are now, and Lolah, in particular was such a very long way from perfection, that she disliked the sight of this inoffensive orphan, whose company was in a measure forced upon her, and felt strange throbs of jealous anger at her heart whenever Aubyn commended the docility and intelligence of his little niece. She felt as if some child of hers that ought to be in existence were robbed of its heritage and of its father's love by this intruder. It was very foolish and unreasonable of her, doubtless; but in these important chronicles we dare not alter a word or improve an erring character.

When Lolah found that the fairies had not deceived her, but that she was really likely to give an heir to her husband's fair dominions, amid all the joy and tenderness that swelled up in her heart, she remembered as one great cause of exultation that now there would be an end to Ulla's pretensions to succeed Aubyn; also that his notice and affection would be attracted from her to his own child, and that Ulla would probably be dismissed to the nurseries of the castle, and would no longer vex and annoy her. Amid all this cause for congratulation



one dark cloud sometimes hovered over her bright prospects of happiness, as she asked herself again and again, "What penalty could it be?"

All the bells in a great city were ringing for joy; it was the centre and capital of Aubyn's dominions, and the bells announced the birth of an heir—or heiress rather, for the fairies, after all, behaved rather shabbily, and sent Lolah a little daughter, instead of the expected prince. The people were disappointed, for they wanted a warrior who would lead them out to battle, and increase their territories by conquests over the surrounding tribes; still it was right to rejoice at the birth of the princess, and so a public holiday was proclaimed. Perhaps a twinge of disappointment may have crossed Aubyn's mind; but his disposition was easy and contented, and it did not last long. As for Lolah, she was experiencing a new happiness, and it seemed to absorb all her powers of loving and rejoicing. Sometimes she felt almost afraid of her little child, and unworthy to touch it, remembering how good and innocent it was, while she was often tormented by jealous doubts and fears. She was never tired of admiring it. Not that it was a pretty baby. I have seen a painting of it hanging up in a rich and varied picture-gallery, of which I keep the key. This key gets lost or mislaid at times in the bustle of life; but when I am at leisure and I shut my eyes, and give myself to dreaming, the key comes back, and I open the door and enter in. Many beautiful pictures hang there; but it is this one of Lolah's baby that I am now to describe. In a large and vaulted room, furnished and decorated with the gorgeousness of a half-civilised taste, I see a cradle of silver filigree, its delicate tracery and exquisite mouldings contrasting strangely with the rude and barbarous splendour that surrounds it. On a pillow that looks like snow spun into lace the cheek of a young child reposes—rather red, rather wrinkled, rather soaked-looking—after the manner of such small specimens; the eyes are closed, the nose is rudimentary, the hair is red. One little waxen hand lies on the coverlid, the pretty pink fingers spread out in sleep. This is Lolah's baby.

As usual, the fairies were invoked to give the little princess a name, and some fairy gift or token. This ceremony was performed in the following manner:—In the beginning of summer, when the flowers first broke out into bud and bloom, the cradle containing the unnamed child was laid near the entrance to the Fairies' Glen, and the mother

only was permitted to watch it from a short distance. After a time, if the child found favour with the elfin people, some of them would assemble round it, give it a name, and add some crowning gift of grace or beauty. Lolah took her place at the appointed time, a little way from the haunted glen, at the entrance of which the cradle had been laid. For awhile all was still; then the pleasant summer breeze seemed all at once to acquire a mournful and wailing sound, sighing and moaning round her till she shivered with a chill sense of fear. Once she thought she could distinguish a flutter of wings round the cradle, but she heard no name given—only the wind seemed to whisper, as with a human voice, three times over, "Doomed! doomed! doomed!" This was all, and yet not quite all, for when the child was taken back to the castle some white bells of the columbine were found scattered on the cradle, the flower which in that country is usually strewn over the graves of those who die young.

Poor Lolah spent the day in bitter lamentations, feeling that some evil threatened her child which she had no power to avert; but as time passed on, and the little princess grew strong and lively, she gradually forgot her fears. Ulla was greatly attached to her cousin. She did not care a great deal about losing her heritage; certainly she would have liked to be a great lady, and to rule her subjects like a queen; but the poor little orphan wished above all things to be loved. Her childhood was rather a desolate one, and her little cousin and playmate seemed already to brighten her life with love.

As the fairies had hitherto bestowed no name upon her, Lolah feared to offend them by choosing one herself, and accordingly left her nameless for the present, only calling her by a familiar word synonymous in their language with baby in ours. "Baby" grew tall and strong; and though she was not a pretty child, she was as a sunbeam in the dark old castle, full of life and happiness, loving and loved by every one, and by none more than Ulla, who would patiently amuse her for hours together, enduring all her baby-tyrannies, and admiring her pretty, playful ways. But a cloud was soon to spread over all this happiness.

"What is the matter at the castle?" This was the first inquiry of every passer-by one snowy winter's day, about three or four years after the birth of the little princess. Something was the matter, that was clear, for the heavy curtains drawn the night before had not been undrawn, though the faint light of a winter noon shone upon the frozen

peaks of the surrounding mountains. We are privileged to look in at the windows, in spite of screen or curtain, and we see many servants and nurses hurrying to and fro, some preparing to light pine-torches, for at two o'clock the short daylight will be gone. In one room we see Ulla, alone and unattended, sitting on the floor with her head laid against a closed door, through which she is not permitted to pass; on the other side of this door we can see a little bed—not a cradle now—Baby has outgrown it—a very gorgeous little bed, with silver pillars and velvet hangings; but its splendour does no good to the little child that lies upon it. Her eyes are open, but she sees nothing; a stupor akin to death has fallen on her; some sudden blight has seized this poor little blossom, and the nurses and wise women, as they glance at her and then glance at one another, only shake their heads and say nothing. Aubyn is not there—perhaps he could not bear to see her lying thus—but Lolah will not move from her side. Suddenly a thought has struck her; suddenly she hurries away from the room and from the house. On the threshold of the chamber she meets Ulla, and she stops for one moment and kisses her. Now Lolah does not in reality love this child one atom more than she ever did, but grief has softened her heart for the time, and the sight of one who is grieving for the same cause makes it overflow with sudden and unwonted tenderness. She is sorry she has ever been unkind to poor Ulla—poor Ulla—who loves Baby. Oh, Lolah, you would do it again to-morrow if Baby were well and Ulla vexed you.

The nurses guessed whither she had gone. "Ah, poor lady," said one, "it's no use; the fairies can't help her now; the child is dying."

"Not dying, but dead," said another; "she does not breathe now;" and they began to smooth the pillows and arrange the room.

The stars were shining brightly, as they never shine here, and casting faint shadows upon the snow, when Lolah, radiant with hope, returned from the Fairies' Glen.

"She will recover! they have promised to restore her!" were her first words.

No one dared now to announce the death of the child; but she read the tidings in their silence and in their faces. "It is impossible! I tell you that she lives, and will live!" she said, almost angrily, and she hurried past them into Baby's room. She drew the curtains aside with a trembling hand. The child was lying as if asleep. For a moment her heart stood still; then it opened its eyes

and looked intelligently in her face, and the tide of joy and thankfulness that swelled up in her soul made her aware of the depth of her previous sorrow, for she had been too much taken by surprise—too much stunned by the unexpected blow—to be conscious of her own suffering.

The child recovered, and a scroll emblazoned with the word "Christine" was found upon the pillow; so at last a name was given her, and she was no longer called Baby, but Christine. Other fairy gifts seemed to have fallen on her with this name, for she grew strangely beautiful; her hair assumed that rare shade entitled to the often misused epithet, golden; her skin was conspicuously fair, even among the fair daughters of the north; and there was in her eyes a kind of liquid light that made the beholder think of rippling water glittering in the sun. The improvement, however, did not extend to her disposition; it is true that she was marvellously quick and clever, but so very tyrannical that poor Ulla soon had a bad time of it. Her fits of wilfulness—of cruelty almost—varied strangely at times, alternating with evidences of a gentle and forbearing disposition; in short, she was an oddity, and people said they could not "make her out." Her mother was extravagantly proud of her child's beauty, and made the most marked distinction between her dress and adornments and Ulla's, saying that splendour became Christine, and only looked ridiculous on Ulla. Besides, one would be a great lady—almost a queen—and the other was but a portionless orphan; there would be no real kindness in bringing Ulla up beyond her future means, and so on, and so on. And Aubyn listened, and was not convinced, but gave in for the sake of peace, and Ulla felt as if she were one too many in this world, and wished she were out of it.

Lolah could not resist the temptation of showing off her daughter's talents and accomplishments against Ulla's; not that Ulla was at all stupid or deficient, but this naughty, capricious, and tormenting Christine learned everything as if by intuition, so that Ulla, who was not naturally jealous, could not help often feeling mortified when her younger cousin's attainments were exhibited in marked and intentional contrast to her own. As she grew towards womanhood her lot became more and more lonely, for her rank removed her from companionship with those who, according to court etiquette, were her inferiors, and those who should have loved her seemed to regard her very existence as a kind of necessary evil.

Ulla had grown to maturity, and Christine stood on the threshold of early womanhood, when the sudden death of Aubyn, from an accident in hunting, threw the court into mourning, and brought the presence of real sorrow into the castle. When the usual period for mourning was nearly over, Lolah began to revive a little from her trouble, and to look forward to the solemn coronation of her daughter as almost the greatest event in her whole life. The richest dresses and the finest jewels were procured from far and near, whole streets were draped with gold and silver cloth, and the fairies were especially besought to grace the festival with their presence. Christine, with her usual waywardness, seemed to be indifferent to the efforts that were being made on her behalf, and received her addresses of congratulation absently, and as if they did not interest her. Ulla, who was greatly interested and excited on this occasion, received no invitation to the solemnities, and no additions to her ordinary wardrobe, such as would enable her to be present either before or after the ceremony; she was just passed over, as of no account.

The appointed day arrived, and the castle presented a gay scene of preparation for the great occasion. Only Ulla sat in her little room, silent and solitary, waiting until the last moment for an invitation to join the festivities. The last moment came, the guests and officers of state assembled in the Great Hall, and suddenly the door of Ulla's room was opened. She hastily looked up, and saw Christine standing on the threshold. Ulla had never seen her look so beautiful. It was not that the richness of her robes added to her beauty—on the contrary, she rather appeared to grace and adorn them—but an expression of love and tenderness shone through her face, and lighted up her eyes. Ulla had seen that look before, but only at rare intervals. She held out her hand to Ulla, and said "Come," and these two maidens passed hand in hand down the great staircase, one dressed in very plain and ordinary attire, the other wearing the state-robe of a queen—down, down, to the lowest step, to the door of the Great Hall. Ulla shrank back at the entrance, feeling that her every-day attire would be unpleasantly conspicuous there; but Christine led her on, in spite of the wondering glances, from which poor Ulla sensitively shrank, in spite of the displeasure on Lolah's face, on to the centre of the hall, up to the chair of state; then Christine took the coronet from the hands of the attendants, and placed it on Ulla's head.

"My child, what foolish jest is this?" gasped Lolah.

But even while she spoke the robes of state that Christine wore dropped on the pavement of the hall; light, cloud-like drapery encircled her instead; and plummy wings appeared upon her shoulders.

"My child!" said Lolah again, but more faintly.

"Not your child," answered Christine; "less happy than your child, who, possessing a human soul, will live for ever. My race is soulless, and lasts only while the world lasts. Long years ago you sought us in the haunted glen; you asked us for a child. We knew that, even if the blessing were given, it would soon be taken away; that no child of yours would survive the years of infancy; but we thought that you need never know the loss; that one of the elfin people might assume the shape, and act the part, that your heart might thus be comforted. Within a grove of pine trees to the right of yonder mountains there is a little grave; Baby sleeps there. The forget-me-nots have covered it with blue blossoms, and the birds sing more softly as they approach it. I did not mean to leave you thus; but a power greater than ours has taken Aubyn away, and the coronet must be given to the rightful heir. Ulla will wear it worthily; she has been trained in the school of suffering. She has had something to bear from me (but that was to prove and try her), and something, unfortunately, from you. She will forget it—that will be easy; do you forget it also—that will be harder."

While Christine was speaking she grew more indistinct to the sight, but her voice was clear and sweet, and it filled the hall. As she ceased Ulla came forward, and timidly approached Lolah with a caressing gesture; but Lolah's eyes were fixed upon the vanishing figure; still she stretched out her arms towards it, and still she repeated, "My child!"

### THE HUMAN CLOCK.

THE flowering of plants takes place at different periods of the year, and thus a calendar of the seasons may be constructed. By observing the exact time when plants in the same garden flower in different years, an indication will be given of the nature of the season. The mezezon and snowdrop, hepatica and winter aconite, put forth their flowers in February in this country, the primrose and crocus in March, the cowslip and daffodil in April, the great mass of

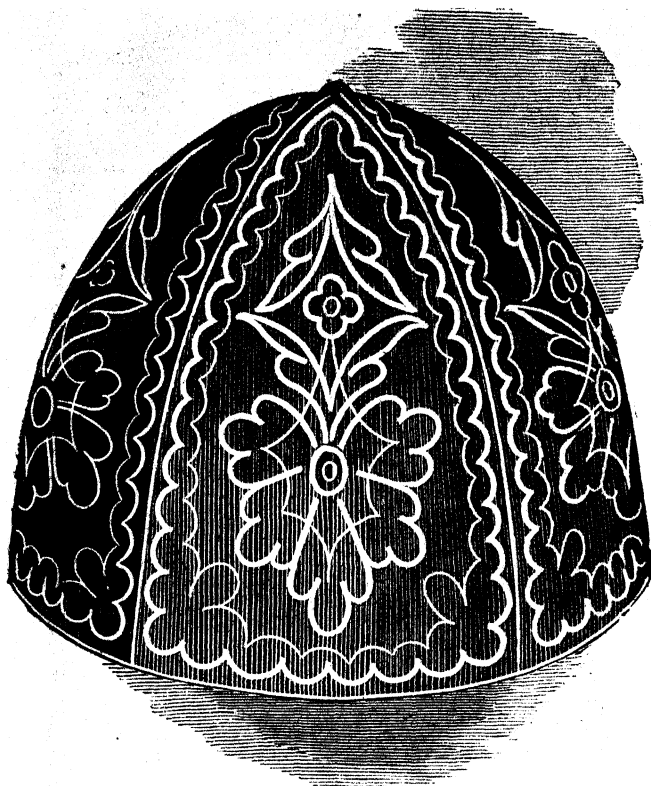
plants in May and June, many in July, August, and September, the meadow saffron and strawberry tree in October and November, and the Christmas rose in December. Besides annual periods, some flowers exhibit diurnal periods of expansion and closing. On this principle Linnæus constructed what he called a floral clock, in which each hour was marked by the opening of some flower. Richter, in his remarks on Linnæus's floral clock, contrasts it with the periodical occupation of man at different hours of the day. "I believe," he says, "the floral clock of Linnæus, in Upsal (*Horologium Flora*), whose wheels are the sun and earth, and whose index-figures are flowers, of which one always awakens and opens later than another, was what secretly suggested my conception of the human clock. I formerly occupied two chambers in Schroerau, in the middle of the market-place. From the front room I overlooked the whole market-place and the royal buildings, and from the back one the botanical garden. Whoever now dwells in these two rooms possesses an excellent harmony, arranged to his hand, between the flower-clock in the garden, and the human clock in the market-place. At three o'clock in the morning the yellow meadow goats-beard opens; and brides awake, and the stable-boy begins to rattle and feed the horses beneath the lodger. At four o'clock the little hawk-weed awakes, choristers going to the cathedral, who are clocks with chimbes, and the bakers. At five, kitchen-maids, dairy-maids, and butter-cups awake. At six, the sow-thistle and cocks. At seven o'clock many of the ladies'-maids are awake in the palace, the chicory in my botanical garden, and some tradesmen. At eight o'clock all the colleges awake, and the little yellow mouse-ear. At nine o'clock the female nobility already begin to stir—the marigold, and even many young ladies who have come from the country on a visit, begin to look out of their windows. Between ten and eleven o'clock the court ladies and the whole staff of lords of the bedchamber, the green colewort and the Alpine dandelion, and the reader of the princess, rouse themselves out of their morning's sleep; and the whole palace, considering that the morning's sun gleams so brightly to-day from the lofty sky, through the dove-coloured curtains, curtails a little of its slumber. At twelve o'clock the prince, at one his wife, and carnation, have their eyes open in their flower-vase. What awakes late in the afternoon at four o'clock is only the red hawkweed, and the night

watchman as cuckoo clock, and these two only tell the time as evening clocks and noon clocks. From the hot eyes of the unfortunate man who, like the Jalap plant (*Mirabilis Jalapa*), first opens them at five o'clock, we will turn our own in pity aside. It is a rich man who has had recourse to it, and is undergoing all the painful sensations of his feverish fancy, awakened by disease.

The closing of flowers also follows a periodical law. Most flowers close during darkness. Some close even in daylight. Thus the salsafy shuts up its head of flowers about midday, and the chicory about four in the afternoon. Many flowers are affected by the nature of the day, as regards moisture, dryness, cloudiness, or clearness. In cloudy and rainy weather, the flowers of the scarlet pimpernel, called poor man's weather-glass, remain closed. So also do the heads of flowers of the daisy, dandelion, and other composite plants. By this means the essential organs of the flower are protected from injury. The direction of the flowers of some plants seems to be influenced by the sun's rays; and the name girasole, or sunflower, was given from an impression that the heads of flowers inclined towards the part of the heavens where the sun was shining. This does not, however, appear to be the case with the sunflower as grown in this country.

The diurnal periods in flowering are alluded to by the poet in the following:

- "In every copse and sheltered dell,  
Unveiled to the observant eye,  
Are faithful monitors, who tell  
How pass the hours and seasons by.
- "The green-robed children of the spring  
Will mark the periods as they pass,  
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,  
And bind with flowers his silent glass.
- "See Hieracium's various tribes  
Of plump fruit and radiant flowers;  
The course of time their blooms describe,  
And wake and sleep appointed hours.
- "Broad o'er its imbricated cup  
The Goatsbeard spreads its purple rays,  
But shuts its cautious forelets up,  
Retiring from the noontide blaze.
- "On upland shores the shepherd marks  
The hour when, as the dial true,  
Cichorium to the lowering lark  
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.
- "Thus in each flower and simple bell,  
That in our path betridden lie,  
Are sweet remembrancers, who tell  
How fast the winged moments fly."



ALBERT SMOKING CAP.

## THE WORK TABLE.

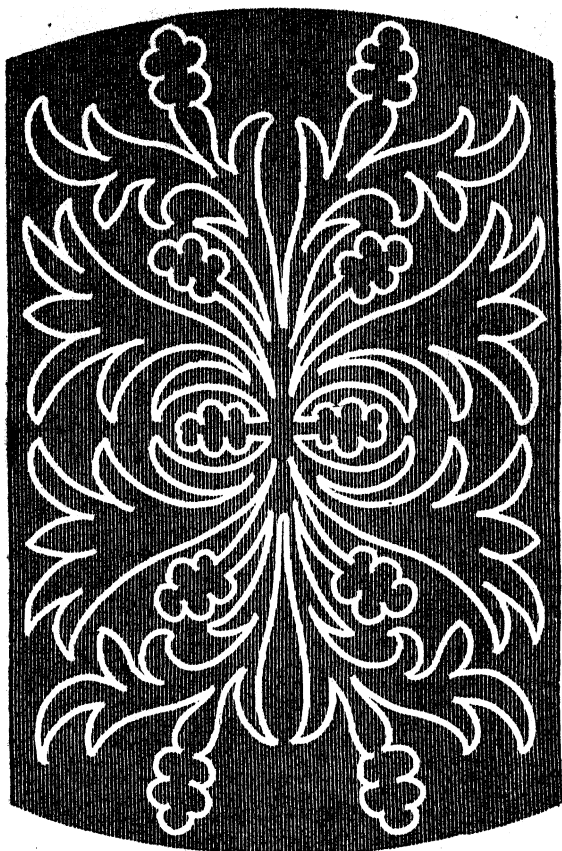
## ALBERT SMOKING CAP.

THE Albert Smoking Cap is worked on a rich royal purple velvet. It is formed of six divisions, each having the same design braided on it in narrow gold braid and gold thread. The two materials differing in width, produce together a very good effect. The illustration shows which parts of the pattern are worked in the braid and which are in the thread. The braiding must be executed with the finest gold-colour silk, care being taken that the stitches are not visible. The six portions are joined together, a lining of silk is inserted in the inside, and

a strip of leather, three inches wide, is laid round the bottom of the cap. This not only preserves the velvet from injury, but renders the cap more convenient for putting on and off. A handsome tassel, to match, completes the article.

## CARD CASE.

ONE of the prettiest Card Cases in use is produced by the simple combination of velvet and gold thread. The velvet may be of any colour most in favour with the lady-worker, but emerald green, nut-brown, or ruby, all harmonise admirably with the lines of gold which form the pattern. If



CARD CASE.

a simple and inexpensive mode be desired, this design may be worked either in chain-stitch or *broderie a-la-minute*; and in either of these two ways the maize-colour silk will be found to produce the best effect.

#### HOW THE BEAR IS HUNTED.

LET us begin with that terrible fellow, the grizzly bear of North America. Unlike the remainder of his tribe, he has no fear of man; on the contrary, indeed, should he be

encountered by a human being, he will give him chase, and keep on his track with the greatest perseverance, for hours. An American traveller relates that he was followed nearly thirty miles by a grizzly bear, and only succeeded in shaking off his hungry pursuer by swimming a broad and deep river. Moreover, so marvellously tenacious of life is this monster, that, according to reliable authority, he will resist the hunter's assaults till not six square inches of sound hide remains on his carcass. Therefore it becomes advisable for hunters of bears' meat

and skins to adopt some other system than that of open warfare. They manage pretty much as follows:—The grizzly bears live in deep and retired caves, to which they retire for the winter after having revelled for a few weeks on autumn berries, and grown very fat. When the season has become so cold as to reduce the bear to a state of torpidity, the bear-hunter sets out, armed with his deadly rifle, some matches, and a candle composed of wax softened with bear's grease. This candle, provided with a broad wick, burns with a brilliant white flame. Having discovered, by unfailing signs, a cave in which a bear is hidden, lighting his candle and carrying it in one hand, while he grasps his gun in the other, the hunter gropes his way into the deep den. The light reveals his game curled in a shaggy ring in a distant corner; he plants his candle on the ground, about the centre of the cave, and then retires to the entrance, cocks his rifle, and waits. He is not detained long. In a few moments the grim sleeper, roused from his bearish dreams by the glare, wakes, fixes his eyes on the flame with a puzzled sleepy expression, and finally yawns, gets on his legs, and shuffles towards it for a closer inspection.

Now is the time. The grizzly monster is as tenacious of life as a cat, and as swift as one when wounded and bent on revenge; therefore it is of the first importance that, if he fire at all, it be with deadly aim. Slowly the bear approaches the candle, till he is so close that its rays light up his savage eyes like two dusky red stars. One of these dusky stars the hunter covers with the muzzle of his rifle, and instantly there arises a double roar—that of the discharged piece, and that of the stricken beast; and lucky hunter is he if both roars subside together, leaving him to skin his game by the light of the trusty candle. That this mode of hunting the bear is not unaccompanied by peril, the following story, selected almost at random from a hundred such, will sufficiently illustrate. A large bear was tracked to a cavern, and every effort made for three days, without avail, to smoke or burn it out. At length one of the hunting company boldly declared that, "if the bear would not come out, he would go in to the bear." The entrance to the monster's den was a slanting, well-like hole, that descended about ten feet, but beyond that from the exterior no more could be seen. A rope was passed round the waist of the adventurous bear-hunter, a butcher's knife stuck in his belt, his musket well primed and loaded with two-ounce bullets, and in each hand

he bore a long pine-lath, pierced at the end so as to hold a candle. The candles were lighted, and the man lowered into the hole by his companions. At the bottom of the well-hole he discovered a little lane, turning sharply off at right angles, about six feet in length, and terminating in a small round chamber, where the bear had taken up his quarters. The hunter's tactics were ingenious, but frightfully perilous. Lying on his back, in the narrow lane, he pushed along the candles with his feet, and so wriggled himself along into the bear's parlour, grasping his musket the while, and prepared to shoot as soon as the candle-flame should reveal two twinkling eyes. Presently his mates heard a bellowing crash, and, as pre-arranged, hauled in the rope just in time to haul the man out of the clutches of the wounded bear, who pursued him to the very mouth of the chasm.

The bear, however, retreated to its den again, and there was no alternative but to leave the work altogether undone, or begin again. The former seemed the most prudent plan, but the brave hunter would not hear of it. He had, he said, aimed fairly at the bear's eyeballs, and, if not dead, it must be mortally wounded. That it was not dead, however, was certain, for at intervals came a painful moan from the dark hole. Fresh equipped, down went the bold hunter once more. Again the cavern re-echoed the crash of his bullets, and again strong arms jerked up the adventurer by the rope about his waist. This time, however, the bear seemed determined not to let her assailant go free. Roaring with agony, and deluged with a red stream, it came close at his heels, and, as he was hoisted up, leaped after him, and reached the rock where the men stood. A scrambling volley was fired at it, but with no effect; and then the man, with the rope still about him, drew his butcher's knife, and rushed to close with the bear in single combat, but the poor animal was in no condition for fighting. The effort of rearing to meet its antagonist was too much, and it rolled over dead.

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OLD FRIENDS.—Old friends are the blessings of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. . . . I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends? My age forbids that. Still less can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one says? One must relate the history of one's life and ideas; and what is that to the young but old stories?—*Horace Walpole*.

## TEACHING AT HOME.

## LANGUAGE.

As we are desirous of pointing out in what respects parents may assist in the education of their children previous to their being sent to school, we must remind them that it is at home that a child learns to speak, and that there is, perhaps, nothing which helps more towards his after instruction than the power of speaking well. There are sometimes very strange notions on this subject amongst fathers and mothers. They think that as long as they themselves can understand a child when it begins to talk, that it is sufficient. They are rather pleased than otherwise that the baby should have its own names for the things it wants, and the parent learns to use these words for the accommodation of the child. Instead of being helped forward in its progress to plain speaking, it is allowed for several years to express itself in a strange sort of gibberish, which is only laughed at and admired by the rest of the family. The mother will tell with a sort of satisfaction that little Susan can never use the letter S, or the letter W; and no effort is made by her to conquer the difficulty. She does not foresee, as most probably will be the case, that this will be a sort of stumbling block in little Susan's way when she goes to school, and that she will pass for a sort of dunce, perhaps for a year or two, in consequence of her inability to read as well as other children of her age. When she stands up in her class and begins to read her portion of the lesson, she is told by the rest of the children that they cannot understand a word that she reads; and the patience of her teacher is sorely tried, in vain attempts to get a few words distinctly uttered. And when Susan leaves school at last, and is fit for service, it is ten to one that her imperfect utterance does not stand in her way in getting a place as nursemaid; for mothers who are well educated like that their children should be with those who speak well, and in the first interview with Susan the imperfection in her speech is discovered. The same, perhaps, with Willy, her brother; who, when he goes up to town, finds himself rejected several times by persons to whom he offers himself to fill some situation for which he is perfectly well qualified, only that the gentleman thinks he must be a rough sort of lad from the countrified way in which he answers the questions put to him. Clearness and correctness of speech has also another advantage in securing correctness and clearness of thoughts. A child who is made to put the right word

to everything and to pronounce it properly—to use the right expression in describing what he sees, or in telling what he has done—knows and understands better than one who makes up words or expressions for himself; and a mother or father can, if they be not very bad speakers themselves, early accustom their children to choose the right names for things instead of the wrong in their talk. We all know that in the country parts of many counties in England, the people living there have words peculiar to themselves for many things, different from the way in which they are called in London or the great towns; at the same time that they know quite well what are the right names and words used by the well-educated. From early habit they like to use these words, which perhaps remind them of their own childhood or their home in early life; but it would be as well to remember that to their children it will be an advantage to use the more correct words and expressions, and therefore worth their while to make an effort to employ them. It is also of great importance that the *pronunciation*, or way of sounding words, should be correct. In one or two counties in England, for instance, it is the habit of the people not to sound the letter H at the beginning of a word; and though this may seem a very trifling matter, it may on many occasions in life go greatly against a young person, should he or she talk of a *orse* or a *ouse*, instead of a *house* or a *horse*. The person so speaking may have learned to read very correctly, and write well, and be possessed of a good stock of useful knowledge, and yet with a very large class of their fellow countrymen they would, from such a slip of the tongue, be set down as ignorant and ill-educated—perhaps even be suspected of a rudeness and vulgarity in thought and feeling which they were far from being guilty of. To secure their children against such a disadvantage, it would be worth while for any parent who knows how to spell, to take care that this important letter *h* is sounded in all words which it begins, there being only two or three words in the English in which it is the custom *not* to pronounce it, such as *hour*, *hair*, *honour*, &c., which are soon learnt to be exceptions to the general rule.

There is a still more important point for parents to observe in the language used by their children, and this is the avoidance of all profane, vulgar, or indecent words. And in this respect the parent is most particularly the teacher of his child. A father who uses an oath in the presence of his innocent child, teaches that child to make use of that



expression some day in his turn. A mother who takes the great name of God in vain, not only sets her child the example of so doing, but takes away from its young mind some portion of the reverence which it has hitherto felt towards the Great Being whom it is taught to call its "Father in Heaven." Too much is it the custom, in the most trivial events of everyday life, to utter that Name which should never be pronounced but with reverence and love. It is called upon in moments of anger and impatience, when the remembrance of His care and love should lead us to leave the little as well as the great events of life trustfully in His hands, knowing as we do that all is ordered and ruled for our good.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF FAMILIAR THINGS.

MOTHERS and fathers are too apt to fancy that, because they were not taught in their youth as well as the children of the present day, that therefore they are quite incompetent to give any instruction to their children; but this is quite a mistaken notion. No grown-up person who has at all had his wits about him in his passage through life—who has had even the most common portion of sense—let them be ever so little book-learning, but must have acquired a very large stock of knowledge of which young children are in ignorance. And some of this very knowledge which they must necessarily have acquired, is precisely of the kind which it will be a great advantage to their children to learn as early as possible. It should always be remembered that minds require as much exercise as bodies, and that for the mind of a human being to become strong and vigorous it should be exercised early; just as we know that, in order to grow up with strong and vigorous limbs, a child must be allowed in youth to play about and use its limbs. Long before they are sent to school, then, even at times when the little child is tumbling about the cottage floor, playing on the door-sill, or running about in the garden, his mind may be exercised in a manner suited to its powers. To make children think (which is the mind's exercise) a mother should be in the habit of asking questions about such occurrences in nature, or in the concerns of daily life, as the child by observing for itself can answer. "What makes it light in the morning, Johnny, when father gets up?" "And what else comes from the sun besides light?" "And what do we call it when the sun goes away and it gets dark?" And the little child may be led to notice where the sun

comes up in the morning—where it is at noon-day, and where it sinks down again in the evening. After having found out, by experience too, how even children living in the country will sometimes not know the most common facts about the very food they eat and the clothes they wear, we can see plainly that a mother's questions to her little children about—where milk comes from?—what butter is made of?—what we grow in fields to make bread of? &c. &c., would enable her to give her children clear notions on all these subjects. For a very young child, even as it sits on its mother's lap, may be asked such questions as—

What does little Mary hear with?  
What does she smell with?  
What does she see with?  
What does she talk with?  
How many fingers has she?  
How many toes?  
What are her little teeth for?

All such questions require a certain amount of thought in order to be answered correctly, and furnish a useful exercise to the mind, if only in seeking correct words and expressions to answer them with. A child watching its mother light a fire—make a pudding—wash and iron—who is allowed to put little questions about how and why such and such things are done, is gaining knowledge of a most useful kind; while a little patience on the part of the mother in explaining or showing, goes a great way towards developing quickness and aptness in the child, when it is old enough to take a part in such matters. A mother sitting at work, too, in her tidy cottage, with her little girl at her knee learning to do a bit of sewing—how much useful knowledge could she not be imparting at the same time! At such times little Kitty, or Susan, may learn to repeat the names of the days of the week, of the months, of the seasons. She may be taught to count—to tell how many pence there are in a shilling—shillings in a pound—hours in a day—minutes in an hour, &c. Think, mothers, of the pleasure and satisfaction it may be one of these days to you, when Kitty, or Susan, or Johnny, go to school for the first time, to hear that the teacher was quite surprised to find that they already had acquired a good deal of such knowledge. Think what will be your pride, and your child's pride too, when it has to say—"Mother taught it me!" or, "Mother told me how!" And now we may tell to fathers and mothers—to mothers especially—a secret which the history of the world has proved to be true, which is, that nothing that is ever taught afterwards makes so deep

an impression on the mind, or fixes itself so strongly in the memory, as that which we learn in earliest childhood, at home, from our own parents. Remember this when you have it in your power to teach your children anything—to train them to obedience—to make them love truth—to give them a little useful knowledge, or to help them to acquire a good habit. Know that among all the men and women who have distinguished themselves in the world for goodness of character, for skill, knowledge, or learning, it has almost always been found when they had to relate the history of their lives, that a father or a mother—a mother more particularly—had been the first to give their minds or their characters the bent which had ended in their becoming renowned for goodness, knowledge, or usefulness to others. "My mother took great pains to make me speak the truth," or "My mother taught me my letters and encouraged me to read," or, "My father would as a child explain to me this or that." Such things have often been said gratefully and proudly by the greatest men who ever lived. Think of this, fathers and mothers, dwellers in the "cottage homes" of England—for in such homes have many great men spent their childhood. Think of this, and teach your little children all the good you can AT HOME!

### THE HONOURS OF CAPRICORNUS.

HERE is a flock of mountain goats that make a daily bleating on the adjoining common; they are pure Angoras, with silky fringes of milk-white hair hanging from their flanks to their fetlocks, and beards that would not disgrace the most hirsute Crimean hero that ever voted razors to be ridiculous. The father of the flock is a noble fellow—such horns, such a curly head and massive forehead, such a delicate splash offawn on his withers, and oh, the purity of his snow-white back and silky flanks! He hears my voice or footstep; and away flies Billy, clearing the five-feet fence at a bound, and trotting towards me with a playful air of defiance, and with an evident consciousness of his capability to represent a traditional dilemma. As soon as he comes within a few paces he draws himself up on the very tips of his toes, then leaps up and curvets sideways, and finally springs forward at me, and butts full at my chest in a manner that would alarm a stranger unprepared for defence. But that is only Billy's mode of romping with me—it is always a rough kind of play; but the noble-hearted

fellow always takes care that his frontal *sinus*, not his crescented *cornua*, shall make the bold contact that, were I not prepared for it, would make me measure my length at his feet *hors de combat*. His pranks are all of them characteristic; he will leap up and plant his hoofs on my chest, and explore with his nose every one of my pockets to find a hidden bunch of acorns or a few bean-pods, all the while winking his splendid large eyes close to my face in a look of intelligence that is as eloquent to me as the richest flow of human speech. If I move aside, he will mount my back, plant his paws on my shoulders, and continue prancing up and down, and throwing his enormous weight upon me, till I yield the point he seeks, and give him a choice morsel. What he will eat in this way is prodigious; yet the fare he seeks, when turned out on the common, is the dry and sapless leaf, the thorny sprouts of the whin or the hawthorn, half-withered elm-leaves, and, indeed, anything that appears dry, tasteless, woody, and indigestible. It is a fact but little known that goats *never drink*; this, coupled with their love of dry, scrubby forage, enables them to crop fatness from bald granite, and completes their adaptableness to barren mountain heights. If I am bitten with any of that enthusiasm which is popularly called "a fancy," it is certainly a fancy for goats. I have kept goats of every known variety, from the sleepy and fertile Spaniard to the bold and sprightly Welshman, or the real chamois of the Alps. After all, I prefer these picturesque Angoras. They are the goats for the artist—every attitude is graceful; every line, from the beautifully-shaped head to the clean fetlocks and polished hoofs, is suggestive of sylvan solitudes and rocky heights. Of all the domestic creatures that associate with man in the conquest of the earth, the goat is certainly the most ancient and classical. The earliest records of civilisation mention goats and sheep as representatives of pastoral wealth, and the most cherished property of the simple nomad patriarch, whose flocks were his household gods, his daily and nightly care, and his whole support during his bold migrations over pathless wilds. His great anxiety was to find a succession of "fresh fields and pastures new;" and the sheep and goats were the real founders of the earliest states and dynasties. In the records of later ages the shepherd has ever a high place. And though in the old chivalric narratives the horse is the subject of many a splendid apostrophe, the domestic life of antiquity finds its truest utterance in the associations that attach to flocks and

herds; for the shepherd was always the predecessor of the husbandman or the builder of cities. The earliest and the latest pastoral equally derive freshness from the presence of the mountain goat. Longus, the first and most tender writer of pastorals, reaches his highest excellence where he paints the foundlings, Daphnis and Chloe, feeding their flocks together, and at the same time learning to love. Theocritus, the true cottage-poet of antiquity, gives us the most homely and rustic pictures ever sketched in pastoral verse; and in every group he places the goat in the foreground, to suggest the flowery hills and knolls of wild thyme, amongst which his shepherds breathe fragrant air in the tendance of their flocks. Horace, thoroughly proud of his garden, was too much of a parlor-poet, and too much addicted to the shadow of Mæcenas, to cultivate the truly rustic. But see what Virgil did in his highly-polished pastorals and the graphic Georgics in honour of the jaunty, self-willed, strong-limbed, but tameable and affectionate Capricornus; and when John Keats shook the dust of the grave from the inner life of Greece, and rekindled the flame on the altar of Pagan worship, the shadowy pomp of Hellenic mythology received its finest finishing touches in his hands through the help of the sheep, and goats, and bees, that bleated and buzzed in the brightest of his sublime pictures. Then the goat was intimately mixed up with the origin of the drama; for tragedy, which was at first called *tragædia*, or "the song of the cask," came to be known as *tragædia*, or "the song of the goat"—the cask of wine giving place to the higher prize of a goat in the public festivals.

#### A FEW WORDS ON RAISING PLANTS FROM CUTTINGS AND LAYERS.

BY GEORGE M. F. GLENNY, JUN.

THE cultivation of flowers is, without exception, of all amusements, the one most to be approved and selected, for several reasons; namely, that it is not only innocent in itself, but devoid of annoyance and injury to others; and what is of still more importance, the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but is the whole and sole cause of friendship and good-will; moreover, it is the promoter of intercourse and communication between one another. There can be no question as to the benefits arising therefrom, when we take into consideration the pleasures

that emanate from a close acquaintance with these floral beauties, which are as harmless as they are pure, as instructing as they are entertaining. In a word, each change for the better in their form, or size, or colour, is a triumph amongst those who devote much of their spare time to the improvement and comfort of the plants under their care; a result which, though in a way may be the fact of chance, is, in a great measure, the reward of untiring zeal, patience, and perseverance. To speak plainly, it is often the work of years to produce or raise a novelty, or to obtain a rarity; but still the very idea of our desiring or striving to do so is, so to speak, a plain proof that the work is a labour of love. It is a pastime which, in its various grades, shows no favour to one party in particular, but repays all persons in general, according to the exertions they bestow. Alike gracious are flowers to the wealthy and the needy; gems that abound with countless variety, endless enjoyment, and overflow with all that is worthy of our highest esteem; for who can say that they do not afford ample scope for unceasing excitement, as well as for honourable emulation? In our opinion there is not another pursuit so well calculated for both peasant and peer, in which the distinction may truly be said to be without a difference, or to use another term (when viewed side by side) trivial; for the cottager may enjoy and love the same beautiful rose, the same grand dahlia, the same innocent forget-me-not, the same fragrant mignonette, or, in fact, anything else in his rood of ground, equally with the squire who can boast of his imposing camellias, his costly exotics, his expensive forcing houses, and his many acres of land. For our own part we should say that the enjoyment experienced by the former class is, in nine cases out of every ten, far greater than the latter. Where can you find a surer and a stronger proof of a happy home within, than a well decorated window, or a more decided sign of comfort and industry without, than a neatly arranged garden? Again, can you point out a better way of employing a leisure hour than that which gardening affords? Echo answers, Nowhere! And why? Because it yields pleasure without an alloy, and the more we advance in the art, the greater is our thirst for fresh knowledge; more than which cannot be said of any other pastime, be it ever so innocent, ever so instructive, ever so engaging. However, as our aim is to teach rather than to deal with romance, we will at once direct your special attention to one or two matters of importance, such as

striking cuttings, making layers, &c., taking for our first subject—

**CUTTINGS.**—Some things will take root easily, requiring merely planting in the open air, while others will need great exactness, so far as preparation is concerned, and infinite care, until such time as they are well rooted. Geraniums, fuchsias, pansies, calceolarias, roses, wallflowers, and the like, are always cut with some of their leaves on, so that, should you at any time have a bouquet of flowers presented to you, there will be little difficulty in selecting a few pieces which, if prepared according to the following directions, will amply repay the trouble taken. That our directions may be better understood, we will illustrate the subject. As a rule (of which there is none without an exception), wherever there are leaves there are buds, and, as such, it would be utterly useless to attempt to strike anything that had not these qualifications to recommend it. To proceed with our lesson: a shoot or slip of a plant, Fig. 1, should

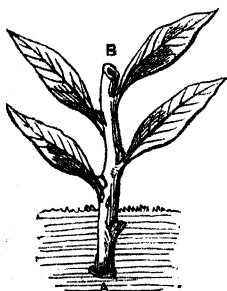


Fig. 1.

be prepared for striking, by cutting the bottom end neat and straight across the stem, close to the bottom of a leaf, as at A, and removing the uppermost portion, as at B, and, according as the leaves are close together or far distant from each other, should one, two, or more be removed, so that an inch at least of the stem may be buried or inserted in the soil, while double the length of stem with the leaves upon it be permitted to stand above ground. In removing the leaves, however, do not cut them off too close to the stem, or the result will be that the bud at the base of the said leaf will receive injury, and the object consequently defeated. As regards the pink, and such like subjects, it will be necessary to remove several leaves, while such plants as the rose and verberna will require one or

The

chief objection to having the leaves left on is, that the cuttings cannot be properly and neatly inserted in the soil. Presuming that you have prepared your cuttings, take an ordinary flower-pot, Fig. 2, and having

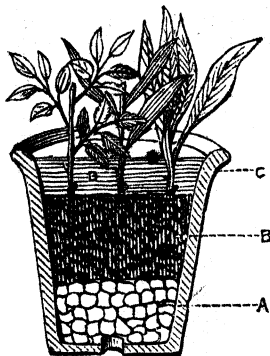


Fig. 2.

filled it one-third with broken crocks, for the purpose of insuring effective drainage, as at A, one-third, or rather better, of good, rich loam, as at B, and the remainder with silver sand, as at C, shake the same upon the bench or table, to settle the earth, and then level the surface. With a bell-glass or tumbler make a ring for the boundary, as it were, and with a piece of round stick make holes to the bottom of the silver sand, so that when the cuttings are dropped into these holes they may just touch the compost below, and no more, as at D. As soon as they are planted, give them a gentle watering, for the purpose of closing the sand about them, and the operation will be complete. Many plants will throw out roots in a few days, the sign of which may be known by their growing well, so that unless such is discernible they should never be removed. The pot may be put anywhere, provided air and light is at command, but should the sun be powerful it will be necessary to shade them. As we have said before, as soon as the cuttings begin to grow rapidly, there will be no question as to their having rooted strongly, when the ball of earth may be carefully turned out of the pot, divided so as not to injure the rooted plants, each one being planted singly in the open ground, or in a pot, according to circumstances, watered daily, and shaded, provided you consider it necessary so to do. Some things will strike readily in the open border; such, for instance,

as pennisas, geraniums, verbenas, sweet-williams, phloxes, heliotropes, petunias, wallflowers, &c., provided they are covered with a hand-glass and shaded. As in the case of striking in pots, they should be removed as soon as they are well rooted, for which purpose a trowel must be used, raising each one with the earth clinging to its roots, depositing them severally in holes made for them; and after closing the mould about their tender fibres carefully, water them well in, and they will take no harm. Our next subject will be—

**LAYERING:** a method of propagating that is mostly resorted to in the case of shrubs and shrubby plants generally. A layer is made by cutting with a sharp knife half through a branch, at a point near the origin of a leaf, and bending it down till the wounded part is covered with soil; it is afterwards secured by a peg, and kept continually moist. Plants of a shrubby habit, when treated in this manner, generally root in six or eight weeks; but in most cases it would be unsafe to remove them until sufficiently rooted, which takes a twelvemonth to accomplish. However, we will take for our illustration the carnation, Fig. 3, and describe, as briefly as

possible, the way in which it should be performed; viz., having removed the leaves from that part of the stem to be buried in the soil, as at A, and half an inch or so of the top of the shoots, as at B, with a knife, make an incision a short way below the most favourable joint within three inches of the top; this cut should pass half way through the stem, and then upwards nearly to the joint above, as at C; then bend the shoot down to the earth which has been loosened for the purpose, and there secure it with a hooked peg, as at D; after which cover it with some finely sifted compost an inch deep, and water, when the operation will be rendered complete. All ordinary layering is managed on the above principle, a layer being merely a cutting, not separated from the plant until it has produced or struck out roots enough to shift for itself. In the case of brittle plants it is not a bad plan to make the cut upon the upper instead of the lower side, for this reason; that when the shoot is bent down after the incision is made, the strain is upon the stem, which will then give a little without snapping; while, where the former method is adopted, the strain is entirely upon the wounded or flat side, and the consequence, as already stated, is unavoidable. Having said sufficient on this head, we will make a few remarks in reference to—

**RUSTIC BOXES, BASKETS, AND VASES, FOR COTTAGE WINDOWS AND GARDENS.**—For our own part we can imagine nothing so effective, yet so pretty and simple, and that would tend to alter the appearance of a cottage front, as a rustic vase for the centre of the

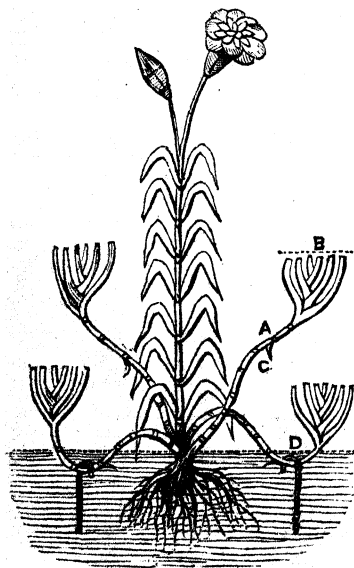
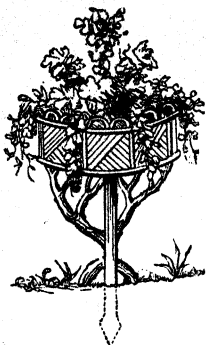


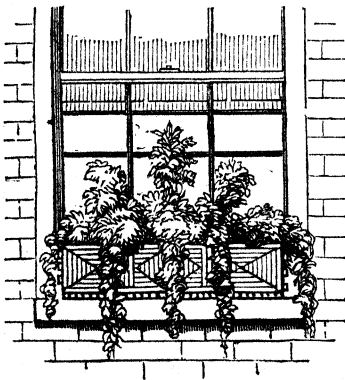
Fig. 3.



garden, or boxes and hanging baskets of a like description for the windows; and such being our idea upon the subject, we have taken the liberty of giving three designs, which



of course may be altered to suit the taste of our readers. These, when properly filled with fuchsias, geraniums, calceolarias, &c., in the centre, and plants of a drooping kind round the sides, give an appearance that only requires to be seen to be duly appreciated.



These several ornaments, as the illustrations will show, are of easy construction, being composed or fashioned entirely of rough pieces of wood, or, more correctly speaking, of branches with the bark on; such being the case, it only requires a little ingenuity, a little patience, and a little forethought, to build them, if we may so term it. As we have said before, if the shapes which we have given to explain our notions be not approved of, any other may be substituted to meet the fancy of the designer. The

shape fixed upon should be first of all formed of deal planking, and afterwards covered with the rough branches, which, being first cut in half, will present a flat side, which flat side may be tacked upon the shape just alluded to. Having accomplished your task, let the boxes, baskets, or vases be filled with a compost of three parts of good turfy loam, and one of thoroughly rotted manure, well mixed together, and then fill them with any of the following plants, namely: *for the centre*—Fuchsias, calceolarias, geraniums, cinerarias, China roses, petunias, or, indeed, any others of erect growth; while *for the sides*, mignonette, petunias, verbenas, Mimulus Moschatus, Lophospermum Scandens, Lophospermum Jacksonii, nasturtiums, Tropaeolum Canariensis, Nemophila Insignis, Murrianda Barclayana, &c., are subjects well adapted to the purpose.

#### MEMORANDA FOR MAY.

ASPARAGUS.—There are five things to be strictly observed in cultivating this much esteemed vegetable: *first*, to have the beds well drained; *secondly*, to manure them well with some good rich dung in the autumn; *thirdly*, to sprinkle the beds once a fortnight with liquid manure during the growing season; *fourthly*, never to cut later than the first week in June; and *fifthly*, not to cut down the seed stems until they have changed colour, or, in other words, turned yellow. Provided you attend to these and the following rules, you will have little occasion to exclaim, as many have done, "I cannot think how it is that I can never raise a crop worth cutting, while my neighbour, only two doors down, has the most delicious grass I ever tasted!" A bed for the purpose of growing this vegetable should be made up about the middle of April; but where you have been unable to do so, get it ready as early in May as possible. If your ground is composed of common loam, and has been carefully and effectually drained, nothing more will be required than to have the space trenched, and mix with the soil as much rich well-decomposed manure as you can possibly dig in; then, having got your bed or beds ready for the roots, plant two rows in each; let the rows be two feet apart, that is to say, stretch your line tightly, and, with a hoe, draw a drill on both sides of it sufficiently deep to allow of the roots being extended or spread out on each side of the ridge, which will be formed by drawing two drills thus close together. These roots may, and indeed should be evenly divided, when you will have nothing further to do than to cover them up with a rake, and proceed in the same manner with every other row. You should select such plants as have shoots two inches in length, which must be taken up with great care, and on no account be permitted to get dry before they are planted; and, if you desire to have good serviceable beds hereafter, do not cut any heads the first season, and few, if any, the next. The following summer they may have a slight dressing of salt, or a little guano, to increase growth, provided the weather is not too hot; in winter they should have their stems cut down

the weeds removed, and a good coating of manure forked in, to which may be added salt in the proportion of four ounces to every square yard; and in the spring the beds should be again forked over, the manure well broken up and mixed with the soil, and all the refuse of manure, weeds, &c., drawn off and forked into the alleys or trenches, that will not permit the surface to be made nice and level.

**BESTROOT.**—This is a root too well known to need much description; but, as it is a great favourite with all who appreciate a good salad, we feel that we cannot do better than give a few hints for its successful cultivation. This, like many, and indeed most plants, delights in a deep, light, open, and rich soil; and we have invariably found it judicious to dig the ground two spades deep for these deeply-rooted vegetables, and to turn in the whole of the manure which you desire to apply, with the lower spit, so that when you have finished digging the same will be buried a foot below the surface of the soil. The best time for sowing is about the second or third week in May, although an occasional crop may be sown for winter and spring demand in August. Sow in drills twelve inches apart, and half an inch deep, taking care to drop two or three seeds together. The bed, for convenience sake, should be four feet wide at the outside, otherwise it would only entail labour without any advantage arising therefrom. About the latter end of the present month, provided the plants have advanced sufficiently, cleanse them of weeds, and thin them out to eight or ten inches asunder. For performing this critical operation, a damp day should be selected, or otherwise it will be necessary to supply them with water, that they may not flag after having their roots disturbed. It will also be necessary to keep them clear of weeds throughout the summer, by hoeing and other means. The roots may be taken up in November for preserving or storing, or a few, if required for use, as early as October.

**MUSHROOMS.**—The beds for the cultivation of this delicious root should be made up about August, where you desire to have a winter supply, but otherwise the end of October will be quite time enough. When about to prepare one of these beds, get some good horse manure, free from litter, that has not been heated, and some sheep manure that has not laid long on the ground, in the proportion of four parts of the former to one of the latter. Mix the whole well together, and, if there be a large quantity of it, let it be turned daily for a week or so. As soon as the heat has so far subsided as to show signs of sweetness and regularity, the bed may be made up, which, if inside some building where artificial heat can be supplied, need not be more than fifteen inches thick; but, provided it be exposed to the influences of the weather, without the means of giving the required warmth, then we should advise additional thickness, as well as a more careful preparation of the materials, so as to ensure them from becoming over-heated, or what is quite as injurious to their wellbeing, chilled. It will be necessary to make the beds four feet wide at the base, and sloping to the back, where it should be at least three feet high; a piece of rotted turf, as well as spawn, should be thrown in here and there, after which a good beating will be requisite, and, finally, a moderately thick coating of maiden loam, from a meadow where these roots have been

known to thrive, should be spread over the whole surface. This coating would be better delayed for two or three days, so as to give you time to ascertain whether there is any danger of the bed becoming over-heated; for upon the principle that "enough is as good as a feast," it will only be requisite for it to heat a little. Water should be given very sparingly, it being merely necessary to keep the beds moist until the mushrooms begin to peep out of the ground. At the close of the season, when their productiveness begins to decline, a good supply of water will prove beneficial, but not until then. The temperature at which the bed should be kept is from 50 to 60 degrees, and a covering of straw should be spread over it the whole time it is bearing, regulating the thickness of the same according to the temperature of the said bed.

**BIENNIALS.**—The fittest time for sowing is about June, in an open aspect, upon moderately good soil, and as there is nothing gained, and frequently much lost, by sowing thick, we strongly advise our readers to spread the seed as thinly and evenly as possible, cover them very lightly, and water them very gently every day after sunset in hot weather. In July another bed should be prepared in an open quarter of the garden, to transplant them into when the time arrives, which will not be far distant, as they cannot well be removed too early, provided they are large enough to handle with safety, as early removal causes them to grow bushy, the chief beauty in plants of this or any other description; besides which, they will be less liable to receive injury from frost. The compost into which you transplant them will not require enriching by manure, but, provided it is of a heavy nature, a coating of sifted coal-ashes or quick-lime would prove of service. Plant them thinly, that they may have room to grow stocky, as it is far preferable to have twenty handsome plants than fifty ill-looking specimens. If these instructions be properly carried out, they will be shrubby and fit for removal to the places where they are to bloom the following year, about August.

**PERENNIALS.**—There is no better time for sowing seeds of all hardy varieties than from the middle to the end of May, as it will give you ample time to look after them till they are old enough to dispense with their nurse and look after themselves. When about to sow, dig up a spare border, rake the surface fine and level, give it a good soaking of water, and let it remain in this state till the following day, when it will be ready to receive the seeds. Sow as thin as possible, cover lightly, and there let them remain till they come up. These plants, when large enough to remove, may undergo precisely the same treatment as that recommended for biennials, and, therefore, will need no further comment.

#### THE GARDENER TO HIS FRIENDS.

We believe that there is much good sense and good feeling—in fact, we may say we know there is—on the part of those who make gardening their study, their hobby; and we are as fully convinced that no question, however difficult, if reasonably put and patiently looked for, will ever be denied; but, on the contrary, will be satisfactorily answered, provided the applicant will make known his or her requirements, by letter or otherwise, either to us at 41, Church-street, Chelsea, S.W., or to the

Gardener, care of the Editor, 122, Fleet-street, E.C., and therefore there is no reason why any one should go short of that which they stand in need of. The poet says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" but however good this may be, we maintain that the want of that little is worse by far, and particularly when it can be had for asking merely; and under this impression we earnestly desire that every one will make known their wants, and we promise faithfully to supply them, upon the principle that "man wants but little here below, nor needs that little long."

LOUISA J.—*The management of Plants in Windows*.—If you only knew with what pleasure we answer your kind and polite inquiry, you would no longer consider yourself troublesome. It is true we do not usually devote so much space to one correspondent; but how could we refuse to give you the information you seek, after what you have said? No, no; we should indeed be hard-hearted if we did. In the first place, never water the plants but when they actually require it—a fact which may soon be ascertained by simply feeling the soil with the finger, when, if it is moist, no water will be needed; but if dry, which will not happen oftener than every other day in autumn, once a week perhaps in winter, but daily in spring and summer, then water them thoroughly, upon the principle that "a thing worth doing is worth doing well." Secondly, never permit the plants to stand in water; that is to say, if saucers are used, take care to empty them as soon as the water has run through the pot. Thirdly, use rain or river water in preference to anything else; but if spring or pump water is all that you can command, let it stand in the open air for two or three days previous to using. Fourthly, let the rooms where the plants are be kept up to as regular a temperature as possible, and the flowers themselves as near the window as you conveniently can, provided the weather is mild; but in severe weather it is advisable to keep them in the centre of the room during the night. Fifthly, whenever an opportunity presents itself, give them as much fresh air as possible, either by removing them outside or throwing up the window as high as you can. Sixthly, shade them from sun in hot weather, otherwise it would cause those in bloom to throw off or drop their flowers. Lastly, examine them every now and then to see whether they are full of roots; and should you discover such to be the case, lose no time in shifting them into pots a size larger; but should the plants thus cramped be considered not worth the trouble, an additional supply of water will, to a certain extent, remedy the evil. It will also prove a great benefit to them to occasionally sprinkle a little water over their foliage, which will not only remove any dust, but freshen them up. If these rules are carefully attended to, you will have little cause to complain of your pets looking sickly, their buds falling, or their blooms dropping.

PETER RICHARDSON (WAKEFIELD).—*Cape Bulls*.—We know of no one more likely to procure the kinds you require than Mr. T. Bridgen, seedsman, &c., 52, King William-street, City, E.C., and we are convinced that whatever he sends out will be genuine, as well as moderate in price. With regard to the other question we can only say, Yes!

EMILY ANDREWS (MANCHESTER).—*Carter's Profits Raspberry*.—As respects this raspberry there can be but one opinion; namely, that it is a first-

class variety, and should have a prominent position in every garden. If we mistake not, Mr. T. Bridgen can supply you. The price at which it sells is 4s. per dozen, which clearly proves to my mind that the person offering this variety at 2s. 6d. per dozen, if not knowingly dishonest, is, to say the least of it, very indiscreet to send out a raspberry which is even now very scarce, and consequently could scarcely be bought, first hand, at the price. "Judge not, lest ye be judged," saith the Scriptures, and, as such, let us hope it was an error rather than design.

THOMAS CLARK, ESQ. (NEW ZEALAND).—*Genuine Seeds at Moderate Prices*.—Our packets of seed, to suit all classes, are still to be had, post free, for the undermentioned number of stamps; and, as this may be termed the harvest month for seed sowing, we can only exclaim, with the exhibitor, Be in time! Be in time!! Be in time!!! Twelve beautiful hardy annuals, 24 stamps; twelve pretty half-hardy annuals, 36 stamps; twelve choice tender annuals, 94 stamps; twelve handsome hardy biennials and perennials, 36 stamps; twelve different seeds, to suit very small growers, 24 stamps. This last packet we particularly recommend to amateurs, cottagers, and those wishing to present the industrious working man, or the persevering youth, with a few flower seeds, as a token of approbation with regard to their diligence and forethought.

ST. CLAIR.—*How to destroy Snails and Slugs*.—Salt and lime is, as you may imagine, a source of great annoyance to these intruders. A pinch of the former will very soon kill them, while a sprinkling of the latter, which they would not pass for a trifle, will keep them at a respectful distance. It is not an uncommon practice to sprinkle a little fresh lime over young crops, and, according to the old adage, "prevention is better than cure;" we should advise you to go and do likewise. It will, however, be necessary to repeat this operation two or three times a week, as after it has been on the ground for a little time, and become moist, it will lose all its properties, and the culprits would return and devour your plants with impunity. The above is one of the best remedies, and will beat all the hedgehogs, who, like many who do good, do a little harm also.

AMATEUR (BRIXTON).—*How to destroy the Cotton Blight in Apple Trees*.—Get some train oil, and with it anoint the balls of cotton, as they are termed. Each of these white balls will be found to contain a little insect, and if you drop a small portion of the oil on them it will have the effect of putting an end to their existence. It is a tedious operation, but as "everything that is worth doing is worth doing well," you should prefer trouble in preference to the nuisance. We never knew this remedy to fail, and as such have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers.

MISS LEE (PUTNEY).—*Creeper*.—These should never be allowed to get entangled before they are trained; but, on the contrary, all advancing flower-stems should be neatly nailed to the wall, or tied to the trellis; as, if this business is delayed too long, no amount of after care will compensate for or remedy the evil. "Train up a child in the way it should go, &c.," says the proverb; to which we reply, train up a plant in the proper manner, and at the right season, if you wish to see it thrive hereafter.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## RETROSPECTION.

Thoughts of the past with mingled feeling  
Often in the mind arise,  
Softly o'er the memory stealing,  
Bringing tears into the eyes.

Then we picture days of gladness,  
When we nought of sorrow knew,  
Giving way to hours of sadness,  
Bringing past scenes in review.

All the joys we once so cherish'd,  
Memory brings back in her train;  
Like a dream they, too, have perished—  
Oh! how few the same remain!

STEPHANIE.

## MORTALITY.

Off when in seasons lone  
The past before me rises,  
I start to find what crowds have gone  
Of those my ken comprises.

Alas! to me

Sad memory

A chronicler but seemeth

Of deaths which show

With how much woe

Each earthly circle teemeth.

Thus when in seasons lone

The past before me rises,

I start to find what crowds have gone

Of those my ken comprises.

AMOS.

## CENSURE.

THE eye that sees another's faults,  
Yet overlooks its own;  
The tongue that others' sins assaults  
Yet leaveth self's alone,  
Is as a dog, which when his form  
Doth in some mirror strike,  
His shallow sense will rave and storm,  
Unconscious whom 'tis like.  
For half the sins at which with zeal  
We level censure's stone,  
In substance, if not form, reveal  
Reflections of our own.

AMOS.

## THE DRUNKARD.

O God, how dire a wreck Thine image, Man,  
When thus dishonour on his brow we trace,  
Who, born to elevate Thy glorious plan,  
Thus lives a martyr to his own disgrace!  
With parched and feverish lips and blood-shot eyes  
Tottering he leaves his miserable bed.  
Tho' long the sun hath traversed o'er the skies,  
His children round him cry for lack of bread.  
And when death stops him in his mad career,  
What flow'rets may love place upon his grave—  
What text to claim the tributary tear?  
None—none, if such when dying he should grave.  
Drunkard, reflect, ere in perdition lost,  
How wretched is such, how vast the cost!

CHARLES MARSHALL.

## A VIEW OF THE CHRISTIAN BARD IN HIS STUDY, TAKING LEAVE OF THE OLD YEAR AND WELCOMING IN THE NEW.

BESIDE his dim and flickering lamp, alone,  
In silent meditation, sat the bard;  
Pale was his face, and in his bright eye shone  
What we for inspiration might regard;  
For he, employed in cogitations deep,  
Though 'twas the midnight hour, disdained to sleep;

So gross an act, though needful, would retard  
The loftier impulse glowing in his breast,  
To him more needful far than vulgar temporal rest.

'Twas the last hour of the departing year!—  
An hour with deep-toned influences fraught!  
And countless thoughts, inestimably dear,  
In quick succession to his mind were brought,  
Of bygone times and scenes, which, thus reviewed,

Thrilled his warm breast with love and gratitude

While he, with all a poet's ardour, sought

To pour to Heaven a tributary lay,

That had thus far led on his providential way.

A thousand instances did he recall

Of love, and mercy, and protective power,

Vouchsafed through life, undoubtedly, to all,

But to him chiefly in each trying hour;

For numerous snares escaped, or dangers fled;

For countless blessings heaped upon his head;

For creature comforts, an o'erwhelming shower;

His grateful soul beamed in his kindling eye,

And strains of fervent praise sublimed his minstrelsy!

Now, the last minute of the year's last hour

Approaching—see him, low on bended knees,

Meekly adoring that Omnipotent Power

Who, at one glance, our every action sees!

Observe his tears! List the impassioned tone

Of his thanksgiving for the year just gone!

Read in his looks these reminiscences

Of past enjoyments! That petition hear

That He who bless'd the past may bless the new-born year!

Not such their feelings who, with dance and song,

And wild exuberance of fitful mirth,

Year after year pass unimproved along

The stream of Time, regardless of its worth.

The gracious Source whence all their blessings flow,

The boundless debt of gratitude they owe

To the Supreme, low grovelling things of earth

Chase from their thoughts; nor do they oft, we fear,

Reflect how short Time is, Eternity how near!

Far happier hard! howe'er susceptible

Of grief, and apt the slightest wrong to feel,

Thou hast a never-failing charm—a spell—

A balm to fly to, every wound to heal—

A loved retreat to which from griefs to flee;

And at thy girdle hangs the master-key,

That can in Beauty's treasure-house reveal

Whate'er of love and grace to man is given

To make this earth become an antepast of heaven!

C. W. F.

## PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON VEGETABLE DIET.

If the world is indebted to the farmer and the agriculturist for raising the products of the land for the food of man, surely some gratitude is due to him who shows how food thus produced can be rendered most beneficial for the support and enjoyment of mankind. To support the largest number of persons on the smallest piece of ground is the object to be attained; and, in order to accomplish this desideratum, cookery must be brought to our aid, compelling each article to yield its strength. And I at the same time think that if proper attention were paid to the perfect cultivation and preparation of vegetables, much less demand would be made by the poorer classes for animal food. If we travel over the country, we feel surprised to find how small a portion of the ground is engaged in agriculture, and much smaller in horticulture. The consequence is that in England (excepting in large towns) scarcely any vegetables are to be obtained, and the needy are doomed to exist on bread and cheese, with a very small portion of animal food; while, on the other hand, the ground might be well stocked with cabbages, brocoli, and other vegetables.

It is customary in dietaries to show the estimate of the comparative degrees of nutriment contained in each article of food, by showing how much of the elements of nutrition they separately contain; and a conclusion is arrived at by ascertaining the quantity of starch, albumen, fibrine, &c., they may hold in their composition; or, still further, by the oxygen, carbon, iron, and other elementary substances of which they are composed. Such researches are vain; the amount of nutriment is not to be measured by such means. *It is to the organisation of the food we are to look, rather than to its crude particles.*

In the application of heat, great care is requisite, and in some cases a strong heat is less effective than a moderate one, as is the case with haricot beans, and even with potatoes. When too strong a heat is applied to the beans, they remain hard, though they boil; the reason being that the heat penetrates quicker than the water, and by roasting the interior prevents it from softening.

*The Value of Wheat and Oil.*—The most important vegetable, as generally estimated, is wheat; and considering that it not only forms the basis of bread, but also of pastry and other luxuries, it may hold the high rank it has obtained. Bread is generally spoiled in London by not being baked enough, under the erroneous idea of economy. It is then

unpalatable, and more sparingly used; but it is a poor way of lessening its consumption by deteriorating its quality. In country villages generally, the bread is better. Oil is an important article of vegetable diet, and is a good substitute for butter or fat. Pastry should be made with oil: it is as light as butter, and as rich; but it depends upon the skill of the operator. It requires a large quantity of oil. In order to make it light, it should be rolled out several times, and each time a little flour and oil spread upon it; and then, being doubled and very tightly rolled, so as not to adhere, each roll will produce one flake.

*Tea Cakes and Pound Cakes.*—Tea cakes should be made with oil, flour, and brown sugar, without water; and pound cakes in the same way, except that they are baked in deep pans, so that the interior of the cake is very soft. The general cause of failure is not using sufficient oil.

*Bread Puddings.*—A very good bread pudding is made by beating up bread and water and oil and sugar together, and boiling it in a basin, covered by a cloth, for an hour and a half (if it be a pint size), or it may be baked, and currants may be added.

*Plum Pudding.*—A very excellent plum pudding can be made in the same way, with the addition of chopped raisins, brandy, cinnamon, and lemon-peel chopped fine.

*Cheesecakes.*—Cheesecakes are made with potatoes, oil, sugar, and lemon, beaten up fine, put into an oil crust, and then baked.

*Custards.*—A capital custard is made of tapioca, sago, or arrowroot, beaten up in cold water to the thickness of treacle, and boiled for an hour, which thickens it: oil, sugar, and cinnamon being added, put into a deep dish, and bake until the top is browned to a crust.

*Rich Paste and Fruits.*—Rich paste may be made by blanched almonds pounded with sugar, which is of fine flavour, resembling rout-cake. Preserved fruits are well known: they should be preserved in bottles, *without* sugar, simply by boiling the bottles which contain them.

*Potatoes.*—Potatoes are, from their good qualities, as well as their cheapness, a most important article of diet; they are best when young, about June, and after some weeks they begin to change from waxy to mealy, at which time they are not good, but shortly become settled and mealy. Potatoes are considered nutritious although they be waxy, and thus glutinous. They should be put into cold water, and boiled slowly in the rind, to prevent the air from turning them rancid. After which they should be mashed with a wooden pestle, with oil and salt, and may either be thus eaten, or may be made up into patties, and fried in oil till brown. They then make a very rich dish.

*Brocoli and Cauliflower.*—Brocoli and cauliflower are among the best and most nutritive vegetables. Cauliflowers are best in the autumn; they should be simply boiled ten minutes in hot water, and skimmed, but should be divided and washed, before boiling, to avoid insects. When mashed with oil and salt, and spread on bread, it is an excellent substitute for butter. Young cabbages serve the same way. Greens should be used when young, and before they turn into a globe, and when the outside leaves are left.

*Turnip Tops.*—Turnip tops may be used similarly, and also spinach; they are both excellent.

In all these preparations care should be taken not to boil too long, in which case the vegetable becomes watery. When properly done, it may be known by removing the greens from the plate, and observing whether they leave the same clean green liquor on the dish, which is the criterion of their being done.

*Turnips* may be done the same way, but are not so good as the tops.

*Artichokes*.—Real artichokes are one of the best of vegetables, and may be done as above.

*Parsnips* are very good and substantial; they are best when young, in the autumn: they will be found very palatable when mashed up and fried in oil, like potatoes.

*Green Peas* stand pre-eminent, but are often spoiled; first, by being gathered either before or after their becoming mature; and, secondly, in the boiling, as the essence of the peas is wasted in the water. They should always be steamed, or stewed, and then their flavour is delicious, and, if gathered long before used, should be watered in their pods.

*Broad Beans* are not much inferior to peas. They should be used when their eyes begin to change colour, and are improved by being skinned, and stewed with oil without water, after having been boiled previously.

*Mushrooms* are well known as a superior and useful vegetable; they resemble meat in flavour, and are stewed without water, adding black pepper and salt; the thin flat ones are the best, but they should be broken, in case of maggots or maggot-holes.

*French and Scarlet Beans, etc.*, are singularly nutritious; they should be used before the seeds are grown, and should be stewed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, for a short time, after having been boiled. The beans, when dried, form a principal item of food. A pennyworth of *Haricot Beans* are enough to make a rich plate of soup, and dressed cold, with oil and vinegar, pepper and salt, are excellent. *Split Peas* are good the same way. Very good soups can be made with *vegetables* alone; celery or lettuce are principal ingredients; parsley, carrots, and parsnips are added; and the whole should be stewed two hours, taking care not to make the liquor thin by too much water.

Another excellent vegetable is the onion. They should first be boiled, and then stirred with oil, without water, after which they may be browned before the fire. Jerusalem artichokes and beetroot are not equal to the vegetables just treated upon, but they are also good. Cucumbers form a nice dish when stewed, and balls made of bread, oil, and parsley added, to render the whole substantial. Rice is in high esteem, but it is seldom cooked properly; it should be first soaked for a day, and then slowly stewed till quite soft. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate form important articles of diet. Tea and coffee have generally received an ill name as to their effect upon the nerves, but without reason. Coffee ought merely to be soaked, not boiled; cocoa and chocolate should never be bought at grocers, but of the manufacturer, and asked for pure, otherwise it is adulterated.

## CHESS EPISODES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many conjectures which have been hazarded, the origin of the game of chess is unknown, though it is certain that it is of very remote antiquity, and more than probable that it first made its appearance in Asia. John de Vigney wrote a work which he called "The Moralization of Chess," in which he assures us that the game was invented by a philosopher named Xerxes, in the reign of Evil Mero-dach, King of Babylon, and was made known to that monarch in order to engage his attention and correct his manners. "There are three reasons," says De Vigney, "which induced the philosopher to institute this new pastime: the first, to reclaim a wicked king; the second, to prevent idleness; the third, practically to demonstrate the nature and necessity of nobleness." He then adds, "The game of chess passed from Chaldaea into Greece, and thence diffused itself all over Europe." The Arabians and Saracens, who are said to be admirable players at chess, have new-modelled the story of De Vigney, and adapted it to their own country, changing the name of the philosopher from Xerxes to Sisa.

Though it is not known when the game of chess was first brought into this country, yet there is good reason to suppose it was well known here at least a century before the Conquest, and that it was then a favourite pastime with persons of the highest rank. Mr. Singer thinks that the game was unknown in Europe previous to the crusades, and that it did not reach us before the twelfth century.

The game is one of extraordinary complication and difficulty. It has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals; and some have even supposed that it was necessary for a military man to be a perfect master of it. The interest which it excites is such as usually to engross the attention of those who engage in it, to the exclusion of all other objects, even of the most pressing moment. We read that Tamerlane, who was a great chess-player, was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner. It is also related of Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar at the time when Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigour that it was on the point of being carried by assault. Dr. Hyde quotes an Arabic history of the Saracens, in which

the Khalif is said to have cried out when warned of his danger, "Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kutthar!"

Daniel relates that Prince Henry, the youngest son of the Conqueror, afterwards Henry the First, who, with his brother Robert, went to the court of the French king, after dinner won so much money of Louis, the king's eldest son, at chess, that the latter lost his temper, and reproaching him with the base birth of his father, threw the chess-men in his face. Henry took up the chess-board, and struck Louis with such force, that he drew blood.

We are told that Charles the First was at chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued his game with the utmost composure; so that no person could have known that the letter he received had given him information of anything remarkable.

The following remarkable anecdote we have from Dr. Robertson, in his history of Charles V. John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles, was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow-prisoner. After a short pause, and making some reflections on the irregularity and injustice of the emperor's proceedings, he turned to his antagonist, whom he challenged to finish the game. He played with his usual ingenuity and attention; and having beat Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction that is commonly felt on gaining such victories. He was not, however, put to death, but set at liberty after five years' confinement.

In the Chronicle of the Moorish kings of Granada we find it related, that in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continued round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful, and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he dispatched an officer to the fort of Salobrena, to put his brother Juzaf to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The Alcaide found the prince playing at chess with an *alfaque*, or piddet. Juzaf begged hard for two hours' respite; which was denied him; at last, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finish the game; but before it was finished, a messenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Juzaf to the crown.

## THE ORPHAN COMFORTED.\*

SAD and still sits little Mary,  
On the mossy churchyard wall,  
With the dying leaves around her  
Dropping from the elm-tree tall.

Why so sad sits little Mary,  
With her gentle cheek so pale?  
Ah! the crape-folds on her bonnet  
Tell, alas! a mournful tale!

On the new-made grave beneath her,  
Oft she drops the scalding tear!  
There in solemn sleep are lying  
Father kind and mother dear!

Oh! that mother's loving glances!  
Never will she meet them more!  
Never bound to greet her father,  
Hastening home—day's labour o'er.

Effie's coming up the meadow!  
Rosy Effie, robed in white,  
Flinging crimson sorrel blossoms  
At her nurse with wild delight.

When she reaches little Mary,  
Why does Effie laugh no more?  
Ah! she sees the lonely orphan  
Has been weeping very sore.

Not a word she speaks in passing,  
But she often looks behind,  
Watching Mary's poor black tippet  
Flapping in the autumn wind.

Effie reaches home in silence,  
Thinking of that child forlorn;  
And mamma inquires, with wonder,  
Where her merry smiles are gone?

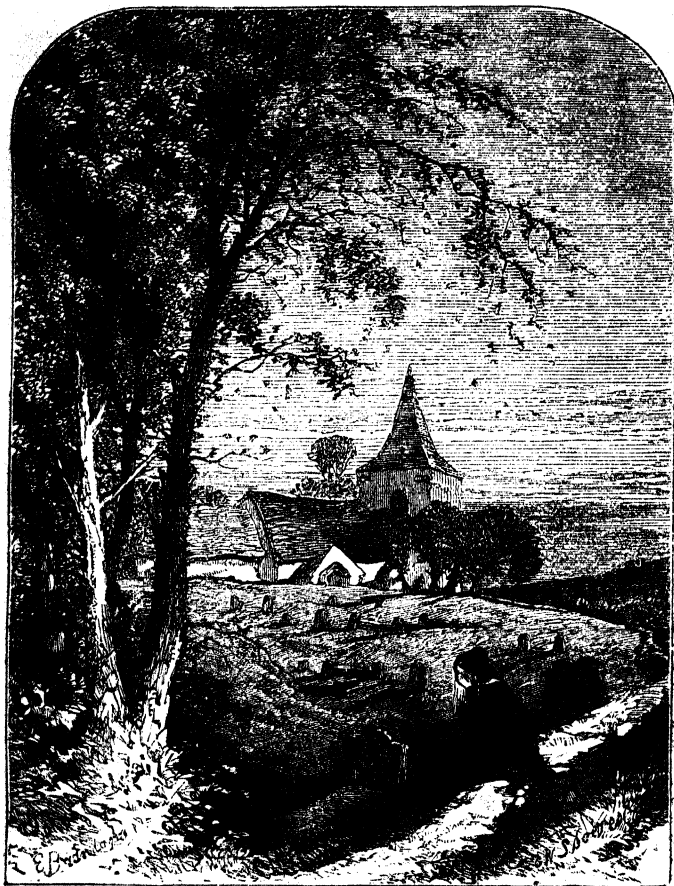
Then with bursting tears she answers,  
"Mary Robins sits to cry,  
By the new grave in the churchyard  
Where her poor dead parents lie.

"Oh, mamma! let little Mary  
Sometimes come and play with me;  
Help me weed my pretty garden,  
Swing me 'neath the chesnut tree."

Good mamma with kindness promised  
She should on the morrow come;  
And at early morning, Effie  
Fetched her to her happy home.

To the new grave in the churchyard,  
Effie would with Mary go,  
Bearing clustering roots of snow-drops  
That would in the spring-time blow.

\* Children's books are plentiful enough, but good ones are scarce. "Jottings for Juveniles," by Josephine, the little volume we extract this pleasing poem from, cannot fail to awaken in the child whose privilege it is to possess it, the best feelings and affections. It is earnest in purpose, pure in spirit, and deeply interesting.—Published by Houlston and Wright, 65, FETTER-MARKET-LANE. Price 2s. 6d.



LITTLE MARY IN THE CHURCHYARD.

And when Spring's sweet face came  
 smiling,  
 Truly on that mound were seen  
 Full a hundred pure white blossoms,  
 Trembling 'mid their leaves of green.

And the little girls would watch them,  
 Sitting on the mossy wall,  
 With the tender leaves above them  
 Shooting from the elm-tree tall.

They would sit and talk together  
 Of that day with deep delight,  
 When the dead should rise in beauty,  
 Like the snow-drops, clothed in white.

And the grateful thanks of Mary  
 To the orphan's Friend would rise,  
 Who had dried her tears when weeping  
 Dear ones passed into the skies.



PLAYGROUND HAPPINESS.

### MORAL MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

IMPORTANT as are the responsibilities of a mother in regard to the physical training and care of her offspring, what is expected from her in their moral management is ten-fold more so. On the earliest dawn of intelligence, on the first glimpse of something beyond mere instinct, this training should commence.

"To rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing heart"—

both mothers and fathers should study diligently to accomplish, that children who should be our blessings become not torments to society.

The moral care of children is the most sacred duty that can devolve on woman—one of the highest trusts committed to her care.

On this subject we submit a few valuable hints. According as they are more or less followed, so will she find the value of them in the present and future welfare of her little ones. To quote the nursery motto, "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Never allow an evil habit or action in children to be passed over uncorrected; if so it will be repeated, under the mistaken impression that it is pleasing.

In judicious correction, courage and perseverance are alike requisite. The child should never be allowed in this contention to gain a victory. Crying is the defensive weapon of a child, and if this resistance is successful, by the yielding of the nurse or mother, she will often find difficulty in regaining her lost dominion.

Irritation and anger should be corrected in the bud; they are the modes by which the accumulated excitement of children is relieved.

Undue severity towards children is highly injudicious: they should be ruled by love and not by fear. If harshness and severity be adopted the child will become reserved and deceptive. Nor should the opposite error of over-indulgence be cultivated. To this mistake may be traced much of the accumulated misery of after life.

Children are readily perceptible of feelings of *jealousy*. Therefore allow no marked preference to be shown. Such error is the common source of envy and hatred in a family.

In the regulation of study, the peculiarity of character and disposition, and the extent of capacity, must be studied. Generally speaking, children should first be taught to exercise their bodily senses by observing objects, by listening to sounds, by noticing the smell of flowers.

Those who teach young children should speak to them properly, not lisping or using silly words, for they can understand sense better than nonsense.

Children should be uniformly taught to practise obedience, truthfulness, justice, and kindness, and good examples should be constantly set before them.

The practice of frightening little children, in order to make them quiet, has, in some cases, resulted in convulsions and death. Relating ghost stories and other frightful tales to them has frequently exercised an injurious influence for life. At the same time remember that children love stories, and delight to have them told again and again. Always give them a moral turn of character.

Set before your children examples of cleanliness, order, punctuality, honesty, and politeness, and proper care of manner.

Inculcate in your children a love of gardening, natural history, and wholesome pastime. Teach them to observe forms, sizes, weights, colours, and number.

Accustom children to find their own amusement. It is the most unprofitable slavery to be constantly finding amusement for them. Encourage construction, and furnish the materials, leaving ingenuity to work.

It is most important that, as soon as they can read, their books should be judiciously chosen for them; for it should be borne in mind, that bad books are more plentiful than good ones. We cannot be too emphatic in warning parents to watch well the books that come into their children's hands. It is a high duty to stimulate and encourage in the young a love of good reading. It should not be too exclusive in its subjects—but all subjects should be made subservient to the moral culture of the young student.

But, ABOVE ALL THINGS—teach the children to love and reverence their Creator, and obey His laws. Their morning and evening prayers—their daily grace—their worship in His tabernacles—their keeping holy His Sabbath—let none of these things be neglected. Then, whether at home or abroad—in the schoolroom, in the workshop, or engaged in their sports upon some village green—you will find them grow up blessings to yourselves and honoured members of society.

## OUR FIRST AND LAST CONTINENTAL EXPERIENCES.

THE "Haute Ville" at Boulogne proved worthy of its high recommendation: excellent apartments, in a fine situation, and on wonderfully moderate terms, were soon obtainable; and even Blanche (my wife) confessed that our tiresome little acquaintance of the steam-packet had rendered us essential service. But for his advice, we should have surrendered ourselves to the tender mercies of the English quarter—the "Basse Ville," and have been as comfortably cheated as the generality of our countrymen. We seemed in a nest of *Bonapartes*! On the landing, outside our sitting-room, a full-length portrait of Napoleon I. appeared to challenge us grimly, as we passed and repassed him; while inside, the heads of his Emperresses in loving proximity, the "Little King" in various martial attitudes, and brothers and sisters of the Emperor innumerable, adorned the walls of our apartment. The three young ladies of the household rejected in the respective titles of Pauline, Josephine, and Hortense; but further than that association did not carry us. "Madame Mère\*" had certainly no counterpart in the full-blown mistress of our establishment. So portly a figure, so loud a voice, so astounding a *patois*, it has seldom been my privilege to encounter. Her daily salutation, "Bon jour, Musse-w-w-w." "Bon jour, Mademoi-z-a-l-e," now rings in my ears, and affects the purity of my pronunciation! The husband, one of the National Guard, was a meek man, of dejected aspect, evidently in fear of the tongue. However, on the whole, we liked them all, and by dint of forgetting what a moment of rash curiosity had revealed to us, in the shape of a French kitchen, we managed to make ourselves extremely comfortable, until . . . Oh, Mademoiselle Hortense, why did you not leave us to our own devices? We were doing our duty in an exemplary manner as visitors to Boulogne-sur-Mer. The fortifications, "ramparts," and old castle of the Haute Ville, had been duly inspected and approved of: we had visited the Musée, and confessed that, putting out of the question its miserable collection of paintings, it had more claims on public interest than can generally be boasted by museums in provincial towns; and we had gazed with peculiar lenity and complacency upon a

\* The title by which Napoleon ordinarily addressed his mother.

medal exhibited there, which was *rather* prematurely struck by Napoleon, in 1804, and which bears this inscription:—"Déscente en Angleterre!" "Frappé à Londres!!" Another testimony to the like benevolent intentions was offered to our notice in the shape of the "Colonne Napoléon," which, as is well known, was begun by the Grand Army, designed to annihilate the glory of England, as a tribute to their Emperor and leader; the first stone being laid by Marshal Soult. Indeed, the shores of Boulogne are peculiarly rich in memorials of that wonderful ambition which towered to such lofty heights, and was doomed to sink so low. On the same eminence from which Napoleon Buonaparte wistfully surveyed our coast, stand the poor remains of "La Tour d'ordre," recognised as the handiwork of that amiable Roman (Caligula), who, eighteen hundred years before the existence of the French Emperor, had formed similar gracious designs on our island; and whose projects ended, not in smoke but in shell (not bomb-shell either!)—the "spoils of the ocean" being thence forwarded by him to his admiring senate at home. We interchanged various sage and philosophical reflections upon these bygone events, which made up in soundness what they wanted in originality or force. Another time I pointed out to Blanche the spot where a celebrated French author ended his days—"Rue du Château," if I remember right. But as she told me, in confidence, that she never could remember whether it was Gil Blas that wrote Le Sage, or Le Sage that wrote Gil Blas! little enthusiasm was excited on the occasion. But I must not dwell longer on our doings as sight-seers in Boulogne—nor tell how little we admired the ugly old cathedral—nor how much we marvelled at the queer little "sœurs gris," perambulating the streets in their tight grey flannel costume—how sorely our brains were bothered over the "centimes," and the "demi-franc," and the "demi-sous"—or how we puzzled them further in vain endeavours to elude encounters with our talkative travelling friend Dr. Bridgeman. Suffice to say, we spent a fortnight in great ease and satisfaction; and should have quitted Boulogne serene in spirit and unembarrassed in pocket, when, one unlucky morning, Blanche inquired of our hostess if any remarkable chateau or park was on view within an easy distance of the town. Miss Hortense was present when the question was propounded, and forthwith the floodgates of her eloquence

seemed to be unlocked. Yes, by her account, a mansion within an easy drive from Boulogne, and which, in default of its right name, I shall call the "Château Noir," was possessed of every natural or artificial charm that could be brought to bear upon a princely residence. To leave Boulogne without seeing it, would be an injustice alike to ourselves, to the neighbourhood, and to France in general! When I learned (through my interpreter Blanche) the real distance, I said at once, "Too far," and gave up the idea. Not so Mademoiselle; she had her own little point to carry, and carry it she did—the result was, that, in an evil hour, I consented to visit this Château Noir, to hire a vehicle for the day, and to invite the ladies Hortense, Pauline, and Josephine, to join the party.

"So three doors off the chaise drew up, that they might all get in:  
Six precious souls, and all agog to dash through thick and thin."

Well, our numbers did not quite vie with John Gilpin's; but there were five of us, radiant with expectation of a day's enjoyment. I had hinted that a driver might prove an acquisition, as I was ignorant of the manners and customs of French quadrupeds; but as there was no possible room for such an accessory, and further, as Miss Hortense undertook to say the French for "Gee up!" and "Wo!" I yielded to the laws of necessity and took the reins. Afterwards it was ascertained that the day fixed for our excursion was marked as the hottest that was known during a remarkably hot summer (my wife particularly requests me not to mention the year; but it was before the Exhibition of '51). However, it was yet early when we left Boulogne behind us, and we were determined to enjoy ourselves. So we began by admiring the scenery, which was rather ugly—wanting the hedges and many charms of English landscape—and said, "how fortunate we were in our animal!"

When we had got about five miles from Boulogne, the evil-disposed brute fell down. Now, I affirm positively—and Blanche upholds the assertion—that my driving was not in fault; for I was holding up his head right gallantly, when the vicious impulse to which he yielded came across him. The beginning of trouble! For now the gait at which that unpleasant beast proceeded said plainly that alike humane and politic motives dictated our returning the way we came. In vain, however, was such a course suggested to our companions, and on we staggered—a sorry spectacle. According



to our guides, we were due at the chateau somewhere about noon; so that when the meridian sun began grievously to mar our complexions, we looked about for traces—at least of the woods, the “Bois de C—y,” by which it was surrounded—none such appeared; and Miss Hortense began to look at fault. However, we were nearing a village, and she concluded that it must be the village de C—y, the woods and castle lying behind it. “Village M—; Chateau Noir,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles off: come very far, indeed, out of our way!” Refreshing intelligence—very—under the circumstances; but it was of no use to snub poor Blanche, or to scowl furtively at the beguiling French lady: refreshment and rest for man and beast were first to be thought of, and then our future plans. A little consultation showed us that we should not now gain much by returning. So far had we meandered from the right track, that to proceed to the chateau, and, after another rest, get proper information as to the direct route, seemed our best, or rather, our least desperate course, and on that we decided. At the auberge our bill of fare was moderate, and such we hoped would prove our bill of expenses—when, after allowing the maimed wretch in the stable time to recruit himself, we demanded a settlement. Judge, therefore, of our dismay and indignation when the landlord came down with a charge sufficient to have maintained us all (steed inclusive) two days at least. I raved, ranted, stormed at him, but in vain; appealed (*via* the spokeswoman) to a sense of his honour and honesty; and when that proved ineffectual, came out strong in, I think, my first French sentence, which I here submit to the admiration of the reader:—“Monsieur!” I began, and at every word I raised my voice—“si vous ne change pas votre prix. J’allerai à la consul Britanique!” Our host’s face remained unaltered, as likewise did his bill; but the landlady evidently imagined that so horrible a jargon must mean something alarming; for she spoke earnestly to her husband, though apparently without success.

Kind public, pity us! The sun was glaring, when we quitted the auberge and its dishonest landlord, with a force more frequently experienced in the sunny land of France than in our damp island. We were heavy in heart, reduced in purse, fearful in mind, and altogether lowered in our own estimation. One pleasant feature in our case seemed the impossibility of learning the exact direction in which this remarkable chateau was situated.

Between the ignorance of some whom we encountered, and the barbarous dialect of others—which, strange as it may seem, was such as to baffle our guides themselves—we could glean but little information; so we jogged on slowly, but not surely, hoping the best, but feeling very unprepared, indeed, for the worst. At last a direction was given which seemed sufficiently explicit: “Turn to your right, down a narrow lane, and keep straight on.” To the right, accordingly, we turned, and kept straight on for so long a time, that some one with a philosophical bias suggested we must have found out that identical “*long lane* which knows no turning!” To allay our misgivings, Mademoiselle Pauline marched up to a cottage-garden, and held converse with a woman who was staring at us over the fence. Her face, as she came back, struck terror to our hearts. “What *is* the matter?” (in French, of course, from Blanche). “Only that we have missed the turning, and must retrace about three hundred yards. This is nothing but a *cul-de-sac*.” Go back three hundred yards! Just as feasible to drive up the bank and over the stone wall surmounting it, as even to attempt turning a four-wheeled chaise in such a compass; while to back the vehicle seemed nearly as impracticable, from the deep ruts and rugged surface of the ground we were traversing. Oh, miserable mortals! The French girls began to laugh; Blanche seemed ready to cry; I looked wise, and shook my head, thoughtfully, over our embarrassments. At length a bright idea struck me: we all alighted. One lady was stationed at each side, to guide the wheels; two more behind, to drag the carriage back; I went to the horse’s head, and these were my directions: “When I give the signal ‘*A present!*’ pull hard, while I back the horse. Be careful to keep time, or we shall come to grief.” And so began—(reader, do not laugh, but feel for a respectable English couple in such a situation!)—a series of spasmodic jerks and clutches, which eventually resulted in our deliverance. “*A present!* Bravo! a good half-yard gained that time! mind the rut! *A present!* What noise was that?” “Oh, ma robe!” cries poor Hortense. “My dress—you have torn it to pieces!” “Never mind the dress. *A present!* A long pull, and a strong.” “Oh, wait! wait!” cried Blanche; “my foot is being crushed. Oh, dear!” “Never mind the foot; it ought to know its place. *A present!*” So we went on—

I bawling the watchword till it came out in a sort of hoarse croak scarcely recognisable, and jerking the unfortunate animal, who must have thought us all gone mad together; the ladies tugging and pulling till, with fatigue and heat, they were all ready to sink; and at last, in something more than an hour from the first jerk, succeeded in *snatching* ourselves back to the turning we had missed before—the state of hands, faces, clothes, and general disposition being such as I should rather not dwell upon. And now I pass rapidly over the remainder of our route to the castle; for it was no phantom: we did reach it at last. Enough, that it carried us over a hill, the recollection of which is feverish in its tendency; that it plunged us (and this confession I would gladly omit, but conscience is all-powerful) into a *ploughed field*, over which we rattled gallantly, before the scared workers at the other end found breath enough to give us chase; and that about the time we had fondly expected to turn our faces homewards—that is, about six in the evening—the walls of the Chateau Noir loomed gloomily before our view. The French girls were game to the last—ready to explore the castle, gardens, park—anything that might come uppermost; but Blanche and I were done-up in mind and body, and *very cross* to boot. A cup of tea was the one desideratum; only let us have tea, and then—Alas! alas! we had forgotten. “England, with all thy faults!” we longed for thee and thy tea-caddy. That odious *café au lait* (very good stuff for such as like it), and that still more execrable *eau sucrée*, were the only beverages obtainable in this time of need. It is true Blanche had partaken of one cup of tea (so called) in France: she never asked for another. But a still more urgent want remained to be satisfied. The lame, tortured animal, now dozing over his feed, could never carry us to Boulogne. Another horse was indispensable: another horse was not, on any consideration, to be obtained. Now, whether there really was not an available quadruped in the village—which appears incredible—or whether the plight of our present steed spoke volumes to all horse-owners, I dare not determine. The result, as far as we were concerned, was alike distressing. I must mention here that one man, whom we found at the auberge, but apparently not connected with it, showed the most lively interest on our behalf, accompanying me to various establishments; and doing all in his power to aid our search; but to no pur-

pose—we could not get a horse. “Blanche,” said I, as we sat ruefully looking at each other in the little parlour, “this has been so pleasant a day that I think we must try another excursion before we leave Boulogne.” “Oh, Mark,” she answered, pettishly; “how can you talk in that way? Think of that poor horse; and think what we shall have to pay for him to-morrow!” But there was no use in thinking of either. It was long past nine before we left De C—y; and the sky, which had been painfully serene, was now covered with ominous-looking ugly clouds. Our road, for a considerable distance, lay through the woods of C—y; there was no moon, and the night was as dark as you could reasonably expect a Midsummer night to prove. We got on in tolerable comfort for a time, counting the heavy drops as they slowly descended, when—before we had proceeded many paces through the wood—our horse stood still. Nor would he move again! I shook the reins, abused him, called him by the most endearing epithets. Miss Hortense reasoned with him in his native language, but all in vain. Then I got out, patted him, and walking on a yard or two, the poor wretch slowly followed. I got in again, and again he stopped; in short, it soon became too evident that, to avoid a night in the woods, I must, on foot, conduct our party to their place of refuge. And now it was quite dark, save when a vivid flash of lightning lit up the heavy mass of foliage all around us. The French *gaieté de cœur* had vanished, and the native superstition began to show itself. That the horse had not stopped without a cause, was evident to our sagacious guides, and the whispered “Ah écoutez!” “Oh il voit quelque chose!” had something amusing in it even then; but the rain was coming down in torrents, and both horse and man were nearly spent. There is a point, it is said, at which the mind grows callous, and at such, I think, I must have arrived, when, with a sudden misgiving, I felt for my purse, and found—nothing. I was quite resigned: I did, indeed, go through the form of asking Blanche if she had got it; but before her answer in the negative, had remembered our affectionate acquaintance at De C—y, and ascribed my loss to him. The first piece of good fortune attending that wretched excursion was reserved for the last act of the drama. As the church clocks rung one, our carriage passed under the stone archway belonging to the gate of the town—and there we halted, thankful enough for this temporary shelter.

The bill of damages sent in next morning may be conjectured by the experienced wayfarer; it was a great imposition—but I had no spirit to allude even to *la consul Britannique*; and could only offer a mild suggestion that the horse must have been a very bad one. "Sir," was the stern rejoinder, "had it been a good horse, you would have killed him!"

Our Continental experiences were nearly over. It is true we had meditated a wider range, and Blanche, who seemed to labour under an impression that, once on the Continent, special locality was of trifling import, had contemplated great things in the way of foreign courts and cities, which all ended in our starting for St. Omer in that lively and felicitous sort of conveyance, the Diligence! We found a good deal to interest us in a place designated, and not without reason, as "a very dull town," but the cathedral, with its many beautiful chapels, invited a close inspection, and the sound of the church clock alone would have repaid the trouble of a visit. I shall never forget the impression made by the ticking of that clock, as, standing in the lonely aisle, when the day was closing, we listened with something like awe, to what resembled the heavy tread of many footsteps. I cannot now recall the stroke of the clock; but, if at all in proportion, it must have been tremendous. I think we should have prolonged our stay in this town, sacred to the memory of the last of "Les rois fameux," and our own old Thomas à Becket, but for the unexpected and unwished-for arrival of our loquacious friend, Dr. Bridgeman. This little gentleman had, from the first, devoted himself to us, with an ardour we could neither admire nor reciprocate; and his advent now was the signal for us to depart. We left without even seeing the memorable field of Agincourt. If poor Queen Mary really "bore upon her heart" the lost town of Calais, she certainly carried about as uninteresting an impress as could be desired. Not to go quite so far as the ancient traveller who designates it "a beggarly, extorting town, monstrous dear and sluttish!" it assuredly has wonderfully little that can excite either pleasure or admiration. I, however, have pleasant associations with Calais, and for this reason:—The packet was to sail in two hours. Blanche, always late, was complaining that she "could not get in to her carpet-bag!" when I was told by the garçon that a poor English woman wanted to speak to me. In great amazement I recognised another fellow passenger in the

Boulogne steamer—one to whom both Blanche and I had spoken, and, learning that, after many hindrances, she was about to join her husband in his own country, we had assisted, to some trifling amount. She appeared in great agitation, exclaiming, "Oh, sir, what a chase you have led me! but it's safe at last." She then gave me a small parcel directed to "Mr. Mark Seeley, or the lady," and requested that I would not look into it till on board the steam-packet; then she was gone as fast as possible. On opening it, the first agreeable spectacle was *my purse*—the friend with whom I had parted, apparently for ever; the next was my money. I could not be exact to a few shillings; but, to the best of my recollection, it was as it left me. Then came the following epistle:—

ONARD SIRR,—

Yure good disposition to a lonesome feemail, as not been without its reckumpeuse. When i tel you that him as did the dede is nere and dere to me you will forgive him for the saik of yures to command.]

ELLEN—other name best not none.

One word more, and I have done with our "experiences." Several years after, when conversing with my brother on the subject, I said to him, "By the way, did I ever mention that the tiresome little Dr. Bridgeman claimed an intimate acquaintance with you at Chester."

"Ah, poor Bridgeman," said my brother, "his was a melancholy history!"

"He made *us* melancholy with his interminable tongue," was my reply; "but what of him?"

"Do you remember," said Philip, "the name of R—, figuring in the papers some years ago?"

"To be sure; he committed forgery and made himself scarce, didn't he?"

"Yes; he was Dr. Bridgeman's son, under a feigned name! When you met the father, he was seeking for him, having reason to think that he was hiding in France. It was a dreadful blow to him."

"Where is Dr. Bridgeman now?" I inquired energetically.

"Oh, dead long ago."

What was the loss of my purse to the loss of that opportunity? A few kindly expressions, a little show of sympathy, how much might have been done unconsciously to soothe the troubled spirit of our unfortunate companion! I think, whenever Blanche or I have since felt *bored* by any one, either at home or on our travels, we have thought about poor Dr. Bridgeman, and been much more gentle and tolerant in consequence.

## THE BROKEN SHIP.

## A TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

It is not at all pleasant to be scolded and punished for doing wrong, yet if boys and girls were not corrected they would often grow careless about their faults; they would not try to amend them, and the faults would grow into such strong habits, that when they grew up into men and women they would be like chains about them. So parents who are good and really kind to their children always point out to them their errors, and punish them for wrong-doing. Sometimes children think, when they are thus punished, "Ah! I cannot help being naughty. If I were in any other house, or had any other papa or mamma, or nurse, or governess, I am sure I should be good." They do not like to think themselves in the wrong; and so, instead of becoming a little better and wiser every day, they go from bad to worse.

I will tell you a story of a little boy who thought as you do, and you will see it was not the place he was in, nor the people he was with, that wanted changing, but his own conduct.

This little boy's name was William. He had no mother to teach him what was right, and to punish him when he was naughty, and his father was out nearly all day; so William and his little brother, Frank, were left to the care of a servant and of his sister, who was growing up into a young woman.

I should be sorry to tell my young readers of all the bad behaviour William used to show when his father was out, but his chief fault was his temper, and this he used to display nearly every day to his little brother Frank, who was of a very mild and gentle disposition, and who used to do all he could to please his elder brother, but often in vain. And then William would get so angry, that, if his sister or nurse were not near, he would strike, and even kick, poor little Frank. And so troublesome did William become, that no peace was to be had except when he was at school, where he went for a few hours every day; and there this same temper was always getting him into trouble. He would quarrel with the boys, and be sulky to his master, who, of course, did not let such conduct pass without punishment. All this time he was very unhappy. At school the boys did not like him; no one wanted to be with him in the play-ground, and they would not give him any help with his lessons.

At home it was as bad. He always dreaded his papa's return, for fear his sister or nurse should complain of him; and sometimes he had bad head-aches, when he always felt dull, as he was so cross that no one liked to stay with him.

This went on for some time, when one day an aunt came to see them. She was very fond of children, and talked a great deal to William, and told him many interesting things, so that he forgot to be tiresome; and when he was going to bed he thought, "What a happy day I have had! I wish I could always be with aunt; I know I should never get cross then; I am sure I should be good with her."

That night William's father told his sister of his troubles with his sons, how sorry he was to leave them so much with the servant, and how troublesome William was. "I wish," he said, "you could have them with you for a year or two, for they need firm treatment, and if they do not have it now, they will be ruined." After a long consultation, it was agreed that William and Frank should return with their aunt, and they were highly delighted with the thought. "I am so glad!" William said. "I shall never get into trouble with aunt, I know."

Well, the next week the two little boys accompanied their aunt to her home in the country, and for some time all seemed to go on well. William was pleased with the change, and as his aunt kept him constantly employed, he had not so much time to annoy little Frank; but after a week or two had passed away, his old bad habits began to resume their power over him, and he began by teasing Frank of a morning in their bedroom, and then quarreling with him in their play-hours; but he tried to keep this from his aunt, and this was the more easy because Frank was so kind he could not bear to grieve his brother, and never told tales about him.

But there is this text: "Be sure your sin will find you out;" and so William found it, and he found too, as all will find who do wrong wilfully, that sin brings its own punishment, even in this world.

It happened one day that a poor sailor came to the door, with a beautiful vessel, already rigged and fit for sailing, a perfect model of a yacht. William was much pleased with it, and wanted his aunt to buy it for him. "Oh, do, aunt!" he said; "it is only five shillings. I will take such care of it. I can sail it on the river I saw when I took that long walk with uncle the other day; and I could learn to draw it

and I might make another like it. Oh, do buy it, dear aunt!"

His aunt thought five shillings too much to give for a plaything, but as the man was very poor, and had a sick wife and child at home, she consented, telling William she hoped it would give him pleasure, and that he must be careful with it; and then when he went home he could show it to his papa and sister.

William promised, and seemed quite delighted with his treasure. He took it upstairs into his bedroom, after showing it to his uncle, who promised, the first fine day he could spare time, he would take him to sail it. One day, about a week after this, William got up very cross; he had a hard lesson, and he knew his aunt would ask for it as soon as they had finished breakfast. Instead of getting to his task, he went into the study and began to torment Frank. They had been playing cricket the evening before, and had left their bat and stumps on the table. William, not knowing his aunt was near, took up one of the stumps, and was just striking Frank with it, when his aunt entered, and saw at once how things were. "William," she said, "take those playthings into your room, and if you cannot behave better, stay there till you can."

William gathered the stumps together, and walked upstairs. He felt cross with Frank, with his aunt, and everybody he could think of, and he felt, too, that he should like to punish them. His eye fell upon his beautiful little ship, but instead of thinking of his aunt's kindness in buying it for him, he thought, "How vexed aunt would be to see my ship broken; I should like to vex her; she ought not to have sent me up here. I will break it." So, taking out his strong penknife, which his kind papa had given him before he left home, he set to work and cut and broke the little ship in pieces. It did not take him long—evil is soon done; and then he sat down on the floor and looked at the mischief he had done; and oh, how miserable he felt! His little ship that he had been so proud of—where was it now?—what would his aunt say? and then his papa—would he be told about it? How he wished he had not done it! Then he began to make excuses for himself. It was all through Frank. His aunt, too, ought not to have sent him upstairs. Then he remembered she had not told him to stay there; he was to stay till he could behave better. Should he go down? No; he felt ashamed to see his aunt; he

would wait till she called him. He sat and waited, and then walked up and down the room. What a long morning it seemed! At last some one came and called him to dinner. William walked slowly down and took his seat at the table without speaking. Presently his aunt said, "William, why did you stay in your room all the morning? Could you not feel kindly to Frank?"

"Yes, aunt, but—"

"Were you ashamed to come down?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Well, I hope I shall not have to send you there again. Try and be kind to Frank. He is younger and weaker than you. It is wrong to fight at all, but it is cowardly in the extreme to strike one so much smaller than yourself. I hope you will not do it again, for while you are with me I cannot suffer Frank to be ill-used, and I am sure, when you reflect, you will see how wrong it is for an elder brother to strike a younger."

After dinner William set to to his lesson, and as he could learn well enough when he paid attention, his task was soon finished. Just as he was putting his books away his uncle came in.

"William," said he, "I can take you this afternoon to sail your vessel; get ready, and if you go to your aunt she will have a little basket packed with cake and other good things, that we may have our tea by the river side. Be quick, and come to me at the office."

Poor William, what could he do? How should he tell his uncle that he had destroyed the ship? How miserably ashamed of his morning's conduct he now felt! He walked slowly up to his room, and stood looking at the fragments of wood, &c., that littered the floor. He heard his aunt calling him; he did not answer, but wished he could hide himself quite out of her sight. Then he heard her coming along the passage to his room; his heart beat, and he stood trembling before her as she said, "Why, William, I have been in the hall calling you; your uncle is tired of waiting; but what is all this?" looking at the pieces. "How came this?—how did it happen?" She stooped and picked them up. "Why, it has been cut. Who did it?—do you know?" No answer. "Come, William," she said, "why cannot you speak? surely you did not do it."

William burst into bitter weeping. "Yes, aunt, I did; I was so cross when you sent me here this morning, I cut my little ship all up, because you gave it me, and now I

cannot sail it. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"William, I cannot tell you how grieved I am on your account; how dangerous is your state! Whatever will happen to you, if you live to be a man, if, now you are so young, you give way to such a temper? Unchanged, this evil will grow with your growth, and I dread to think of the result. Stay here while I go and tell your uncle why you are not ready to accompany him, and then I must return and talk with you."

After a short absence William's aunt returned; she found him still weeping, but with a sullen look on his face, which showed, however he might regret the punishment his fault had brought on him, he felt no sorrow for the fault itself.

"William," said his aunt, "do you know what it is that gives you so much trouble?"

"No, aunt."

"It is sin—your temper. You remember reading about Cain. His conduct was much like yours."

"Oh, aunt, I am sure I would not kill my brother."

"What feeling had you in your heart to him this morning? Was it not hatred? Love would not lead you to raise your hand against him. You were irritable and peevish, and when I would not allow you to strike Frank, you turned your anger against me as Cain turned his against God. Oh, my dear boy, if you want to be happy, you must watch against the first rising of this anger, and pray for the meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"But I cannot help my temper, aunt. Nurse used to say everybody had a temper."

"My dear, if everyone had a bad fever, and there was a remedy for it, would you suffer for years when you might have a cure?"

"No, aunt; I wish I had my temper cured; I am always unhappy. I was always getting into trouble at home. I thought I should never get angry here. I was not the first week or two."

"At first everything was new to you, and I must say I had reason to hope I should see little of that temper of which I have heard so much from your sister and nurse; but if you could do well for a few days, why not learn to do so always? You see how sinful this is, how much trouble it gives your friends, and how much sorrow it causes yourself, yet you make no real effort to check it."

"Oh, aunt, I will try and improve; but

I am so soon angry, and then I feel as if I could do anything."

"Yes, and this feeling leads to murder. The angry thought indulged, and then the blow that deprives of life. And this temper grows stronger every time that it is indulged. If from this time you will earnestly strive against it, and daily seek help from above, you will improve, and in time gain a complete victory, but this watch must be constant. You have allowed this habit to grow, and you must not suppose that a day or a week's trying will be sufficient to overcome it. Sometimes you will meet with greater provocation, then you will need greater watchfulness, more grace to conquer; and your Father in heaven, who loves you, will give you this grace, if you but earnestly ask Him."

"I cannot let this morning's conduct pass without punishment, and I trust it will help to strengthen your good resolves to strive against this sin, and remind you of the unhappiness its indulgence has brought upon you. I shall therefore wish you to spend the rest of the afternoon in your room. Pick up all the pieces of the broken ship and lay them on the table, and I shall let them be there, and deprive you of your knife for a month, and I hope in that time I shall see such marked improvement that I shall be able to remove the pieces from your sight and restore your knife, knowing that it will not again be used for such an improper purpose."

William remained alone, and now better thoughts were in his mind. He saw in looking back that he had always been unhappy, let him be with whom he might, that it was not the people he was with, but his own heart, that needed changing; and then he knelt down and asked God to forgive him all his past angry temper, and to help him in the future to be kind and gentle.

The next morning, when he awoke, the broken pieces reminded him of his sin of yesterday, and before he went down he again asked God to help him; and though he was ashamed to meet his uncle at the breakfast table, and feared he would talk to him about his sin, yet he felt he deserved reproof, and was willing to submit.

His uncle, however, saw that he was humbled, and knowing that his aunt had taken great pains to teach him the right way to avoid such sorrow for the future, he did not refer to it.

Days passed on, and William, though often on the point of breaking out, had suffered too keenly easily to forget. He

daily prayed for grace to resist temptation, and although it was very hard at first to check the angry word, yet by prayer and perseverance it became easier, and before a year was out, there was a marked improvement. The pieces of the broken vessel were removed, and the knife restored; and William learned at that time such a useful lesson, that he never now gives way to angry temper, and his papa and sister are now looking forward for the time when, his education being finished, he will be always with them, and learn to assist his papa in his office, which would have been impossible if he had not sought a remedy for temper that rendered himself and all about him truly unhappy.

I hope, if any of my little readers are troubled with William's complaint, they too will seek and find a cure.

FLORENCE.

## CHAPTERS FOR BOYS.

### RABBITS.

THE present article will be about rabbits, those pretty little creatures, of which most boys are so fond, and which afford them useful occupation. We are going to give them some useful information respecting the best methods of breeding, rearing, and managing rabbits in general; and our remarks may probably prove useful to older persons, who may think it worth while to take the pains of paying attention to this useful and profitable species of live stock.

Almost every boy in the course of his life takes a fancy to rabbit-keeping, and yet scarcely one boy have we met with who knows how to treat the animals properly. Many rabbits, we are sorry to say, have been starved by neglect (not wilfully, perhaps), poisoned with filth or foul air, or otherwise destroyed by injurious treatment; while, on the other hand, many are killed with kindness, by supplying them with an over-abundance of certain kinds of food improper for them. We now wish to point out these things, and to give judicious practical directions for the management of rabbits.

**RABBIT HOUSE.**—The first and most important matter is to have a good dry house or shed, in which the animals can be well protected from damp weather. Too much moisture is as fatal to rabbits as it is to sheep; it gives them the rot. Dampness may be all very well for fishes, but is not good for men, women, and children, nor yet for horses, cows, pigs, poultry, bees, or

rabbits; these all thrive better and are preserved from many diseases by being protected from it.

But though you keep out the wet from your rabbit-house, you must not at the same time exclude fresh air; for rabbits can no more be in health without *fresh air* than human beings. Remember what has been said to you on this subject of ventilation; it is sheer folly to suppose that any living creature can be maintained in health and vigour without an ample supply of that "balm of life," FRESH AIR. Disease and death are the natural consequences of a vitiated atmosphere.

Many writers, and among them Howitt, in that delightful work for boys, "The Boy's Country Book," advise that rabbits should not be kept in hutches, but in little houses, so constructed that they may have protection from the weather, and at the same time enjoy their liberty and amuse themselves. This house may be built about four or five feet square, as may be convenient, with a roof formed to carry off the rain. The floor should be boarded or paved, to prevent the rabbits from burrowing, and have hay or straw laid on it. Some boxes must be provided, placed on the floor with the open side downwards, and with holes at the side for the rabbits to go in or out. Sliding doors to these boxes are convenient to shut in the rabbits when necessary.

In the front of the house there should be a little court or yard railed off, into which the rabbits may be allowed to run when the weather is dry; and here they will sport and enjoy themselves, and give you opportunities of observing their pretty antics.

But this house will only do for *young* rabbits, or until they are about five months old; after that age they would begin to tear each other to pieces, if left together; all the pleasure you had in witnessing their former harmony and happiness would be gone; the bucks would fight dreadfully, and the litters the does might have would be destroyed, so that it is necessary that breeding does should be kept in hutches, and the bucks be separated from one another. But we nevertheless advise that young rabbits should be allowed to have their liberty in such a house, as they will be far more healthy, and will grow much better, than when they are cooped up in hutches, where they have no room to exercise their limbs. Rabbits of any age, from the time they are taken from the doe up to five months old, may be introduced among the *happy family* in the house; they will be received with cordiality, and will skip and caper about

with pleasure, just as boys may do who live in peace and love with their companions.

**HUTCHES.**—The hutches should be made as large as convenient, that the rabbits may not be cramped for want of exercise; those for breeding does must have a partition, so as to form two apartments, one for feeding, the other as a bed. Single hutches, that is, with one room only, will do for rabbits or for bucks to be kept in. The door of the feeding apartment should have wires in it, but that of the bed-place must be of wood, as the doe likes darkness and concealment when she has her litter. It is well to have a sliding board to divide the two compartments, and to shut out the rabbits when the hutch is to be cleaned, as it is very inconvenient to do this with the rabbits running about. The floors of the hutches should be quite smooth, that the wet may run off, and, in order to facilitate this, a small slit or opening in the floor at the back of the hutch should be made, and the hutch itself be put sloping, a little higher at front than at the back, for when rabbits have much green food there is a considerable quantity of moisture which requires to be drained off, that the creatures may be kept dry and clean; and if proper means be taken to receive this into a drain, it forms a very valuable liquid manure.

The hutches may be arranged one above the other around the house to any convenient height, only it must be observed that each row of hutches should project at the back beyond that under it, in order that the wet may not run down into the hutch beneath. If a trough be placed on the floor behind the hutches, it will serve to carry off the liquid manure into some convenient receptacle.

**FEEDING TROUGHS** are usually made in the form of a long open box, but this is inconvenient in many respects, as the young rabbits get in and spoil the food, and the older ones scratch out much of it, tread it under foot, and waste it. A better plan is to have a swinging board in front, the cost of which is soon made up by the food saved. The rabbits, when they take their food, push this board inwards with their forehead, and when the head is withdrawn the board flaps back against the front of the trough. Some persons have a lid to the trough, which the rabbit soon learns to lift, and which shuts down again of itself as soon as the head is taken out of the way.

There are many KINDS OF RABBITS, varying in size, form, colour, length of legs or fur, and position of the ears, but the races have been so continuously intermixed and

varied by breeding, that it is a difficult task to point out any distinct kind as preferable. The smallest and short-legged variety, of the colour of the wild rabbit, appears to be the hardest. Boys generally prize LOP-EARS, though they are scarcely so pretty in appearance as the common kind. There is the *single* or *double* lop, according as one only, or both ears are dropped. SMUTS, too, are favourites, either *single* or *double*. The smut is a black spot on the side of the rabbit's nose, and a spot on each side constitutes the double smut. Some of these are very beautiful creatures, having a white silvery fur, with rich, glossy, black spots, and they are generally large-sized rabbits.

**FOOD.**—This is an important matter. Rabbits eat a very great quantity; you must not think that because they are little animals they require only a little food; they want much more than you do, in proportion to their size; and to give them proper kinds of food, in sufficient quantity and at a low expense, constitutes the chief question as regards their profit. How often do we hear it said, and how generally true is the saying, "Oh! my rabbits never pay—they eat their heads off," &c.; meaning that the expense of the food consumed more than counterbalances the advantage gained. Now, this arises from want of knowledge. For the greater part of the year rabbits may be kept almost entirely upon food procured from the fields or garden. Although green food is naturally the food of rabbits, yet because, when injudiciously supplied, it scours and gives them the rot, it is erroneously supposed that it must be almost entirely withheld. It is true that if it be given to them in a wet state after rain, if it consist of one kind of vegetable only, or if it be of a watery kind, a bad effect takes place; but when the green food is given in sufficient variety, and with a small supply of good dry hay or oats daily, there is not the least fear in giving an unlimited quantity.

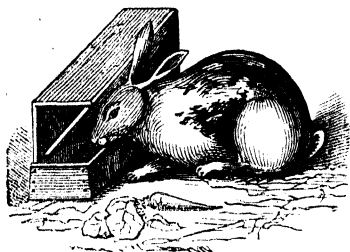
We fed our own rabbits during the past summer entirely on green food for several weeks. This principally consisted of carrot and parsnip tops, strawberry leaves, French-bean pods in their unripe state, lettuces, groundsel, and other plants. Cabbage we use as little as possible; the rabbits do not much like it, and it is not very good for them.

We will now give a list of many of the vegetables that are good food for rabbits. All through the summer there will be an ample supply from the garden and hedges. Dandelion, groundsel, sow-thistle, dock-



leaves, peas-haulm, lettuce; strawberry, raspberry, and currant leaves; carrot, parsnip, potato, and horseradish tops; all kinds of grasses, celery, French beans in the pod, vine dressing, apple parings, &c. But we need not further enumerate, when there is scarcely any vegetable which rabbits will not eat; but before all other things they prefer parsley, carrot-tops, French beans, bath-leaves, stalks, and pods.

As soon as the peas and kidney-beans have done bearing, let them be pulled up and given to the rabbits, together with all the pods not wanted for use. In the autumn, when green food becomes scarcer, we give them the waste scarlet-runner stalks, of which they are very fond; also the leaves which now fall in abundance from the apple and other trees; and when the garden supplies fail, there is generally plenty of marsh-mallows, docks, ground-ivy, and grasses from the hedges, to form an abundance of green food for some time longer.



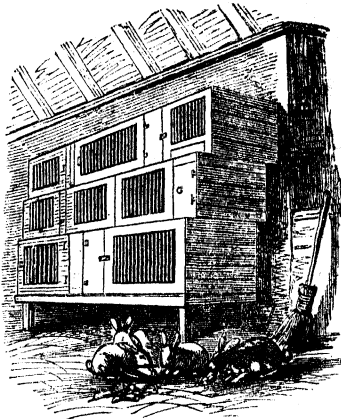
In the winter, carrots, parsnips, swede and common turnips, together with brewer's grains mixed with toppings or pollard, supply the lack of fresh vegetables. We never use grains in the summer, because they so soon turn sour and mouldy, and much better food can then be obtained.

We must not omit to tell you that rabbits like the young bark of trees; for this reason we supply ours in the winter with small branches and twigs, which they either strip or entirely consume. We throw to the young ones the prunings of vines, currant, apple, and other trees, except such as laurel and evergreens, said to be poisonous. Nibbling these twigs is excellent amusement for rabbits, and beside keeping them in health, serves as a portion of their food.

Here, then, we have shown that there is no need for starving rabbits when there is such an abundant variety of food suitable for them, and at all times to be procured.

One writer observes that when rabbits die, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, *starvation* is the malady; and particularly short-feeding the doe while and before she had young ones.

**FEEDING.**—It is best to feed rabbits three, or even four times a day, because, when they are fed only twice during that time, a larger quantity of food must be given at each feeding, which is too often wasted. Rabbits appear to relish their food best when given in small quantities, and you will soon learn how much to give at each time you feed, so as to avoid waste, and yet for the rabbits to have enough. The does must be well kept, as we have just said, both before and after they have young ones, or it is useless to expect their produce to be vigorous and healthy. A doe with a litter will eat twice as much as at other times, and must be

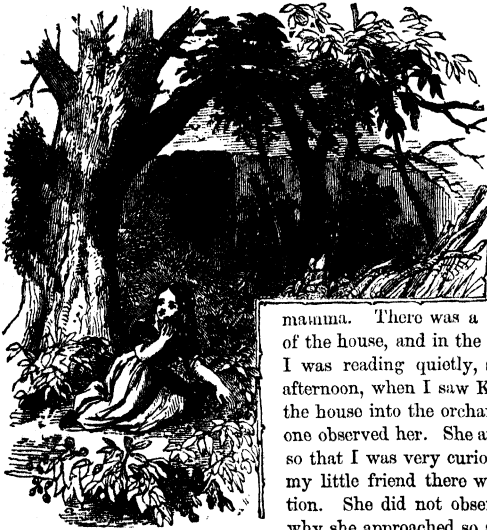


liberally supplied with green food, and carrots and parsnips, raw or boiled, as well as with oats and hay. A few days both before and after *kitting*, every evening we give to our does a few table-spoonsful of gruel, made either with flour or oatmeal, and we find this a good practice, as the animal appears to suffer a good deal from thirst about that period; care must be taken not to give this while it is hot, nor is it necessary to give much when there is an abundance of green meat. A little cold water or milk may be given instead of the gruel; we have never found it to hurt any of our rabbits.

In our next article we shall give practical instructions on their diseases and general treatment.

SKETCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

No. 2.—“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”



My little friend, Kate, knows well the words,—“Lead us not into temptation,” and that they mean “*Leve* us not in temptation.” She repeats that prayer very often; but, I am sorry to say, is too apt to forget it just when temptation comes. Perhaps that is the case with *you*, my dear young readers.

I was on a visit to her mamma. There was a delightful orchard at the back of the house, and in the orchard was a strawberry bed. I was reading quietly, sitting on a bank, one bright afternoon, when I saw Kate come creeping along from the house into the orchard, looking about to see if any one observed her. She appeared flushed and frightened, so that I was very curious to know what could bring my little friend there with so much secrecy and caution. She did not observe me, and I soon found out why she approached so slyly.

Behind the broad old apple-tree,  
Half hidden in the strawberry bed,  
On the ground sits Kate alone,  
Eating strawberries ripe and red.

They grow beneath the spreading leaves;  
The tempting fruit is fair to see:  
Kate heeds not how Mamma she grieves,  
Such a joyful feast has she.

Yet little Kate has not forgot  
To touch the fruit she is forbid,  
And she promised she would not:  
Thinks she, by the leaves she's hid?

Leaves cannot hide the child from God,  
Nor from conscience—hark! it tells  
You've deserved the chastening rod,  
Hence with fear your bosom swells.

Love and conscience urge you now;  
Go and tell Mamma the truth;  
She will keep no frowning brow,  
For the contrite heart of youth.

She will pardon; she will speak  
Mildly of temptation's power;  
Show thee how one sin may break  
The peace of many a future hour.

Kate did *not* tell her mamma, and again and again, during the following week, I watched her at the strawberry bed, from which, when her appetite was satisfied, she

stole away like a little guilty thing. And every time she went there, I could see that she grew bolder in her disobedience, until, at last, she was suspected and questioned. Then came another temptation—to tell a lie to hide her fault. “I did *not* eat the strawberries,” said Kate; but she was neither used to disobedience nor to falsehood, and the guilty struggle overcame her feelings—she became extremely excited and agitated, and her mamma, alarmed and grieved, soothed her in her arms, and thought of sending for the doctor. But I took the child, and carried her to another room. I spoke to her firmly. “Kate,” said I, “are you happy? You are not: and why not? Tell me the truth—you have deceived your dear mamma.”

“I am afraid to tell her,” pouted the little girl, with vehement grief. “She told me not to touch the fruit without leave. I said I would not.”

“And you have: I know it. I have *seen* you. But if you had confessed your fault the *first* time you disobeyed, you would have found the task much easier, you would not have told a lie, and you would

have been spared much pain, child. This is the history of all temptation. It leads us from bad to worse. We cannot stop at one fault—a single act of disobedience is sure to lead to another, and another, and falsehood *always* follows. Then, how dreadful to think that lying lips are an abomination to the Great Being who is our Father and Judge.”

“I will never disobey mamma again,” pleaded Kate, “but the strawberries looked so nice.”

“Remember, dear, not to go again in the way of temptation, if you can avoid it. Had you not gone to the strawberry bed, you would not have seen how nice they looked. You should have avoided the orchard when you felt inclined to take the forbidden fruit: it was too late to stop yourself when the tempting strawberries were close to your hands. Turn away your feet always from the path that leads to the pitfalls of error if you would not fall into them.”

“I thought I would only look at the strawberries, and not touch them at all.”

“But when you looked on them, they were too tempting for you: never forget this lesson.”

All was confessed to Katie's mamma that night; and when the penitent child lay down to sleep, her weeping parent knelt beside her, and repeated with her, I cannot tell you how earnestly, “Lead us not into temptation.”

I have visited Katie's mother several times since the trial of the strawberries, and I think Katie's early and painful experience of the power and the danger of temptation works good results. Whenever she is inclined to do anything wrong, she tries to avoid the opportunity, and is quick to confess a fault, and to be sorry for it, before it tempts her further.

And she and you will find that, from infancy to old age, we need to learn nothing so much as to *fear* temptation.

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.—As life approaches extinction, insensibility supervenes—a numbness and disposition to repose, which does not admit of the idea of suffering. Even in those cases where activity of mind remains to the last, and where nervous sensibility would seem to continue, it is surprising how often there has been observed a happy state of feeling on the approach of death. Montaigne, in one of his essays, describes an incident which left him so senseless he was taken up for dead. On being restored, however, he says, “I thought my life hung only upon my lips, and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out, and took pleasure in languishing and letting go.”

## INFANT TREATMENT.

### NO. II.—FOOD AND DRINK.

THE wisest maxim in treating infants is to follow the simple dictates of nature; yet some people give them wine, spirits, spices, sugar, and many things that the stomach of many a grown-upman or woman would reject. The first milk a baby can squeeze from his mother's breast is medicine and nourishment for him, and if she is too ill to bestow it, it would be more safe to let him sleep three or four hours to wait her recovery than to give him any aliment. If he seems to crave it, mix two tea-spoonful of milk, warm from the cow, with four tea-spoonful of soft boiled water, and give him half a tea-spoonful at a time, a little warm, observing that his mouth cannot bear much heat; at all times the utmost care will be necessary, to avoid hurting his gums when feeding him. His food should be cooled by little and little in a saucer, and it should be given to him in a small spoon, only half filled, which will save his clothes from being dirtied, and keep his bosom dry. Let him swallow one little portion before another is offered, and raise his head that it may pass the gullet easily. Never entice nor press him to take more, if he once refuses it. He knows best when he has had enough, and if he exceeds by teasing, it may perhaps disorder his stomach, or train him to gluttony. By forcing his appetite he will be deprived of calm sleep, which is as necessary for his growth as food. As soon as he can have his mother's milk no other sustenance will be wanting, if she is a good nurse. If there should be the least doubt of her having milk enough, the child may have cow's milk mixed with two-thirds of soft boiled water presented to his lips very frequently; but he should never be urged to accept it. If the mother cannot suckle the child, get a wholesome, cheerful woman, with young milk, who has been used to tend young children. After the first six months, broths and innocent foods of any kind may do as well as living wholly upon milk. It is improper and pernicious to keep infants continually at the breast, and would be less hurtful, nay, even judicious, to let them cry for a few nights, rather than to fill them incessantly with milk, which readily turns sour on the stomach, weakens the digestive organs, obstructs the mesenteric glands, and ultimately generates scrofula and rickets. In the latter part of the first year pure water may be occasionally given; and if this cannot be procured, a light and well-fermented table-beer might be substituted. Those parents who accustom their children to drink water only bestow on them a benefit, the value and importance of which will be sensibly felt through life. Many children, however, acquire a habit of drinking during their meals: it would be more conducive to digestion if they were accustomed to drink only after having made a meal. This useful rule is too often neglected: it is certain that inundations of the stomach during the mastication and maceration of food not only vitiate digestion, but may be attended with other bad consequences. Cold drink, likewise, when brought in contact with the teeth previously heated, may easily occasion cracks or chinks in these useful bones, and pave the way for their carious dissolution.

## WILD FLOWERS.

**A SMART LAD.**—A few years ago a little fellow was taken by his father to a carpenter to be bound apprentice to him, after the fashion of those times. In settling the business, the master, who was one of the stiff kind, said, "Well, boy, I suppose you can eat most anything, can't you? I always make my boys live on what they don't like." "Then I love everything but mince-pie and apple-pie!" was the boy's instant reply.

**RETURNING ENERGY.**—Dr. Kitchiner, to show how the strength of man may be diminished by indulging indolence, mentions the following ludicrous fact:—"Meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to my inquiry after his health, he replied, 'Why, better—better, thank ye; I think I begin to feel some symptoms of a little British energy. Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, that I actually put on one of my stockings by myself.'"

**AN IRISH METAPHOR.**—The following metaphor, employed by the redoubtable Dr. Cahill in acknowledging an address from a few admirers, is commended to the special notice of artists:—"It is natural you should make a pleasing mistake in painting me, as it is your *heart*, and not your *head*, that holds the pencil."

**THAT algebra needs a long head is well known;**

But it need not occasion the hearer surprise,  
For the thought of a moment must lead us to own  
That the "x's" are very near friends to the  
"y's" (wise).

We overheard once the following dialogue between an alderman and an Irish shoplifter:—"What's gone of your husband, woman?" "What's gone of him, yer honour? Faith, and he's gone dead." "Ah! pray what did he die of?" "Die of, yer honour; He died of a Friday."

**THE EXTREMITY OF LAZINESS.**—The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in signing his name, he simply used the letter J., and then punched a hole through the paper!

An Irishman being asked which was the oldest, he or his brother, said, "I am the eldest; but if Teddy lives three years longer, we shall then be both of an age."

## THE PUN CONSOLATORY.

Five guineas for a haunch, O shame!

Oh, what expensive cheer!

Yet here is nothing new to blame,

Venison is always—*deer*.

**A CHARITY SERMON.**—"I fear," said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake."

A man advertises for "a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine;" and adds that "it will be found profitable to the *undertaker*." No doubt of it.

"If I knew a country," said some one, "where they did not die, I would go *and close my days there*!"

## CULTIVATED FLOWERS.

**ON THE IRREVERENT USE OF THE BIBLE.**—The introduction of God's Holy Word, when accompanied by a light and trifling remark, is a palpable abuse of its sacred truths. And can any language be too severe, in reprehension of conduct so repulsive, which is not only an offence to all Christian principles, but a gross insult to the Almighty? And those persons who value not the Holy Scriptures for the blessed Gospel which they contain, would do well to reflect upon the remark of a celebrated author, whom the world hath styled "a Colossus of literature," that "A jest drawn from the Bible is the *most vulgar*, because the easiest of all jests." Thus considered, even in a worldly point, it is conduct so perfectly low that no gentleman would be guilty of such coarse profanity, which proves at once a deficiency of intelligence and *common sense*.

"Within that awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries.  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom God has granted grace;  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch and force the way.  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

LEILA S.

Marriage is the nursery of Heaven.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Sleep is the fallow of the mind.

There are graves no time can close.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.—*Rochefoucault*.

Ceremony is necessary as the outwork and defence of manners.—*Chatterfield*.

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as you are in a condition to serve them.—*Rochefoucault*.

Covetousness, like a candle ill-made, smothers the splendour of a happy fortune in its own grease.—*F*.

Prudence is the virtue of civilized nations.—*Savage*.

The best government is that in which the law speaks instead of the lawyer.—*Fitz-Rymond*.

Time is a commodity of which the value rises as long as we live.—*Anon*.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by the outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton*.

A tradesman is never too high to fall nor too low to rise.—*Defoe*.

The punishment of criminals should be of use; when a man is hanged he is good for nothing.—*Voltaire*.

If a man be compassionate towards the affliction of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when he gives the balm.—*Bacon*.

The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—*Plato*.

If a straw, says Dryden, can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it.

ROBERT HALL said of family prayer, "It serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling."

## THE HIVE.

**THOUGHTFUL KINDNESS.**—It is very easy oftentimes, to do an act of kindness impulsively, and on the spur of an occasion. And, as so done, it may be often both useful and gratifying to the recipient, may confer a real favour, and merit thanks and the feeling of gratitude. But how much more beautiful and noble than this, and how much sweeter and happier in its total influence on life and character, is that kindness which is thoughtful, considerate, anticipatory; which busies itself with contributing to the good of others; which thinks beforehand what their wants are to be, and how they may be met most pleasantly and efficiently; which thus sows the seeds of happiness and progress along the commonest waysides of life, and sheds an influence of refreshment and peace on all the circle! To such a friend the affections turn with an attachment which is full, overflowing, most intimate. Around such grow up inevitably the beautiful associations and grateful memories. For such friends there is nothing we would not bear, or attempt to accomplish. They are enshrined in our warmest and sweetest affections; and heaven itself takes a new charm from the hope of there meeting and communing with them for ever.

**MOTHERLY LOVE.**—Last among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which Nature has gifted her. It is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joys; her blood flows more softly through her veins when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of his life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood with indulgent and all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the example of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow?

**ECONOMY IN CANDLES.**—In such candlesticks as are not made to slide, the candles are frequently permitted to burn in the socket to great waste, and to the injury of the candlestick; this may be prevented by taking out early the short piece of candle, placing it betwixt three common pins stuck in an old cork, and putting the cork in the candlestick; or rather, purchase a save-all. It is at least as cheap, and prevents the risk of setting fire to the house.

**THE CARTOON OF LIFE.**—Life is a cartoon. Raphael never painted one half so grand and inevitable. Observe it when the day begins to dawn on a multitudinous city—when the rosy light begins to hover from the east—rising from the canvas, at first, ere the night's slumber drops from the millioned-lid faint and shadowy. The unsettled purposes and resolves are the open sky, clear, serene, and full of promise. As the day deepens, the plot of the great heart and soul rises and culminates. That which is happily fulfilled is sunshine; the rest is cloud and storm. At mid-day scarce a quarter of the heavens is unobscured. The day passes, and darkness settles on the retreating multitude—some exulting over success, some more determined from defeat, some sad, some despairing, and some smitten dead in the agony of the strife. To-morrow, and the picture, with slight variations, is renewed—millionaires and beggars, angels and fiends, true men and knaves, with nondescripts to blend the shades—thus and for ever glows the canvas with the cartoon of a great city's life.

**HISTORICAL ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.**—The royal adventurer, Henry of Lancaster—the banished and aspiring Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave to the *Myosotis arvensis*, or forget-me-not, its emblematical and poetical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of S.S., with the initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, *Souvenirs vous de moy*; thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York, and Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower. Few of those who, at parting, exchange this simple, touching appeal to the memory, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was, perhaps, indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England. It was with his hostess, at that time wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged this token of good-will and remembrance.—*Miss Strickland*.

**CARDS AND THEIR ORIGIN.**—There lies a deeper meaning in this game, as in chess, than may be generally known or acknowledged. These four drawings signify the four conditions of society: the church, *coppe*, the priesthood; the sword, *spada*, the nobility and military; money, *denari*, the trading classes, burghers; and clubs, *bastoni*, the lower classes, or peasantry. Each division runs from one to ten. Then follows the *fante*, pedestrian or plebeian; *cavallo*, horsemen knights; and *re*, the generae, or supreme head. So the four orders contend under the influence of cunning and luck, which give the advantage first to this party, then to that, now to the other. The French cards, like the German, are better importations and translations from the Italian. We give the names in each language:—

Coppe	Cour	Herz	Hearts
Spado	Piques	Schuppen	Spades
Denari	Carreaux	Schillen	Diamonds
Bastoni	Trefle	Daub	Clubs

At the same period the knight was transformed into lady or queen. The striking coincidence of the four divisions of the pack with the Indian castes encourages the idea of the Eastern origin of this game

## RECORDS OF SCIENCE.

Not very many years ago the amount of generally-diffused knowledge concerning the air we breathe included but a few fundamental facts. We knew, for example, that the atmosphere was somewhere about 45 miles high; that it consisted of oxygen and nitrogen mixed in certain proportions, and contained traces of carbonic and nitric acids, and a certain varying amount of moisture. But just as the microscope has given us a view of the living world which may be contained in a drop of water, so have the resources of modern chemistry demonstrated the existence in the atmosphere of constituents as little suspected, and exerting a far more important influence as regards health. Air has, when experiments on its composition were first instituted, been taken from localities widely separated, not only in distance, but by the nature of surrounding circumstances, and has, when analysed, been found to be unvarying as regards the proportions of its elementary constituents. How then is the acknowledged difference between the atmosphere of a Highland mountain and that of the heart of a city to be accounted for? This is the problem which modern science has undertaken to solve. The results of the labours of our savans in this direction are ably treated of in a recent article in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, from which we make a few jottings, which may be interesting to our readers. One thousand measured parts of London air usually contain about 87 of carbonic acid, and a like proportion has been found to exist in Paris. The source of this carbonic acid is, of course, to be found in the exhalations of miles of chimneys, and in the respiration of millions of human beings. Now, in Manchester, "the centre of a manufacturing district comprehending many hundred square miles, over which an atmosphere darkened by smoke perpetually hangs," this product exists in larger quantity; indeed the lowest proportion found (which is on windy days, when the air is in motion) is 45 parts in a thousand, while on a still day it has amounted to as much as 120 parts in the same volume. Dr. Smith calculates that, putting the respiration of man and animals out of the question, 15,000 tons of this gas must be introduced daily into the atmosphere of Cottonopolis.

Then, again, in the air of these great manufacturing towns, *sulphuric acid* is constantly present. In London, a piece of blue litmus-paper becomes red in half an hour when exposed to rain: in Manchester a single drop of rain will sometimes produce the same result. It is not believed, however, that the presence of sulphuric acid is prejudicial to human health, although it is undoubtedly destructive to books and clothing, to say nothing of its effect on public buildings. On the contrary, it is said to exert a positively beneficial influence in arresting the putrefaction of animal matter and other organic products in the air. And in the air of cities these organic matters always do exist. To Dr. Smith we are also indebted for a simple and accurate means of ascertaining their presence and determining their proportion; and it is to his experiments that we owe our present knowledge of the great cause of the difference in the healthfulness of town and country. Dr. Smith's test con-

sists of a coloured chemical solution of known strength, which is decolourised by a quantity of organic matter, also definitely known. One bottle of air taken from a close court in Manchester contained enough of this organic impurity to decolourise the test; while it required, to effect the same result, twenty-two bottles of air from the hills in the vicinity of the town. With such striking results as this before us, shall we seek for a further explanation of the causes which operate in establishing the difference in the health and complexions of the peasant and the pent-up artisan of our great industrial hives?

**TO PREVENT MILK FROM TURNING SOUR.**—Several very refined sophistications are commonly practised on the Continent which are never heard of in England. In Germany, for example, milk is mixed with a little solution of borax, with the double purpose of preventing it from turning sour and of giving it a cream-like appearance. This is at least a harmless addition, and with the right intent we shall certainly give the plan a trial when the warm weather comes.

**ACCIDENTAL POISONING.**—Of the many methods which have been proposed for the prevention of accidental poisoning by superseding the necessity for the exercise of ordinary intelligence, perhaps the best is that of Mr. Bird. It consists in providing the bottle which contains the poison with a cork, to the top of which is attached a notched or very angular head, so that in the act of removing it from the bottle a slight prick is inflicted on the fingers, and acts as a reminder. Mr. Bird, however, seems to forget that people who are stupid enough to give a liniment instead of a mixture to a patient are not likely to be very particular about replacing the corks of bottles.

**TO MAKE PAPER TEMPORARILY TRANSPARENT.**—I can tell my readers of an easy method of making any paper temporarily transparent for tracing purposes. Everybody has heard of benzine, and its many uses. Apply it with a sponge, or piece of cotton wool, to the paper you desire to render transparent, and the effect will be instantaneous. You need only moisten the part you desire to render transparent at the moment. When the benzine dries the paper becomes as opaque as ever, and the original design which you have copied is uninjured. The smell soon goes off if the liquid be pure; but pure or not, it will disappear after exposure to the air.

**INSOLUBLE CEMENT.**—A Frenchman has discovered an insoluble cement in the common snail. Who has not had to lament the fracture of some choice article of glass or china, and to complain of the various cements that are sold everywhere as infallible remedies for all fractures? They either will not hold the broken parts together, or they leave a dark ugly line that grows black with time. Now, at the extremity of the snail's body there is a little white bladder containing a gelatinous, fat-looking substance. If this be extracted, and the liquid applied to the broken edges of the glass or china, and time given for this natural cement to dry, the parts will hold together so firmly that the mended article is stronger at the united parts than elsewhere. You may break the article, but cannot separate the parts. We have tried this with glass, and found it perfectly successful, the joint being invisible.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## MAY.

On! the wild blasts of winter have all passed away,  
 And forth from her cavern comes beautiful May,  
 Dispensing her beauties o'er valley and lea,  
 And wreathing with festoons the boughs of the tree.  
 The wild flowers are blowing,  
 The streamlets are flowing,  
 And rolling along towards the deep.  
 All Nature is singing, Oh, beautiful May  
 Has returned again with the cuckoo's soft lay,  
 And with blossoms is crowning the steep.

Through the glades of the greenwood sweet music is  
 ringing,  
 The linnet and blackbird their praises are singing,  
 The butterfly dances beneath the sun's beams,  
 And the mists all are hovering around the quiet  
 streams;

All rejoice at her coming,  
 The wild bees are humming,  
 The lambskins are sporting for joy,  
 The zephyrs are dancing along the blue waves,  
 The waters are murmuring along through the  
 caves,  
 And kissing the fair sea-flowers so coy.

The sunshine is streaming o'er mountain and ocean,  
 The cloudlets are floating with calm graceful motion,  
 Athwart the broad canopy, peaceful and calm,  
 And the sigh of the zephyr is laden with balm;

The wild birds are singing,  
 The echoes are ringing,  
 And flooding with melody mountain and dale,  
 The shadows now rest on the heather-cled  
 mountain,

The swallows now dart round the "foam-flashing  
 fountain."

And through the bright ether they buoyantly sail.

All Nature sings, "Welcome! Oh, beautiful May,  
 Fair queen of the meadow so joyous and gay!"  
 The flowers rear their banners from 'mongst the  
 long grass,

When in grandeur and beauty thou o'er them dost  
 pass,

Singing, "Beautiful May,  
 In her gorgeous array,  
 Has returned from her tour 'yond the sea!"  
 And the birds blend their voice in the glorious  
 refrain,

Which peals over mountain, o'er valley and  
 plain,  
 And resounds o'er the emerald lea.

ALEXANDER ERSKINE.

## THE LIGHT OF HOPE.

SHINE on! dear, beauteous star!  
 Illume our path of sorrow;  
 Remind us 'midst the ills that are,  
 "Joy cometh on the morrow."

Thy genial, holy light  
 Doth soften forms of terror,  
 And cheer us onward in the night  
 Of hardship, pain, and error.

Shine on! thou peerless one,  
 The soul to life endearing,  
 While work on work is overthrown,  
 And treasure disappearing.

CARACTACUS.

## EARNESTNESS.

"ALL must be earnest in a world like ours!"  
 If we would gain a home in worlds on high,  
 If we aspire to joys which never die,  
 They must engage our best, our chiefest powers.

We must be earnest! onward, upward press,  
 Meaning, not merely hoping heaven to gain;  
 Discouraged not, tho' through some desert plain  
 Our path may lead, or barren wilderness.

We must be earnest! The base treacheries  
 Of human-kind will lead our steps astray,  
 And with our best affections vilely play,  
 Showing falsehood as truth, and truth as lies.

We must be earnest! Then, though men may sneer  
 And gaze upon us with contemptuous frown,  
 They like the morning cloud shall soon be gone,  
 "Like smoke shall they consume" and disappear.

We must be earnest! Difficulties brave,  
 O'ercome whate'er doth hinder or impede;  
 Then soon on verdant pastures shall we feed,  
 And rest by silent waters we shall have.

We must be earnest! Earnestness is life!  
 'Tis life itself, and blessed life it brings,  
 When having vanquished earth and earthly things  
 We rise victorious o'er the ended strife.

We must be earnest! Valleys then shall rise,  
 Mountains and hills shall vanish ev'ry one,  
 That we may unmolested journey on  
 To our blest home, far, far beyond the skies.

We must be earnest! for 'twas His command,  
 Who died to bring poor erring wanderers home:  
 Then shall we hear Him say, "Ye blessed, come!"  
 Come, dwell 'mid joys supreme at my right hand!"

GILBERT GRAHAM.

## MEMORIES.

Ah! still our hearts will ponder,  
 And still our thoughts will wander,  
 After her who now has left us,  
 And has journeyed on before;

We remember still with sadness,  
 How our home was filled with gladness,  
 Until death came and bereft us,  
 In the happy days of yore.

In the quiet early dawning  
 Of that bright and spring-tide morning,  
 While the lark with song ascended  
 With the dewdrop on his crest;

Then she left us and our sorrow,  
 To our dark and gloomy morrow,  
 For the land where toils are ended,  
 And the weary are at rest.

Ere the busy hearts were beating,  
 And in heavy throbs repeating,  
 Once more their tale of sorrow  
 And of toil, she went away,

With the dew upon the flowers,  
 With the soft and morning showers,  
 With the early sweet spring blossoms,  
 In the dawning of the day.

Ah! that ties like those will sever!

In the long and far Forever,  
 She is landed, and we may not  
 Say if we shall see her more;

Yet we hope in joy to greet her,  
 In re-union then to meet her,  
 In the same blest bonds we say not.  
 But in closer than before.—RUTHERFORD.

## FAMILY COUNCIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.—We have had a great number of Enigmas sent in this month, but our members would do well to be a little more select in their choice of ideas, and a little more exact in the use of them. It is a part of the intention of the exercise that the Councilors should criticise each others' performances, and this we hope they will do diligently, and with critical impartiality. Any fault they may clearly discern they are at liberty freely to point out—as we cannot too often repeat that the intention of all the Pastime is individual improvement.

Having a great number of Enigmas on hand, we must request our friends to give their attention principally to the "Offerings," and exercise all their powers of composition on them. The field of labour is a noble one, capable of every variety of writing; and there cannot be an individual whose life has been so barren but that it will afford materials for character-sketches, life-sketches, local sketches, and reflective sketches—not in the way of pedantic, informal essays—but let every sentence be weighed and polished to the writer's best ability.

We must once more mention to the Council the necessity of having *such contributions*, however small, distinctly signed; and every Enigma must be accompanied by its solution.

## FORTUNE.

A fickle jade, I've heard folks say,

That often false her vot'ries play.—IAGO.

A goddess in whose wheel we should all like a spoke.—REBECCA.

A phantom existing in our own imaginations.—LEILA S.

Small means with economy is a better fortune than much wealth with extravagance.—EMMA B.

The passport to society.—RUTHENPHARL.

A contented mind.—META AND ELIZABETH II.

A time greatly admired and sought for, yet not always productive of harmony.—GORGONIA.

An uncertain dame frequently addressed as a spinster.—ISABEL.

A snug little sum in the bank,

A wife—such a creature bewitching!

Who thinks you the dearest of men,

And keeps a sharp eye on the kitchen.

MAX.

Pandora's box.—SNOW.

One of Cupid's baits.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

A good husband.—LUCINDA B.

The lap of plenty.—STEPHANIE.

A terminus at which some arrive by an express train, while others meet with many stoppages by the way.—A. DE YOUNGE.

A temple often reached by a very circuitous route.—CARACTACUS.

A strong arm and a manly heart.—RUTH.

The dream of the gold-digger.—KATE SYDNAS.

A sliding scale, raised or depressed from the position it is viewed.—MARGUERITE.

£10,000 a year and an accomplished wife.—NARCISSE.

What a gipsy is always wishing to tell you.—MIGNONETTE.

The gambler's idol.—BLANCHE A.

A good wife.—CINDERELLA.

A blind and too often a partial old dame,

On whose favours we ne'er can depend;

To some she gives riches, and honour, and fame;

To some scarce a crust or a friend.—JANE C.

I prayerfully study the Great Book of old.

And it shows me the way to the Good Shepherd's fold,

And a fortune is given me better than gold.

JAMES W.

1. A portion, sometimes of the mind, but oftener of the pocket.

2. A sure passport to popularity.—ALIQUIS.

3. The ambition of a gold digger.—ST. CLAIR.

Unattainable by a seamstress.—ANNA GREY.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.—ETTYLYN.

A lady whom we deem both blind and fickle, when she does not bestow her favours upon us.—AMELIA.

1. The wheel of destiny.

2. A thing as fickle as a flirt.

3. That which appears to make man its toy.—BUSK.

1. An industrious wife to a poor man.

2. A blessing if obtained by industry and perseverance. A curse if obtained by roguery and deceit.

—JANE CRESSALL.

1. Young men, when in search of a womanly pearl, Mostly hope to secure one with pelf;

But for a good wife, let me have the girl

Who's a fortune alone in herself.

2. A prize we at all times struggle to gain, and when obtained, sometimes fail to secure.—EWOL TENNER.

Health, true friends, and competence.—GEORGE MATTHEWSON.—

That which, by our actions, we make either good or bad.—ALFRED A.

A capricious goddess, who never favours those who wait for her.—GIPSY.

A contented mind.—NELLIE.

The wind and tide of life.—ILLA.

The lottery of life.—EXCELSIOR.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,

Are trifling and decay,

And those who prize the paltry things,

More trifling still than they.—ROSALIE.

Whittington's cat.—IVANHOE.

A good wife.—OCTAVIUS.

1. A parent's blessing.

2. A conscience void of offence.—C. T. RYE.

The mirage which, when reached by its aspirant, proves but too often to be an empty bubble.—EDEN R.

1. Often a shadow, that flies the faster it is pursued.

2. The "Golden fleece" after which the greater part of mankind are in search.—LILY H.

1. A goddess who comes once to all.

2. Rothschild's wealth.

3. A sovereign to the beggar.

4. The jewelled cup of King Jomshid, with life's elixir sparkling high.—ZANONI.

A well cultivated and contented mind.—LINA & FRIENDS.

The rich man's strong city.—DORA.

1. The tide in the affairs of men, which few men ever take at the turn.

2. A heart we know is true.



## FAMILY PASTIME.

3. The gipsy's prophecy "of a dark gentleman from across the water, &c."—DAISY H.

### IDENTICAL.

What a husband's and wife's interests should be.  
—REBECCA, A. DE YOUNGE, and MARGUERITE.  
Mrs. Jones and Jones's wife.—EMMA B.  
Just the thing I wanted.—META and NARCISSE.  
Viola as the Duke's page Cessario.—ELLE VON K.

A buck and a puppy.—GORGONIA.  
Toothache and misery.—ISABEL.  
The thoughts of the maid and the happy lover,  
As they whisper the same words over and over.  
MAX.

The effect of a perfect union.—SNOW.  
"Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."—  
LUCINDA B.  
he link which unites two hearts together.—  
STEPHANIE.

Thinking of a kind action and promptly execut-  
ing it.—ELIZABETH H.  
Fashion and folly.—KATE SYDNAS.  
All fond lovers' pleas.—MIGNONETTE.  
Happiness and Christianity.—BLANCHE A.  
Twice four, and four times two.—CINDERELLA.  
The blushing wife this morn in her bridal robes  
attired,  
And the young and lovely girl we last eve so much  
admired.  
JANE C.

1. I go to my glass, in my chamber so neat,  
And view myself there from my head to my feet,  
And there my identical image I greet.  
2. "Porter, when does the nine o'clock train  
leave?"

"Sixty minutes past eight, mum!"—CARACTACUS.  
1. Negotium, id ipsum.  
2. Interests that never clash.—ALIQUIS.  
The Siamese twins.—ANNA GREY.  
Six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other.—  
ETTALYN.

As like as two peas.—AMELIA.  
1. Mark well each feature, and you will trace  
The self-same signet of our race.  
2. The very image of papa.—JANE CRESSALL.  
A fiddle and a violin.—ALFRED A.  
The dog and its shadow.—NELLIE.  
1. Peace and happiness.  
2. Truth and justice.  
3. Religion and piety.—C. T. RYE.  
That source from which both our blessings and  
sorrows proceed.—EDEN R.

What the interests of husband and wife ought to  
be.—TERRA COTTA.  
Every mother's feelings at the first cry of her  
first-born.—NOVICE.

Two minds with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that throb as one.—ZANONI.  
An echo and the sound that produces it.—ILLA.  
"Whar you steal dat hat, Sambo?"  
"Me dinna steal it, yer nigger; me had it from de  
shop."  
"Vat cost?"  
"Dan know; me took it ven de shopman not in."  
—EXCELSIOR.

### SIMILITUDE.

What the falling leaves bear to our passing years.  
—REBECCA.  
Our Saviour's parables.—MOSS ROSE and RUTHER-  
PHARL.

One's face in the looking-glass.—EMMA B.  
"Thus they changed their glory into the similitude  
of an ox that eateth grass."—KITTY.  
A mental photograph.—GORGONIA.  
Crimolines and birdcages.—ISABEL.

An article largely dealt in by modern poets.—  
MAX.

A jewel from a poet's diadem.—SNOW.  
The words of wisdom to a flowing brook.—  
STEPHANIE.  
Spring to the morning of life.—RUTH.  
Childhood's grief and April showers.—ELIZA-  
BETH H.

A carte de visite.—BLANCHE A.  
The roaring of an angry fire;  
The roaring of a tongue in ire;  
The carols of the summer birds,  
The sound of soft and soothing words.  
ALICE M.

A thread which joins all things in nature.—  
MARGUERITE.  
What Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was written  
under.—IAGO.

1. A kind of mental kaleidoscope.  
2. A human idea of a divine reality.—ALIQUIS.  
A photograph.—ST. CLAIR.

1. The world is but an opera show:  
We come, look round, and then we go.  
2. A beehive and an ant-hill.—DORA.  
The fixed stars.—ANNA GREY.

A spectre.—ETTALYN.  
What there often is between twins.—AMELIA.  
1. "As stars so shall thy seed be."  
Like grasshoppers for multitude.

2. Comparing a fashionable hat to a pork-pie.—  
ALFRED A.

1. Flowers of fable.  
2. A duplicate of the original.—NELLIE.  
What no one can find for Sam Weller.—LITTLE  
GIGGIE.

The deaths of Prince Albert and the Princess  
Charlotte.—GEO. MATTHEWSON.  
Blighted affection and the withering flower.—  
ROSALIE.

A chip of the old block.—C. T. RYE.  
"What is Time? a river flowing  
To Eternity's vast sea."—ELLEN R.

1. A shadow.  
2. The only thing that can compensate for the  
loss of the original.—TERRA COTTA.

When He shall appear we shall be like Him.—  
NOVICE.

The shadow of the substance.—ZANONI.  
The flashing of a revengeful eye and a thunder-  
storm.—LINA and FRIENDS.

"Let us make man in our image."—DAISY H.

### WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

LUSCIOUS. | PEERLESS. | ROMANTIC.

### WORDS FOR CONGLOMERATION.

COMPANY.	PYTHON.	VESTRY.
INTERNATIONAL.	CHURCHWARDEN.	TRAMWAY.
FEDERALS.	READY RECKONER.	JUBILEE.
GARDEN.	LITERATURE.	GUARANTEED

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &amp;c.

133.

1. One who charmed all by the sound of his lute.
  2. A king who in Ireland gained great repute.
  3. A poet who wrote in a style terse and quaint.
  4. A most exquisite torture that words can't de-paint.
  5. A god who excelled in all science and art.
  6. A town in Guienne, and of France a part.
  7. A tree which produces a species of lime.
  8. A beast that exists in a very warm clime.
- The finals subjoined will aid you, no doubt,  
To surpass any difficulties the initials point out.

MIGNONETTE.

134.

My *first's* a river murmuring sweet,  
And gliding slowly through each dell;  
My *second's* found 'mid frost and snow,  
Or 'mid the ocean's rolling swell;  
My *next's* a distance, you will find,  
And every person knows it well;  
My *whole's* a flower that decks the lea,  
Which you when walking oft may see.

ALEX. ESKINE.

135.

My *first* is a tree that is often seen;  
My *second* is found where the miner has been.  
Place these together, and then you may see  
Where a sailor is found when he's not on the sea.

ROSE VERNON.

136.

A useful spice, transposed aright,  
A native of India 'twill bring to light.

ALFRED BROWN.

137.

I had a just and legal right  
My *second* to control,  
And wished her to pursue my *first*,  
But she was quite my *whole*.  
My *first*, she said, was very well.  
But old-fashioned, dull, and slow;  
And she a *first* had of her own,  
And in it she would go.

JANE C.

138.

When broken is the icy chain  
With which winter bound the earth,  
And gentle spring appears again,  
My *first* then issues forth.  
My *second* we need never seek:  
It comes—e'en to the bright and fair;  
Its tears will soon course down our cheek;  
It follows everywhere.  
My *whole* can easily be found:  
'Tis in each lane and wood;  
It cov'raeth all the forest ground,  
And gives some beasts their food.

ZANONI.

139.

My *first* is either many quadrupeds,  
Or else it is an article of dress;  
My *next* is meaningless until transposed,  
A number then you'll find it will express;  
My *whole* is seeking to advance in knowledge,  
Either at home, or at a school, or college.

GORGONIA.

140.

I'm found in the great as well as the small;  
I belong to mankind—to each and to all;  
I exist in the depth of the mighty sea;  
And yet, earth without me, can't possibly be.  
I'm found in the air when it floats along calm;  
I rise in accent of prayer and of psalm.  
I dwell with the saint, but each sinner I leave  
To cry out in vain for life or reprieve.  
Not only in man, but in beast I am found;  
In whale lashing the water—in ant in the ground.  
Within each tiny spider's ear I dwell,  
And in the mighty elephant's as well.  
'Tis true, I wag in every horse's tail;  
I also animate the farmer's flail:  
He could not give a lash without my aid;  
For without me no arm or flail is made.  
In fine, though there's no place in all the earth  
That may not sometime wall with famine's dearth,  
Such is my nature, that I will not dwell  
Within the shivering, empty cell;  
But e'en in death, I rise from earth away,  
To spend in heaven an endless day.

ALIQUIS.

## 141.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

1. A battle fought in Spain.
2. One of the queens of England.
3. A leader of rebellion.
4. A noted Puritan.
5. A celebrated Saxon king.
6. A Roman statesman.
7. A czar of Russia.
8. A battle gained by the English.
9. A naval hero.

The initials will form the name of one of the  
most noted of the Roman emperors.

EDEN ROBINSON.

142.

Doughty Yankees do my *first*  
When—their courage flagging—  
They perceive that fighting is  
Harder work than bragging.  
One of Falstaff's merry friends  
Is my worthy *second*,  
Who, for pluck and courage, might  
American be reckoned;  
Reader, next a river take,  
And with care transpose it:  
My charade now stands displayed,  
And everybody knows it.

ROLANDO.

143.

Go search my *first* on Athens' classic ground;  
In proud, imperial Rome my *next* is found;  
The Moslem finds my *third* at Mecca's shrine;  
My *fourth* is seen in the majestic Rhine.  
My *whole* is where the heart's best feelings dwell:  
The hallowed joys of which all—all can tell.  
When wounded by the cold world's scorn and jest,  
Come to my *whole*, and find both peace and rest.

JANE C.

144.

My *first* is a French article; my *second* is an  
English preposition; my *third* is a youth under  
the care of Chancery; and my *whole* may describe  
the circumstances that have placed him under  
this guardianship.

ALIQUIS.

145.

There was a little man who had a little wife,  
But he did not like his little wife's name;  
So her head and her foot, with a tiny little knife,  
He severed from its body. What a shame!  
And this little man found that his very little wife,  
When pruned, had another little name.  
Yet, sounding like the first, 'twas still a cause of  
strife,—

So he cut her other foot off. What a shame!  
Then the little man found that his patient little  
wife

Had now such a pretty little name,  
That he vow'd he would love her all his little life,  
Though she spoke not, and walked a little lame,  
Now, all my little friends who this little riddle read,  
Tell me what were those three little names  
Which the little woman had such a little while  
indeed,

That her case scarce this little notice claims.

ROLANDO.

146.

Whole, I am useful to carry heavy weights in.  
Behead me, and I am a weapon.

ZANONI.

147.

Whole, I am a fish; change my head and I am  
a part of you and me; again change my head, I am  
a spice.

ALFRED BROWN.

# 148.

In France there's a town with excellent docks,  
And another in Russia, not surrounded with rocks;  
A palace in England, where royalty dwells;  
A sound oft repeated from out of deep cells.  
In England a town which stands on the Wye;  
Another in Devon I think you'll espy.  
A Spanish town famous for silk, but not corn;  
A beast I've heard say has only one horn.  
A stream very small, but smoothly it glides,  
And a town where the Admiral of Turkey resides.  
In Norway another. I have nothing besides.  
The initials rightly placed, a poet will appear,  
And the finals a poem of his, is quite clear.

149.

My *first* is the name of a species of dog; my  
*second* is what a small assembly comprises; and  
my *whole* is an article by whose aid an ancient  
king introduced a stringent law.

MIGNONETTE.

150.

When whole, I mean to wander away;  
Behead, I'm an article of utility.  
Again behead, I'm shed by the sun all day;  
Again, I answer a question affirmatively.

ZANONI.

151.—ANAGRAM: POLITICAL CONVERSATION.

"I say, yer black nigger, DE WARS be no good  
to —"

"Hur-r-r! what you know 'bout wars; dey do  
me good—ME RUNS to —"

"Get away wid yer, nigger; CALM NELL won't  
let yer."

ROLANDO.

152.

If a nation of Asia you take and behead,  
A city in Asia you'll have in its stead.

ALEX. ERSKINE.

153.—TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Three-fourths of long, and a title.
2. To gain, a box, and two-thirds of a personal  
pronoun.
3. A battle, and a carpenter's tool.
4. Three-fourths of a catalogue, and a French  
word.
5. The reverse of old, and to inter.
6. That on which we rest, and a passage across a  
river.

EDEN ROBINSON.

154.

A fragrant herb exposed for sale,  
Within a basket see;  
Behead, I stand before, and hail  
You all to buy of me.

BUSK.

155.

A gaol has little of my *second*,  
And Sydenham Palace much;  
Few ladies, when before my *whole*,  
(Which none may roughly clutch,)  
The chance of doing my *first* will miss.  
You need not long reflect on this.

CARACTACUS.

156.

The Angel of Death spread his wings, and his  
flight

Was taken; and then far and wide  
The news they soon spread of that sorrowful  
night

When Prince Albert, the peaceful, died.

The prayers of the nation from altar and hearth  
Ascend to High Heaven, that she  
Whose loss is the greatest, who knew best his  
worth,

Sustained in her sadness may be.

Let us each take a lesson from him who has gone,  
And resolve that, while we are here,  
His my *first* we'll follow, until we are borne  
To dwell in a far better sphere.

Though my *whole* be the way, both darksome and  
drear,

And though many troubles find us,  
If we face them boldly, my *second* we fear  
When we've thrown them all behind us.

GEORGE JOHN BENSTED.

157.

If one of the planets you take and transpose,  
Apart of your body you then will disclose.

ALEX. ERSKINE.

158.

My *first* was a woman as guilty as Eve;  
My *second* is vulgarly called "make-believe;"  
My *whole* is a town in a famous hop-county,  
Well-favoured with tokens of Dame Nature's bounty.

CARACTACUS.

159.

A personal pronoun, an interjection, a preposi-  
tion, and a vowel. My *whole* is a noted female.

FIGARO.

160.

An expert fowler missed his aim,  
Though well-directed was the shot,  
When one and all were led t' exclaim  
"A faulty gun he must have got:"  
A supposition found quite true;  
What part it was, I leave to you.  
A lordly spendthrift, young and wild,  
Who sought companions in the gay,  
Was 'monished by his parents mild  
To turn from this, his dang'rous way:  
He scorn'd the caution, and my lord  
Just mutter'd to himself the word.  
Remove a letter from the head,  
Then plainly you will see, I may  
Be gold or silver, tin or lead;  
I've said enough now to convey  
My meaning plain to anyone,  
And now good-bye, for I have done.

BUSK.

161.

My *first* is a part of the human form; my *second* is an instrument used for various purposes; and my *whole* is an island in Tuscany.

MIGNONETTE.

162.

My *whole* is not worth much. You may see my *first* through a telescope. My *second* is not always my *whole*, yet my *whole* is always my *second*.

CARACTACUS.

163.

My *second* is found in my *first*, and my *whole* is to catch my *first* with a fourth part of my *second* added.

ALEX. ERSKINE.

164.

A tribute to the memory of one both brave and good;  
A piece composed by Costa,—must have *cost* a deal of time;  
A loch upon whose shores ill-fated Mary stood;  
A sleek and long-tail'd creature—not eaten in our clime;  
An island where the people—each sex—their faces paint;  
An ancient, and a roarer, with tremendous power of voice;  
A treat, when soaking showers would irritate a saint,  
Though Macintosh and Sangster might inwardly rejoice.  
The initials and finals, antipodes, now take,  
And see, before you stand two old and famous piles,  
Whose echoing walls, now ivy-grown, once in sweet accents spake  
In chorus with the singing saints who knelt in vanish'd aisles.

ROLANDO.

165.

Let *ass* follow *ass*, to prevent all dispute,  
Add part of an inn, and you'll meet with a brute.

BUSK.

166.

My *first* is an animal; my *second* a part of the human body; and my *whole* will bring to view the name of a celebrated Indian.

DELTA.

## 167. MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

1. A point of the compass, and a part of the human body.
2. To transform, a vowel, and a consonant.
3. A vowel, and a protuberance on the flesh.
4. A French word, and another word for ruin.
5. A celebrated poisoner, a letter, and a weight.
6. A Christian name, and a father's hope.
7. A colour, and what we always meet with in forests.
8. A wine, and a human being.
9. A Christian name, and a mineral.
10. The opposite to old, and a place where ships are bound for.
11. An animal, and a place where beasts are generally kept in.
12. A very high position to be in, and a large sheet of water.

168.

DELTA.

## LADIES' NAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A sleeping place, and a vowel.
2. A vehicle, an interjection, and what is used in fishing.
3. A lady's name, and two vowels.
4. An exclamation, a vowel, part of the verb to be, and an article.
5. A measure and an article.
6. A small white flower.

169.

My *first* may be slender and tall,  
And it may of your house form a part;  
My *next* in most houses you see,  
And my *whole* may perhaps cause you to start.

FIGARO.

## 170.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. When may a knife in your hand be considered under your foot?
2. Why is your personal demeanour like a glass of ale on a frosty morning?
3. What four-legged animal is always in the water, yet never wet?
4. What is the most anomalous "naked fact" in connection with the potato?

CARACTACUS.

171.

My *first* is essential to the sustenance of life; my *second* a game that is played with cards; and my *whole* a town of France.

DELTA.

722.

You must seek for my *first* in damp ground;  
My *whole* casts my *second* around.

GORGONIA.

173.

I am a word of five letters. Behead me, and I am an English sport; behead me again, and I am a playing card; now add a letter before me, and I am a celebrated prize-fighter.

DELTA.

174.

A vowel, an animal, and a consonant, will give you a keepsake.

FIGARO.

175.

'Mong flowers a very courtesan;  
A place beloved by every man;  
A river to all Britons known;  
An adjective best let alone;  
What live and dead flies through the air;  
A pretty name for maiden fair;  
The artist's critic—query friend;  
A month, without its latter end;  
A little word, soft, sweet, and clear,  
To every swain and suitor dear.

The initials now take,  
And you'll find they will make  
The name of an author of note;  
And the finals read down,  
This long rebus will crown  
With the name of a work that he wrote.

ROLANDO.

# 176.—A GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS. CHARLES DICKENS' CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The initials joined will show the name of a celebrated English author, and the finals a work which he has written.

1. A town of France.
2. A large village in Middlesex.
3. A town of Egypt.
4. A town of Italy.
5. A borough in Sussex.
6. A town of Denmark.
7. A town of New Jersey.
8. A town of Nubia.
9. A borough of Scotland.
10. A town of Germany.
11. A town of Scotland.
12. A town of Belgium.
13. A town of Siberia.
14. A town of Belgium.

DELTA.

177.

I'm confident you'll be my first  
When on a journey you have started;  
In summer, who would seek my next,  
Save when it had from streams departed?  
For profit is my *whole* maintained,  
And not for mirth and fun;  
A place for pens and long-legged stools,  
Where business work is done.

GORGONIA.

178.

Entire, I am nothing but paltry pretence;  
Behold me, few epics with me dispense;  
Reduce me still more, and you cannot escape  
Observing in *this verse* my singular shape.

CARACTACUS.

179.

My *first* is a river in England; my *second* is a delicious fruit; my *third* is a letter of the alphabet; and my *whole* is a town of Central America.

MAIN.

180.

Had it not been that my *second* was over-persuaded by my *whole*, the cry of my *first* might never have been heard in our streets.

181.

My *first* is a word of three letters; my *second* a town of England; and my *whole* a city of America.

DELTA.

182.

Four letters doth my whole comprise;  
You'll find me in the woods and skies;  
And, though beheaded, I'd be sound;  
But a stupid creature I'd be found.

MAIN.

183.

My *first* is a verb, also an insect curtailed, my *second* a pronoun, my *third* an insect, my *whole* one of the animals mentioned in the book of Job.

## HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

The scene is in the senate-house. Multitudes were assembled to witness the entrance of one whom they longed to honour with the title of Emperor, and whose appearance was greeted with a burst of applause. With a haughty demeanour he seated himself, and the senators immediately surrounded his chair. Suddenly, on his refusing the request of one who pleaded on behalf of an exiled brother, he was rudely seized from behind, and a sword plunged into him. In vain did he endeavour to parry the thrusts levied by the conspirators (for such they were); but, seeing his dearest friend foremost amongst them, endeavouring to kill him, he, with a piteous look of anguish at one he had loved too well, pulled his toga over his face, and resigned himself a willing victim into their murderous hands, whence he was quickly despatched with twenty-three wounds.

MIGNONETTE.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

(On pp. 349–352).

- 105.—Wey, Wye, Yew. 106.—Water. 107.—The letter O. 108.—Bond, Dun, Globe, Bolt, Tenet, Dolt, Glue—*Double-tongued*. 109.—Wing. 110.—Cob-web. 111.—Tweed, Weed, Wee. 112.—1. Raven-dale. 2. Ring-wood. 3. Sunderland. 4. Chat(s)ham. 5. Ches(s)-hunt. 6. Middle-ton. 7. New-port. 8. Canter-bury. 9. Mars-den. 10. Batter-sea. 11. War-wick(ed). 12. Halt-whistle. 113.—DruM, OtheR, RoG(ue), ModeL, OpiE, UneveN, SpraiN, EnvY—*Dormouse*, Mr. GlennY. 114.—Pen-I-tent. 115.—Com-freY, HandfuL, AccumB, NarrA(te), GasT, Erl. AgreeD, LetteR, (R)eliC(t)—*Changeable, Creditable*. 116.—Hall-am. 117.—Stale, Tale, Ale, Late, Tea, Eat. 118.—Ashby-de-la-Zouch. 119.—Neck-lace. 120.—Hay-don. 121.—Day-light. 122.—Plea-sure. 123.—1. A cannon. 2. A comb. 3. A needle. 4. A clock. 5. A measuring tape. 124.—Barn-staple. 125.—Arms. 1. Fire-arms. 2. Arms that embrace. 3. Arms in heraldry. 4. Arms of trees. 5. Arms of chairs. 126.—A match. A mother desires a match for her daughter; you burn a match; and however strong you are, you cannot "get over" your match, or equal. 127.—Air-pump. 128.—A post-le. 129.—Frail. 130.—Lieuten-ant. 131.—Fal-staff. 132.—Outrage.

## HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES (p. 348.)

- 1.—Richard Cour de Lion and his brother John, afterwards king.  
2.—Sombreuil, who drank the blood to save her father's life during the French Revolution.





THE MURDER OF THE MILLER.—(See p. 466.)

## HEARTS OF GOLD;

OR, THE

## CHILDREN OF THE SEA.

A TALE OF NORMANDY.

## CHAPTER XX.

BERENICE went often to see Pulcherie, and they worked and conversed together. One day she found her in a state of alarm: her poor babe had had a violent fever all night—he cried, and refused the mother's breast. The only doctor there was at Dive, and who also served for Benzeval, was absent. Twelve leagues had to be travelled before another could be found. • Onesime took the miller's horse. The doctor offered to come the next day, because his horse was lame, and it was too late for him to think of undertaking the journey there and back on foot. Onesime gave him Eloi Alain's horse. The doctor made out his prescriptions, and ordered sea-bathing every other day; but as it was only just the commencement of the spring, it would be impossible to take the child to bathe on the beach. He advised them to have seawater brought up to the house, and there warmed. Onesime undertook to bring up the water. The journey from Dive to Benzeval—always surmounting the hill with a load of two buckets of water—is nearly as much as a good horse can do, and a great deal more than a man can do. The first few times, Onesime, overwhelmed with fatigue and perspiration, stopped at the door, and did not enter till the traces of his lassitude had nearly disappeared. As this task did not exempt him from his usual fatigues at sea, at the end of a week Onesime was completely knocked up. One day, being rather late for the child's bath, he entered the chateau as soon as he arrived, and neither took the time nor the care to rest himself, as had been his custom. Pulcherie was at once touched and alarmed at the state in which she saw him. She wiped his forehead herself, and said to Berenice, who came to see her in the course of the day—

"I do not wish Onesime to bring water up here any more. It is killing him."

"I know it well," said Berenice; "and I have told him so; but he pretends that he would be killed much sooner, and much more certainly, if he were not allowed to do as he wishes."

"I have thought of a plan," said Pulcherie. "We can bring my little Edward down to bathe at your house."

"That would be much better, certainly."

"*Eh bien!* I will go and ask Pelagio to-morrow."

"You have nothing to ask at our house; everything there is yours. Mamma used to say often, 'Pulcherie may be no longer my daughter, but I shall be always her mother.'"

From the following day, the little Edward took his baths at the fisherman's cottage. One morning Onesime as usual dipped his two pails in the sea, when a custom-house officer came up, and said to him—

"Put that water back in the sea."

"And what for?" inquired Onesime.

"I don't know: it's my orders."

"It's for a bath for a sick child."

"That's nothing to me; you must put the water back in the sea."

"By whose orders?"

"By the orders of the Brigadier of the custom-house."

"Faith!" said Onesime, "I shall not put it back. The water is drawn, and I shall take it home with me."

"You are wrong," said the officer; "you'll get into trouble."

Onesime made no reply, but carried the water away. The next day, as he was again dipping his pails in the sea, the same officer advised him to retire; adding—

"The Brigadier says, if you don't obey the regulation, and if you take any more water, you will be taken to the guard-house."

A few fishermen were assembled on the beach. None of them would look upon this prohibition as meant seriously, though it was but too real.

"What is it for?" said one. "Is it because the almanac announces a great drought this year?"

"Perhaps," said another, "it is because the government is building a frigate so big—so big!—that they are



afraid the sea hasn't got water enough to sail her."

"Seriously," said a third, "it is simply because it is known that poor people—like some amongst us—salt their soup with a little sea-water—don't buy any salt—and in consequence don't pay duty for it."

"Then we must no longer cook our fish in sea-water. It is only in that way it is fit to eat."

"They find already that the poor people don't pay enough taxes—we, above all, who are in the service from sixteen years of age to fifty-five!"

"And our navigation licences—don't we pay for them?"

"Onesime," said one, "throw the water back—don't get yourself into a scrape."

"Onesime," said another, "don't do anything of the kind. We are not brute beasts, that we should obey everything that passes in a custom-house officer's head."

Onesime replied that he would take the water—that it was for a sick child; and that it was cruelty to throw any obstacles in his way.

"Then I arrest you," said the officer.

"I don't refuse to go with you to the guard-house," replied Onesime; "but, first, I must take this water to where it is wanted. Wait here for me, and I will be with you in five minutes."

"Do you dare to mock me?" inquired the officer.

"That depends. If you are a good fellow, who does his best to execute the orders of his superiors, I don't mock you the least in the world; if you are a mischief-making, obstinate fellow—if you refuse to listen to reason, and take an honest man's word; if you won't let me take this water away—when I have promised to come back, to go with you wherever you please—then it's a different thing, and I do mock you."

"You'll throw that water back this minute, and come with me; if not, I shall put my hand to your collar."

"If you lay your hand on me, friend, it will be your own fault, but you'll be sorry for it. I have given you my word of honour that I will come back as soon as I have taken this water for the poor

sick child's bath; and that I will follow you to the guard-house, or wherever you please—it's all the same to me. Will that suit you?"

"Throw the water back, and come with me."

"*Eh bien!* My good fellow, I will be frank with you. I begin to find this troublesome and fatiguing."

"You are right, Onesime," said Eloi Alain, who had just arrived, and had the subject of the quarrel explained to him. "If that doesn't please the gentlemen in the green coats,—let them go and shaka themselves, and leave us in peace and quietness."

Eloi Alain had no more pardoned the custom-house authorities than he had the Malais. The functionary placed his hand on Onesime's collar; but the latter, placing his leg behind that of the officer's, so as to offer a support to his calf, struck him a blow on the chest. The officer lost his balance—stumbled—and rolled on the beach. He rose, and put his hand to his sabre. The fishermen formed immediately between the custom-house officer and Onesime—who carried away his buckets in safety—a dense barrier, which, in spite of his efforts, the man of law was unable to break through. Onesime carried the water to the house, and returned to the beach, ready to keep his word with the officer, and to follow him to the guard-house or the Mairie. But the latter had taken his departure, having laid an information against his assailant. The next day, Onesime fetched water as usual, and on the next; the third day, there arrived an order of embarkment for the naval service—that is to say, a *feuille de route*—commanding Onesime Alain to present himself at Cherbourg, when he would be placed at the disposal of the captain of the *Vigilante* state frigate. Onesime said to Berenice—

"Listen, Berenice. I shall not go to Cherbourg. Say nothing to father or mother; it would make them uneasy; but as I know I should die of grief if I was compelled to go away, I shall not go to Cherbourg. Except yourself, everybody will think I have gone. I have a great many things to watch over here. Even to you it will be almost the same

as if I had, really gone, for you will scarcely ever see me. I must make it appear just as if I had started; it will be believed that I am far away. It will be long before any inquiries will be made about me. I don't suppose they'll feel quite lost on board the *Vigilante*, because I shall have neglected to join them, so long as they don't see anything of me hereabouts—so they won't trouble their heads to think of me. However, if they should want me, for yourself, or for our parents, drive a nail in the tree—you know the one on which you cut, long ago, three letters, representing three names, one of which no longer commences with the same letter—the family name at least. If it is *she* who wants me, instead of driving one nail in, drive two. And now, not a word to anybody. I am off to get my *feuille de route* checked by the Maire; this evening I shall say good-bye, and to-morrow at daybreak I shall start."

"*Mon Dieu!* Onesime—what are you about to do? Do you not run a risk, in refusing to obey the Minister of Marine's orders?"

"Yes, I run a risk; but I don't know what of. Whilst, by leaving the country, I know I run a risk; now, I face the certainty of dying of grief before two months are over. Don't be alarmed. The reason I have for staying here is also one for being careful and prudent. Besides, I don't exactly say whether it is here or elsewhere I intend remaining; only, you may make sure that I don't intend taking up my residence either at the customs' guard-house or at the office of his excellency the Minister of Marine."

"Compose yourself, Onesime; your laughter terrifies me."

"I was calm—full of hope and happiness—and here I am ordered on board the *Vigilante*. It appears that the poor frigate can't sail without me. I am curious to know how she will get out of her difficulty without my assistance."

"But, Onesime, if you were to obey? In two years' time you would be home again. You were a longer time than that at sea out at the cod-fisheries."

"True; but then and now are two different things. At that time I could not have lived here; and now I know

well that I could not live elsewhere. But then, not a word, as I said before. The whole neighbourhood must think I am gone to save this poor, unfortunate frigate that's waiting for me. Only reflect that the least imprudence may cause a pursuit to be commenced immediately, which, in all probability, will not be attempted for some months. If, on an unexpected occasion, you should see me appear before you, don't cry out, nor yet display the least emotion. Above all, remember one or two nails driven in the old willow by Benzeval River. Adieu: I am going to the Maire to get him to check my *feuille de route*. Three sous a league as far as Cherbourg! Come, I won't ruin the government. I have done enough already, by robbing them of two pails of sea-water; I don't want to take their money into the bargain. I shall only take as far as the first stage: with the rest they can buy some sea-water from the Mediterranean, and pour it into the channel, to make good the damage I have done."

Onesime presented himself before the Maire of Dive.

"Good day, M. le Maire; sorry to trouble you; but there is a poor frigate at Cherbourg, called the *Vigilante*. Well! it appears I've got her into a sad scrape. I took two buckets of water out of the sea for a bath, which the doctor had ordered for a poor sick child! and what do you think? For the want of those two buckets of water I've robbed her of, the *Vigilante* can't put out to sea. The King writes to me, that he'd take it as a favour if I would go and help the poor ship out of her difficulty; he begs of you to supply me with pieces of his portrait to the extent of three sous a league. Here's the paper. The King, fearing I should find the journey lonely, offers me the company of a few of his *gendarmes*; but I don't wish to trouble those gentlemen. I shall start alone to-morrow morning as soon as it is light, and do what I can to get the unfortunate frigate out of the painful position I have placed her in."

The Maire at first did not understand the rights of the case very clearly, but the aspect of the paper soon enlightened him, and he added to it all the necessary formulas.

"But is this really all you have done, my lad?"

"Ah! M. le Maire, I don't complain. I am punished, but I have deserved it. As I told you, I have taken two pails of water out of the sea to bathe a poor little sick child. I am guilty, and an example is wanted; for through my taking those two pails of water here is the frigate *Vigilante* can't get out of Cherbourg harbour, unless I go to lend her a helping hand; and if everybody were to do the same, what would things come to?"

"When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning, M. le Maire."

Onesime went to his cousin, the miller, whom he informed of what had happened.

"You may well tell such things to me, my poor Onesime! Am I not also a victim to the custom-house officers—thanks to that scoundrel of a Malais! But, patience! my turn with the Malais is coming!"

"That is scarcely Christian, cousin."

"How so? Do not the Scriptures tell us that the sins of the fathers shall be visited to the third and fourth generations?"

"You said, cousin, that you would do for me whatever I might ask you."

"I say it again. He who came to look for me in the fire at the risk of having to stay with me, can ask nothing of me and be refused; that is, with one only exception."

"*Eh bien!* cousin, I ask you to give up your hatred to the Malais."

"You ask precisely the one thing I have reserved—the only thing I can refuse you. Besides, it is a vow—an oath I have taken most solemnly."

"Oh, cousin, for such a vow as that you may readily break your word with God. I will answer for it beforehand that He will pardon you for failing in such an oath; and no one can dare to say with the same confidence that He will pardon you for keeping it."

"Impossible, Onesime! Old Malais has again insulted me, not many months ago. And, besides, what is there so terrible in what I intend doing to them? Wouldn't any one think I was going to wait for the old man and his niece at the

corner of a wood with a double-barrelled gun? No; I have lent them my little savings, and I wish them to pay me back; that's all. Why don't you rather go and appeal to them for me? Why don't you ask them to pay me back my thirteen thousand francs which they owe me? Don't I run the greatest danger, that of losing thirteen thousand francs I have lent to them? You ask a man who has been thrown in the sea to pity those who pushed him. Justice before everything. Listen to me, Onesime. You must never speak to me on this subject again. When you came to pick me out of the flames, when the hair was already burnt off my head, do you know what I thought of then? I thought I was about to die without having been revenged on the Malais. I am not speaking idly when I say that all I have is yours: it is the truth. Look; in that desk is my will: there are only two legacies in it; one a pension of a hundred and fifty pistoles for poor Desirée, who has been with me from a child, and all the rest is for you. I don't wish to say anything, but there is, and there will be, more than a hundred and fifty pistoles. I keep this money, because I only live to do business, and money is like so much grain. If you have not a stock of seed-corn, it is no use hoping for a harvest. That money is all for you: but I am like a man who paints portraits, and who would not let you have your portrait till it was finished. I have still to throw in the Chateau de Benzeval, and then everything is yours. This idea has been useful to me. It has somehow sanctified a sort of hungering after money that I was rather afraid of. What else have you to ask me?"

"That," said Onesime, "is another affair. The walls here are not too thick, and I would rather tell you outside."

\* \* \* \* \*

There are certain things of an atrocity so fantastically absurd, that the sole reason which can lead to their being believed is that none would be hardy enough to invent them. Among these things may be classed the prohibition to take water from the sea. It seemed fitting to fiscal minds to measure the

fathomless, and found economics thereon. It is actually and seriously forbidden to take water from the sea. I have seen—with my own eyes seen—a young girl who had just dipped a bottle in the sea and filled it. A custom-house officer came up to her greatly agitated, and ordered her to pour the water back again.

I asked him if it was a whim of his: he replied by showing me the written prohibition. The veritable reason is that certain poor fishermen season their wretched soup with a little sea-water, and, consequently, buy no salt, thereby evading the tax paid upon that commodity.

Mercier and Montesquieu (in their time it had not yet been forbidden to take water from the sea) have said, doubtless in allusion to some similar conception, the first, "The fiscal mind takes from Nature her bounties and her splendours;" and the second, "All people possessing a nearly equal share of physical necessities, the superfluous only should be taxed. To tax the absolutely necessary is to destroy."

In the eyes of some people, to propose to abolish certain odious imposts on things of vital necessity, in order to expect an equal return by taxing objects of luxury, is to fall into paradox. But every truth having commenced by being a paradox and an abominable error, it is already a good step taken to have arrived thus far.

\* \* \* \* \*

Onesime bade his parents farewell, as if to start for Cherbourg. The next morning he commenced his journey, after having embraced Berenice tenderly, and said to her—

"Do not forget: one nail for Dive, two nails for Benzeval."

## CHAPTER XXI.

ONE day, Epiphane rung the bell of the chateau. The one-eyed livery servant opened the species of loop-hole through which he was accustomed to give his audiences.

"M. Malais?" inquired Epiphane.

"Gone out."

"Here's a bit of paper I've brought for him."

And Maitre Epiphane drew an ink-bottle and pen from his pocket—and, writing on his knee, filled up a space in his magic-book, as follows:—"Delivered to the person of a domestic in his service—hereby declared."

The sight of this paper chilled the blood of poor old Malais. It was a summons, in the form of a protest, to pay into the hands of Maitre Rivet, farmer, or into those of Maitre Epiphane Garandin, undersigned, the sum of three thousand francs—by virtue of a bill of exchange accepted to the order of M. Eloi Alain, miller, dwelling at Benzeval, which M. Malais had neglected to pay on the preceding day. The owner of Benzeval said nothing; but he was anxious and thoughtful, and scarcely spoke for the rest of the day. A few days after, the same manservant received from the hand of the same Epiphane a copy of judgment condemning M. Malais to pay the said sum into the said hands, *or in default he would be constrained by all the means of the law, even to the seizure of his person*; but when Epiphane, a few days later still, brought a summons for payment within *twenty-four hours* into the hands of the applicant, M. Malais had gone out to take Pyrame to graze. It was Pulcherie who received the paper, and was thereon designated as *the person of his niece by marriage hereby declared*. She read the paper from beginning to end. It troubled and alarmed her. The solicitors-general—the public prosecutors—deputies of the national power, were invited to assist by *main force* in the execution of the present judgment. The crime of having no money is possibly that for the punishment of which the most stringent measures are taken. Pulcherie went to seek Berenice.

"Alas!" said the latter, "we have had no news of Onesime since he left us; and, besides, I do not see very clearly how even he could help us. If it was only to throw himself into the water—or the fire—for you, he would be our man; but it is money that is wanted here."

"What can we do? What will become of us?" said Pulcherie. "It is true, I know well, that my poor uncle will not be able to keep his chateau, and it would

be a hundred times better for him to sell it. But he will never survive the humiliation of seeing it sold by legal authority."

"Onesime left orders with me, when he went, to place a signal—somewhere—if you or I should want him. But who knows what has become of him? And, besides, what could he do?"

"Who knows! Perhaps give us good advice," said Pulcherie; "or help us to get M. Malais out of the way—to conceal from him a misfortune which I cannot hope to prevent."

"*Eh bien!* come with me. We will make the signal agreed on, although I scarcely have a hope that he can know anything of it."

The two young women commenced their walk, carrying Pulcherie's infant alternately. On the route, Pulcherie said to Berenice—

"Why do you not call me Pulcherie, as formerly?"

"I do not know," was the reply. "I lost the habit of doing so without paying attention to it. You were—to begin with—a young lady, rich, and educated; then a great countess—"

"And now—I am no longer anything of the kind. Now that I am once more a simple work-woman, like yourself—"

"*Eh bien!* it is no matter; it seems to me always, as I used to say to Onesime, that you are not of the same kind as ourselves."

"What folly! and what did Onesime say?"

"It made him sad he loved you so dearly."

There was a moment of silence. After which, Pulcherie resumed—

"No matter. I wish you to call me Pulcherie. I love you as much as ever; and, besides, it will recall a time which I regret—in spite of the transient splendour that has fallen on my life. It is nothing to be poor; it is to be ruined that is so terrible. When among you, I had neither fortune, husband, nor child. Now, I have lost my fortune, and my husband—and shall perhaps soon lose this poor little one. I was but elevated for a moment, that my fall might be more grievous. Love me, my poor Berenice; let me return—in thought at least—to the

days of our childhood. What is left to me in the world? A poor old man impoverished for my sake—almost through my doing—and who suffers hourly from his poverty; a poor little child on its way to the grave; and yourself."

"And am I, then, nothing?" inquired Onesime.

Pulcherie and Berenice uttered a cry of alarm, and made no answer. They trembled, and could scarcely support themselves.

"Forgive me," said Onesime; "I did not think to terrify you so. I thought, on coming here, where I had agreed with Berenice the signals should be placed, you would not be so far from thinking of me. Since I left home, I have been here every evening, to see if one or the other of you had any occasion for me."

"Then you have not been to Cherbourg?"

"We will talk of that by and by. Only be careful in the neighbourhood, not to talk of me any more than if I had been dead a hundred years ago. Otherwise you might injure me and others connected with me."

"But do you run no risk?"

"That is another question we can discuss by-and-by. Have you come here to plan a signal? Which of you two is in want of me? All that a man can do with his body and heart, I am ready to do for you; and if it should so happen that what you wish may appear to you a little beyond what you may think within the limits of a man's will and power—tell it me all the same, and fancy it may be done just as well. I have my own reasons for thinking so."

"My good Onesime," said Pulcherie, "we would rather talk with you about our distress, and our old friendship, than ask your assistance just at present. No one better than myself can know your courage and devotion; but, in this case, courage and devotion can do but little. There is a sum of money which M. Malais cannot pay, and for the want of which the chateau of Benzeval is about to be sold. You know what a blow it must be for him."

"Who claims the money? Is it the miller?"

"No; the farmer, Rivet;—but it is for a bill, accepted by my uncle, to the miller."

"Yes; I understand. Cousin Eloi does not wish to appear; but it is none the less his doing. After so many promises—that I have declined asking him to fulfil—it is true, Cousin Eloi did me a favour of some kind. What delay will suit M. Malais? six months?"

"*Mon Dieu!* he will be no more able to pay the debt in six months than now. The unfortunate speculations of a man whom I do not wish to name, have completely ruined him. The chateau de Benzeval must be sold. But if I could but get time, I would prevail on him gradually to consent to a voluntary sale, and retire elsewhere with me."

"Elsewhere?" said Onesime.

"By elsewhere, I mean to some other house in Benzeval, or Dive, or Coblour. I would not, for any consideration in the world, separate myself from this dear Berenice, and other friends of my childhood—the only ones left to me. If you have any influence with the miller, Onesime, prevail on him to withdraw proceedings, and allow my uncle, in three months' time, to make a *voluntary* sale of the chateau."

"Mademoiselle," said Onesime, "I promise that it shall be as you wish."

"You promise me, Onesime? And what means will you employ?"

"I wish I knew. But I do know this, that it shall be as you wish. I must leave you. Adieu! Above all—do not speak of me to a soul; and do not forget that I come here every evening—almost at this time—to see if I can discover on that tree a sign to tell me that you are in want of me."

He kissed Berenice; wrung the hand held out to him by Pulcherie; leapt over a hedge, and disappeared among the underwood.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Berenice. "I am very uneasy to see my brother here, when he had received a *feuille de route* for Cherbourg. Is it not what they call deserting? If so, the gendarmes will be here to hunt for him some day. Do you recollect this tree, Pulcherie; this willow, on which he told me to place the signals

—just before you went to Paris? We were only children, all three of us. We promised to love each other as long as we lived; and cut our names on the bark with Onesime's knife. Since then, the names have been removed; but as they had to remove the bark to do so, this remains, and will remain always."

Pulcherie confessed that it was she who had erased the initials.

"Onesime has never ceased to love that tree," said Berenice, "and he often comes to it."

## CHAPTER XXII.

ONESIME had not set a foot in Cherbourg. He had requested an asylum of the miller, whose house he never entered except at night, or when the weather was too bad to allow him to remain in a hut which he had built, or rather hollowed out in the woods, and where he had some little stock of provisions. If he never saw his father, his mother, or Berenice, it was because he knew it must be in their dwelling that the gendarmes would commence their searches after him, and he wished to leave them in their denials the consolation of sincerity. He had begun to feel uneasy at seeing no signal on the old willow, and if he had not met Pulcherie and Berenice, he had intended to go during the night to call his sister and ask her for tidings. In order to avoid compromising the miller, when the time of his being sought for should arrive, he had simply told him that he should come occasionally to sleep in a loft, the window of which was to be left open as if by accident. Eloi himself undertook to place in this concealment a supply of bread, Pont-l'Évêque cheeses, and cider. Onesime was sometimes four or five days without making his appearance. On certain nights he would lend a hand to some fishermen who carried on a little smuggling for the miller. It was by one of these that he sent from time to time, to be sold for a few sous, the finest specimens of the shell and finny tribes, which made M. Malais remark—

"It is astonishing how cheap the fish is this year."

On the night following his encounter

with Berenice and Pulcherie, instead of introducing himself secretly to the house, he gave a signal agreed upon as a summons to the miller. But the latter was from home, and did not return till the next day. Onesime waited till the evening, and again summoned Eloi, who this time answered to the signal. He spent the remainder of the night in imploring his cousin to accord to M. Malais the grace requested by Pulcherie. Prayers, supplications, menaces, all were useless. The miller had a great affection for Onesime, but the hatred which he had so long cherished towards that family, augmented by the disdain of M. Malais himself, had for him reached the violence of a passion.

"Onesime," he said, "I would rather give you the money."

Onesime then learnt what had transpired during the day of suspense he had passed in the miller's loft. Epiphane had been to the chateau to fulfil certain formalities of his office, and the next morning his duty would be to post up notices announcing that the chateau of Benzeval would be sold on such a day, by the authority of justice, at the suit of Farmer Rivet. In despair at having been unable to obtain the slightest grace from the miller, Onesime, at the risk of being recognised and arrested, went to Maitre Epiphane's. Overpowered by his questions, Madame Garandin confessed that her husband was gone to Trouville to fetch handbills, which would be posted that very evening on the great door of the Benzeval domain. Onesime sought Epiphane, and entreated him to wait a short time before this public act of degradation. Epiphane insulted him grossly; they fought with sticks; and Onesime lay senseless on the ground.

It was not till some hours later, in the middle of the night, that Onesime recovered his consciousness. He dragged himself towards the handbills, looked for them, and tore them down. Then gaining the river, he washed his head, and rested himself at the foot of the willow where he had met Pulcherie and Berenice the night before. What was to be done? To return to the miller—to address him with fresh prayers and fresh menaces.

He got up and walked as soon as he felt a little refreshed, and, before daybreak, went and introduced himself into the miller's house. Eloi was from home; he would not be back till the next day. Onesime only then recollected this circumstance.

"He pretends that he has made me his heir," he said to himself. "I would give all the inheritance for the sum M. Malais owes him. I should have asked him for the money on some other pretext. Yes; but now he would not be duped by such a stratagem. I dare not think of it; it would make me wish him—dead! Then it would be to me M. Malais would owe the money: then— But what does cousin Eloi want with his money, he who lives upon bread, small cider, and cheese, while he puts it all out at enormous interest? I remember, when I was a child, hearing that vagabond Epiphane say that he knew well where Eloi Alain kept his money; that he went into his room one day unexpectedly, and saw the miller hurriedly shut up a drawer under his bed, and that Eloi flew in a great passion. If I were to find out the hiding-place, and open it? After all, as the money is to come to me some day—and, besides, it will return to him in an hour afterwards,—since it is meant to pay him, it would only be like drawing cider from the tap, and putting it back by the bung-hole. There are some other bills to fall due after this; but M. Malais would have time to get out of his chateau, and put it up for sale. That is what Pulcherie wishes—and what Pulcherie wishes must be done."

Onesime commenced examining the miller's bedroom. He soon found the secret drawer, which was artfully enough contrived to prevent anybody totally unacquainted with its whereabouts from finding it out. Onesime shuddered as he opened it. He repeated to himself, again and again, that the miller had robbed M. Malais in the course of their transactions together; that the money he was about to take was his, Onesime's, since the miller made no use of it, and had given it all to him by will; and that, finally, it would soon return to Eloi Alain's own hands, in exchange for M. Malais' bill.

He took the sum Pulcherie had named, in gold and silver. Suddenly he heard a slight noise in the adjoining chamber, and applied his eye to the keyhole. What was it he saw? *Another eye* looking through the same opening from the other side of the door. Onesime, terrified and bewildered, leapt through a window and escaped. He hastened to bury the money with which he was laden at the foot of the old willow. The day was beginning to dawn. He started off across the country, and reached Trouville, from whence he wrote, by the post, to his sister Berenice:—

"Go, in the evening, with Pulcherie, to our old willow. Dig at the foot, on the opposite side to where our names used to be; you will find the sum wanted to meet M. Malais' bill of exchange. Let Pulcherie prevail upon her uncle to put the chateau up for sale at once. I shall be compelled to hide myself carefully for some days, and cannot be, for the present, of any service to you. I do not tell you where you can write to me, as I do not know myself. Chance, and the care of my own safety, must be my only guides. Adieu! I have kept my promise to Pulcherie, in spite of everything. Think of me, both of you, and love me.

"ONESIME ALAIN."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

ONESIME was uncertain what to do. He thought that he should run the least risk of being observed, recognised and arrested, in a noisy and populous town. He embarked on board a fishing boat going from Trouville to Havre.

"What can I do at Havre?" he asked himself. "Shall I go to Cherbourg, and give myself up to the service? shall I join a ship starting for the whale or cod fisheries? But Pulcherie—?"

Arrived at Havre, he joined the labourers out of work, on the *bridge*—where those in want of their services are accustomed to come and seek them. He obtained employment with several others on some excavations. But this could not last long. In the first place he *pined for the sea*, and could not accustom himself

to any other kind of labour. Moreover, this position separated him from his parents and Pulcherie as much as if he had entered the service. He wrote to Berenice for news of their goings-on, saying, that if he could but know he was leaving them in peace and security, he would go and give himself up at Cherbourg, where he felt convinced the authorities would be lenient to him for his voluntary submission.

While waiting for Berenice's answer, he spent all the time he had to spare from his work on the Havre jetty—watching the sea—talking with the sailors on subjects interesting to sailors—of the weather that was and would be. The signals of Havre had announced several vessels. The pilot-boats had with difficulty got under weigh to go to their assistance. The sea was swollen and agitated. The usual frequenters of the pier head had retired; a few sailors only, sheltering themselves behind the light-house, watched the horizon.

"There's a furious gale for you," said one.

"I never saw its like."

"But look—is not that a sail down there—west'ard?"

"No, it's the foam."

"I tell you it is a sail—and more, it is a brig—as far as one can judge from the daylight, which is beginning to wane!"

"You are right—it is a brig—fore and aft rigged—and without a pilot! I should hope, for their own sakes, they wouldn't be so mad as to attempt to make the harbour. Let her keep out where she's got sea room."

"Not a bit of it—she's making full for the harbour."

The brig had furled almost all her canvas; the topsails alone remained set, which were lost to the view whenever the vessel descended between the waves, and which carried her on perhaps more rapidly than was desired. The seamen loaded the unknown captain with curses, for thus exposing the lives of his crew. Then, no one spoke more; when the solemn moment arrived, of the vessel reaching the end of the jetties, a crowd of people had followed the first persons who had assembled at the light-house. The waves



covered the spectators, who were as wet as if they had been plunged into the sea; but the spectacle was so imposing, the anxieties so great, that no one felt it. Now the brig, lifted to the summit of the billows, was drawn onward with a fearful rapidity; now she disappeared entirely in the vast abysses hollowed out between the waves.

The vessel, nevertheless, arrived at the bar. When—what was the horror of the spectators to hear a sailor cry out—

"The sails flap! She no longer obeys her helm!"

In a moment, the vessel turned half round, and a terrible wave whirled her off to the south of the jetty, against a bank of sand and stones, known as *Le Pouiller*, on which she struck with an awful noise. A cry of fright escaped the non-seafaring spectators. The vessel touching the bottom, was exposed to the repeated attacks of the sea. She was rolled from one side to the other, and loud crackings at the foot of the masts were distinctly heard. The crew were seen, at first, trying to get her once more afloat by pushing her off with boat-hooks; but the sea rose afresh, and nothing could resist its violence. The bowsprit was carried away and shivered into several pieces; the sea swept the decks, clearing everything before it. The sailors sought refuge on the remaining masts, where the sea came again to buffet and displace them. It was almost night, and the darkness added horror to the situation. The officer of the harbour, who had already spoken to the mariners on shore, returned to them, and said—

"That ship's crew will be lost, every soul, unless some help can be sent out to them. What would have been a senseless risk a short time ago, merely to bring a ship into port one tide sooner, might be attempted now to save the sailors' lives. Can it be done?"

"A boat would never live in the waves out by the jetty."

"It would be going to drown ourselves for amusement."

"We have wives and children, and we ought to wait for a few good turns of fortune before throwing ourselves into danger."

"Will no one, then, go to their assistance?" said a gentleman among the bystanders. "Can you see six men perish before your eyes, without making an effort to save them?"

"Look! the sea is beginning to tear away the bulwarks. In an hour there won't be two planks left together. In an hour, the men will be drowned."

Then a young man in a labourer's dress raised his voice and said—

"Let me have a boat and four men, and I'll go."

"Bravo!" cried the stranger who had already spoken. "I will give a hundred francs to each man."

"It is not for money people undertake things of this kind," said the workman.

"Forgive me, Monsieur," said the stranger; "you are right. I will be the second."

"Come, my friends," said the young man, "let us do for those poor fellows what others may have to do for us in a week. As we must be drowned some day, it had better be in trying to save our fellow creatures. Who will go with me."

"I will—worse luck."

"So will I."

"Quick—a boat."

The men who had thus devoted themselves ran to the pilot station. A portion of the crowd followed them, the rest remained on the jetty. As they were about to embark, it was found they were six in number—only five being necessary.

"Are you a seaman?" inquired the workman of the unknown.

"No—I can only share your danger."

"Then stop on shore; you would only be in the way. Now, lads, to our oars, and the grace of God!"

Soon after, hurrahs and thunders of applause triumphed for an instant over the noise of the wind and the sea.

All rushed to assist the unknown pilot and his unknown companions in getting the men they had saved, and who were more than half dead, out of the boat. Then the brave seamen were embraced on all sides—except the workman, who had disappeared in the crowd as soon as the boat had touched the landing-steps. They called to him—hunted for him; but

it was late—every one went to his own home. The captain of the lost vessel requested the four men who had so devoted themselves to him and his crew, to assist at a mass he intended ordering the next day, in fulfilment of a vow they had made, when they had no longer any hope from human assistance. The stranger, who had wished to go out with the mariners, and who was called the Count de Sievenn, requested permission to attend the ceremony, and to offer a breakfast to the rescued crew and to their preservers. The next morning, as he was on his way to the inn where the shipwrecked sailors were staying, he passed near the Pont Rouge, and approaching a group of workmen, who were waiting for a contractor or a tradesman to offer them employment, he cried out suddenly—

"It is he! It is he himself!"

And grasping the young man's hand, he embraced him and said—

"You must come. The sailors whom you saved last night have made a vow, and you must make one of their party. Then you must do me—as they and your four companions of yesterday intend doing me—the honour of breakfasting with me."

After some hesitation, the workman suffered himself to be persuaded. The captain embraced him, and absolutely insisted upon giving him his watch.

"Not as a reward," he added, "but as a memorial of friendship."

The time fixed for the ceremony of the vow soon arrived. All the sailors of the crew, with the captain at their head, proceeded to the church. Their heads and feet were bare, and they walked with a profound gravity, which was shared, in spite of themselves, by the crowds assembled to look at them, who respectfully opened to afford them passage. The clergy received them at the church door, and the touching and majestic ceremony commenced. The breakfast given by the Count de Sievenn was splendid. The workman and his four companions occupied the places of honour. Cider was only placed on the table as a matter of form, and in honour of Normandy; but at a sign from the Count the waiters of the hotel lost no time in removing it and

supplying its place with good wine; singing commenced, when suddenly two gendarmes made their appearance in the banquetting room.

"Let no one move from his place," said the brigadier. "In the name of the law, which of you, here present, is called Onesime Alain?"

The workman, who had at first turned pale, recovered his composure immediately, and said—

"It is I. What do you want with me?"

"Are you Onesime Alain, of Dive?"

"My name is Onesime Alain, and I was born at Dive."

"You will please to follow me."

All the guests exclaimed at once—

"But he is an honest man! It was he who saved all our lives. We will not let him be taken."

And they threw themselves between Onesime and the gendarmes. The Count de Sievenn offered them explanations; but the officials displayed their warrant to arrest Onesime Alain, of Dive—profession, seaman—*deserter*.

Onesime begged his companions to offer no obstacle to the gendarmes in the fulfilment of their duty. The Count de Sievenn said to him—

"After what I saw you do last night, I am your friend. I am sorry you have got into trouble, but I will not let slip any occasion that may offer for showing you my gratitude. What have you done?"

"I received a *feuille de route* for Cherbourg. Certain friends and relations had the greatest need of my services at the time; I hid myself, and did not go. I was only waiting here till I had received a letter, to go, of my own accord, and give myself up at Cherbourg. It would have been much better if I had been able to carry out my intention, as in that case, no doubt, my judges would have shown me some indulgence."

"I will not leave you," said the Count; "I will undertake to be your advocate, and I will speak to your judges myself. If you should be condemned I am sure I shall be able to get your pardon from the king."

The captain of the wreck had a few

days at his disposal, while the officers of the insurance companies made their estimates of the loss sustained by his vessel. He wished to testify his gratitude to Onesime for the service he had done him, by going to Cherbourg with the Count de Sievenn, who, previous to his quitting Havre, had written to the Minister of the Marine.

As soon as he arrived at Cherbourg, Onesime was conducted to prison by the same gendarmes who had arrested him at Havre; but the Count soon received the minister's answer. Onesime, at the end of a fortnight's confinement, was tried and acquitted. The President of the Council of War had pronounced the usual "The tribunal orders the accused to be immediately set at liberty—if he be not detained for other causes—and placed at the disposal of the Minister of Marine to fulfil his service." The Count, who had a letter in his pocket from the minister, announcing that Onesime Alain might return to his native place, and would be called to serve at a later period, wrung the fisherman's hand. The gendarmes, between whom Onesime had been placed, separated to let him pass, when the Procureur du Roi entering the hall made a sign to the gendarmes to detain the prisoner, and reading from a paper in his hand, he said—

"Whereas the said Onesime Alain is accused of the crime of murder, followed by robbery on the person of Eloi Alain of Dive,—we demand that he shall be taken back to prison, and there held at the disposal of the ministers of public justice."

All the spectators were struck with astonishment and horror. The Count de Sievenn and the captain shrunk instinctively away from Onesime. The latter was at first dumb with bewilderment. Then he cried out—

"But this is a dream—I did not know my cousin Eloi was dead. My cousin Eloi is dead, then?—I—a murderer!"

"Gendarmes," said the Procureur, coldly, "the accused can explain himself to the Judge of Instruction. Remove him."

The gendarmes seized Onesime by the arms; but, shaking them from him, he cried in a loud voice—

"Wait. Before I follow you, I must tell my friends aloud—that I am at this moment the victim either of a fearful mistake or an atrocious calumny, and that I am not an assassin."

The gendarmes had already renewed their grip. This time he followed them without resistance; but instead of being reconducted to the prison he had left in the morning, he was locked in a cell, after having been strictly searched, and having had every article in his possession taken from him.

In vain Onesime tried to explain to himself how the miller could have met his death, and how he, Onesime, came to be accused of having killed him. From time to time he said to himself—

"Yes, it is a dream, and I shall be awake soon. But no," he added, "I am not sleeping. It is an error. The mistake will be discovered. Yes; but the innocent have been condemned before now."

Then he said to himself again—

"Whose eye could that have been I saw looking through the keyhole, when I took the money for M. Malais? Was it not my cousin, who, finding a portion of his money taken from him, killed himself in despair, and in that case am I not in a measure his murderer? And will it not come out that I sent a large sum of money to Pulcherie? They must know in time that I was hiding in the neighbourhood. It may be, I have been watched going into the miller's house. I am lost!"

He asked for paper to write to the Count de Sievenn; he wished to tell him the whole truth, but he was told that till the arrival of further orders he was to be kept alone, and not allowed to communicate with anybody.

The next day he was taken before the Judge of Instruction, who made him acquainted with the charges against him in the *procès-verbal*, from which it appeared, that on a certain day, precisely that on the morning of which Onesime had quitted Dive, as Eloi Alain had not been seen to come out, the miller's boy growing uneasy, had gone to knock at his bedroom door. He received no answer. Some moments afterwards, the Sieur Epiphane Garandin, formerly school-

master, now bailiff, had arrived to render to Elloi Alain an account of various executions he had managed for him, and had asked for the miller. The boy having told him that he had not seen him all day, and that he thought it very singular, the Sieur Epiphane Garandin had taken upon himself to fetch the Maire to have the door opened, which had been done, resulting in the discovery of the miller's dead body stretched on the floor. A surgeon called in declared that the death had been caused by strangulation, and had taken place some twelve or fifteen hours ago. Everything tended to prove that the assassin had met with powerful resistance. In the clenched hands of the victim was discovered a piece of torn cloth, which, by a strange accident, could not be found a few minutes afterwards, when it was wanted to be annexed to the *procès-verbal*.

An important deposition had been made by the Sieur Garandin; he had revealed that the accused, Onesime Alain, cousin of the deceased, a deserter from the naval service, had lived for some time concealed in the neighbourhood; that he himself, on the very day on which the murder must have been committed, had been attacked by this man, who had wounded him with several blows of a stick. He had learnt from the miller's servant that the said Onesime had on the same day been seen to enter the miller's house by a window, and that without doubt he had taken flight during the same night, as he had not been seen on the following day. The Sieur Epiphane had further stated it to be his opinion that the attack made on him by the said Onesime was with the intention of taking from him a sum of money, which the accused would have some reason to believe had been received by him, Epiphane, on the miller's account.

Onesime was scared by this deposition. He informed the judge that he would tell the whole truth. He had wished to save some friends unjustly persecuted by his cousin. Having exhausted all imaginable means to obtain the least delay in their favour, he had taken from the store of his cousin, whom he knew to be absent, a sum which was destined to pay his (the

miller's) claims on his friends. He had flown precipitately, because an eye he had seen looking through the key-hole had made him think he was discovered. What had decided him to take his cousin's money in such a manner was, that he knew, as all the neighbours knew, he was the miller's sole heir, and that, moreover, the sum would be returned to him a few hours afterwards. The only result of his taking the money would have been the delay which he had in vain implored for his friends. He stated the real origin of his combat with Epiphane; the resentment entertained by the ex-schoolmaster towards him would explain, he said, a certain degree of animosity which he remarked in his deposition. Certain circumstances might have deceived Garandin—and these he would not deny; but there were others which the ex-schoolmaster had either greatly altered, or entirely invented. The magistrate made his *procès-verbal*, and told Onesime that he would not conceal from him that appearances were greatly against him—that his confession did not appear a complete one; that, doubtless, surprised by the miller and threatened by him with denunciation, he had killed him to ensure his silence. Onesime requested permission to write to and converse with certain persons, which was granted him.

In the meantime, things went sadly at Dive. When the letter arrived in which Onesime told Berenice to go with Pulcherie to take the money from the foot of the willow—the death of the miller had already been made known. Berenice felt a horrible sensation of cold, and did not dare to whisper to herself a fearful thought that her mind suddenly gave birth to. She went to find Pulcherie. The latter—on the very evening when she had met Onesime on the bank of the river, had induced M. Malais to consent to leave the chateau, so as to be spared the humiliation of seeing it sold. M. Malais had said to himself what he proposed saying to others—that the chateau had been insupportable to him since the death of Madame Dorothee Malais—that the air, moreover, was too keen for Pulcherie's child, and that, for the young Count's sake, he had made up his mind

to live in the valley till he could see an opportunity of purchasing some magnificent domain, for which he would not have to wait long, his men of business having several in view for him.

The next morning, almost at daybreak, he rode out on horseback. Pulcherie had requested him to leave to her the care of their installation in a small house she had found vacant at Cabourg. She had had the furniture, linen, and other necessities taken there, and in the evening, instead of returning to the chateau, M. Malais had gone to sleep at the new dwelling. So that, in reality, they were no longer inhabitants of Benzeval, where Onesime was waging his terrible battle with Epiphane, to prevent the latter's public announcement of the sale of the chateau.

Neither Berenice nor Pulcherie entertained the slightest doubt of Onesime's crime.

"He loved you so!" said Berenice; "he would have destroyed all the world to satisfy a wish of yours."

"Are there no means of saving him?" said Pulcherie.

Both thought, with the Judge of Instruction, that, surprised by ElOI Alain in the act of taking his money, a struggle had ensued between Onesime and the miller, and that the latter had succumbed.

"It wanted but this!" said Pulcherie; "that I should be the cause of so great a misfortune!"

They decided between themselves to burn Onesime's letter, and to leave the money at the foot of the willow, where it had been buried; but after Onesime's confession to the Judge of Instruction, a descent was made on the fisherman's family, and at the sight of the *procès-verbal*, containing the confession, Berenice directed the officers to the old willow, at the foot of which they had little difficulty in finding the money.

A letter from Onesime to his parents contained the same statement as he had made to the Judge of Instruction. "We are unfortunate," he wrote, "but we are not dishonoured. I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused. A frightful accumulation of circumstances has made appearances against me; perhaps

if I were a judge I should condemn a man in my position. But to you, my good and unfortunate parents, to my sister Berenice, and to Pulcherie, to whom I request this letter may be shown immediately, I swear by the blood of Christ that I did not even so much as see the miller on that fatal night wherein he lost his life."

The Count de Sievann, after numerous conferences with Onesime's advocate, and repeated consultations with the judges, was convinced that Onesime would be found guilty. Nevertheless, in spite of the powerful evidence against him, he believed in his innocence. It was to be hoped still that the investigations would bring some incident forward which would fully enlighten the course of justice.

"But," said the Count to the Judge of Instruction, "how do you explain the scrap of dark cloth seen at first in the clenched hands of the deceased, but which could not afterwards be found—whilst all the witnesses who saw the accused in the course of the day affirm that he was dressed in canvas?"

"That should prove rather the existence of accomplices."

A few days before the judgment, the gaoler one morning discovered that Onesime was not in his prison. Descriptions of the fugitive were circulated in all directions, and the case was postponed to the next session, instead of being proceeded with, doubtless through the intervention of the Count, who hoped, he continued to say, that the time would come when Onesime's innocence could be proved. This hope, unfortunately, was not realised. At the next session the absent Onesime was found guilty, and condemned to the punishment of death; but a traveller passing through the country a short time before the judgment, asserted positively that Onesime had drowned himself, giving particulars of his end, which left no doubt of its reality.

The miller's will was opened. He had left all his wealth, which was considerable, to Onesime, with the exception of an annuity to his servant. In case of Onesime dying before the said servant, she was to enjoy the interest of the whole; which at her death would return

to the miller's family. The property, in the terms of the law, was sequestered, as belonging to Onesime Alain, *contumace*, the authorities reserving the right of declaring him unworthy, and annulling the will, if it should hereafter be proved that he was the assassin of the miller. The servant's annuity was paid provisionally.

There was great sadness in the house of Risque-Tout. It was very rarely that they spoke of Onesime and his terrible story, though each one thought of it in secret. Berenice, alone, after having listened well to what her heart said, was confident of his innocence.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

A YEAR had passed away; the baths of Benzeval were again greatly in vogue under the able direction of Madame Epiphane Garandin. As to Epiphane himself, a complete change had come over him. Formerly he had dressed as much as possible above his station in life. His garments, it is true, were not generally of the most irreproachable taste, but they were of that laborious magnificence which exposes the pretension and the absurdity of their wearer. Now he wore nothing but old clothes, patched and darned; he complained bitterly of poverty and the hard times; his staple articles of food were crusts and the cheapest and most questionable meat; he no longer indulged in new hats.

The most indefatigable attendant on the beach, among the visitors assembled at Benzeval and Dive, was, without question, a tall gaunt old man, who never bathed, but who made himself agreeable to everybody by his politeness, his extreme willingness to oblige, a patience capable of the severest tests, for listening to whatever anybody had to say, and the most astonishing credulity. This old gentleman, who furthermore appeared to be blessed with almost a complete deafness, was called M. Breville.

M. Malais often met M. Breville on the beach, and found him the best and most enduring audience in the world for the accounts of his former splendours. Since

he had gone to live in a small cottage at Cabourg, open to everybody's scrutiny, our old friend had shrunk from a continuation of his famous plan of disguising his horse. One day he went out on Mouton, ornamented with his white star, showed himself everywhere, talked to a score of different people, announcing publicly that he was going to sell his horse—that now he was getting old he had no use for two horses—that he should keep the best and get rid of the other. He did not return till night, when he entered his dwelling noiselessly, and removed the white star. The next day, he rode out on Pyrame, informing whosoever wished to hear it that he had sold Mouton for a thousand francs. In spite of the singular assurance with which he spread his stories, he was obliged to make use of some precautions with the people of the neighbourhood, who would occasionally hint at suspicions; whereas M. Breville, as a stranger, failed to perceive certain improbabilities and contradictions—nay, he never doubted anything that was said to him—agreeing with everything, to make believe he had heard all about it.

Chance had brought M. Breville into contact with several personages already known to us. He often met Tranquille Alain, also Pelagie and Berenice occasionally. He spoke to them affably, and bought their fish. He ordered a considerable quantity of lace from Berenice for a member of his family, for which he paid half the money in advance. Pulcherie assisted Berenice in making it, when she could get no embroidering to do. After a little while M. Breville took Desiree, the miller's servant, into his employment as housekeeper.

For some days a north wind had prevailed, which had put a stop to the sea-bathing. It was a difficult matter to pass away the time. M. Breville proposed rural excursions in the neighbourhood: he hired donkeys for the ladies; the gentlemen accompanied them on foot. Accident led the cavalcade in the direction of the chateau of Benzeval. Bills were posted up announcing that it was for sale. The party entered to look over it;—some praised, some found fault with

it. However, Mademoiselle Claire, the daughter of Madame du Mortal, the distinguished poetess, having remarked that a grove of lime trees they had just looked at would be a beautiful place for a dance, M. Breville replied, coldly—

"Do you think so, Mademoiselle? In that case I will buy the chateau, and next Sunday, if you will permit me, I shall have the honour to open a ball with you under the said lime-trees,—a festivity which I hope will offer some amusement to the amiable lady bathers of our community."

This pleasantry was the source of great hilarity. But on the Friday following (it was then Thursday) all the visitors to the neighbourhood received an invitation to a ball at the chateau of Benzeval, from M. Breville, its proprietor.

This sale made no alteration in the position of M. Malais and Pulcherie. It was found that the sums owing to the miller's representatives by M. Malais and his deceased nephew far exceeded the price paid for the acquisition. The purchase-money was deposited in Public Suitors' Funds. Onesime's death not having been legally proved, and sentence only having been passed upon him *par contumace*, the property accruing to him by the miller's will had to remain in the Office of Sequestration for five years.

M. Breville had taken counsel with Desiree about engaging musicians. Desiree had mentioned Maitre Epiphane Garandin, who possessed a magnificent talent for the flageolet, but who could hardly be expected to make a fiddler of himself now that he had been a bailiff, as he did when he was a mere schoolmaster. People ought to keep up their dignity. However, as he was not very rich, and as, like herself, he had lost a great deal by the death of Eloi Alain, since he was compelled to go out to day-work, the prospect of an honest penny might be able to seduce him.

M. Breville went then to call upon Maitre Epiphane Garandin. He was kept waiting at the door some time after he had knocked; at length the door was opened by Madame Epiphane, looking very red and considerably flurried. She

was miserably dressed; an old nightcap, that she had put on hurriedly, was not quite straight on her head; but a gold necklace round her throat offered a singular contrast to the wretchedness of her clothes. M. Breville having asked for Maitre Epiphane Garandin, she called that worthy several times. Another delay ensued before he made his appearance; then, when he arrived, he turned pale, then red, and, while asking M. Breville what he wanted with him, endeavoured by repeated signs to attract his wife's attention to her magnificent golden necklace. After some hesitation, she appeared to think it advisable to leave the room, and when she returned, it was without the necklace.

"Your name is Gallantin, Monsieur."

"No, Monsieur—Garandin."

"Oh, very good; and you are a bailiff by profession?"

"I have been, Monsieur. Times were so hard, that I was obliged to do other things at the same time. I had enemies—I was calumniated—obliged to sell my connexion, and I may say, to sell it for nothing at all, as nobody would come to settle here, and the bailiff of Trouville bought my good will, chains, and paper-cases, all for a few five-franc pieces. I live as well as I can with my poor wife. I have been a clerk formerly; I give a few lessons; I keep the tradesmen's books, and then I work with my hands."

"In that case you will not be ashamed to act as a musician for me. I have bought a house here, which they call the Chateau of Benzeval, and I mean to give a dance to a few young girls on Sunday."

"Most willingly, Monsieur."

"They tell me you play the flageolet?"

"Tolerably, Monsieur."

"Very good. I shall expect you on Sunday, at seven o'clock in the evening."

The chateau had been left partially furnished. Many things, notwithstanding, were wanting. M. Breville had requested Desiree to undertake the superintendence of the house for the day and to look after the refreshments, two young girls being engaged to assist him in waiting on the guests.

"It seems," he said, "the man you

sent me to is not too well off. He seemed enchanted at the opportunity of earning a trifle. However, his wife had a very handsome necklace on, which seemed to me to be gold."

"Monsieur is mistaken. If Madame Garandin had ever had a gold necklace in her life, she must have sold it long ago."

To which M. Breville replied—

"Well—I thought, after all, it could not be real gold."

In the evening Desiree said to Garandin, "It seems Madame Garandin wears gold necklaces."

"Nothing of the sort," said Garandin, "it is an old imitation necklace."

"Oh, I dare say—Monsieur noticed all about it. After that, all's one to me—do as you please, I wash my hands of the whole business."

M. Malais had received an invitation from the new owner of Benzeval, which he had accepted after some hesitation, between anguish at the thought of again visiting the domain of which he had been so cruelly despoiled, and pride at the important figure he would cut during the evening, as the former proprietor of the estate. He took care to tell everybody that he had given up the establishment, because its melancholy associations had been too much for him since the loss of his son, his wife, and his niece's husband.

A few days after the ball given by M. Breville, Berenice and Pulcherie took a walk along the river side, and involuntarily sat down to rest themselves at the foot of Onesime's willow. Pulcherie had imperceptibly become Berenice's sister once more. She had resumed, with a few little arts necessary to avoid shocking M. Malais, the simple costume she had worn during her childhood. A vulgar spectator would not easily have recognised the brilliant countess; but Pulcherie preferred being confounded with fishermen's wives and daughters, to playing, in the eyes of the world, the painful part of a decayed gentlewoman.

"Eh bien!" said Pulcherie, "in four months, is it to be? Glam is a brave fellow, and will make you happy, if he can but appreciate the treasure about to be confided to him."

"What distresses me most," said Berenice, "is the wedding. Glam wishes to have a wedding feast. We shall never be able to persuade my father and mother to give a party of pleasure. You can see that they are no more reconciled to Onesime's loss than they were the first day. Mourning has never quitted our house; there is no longer a smile at our table, when two vacant places continually recall such painful histories."

In fact, since Onesime's departure, and, above all, since the report of his death had obtained credence, Pelagie served up her husband's dinner on the table as formerly—his chair was placed according to custom; but Tranquille would take his soup, and go to eat it, on his knees, in a corner; Pelagie and Berenice, on their part, doing the same.

One day, Tranquille said to his wife—

"Pelagie, this must come to an end. Why do not you and Berenice eat at the table?"

"If you wish it," replied Pelagie, "I will lay the cloth as I used to, and to-morrow we will dine at table."

"You can lay it, if you like," said Tranquille, "but I, for one, shall not eat there."

From this time forth, no more had been said on the subject, and all three had dined in their separate nooks.

"And M. Malais?" Berenice asked of Pulcherie.

"M. Malais is not unhappy. I feared it would be a sad blow for him to see the château pass into other hands. But, on the contrary, he gets on very well with M. Breville, who seems to believe all my uncle tells him with the greatest facility, probably because he only hears half of it, and accepts, without criticism, all the little falsehoods he resorts to, to avoid confessing his ruin—a ruin, alas! which I cannot speak of without respectful sorrow, for I myself was its cause and origin. What a misfortune it was, dear Berenice, for them and for us all, that my aunt and uncle did not forget me a little longer. They would not then have lost their fortune—I should never have known such bitter trials—we should never have been separated!"



"You would have married Onesime, who would have been with us now, instead of being dead, broken-hearted, and dishonoured."

After a moment's silence, Berenice resumed—

"The master of the château had need be rich, for he has the reputation of being easily imposed upon. They say he is the simplest kind of man in the world."

At this moment M. Breville passed on the other side of the stream, and saluted the two friends. He asked Berenice after her parents, and the state of the fisheries; then he inquired if the postman had passed yet, and being answered in the negative, bowed, and walked on to Dive. Berenice and Pulcherie sat talking so long of Onesime, and of their childhood, that M. Breville found them in the same place an hour afterwards, as he walked towards the chateau in company with Epiphane Garandin; but at the sight of the latter, the two young women disappeared among the trees, and returned to Pelagie's by another road. It was evident that Epiphane had, by his revelations, caused the flight, the condemnation, and the death of Onesime; and they could never look upon him without horror.

M. Breville took Epiphane up to the château, and said to him—

"You gave us a glimpse of your talents, the other day; but I now want to employ you on something of more importance. M. Garandin, I am occupied in scientific pursuits, and it is not without reason that I have fixed my residence on the sea-coast. I am engaged on a great work upon oysters. I have already made great researches—I have many more to make. You write a beautiful hand—you are intelligent and well-informed. I believe you are not much occupied?"

"No, Monsieur—I have need to be. I lost a great deal by the death of the miller."

"Well, I want you to assist me in my *Treatise on Oysters*."

"I have eaten them, Monsieur, but that is all I know about them."

"There will be no occasion for you to know any more. I shall want you only to put my researches in order, and to copy out my notes. I should tell you,

M. Garandin, my *Treatise on Oysters* is an important work, which will be read before the Academy of Sciences. I work slowly, as I do not wish to advance anything that I cannot accompany with proofs. Do you know Greek, M. Garandin?"

"No, Monsieur, I have taught it—but I don't know it."

"You can read and write it, perhaps?"

"Yes, Monsieur—at all events, nearly."

"That is enough—it is only for a few etymological roots. But as I have told you, I work slowly—two lines sometimes cost me a week's preliminary research. It will be necessary to have you always at my elbow."

## CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER year passed without any great change in the position of our characters. Berenice was about to marry the son of Pacome Glam. Pacome Glam had been dead four months, which had necessarily postponed the marriage for a time. As to M. Breville, he had completely established his reputation, which was that of a man entirely deaf and rather silly. Desiree was housekeeper at Benzeval, and M. and Madame Garandin had at last taken up their abode there. Epiphane worked enormously for M. Breville, whose mass of researches had now attained the most formidable proportions. It is true that a volume of extracts made by Maitre Epiphane Garandin only produced, when digested, a few lines of the new owner of Benzeval's great work. Everything tended to make it probable that the task would last out the lifetime of the author, and that of his secretary. Desiree, on one side, and the Garandins on the other, had the credit of robbing M. Breville, right and left, without mercy.

The summer season brought back the bathers, and M. Breville gave a few fêtes. It was impossible that the good understanding that had existed between Desiree and Madame Garandin could last long. Desiree wished to rule in the house; Madame Garandin offered some resistance. Garandin, when a discussion arose, would give judgment against his wife; but ultimately the latter openly raised the

standard of rebellion, and despised the injunctions of her husband.

Some people discovered that M. Breville did not do all he might have done to support the reign of peace in his dwelling. It would appear as though these squabbles and recriminations—called *potins* in Normandy (whence the verb *potiner*)—amused him vastly. He listened separately to the different complaints, and appeared purposely to irritate the adversaries, instead of striving to conciliate them, which was affirmed by many to be the mark of a little mind.

M. Breville was in his study. He was surrounded by papers, and dictated to Maitre Epiphane, interposing his learned lucubrations with dialogue of a more familiar description.

"Have you got that, Maitre Garandin?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I have it."

"Very good! Write—'Oyster—in Latin, ostreum; in Greek, *οστρεον*. Ménage states that the old French word was *oistres* previously to that of *huîtres*.' It would be very interesting, M. Garandin, to be able to follow the word *οστρεον*—*ostreum*, *oistres*, *huîtres*—through its various transformations. That must be the subject of future investigations. You tell me you have given lessons in Greek. They were private lessons, I suppose, as they do not teach Greek in the parish schools?"

"Exactly, Monsieur—I used to give lessons to a son of M. Malais, the late owner of Benzeval, during the holidays; but the young man died prematurely."

"Were you a schoolmaster at the time of that miller's death that was so much talked of, and is still talked of now and then in the neighbourhood?"

"No, Monsieur, I was a bailiff then."

"*Tres bien!* Write—'For some time the Romans eat none but the oysters of Lake Lucrinum; subsequently they were taken from Brundisium and Tarentum; finally the only oysters highly esteemed were those of the Atlantic Ocean. The oyster is a shellfish of the bivalve species. The shell of the oyster is in shape almost round,—usually thick, knotty, and uneven.'—They tell me you were a witness in that affair?"

"What affair?"

"Why, the affair of the miller."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"The assassin was son of a fisherman hereabouts, was he not?"

"Yes, Monsieur,—*Risque-Tout's* son."

"He escaped from prison, did he not?"

"Yes, Monsieur, and since then they say he is dead."

"I have been told he was. I heard a good deal of the affair at the time of my buying Benzeval. Benzeval was mortgaged to the miller, and his heir was this — What is his name?"

"Whose, Monsieur?"

"The murderer's."

"Oh! the murderer,—Onesime Alain, Monsieur."

"I thought you and Desirée had been good friends, M. Garandin."

"I don't think we are on very bad terms, Monsieur."

"She does not speak of you then as a friend ought to do,—especially of Madame Garandin. I was obliged to order her to be silent yesterday; she disapproved of your wife having a new cap."

"Desirée is well off, and is a little proud, though she has no occasion to be. What she has she didn't steal. She lived with the old miller a long time, and he made her cry oftener than her turn. Nobody could be a greater brute than he when he had taken anything to drink."

"What could she mean by saying 'Madame Garandin sets her cap too high?'"

"I can't tell, Monsieur. Perhaps she wished to accuse her of a little vanity. A new bonnet for women of their class, Monsieur—for my wife is but little higher than Desirée—is a crown. Those who have it are as proud as those who haven't it are jealous. After all, perhaps Desirée was not quite in the wrong. Madame Epiphane gives way to her fancies a little too much. She forgets occasionally what poor devils we are—and you might take her for a tradesman's wife. But every now and then I put her in order."

"Write—'Macrobe informs us that oysters were always served at the tables of the Roman Pontiffs. Apicius had a secret for preserving oysters, which has

not been handed down to us. He sent some all the way from Italy to Persia to the Emperor Trajan, and on their arrival they were as fresh as when caught. As to the qualities of oysters—Tell me the particulars of the murder.”

“Oh! there was nothing strange about it, Monsieur. Onesime Alain had done his cousin Eloi a service, and the latter had put him down in his will. He left him his fortune, but would never give him a farthing in his lifetime. Onesime, however, got into a habit of thinking himself rich—spent money and got into debt. He came one day—driven to a push—and asked for money. The cousin refused, and they had a quarrel. Onesime was seen escaping through a window, and Eloi was found strangled.”

“And he was not supposed to have had accomplices?”

“There was nothing to involve accomplices. Besides, the evidence against Onesime was sufficient; his flight was looked upon as a confession by sensible people. As for me, I knew more than that. The family have a grudge against me for having accused him; but it is none the less true that I helped, and helped well, to save him.”

“Really!”

“Why, I had known him from a child. It went to my heart to witness against him. However, when you are sworn to tell *the whole truth*, tell it you must. I told all I knew; but when it came to getting him out of the way—I don’t mind confessing—it was I who took him to a vessel that was waiting to carry him to England. It was true, he thanked me, embraced me, and confessed all; only he persisted in saying that the miller had struck him first. It is not unlikely, for Eloi Alain’s *forte* in his lifetime was not patience; but that was no reason for strangling him.”

“Perfectly reasoned. And now, leave my *Treatise on Oysters* for to day.”

“Madame Desiree,” said M. Breville, one morning, “let us look over the house-keeper’s account. Ah! my dear lady,” he added, “why have you not allowed me any fish for the last three days?”

“For a very simple reason, Monsieur,” replied Desiree; “the weather has been so bad that the fishermen have not been able to go out.”

“It is very odd, my dear lady; M. Epiphane Garandin—whom, I will not conceal from you, I had told that you would persist in keeping me without fish—informed me, not half an hour ago, that the boats had come in quite full.”

“M. Epiphane had better mind his own business.”

“Just what I told him, when I thought he was going too far. I thought you were good friends, Madame Desiree?”

“How, Monsieur?—has he dared to speak disrespectfully of me?”

“And have you any fish to give me to-day?”

“Excuse me, Monsieur, but I would give the world to know what it was he said of me—what—”

“If you could get a nice fried sole—”

“In the name of Heaven, M. Breville, what was it he said?”

“Nothing worth the trouble of repeating, my dear Madame Desiree—mere absurdities—*potins*—as you say in this part of the world.”

“It becomes a fellow like him to dare to speak of me.”

“Calm yourself, Madame Desiree. M. Garandin said nothing that could at all affect your honour.”

“Affect my honour!—*jour de Dieu!* He wouldn’t dare for his life; but I wouldn’t advise him to speak ill of me—”

“Ah! look there! Here comes Maitre Epiphane, my dear Madame Desiree. Let me beg of you to be prudent. I have some business out of doors. I must get him to go through your accounts with you. Pray don’t lose your temper—and don’t say anything to him. M. Epiphane, oblige me by going through my accounts with Madame Desiree.”

And M. Breville quitted the room, where he left Madame Desiree and Epiphane measuring each other with their eyes, and waiting for his departure to commence hostilities.

“I am glad I have met you, M. Garandin,” Desiree began, as soon as she had seen the door closed behind M. Breville.

"And I wanted a word with you, Madame Desiree," replied Epiphane.

"You must have a good stock of impudence, M. Garandin."

The conversation thus broached, threatened to become warm; and it is probable that M. Breville, in spite of his deafness, so disposed of himself outside the door as to overhear its continuation, a proceeding which would justify the charges current against him in the neighbourhood. "M. Breville," ran the public criticism, "has a taste for *potins*, but we are none of us perfect, and with that pardonable exception he is the best, the most amiable and the *easiest-caught* man you could meet with. He pays too dearly for everything, which does not, however, prevent him, in most cases, from paying twice over. People help themselves to his wood—turn their beasts out to grass in his meadows—and he raises no objections. He gives fêtes, he employs workmen, he assists the unfortunate when an opportunity occurs. Only the worst of him is, he wants to know everything. It is the man's weakness. However, he is not the only one."

"Ah! Madame Garandin," said M. Breville, one day, to his secretary's wife. "How is it that you never wear a superb necklace I once saw on you, and which I have never seen since? You really looked very well in that necklace."

"Oh! *mon Dieu!*" replied Madame Garandin, "it's all Epiphane; he will never let me wear any of my fine things. He told me as much that very day, when I hadn't time to take off the necklace to open the door to you. If I listened to him I should always go dressed no better than a beggar woman."

And she showed M. Breville her entire *coffre*, that is to say, her collection of linen, wearing apparel, and jewellery.

"But of what use are they all to me," she said, sighing, "since I am never allowed to show them, not even to wear them on Sundays?"

"Well, without making too great a display either of jewels or rich stuffs, it seems to me, Madame Garandin, that you might keep up the dignity of your station;

for, after all, your husband has been a schoolmaster, and even a bailiff. For instance, here is a nice little dress, which if I were in your place I would give an airing sometimes. A dress always looked up! why it will fade and get mouldy! It is quite reasonable on working days, down at the baths, that you should dress in such a manner as may be convenient; but say, when you go to mass on Sundays, why should you wear a simple cap? You used to wear a bonnet, did you not?"

"Yes, Monsieur, that is true; but in those days Epiphane was a bailiff, and a bailiff's wife ought to wear a bonnet; it was in honour of my husband and his profession. But now-a-days times are changed, and hard enough they are."

"M. Epiphane Garandin is now my secretary, Madame, and I do not see why he should consider himself degraded on that account. I might find people, if I wished, who would think to the contrary. People need not alter their station, Madame Garandin."

On the following Sunday, Madame Epiphane Garandin did not dare, it is true, to exhibit the famous necklace, but she came out blooming in the dress which, according to M. Breville, would become her so well, and mounted a bonnet. M. Breville was in the dining-room at the window, and Madame Desiree busy removing the breakfast things, as Madame Garandin left the house for mass.

"Ah! *par ma foi*," said M. Breville, "there goes Madame Garandin, and upon my word she may congratulate herself on being well dressed. That dress becomes her amazingly, and gives her quite a superior look. She is really not a bad figure."

Madame Desiree had quitted the table and approached the window.

"Does she usually wear a bonnet?" asked M. Breville.

"She can wear whatever she pleases," said Madame Desiree. "Good name is worth more than gold chain. However, it is no business of mine! A bonnet—name of goodness! She used to wear one when she was a bailiff's wife, but I should have hoped she had had enough of doing the fine lady; but it seems she is no better than ever."

"Has Madame Garandin ever had herself talked about then?" M. Breville asked. "However, I must say she looks very well, dressed in that manner, and I never noticed it before, but she has really very fine eyes."

M. Breville's eulogies eventually exasperated Madame Desiree to the highest pitch, even to make her give warning on the spot, as she had enough to live on, thanks to her former employer's liberality: she disappeared suddenly, and nothing further was heard of her.

The time fixed for Berenice's marriage with young Glam arrived. Pelagie had gently remarked that it was her wish there should be no feast. Unquestionably, she desired her daughter's happiness, and expressed it warmly, but she could take no part in any pleasure; besides, a little gravity would not interfere with true happiness. Tranquille declared himself still more warmly against anything like festivities; Berenice was similarly disposed; the bridegroom and his friends only murmured gently at the decision. However, it was universally felt that the grief of the Alain family should be respected. It was agreed that there should be no feast, and that the wedding should be confined to the religious ceremony.

"Happiness can no longer be our guest," said Pelagie. "The son who was our joy, and perhaps too much our pride, has become our shame. For happiness to come to our fireside, she must come disguised, and not in a holiday dress."

"Yes," said Pulcherie, "the recollection of our dear lost ones must mix itself with everything. All the ill that could further happen to us would be to console ourselves, that is to say, to see them die in our hearts as they have died on the earth. Oh, no! Happily we can never be consoled!"

On the eve of the wedding, Tranquille desired a mass to be said at the church for Onesime.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pulcherie sat by the sea-shore in a deep reverie, and when Berenice, who had been in search of her, came to her side, she was tracing almost unconsciously on the sand,

with the point of her little foot, some letters which a wave soon obliterated, but not quickly enough to prevent Berenice from reading the name of Onesime.

"Oh, Pulcherie!" she said, "you think of him, then?"

"Yes," said Pulcherie, "I have long re-found my heart of other days. Besides, was it not for my sake he sacrificed himself? Was not his whole life a long act of devotion, from the time when, quite a child, he barely escaped dying of cold—that night when we were lost upon the sea? It is not from to-day that I have begun to reproach myself for the heedlessness which made me scorn that noble heart. Now that he is but a soul, I see that soul in all its beauty. But we are making your wedding-day a sad one, my poor Berenice!"

"Your thoughts do no harm to happiness, and sadness is more suited to it than the boisterous joy which usually reigns in marriage feasts. Besides, after what has happened in our unfortunate family, what others call happiness we can scarcely call by a higher name than consolation."

The bell *tolled for death*, as they say at Dive. The Alain family, amongst whom we must class Pulcherie, proceeded to church in deep mourning—young Glam conducting Berenice—a few friends completing the procession. The ceremony was performed with the greatest solemnity. As the priest concluded the hymn, *Dies iræ, Dies illa*, a voice at the church door uttered the response, "Amen!" Some of the spectators turned their heads and perceived a man, poorly dressed and a stranger to the parish, who no sooner found himself the object of attention than he quitted the church and disappeared.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

PULCHERIE, followed by Mopse, had re-ascended the course of the river, and seated herself at the foot of Onesime's willow. She gave herself up to reveries which brought before her the phantoms of days gone by. But soon, seeing that the day was drawing to its close, she prepared to return to Dive, from whence she

calculated on being conducted as far as Cabourg, by some one belonging to the village. However, she expressed a wish to pass by Benzeval, where the tenour of her life had been so completely changed. She was already within a few steps of the chateau, when she encountered Epiphane, who was about to enter the building. Mopse growled, displaying his sharp white teeth. Epiphane bowed to Pulcherie, and offered to accompany her as far as Dive, or even to Cabourg.

"You see," she said, pointing to Mopse, who, with bristling hair, continued to regard the ex-schoolmaster with anything but friendly intentions, "that in case of necessity I have a brave protector."

"What is this?" asked Maitre Garandin. "Do I not see somebody prowling round the chateau?"

And he stepped forward just as a stranger had rung the gate bell. A woman opened the door.

"Is M. Breville within?" inquired the stranger.

"He is from home, Monsieur, on a journey."

"For long?"

"Most likely he will be back this evening, but certainly to-morrow."

"Then I shall not be able to see him. Will you say M. Hubert called, and that he had not time to wait, but was obliged to return immediately."

Mopse had begun to growl with greater vehemence than ever. Then suddenly, in spite of the efforts of Pulcherie, who called to him, he threw himself bodily on the stranger. But instead of worrying or biting him, he leapt upon his shoulders, licking his hands and garments; he rolled on the earth, panting; then he recommenced his caresses—galloping round him in a circle, and leaping high enough to lick his face.

"Mopse! Mopse!" cried the unknown, and he seized the dog in both his arms, and covered him with caresses.

Epiphane advanced—

"You inquired for M. Breville, Monsieur?" said he.

"Do you belong to the house?" replied the stranger.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Very well! I have left my name."

"M. Hubert?" said Epiphane.

"Yes."

"Listen, Onesime; if it is on my account you try to disguise your name and your voice, that won't serve your purpose. I recognise you easily. What brings you here—unfortunate Onesime?"

Pulcherie had drawn near them, thinking she heard the name of Onesime, and already surprised by the joy of the dog; but when she heard Garandin name Onesime for the second time, she uttered a loud cry, and fell on her knees.

"Pulcherie!" cried Onesime.

"Is it you, Onesime, whom we believed dead?"

"This is no time for talking," said Epiphane. "If it is once known that Onesime is here, he is lost."

"And it will not be long before it is known, thanks to you, wretch and traitor that you are. But neither is this a time for squaring our accounts—only begone this instant." And as he uttered these words, Onesime put his hand to a seaman's cutlass hanging from his belt. Epiphane was already at a distance.

"Dear Pulcherie," said Onesime, "it is not fear alone that has made Epiphane fly; besides, the time has not yet come when I can be once more in the midst of you all. But I could not repress the desire to see you from a distance, yesterday, in the church. For whom were you all in mourning? I have not heard of the death of anybody."

"Onesime, it was a mass for the repose of your soul that we celebrated yesterday."

"Dear Pulcherie—my only thought—all that I loved in the world! And so you have adopted my poor Mopse?"

"Are you in safety, Onesime?"

"I? Not the least in the world."

"Fly, then, unfortunate man."

"I have to see some one who will not be here till to-morrow."

"But if Epiphane should betray you—it is possible."

"It is even perfectly certain. I should tell you that I did not wish to be recognised by anybody—I preferred to be thought dead. It is possible that my friends may lose me a second time."

"And that horrible charge——"

"I am innocent, Pulcherie—but I am none the less condemned to death."

"How you are changed, Onesime!"

"I have studied—I have worked—since we last saw each other; but listen—I would rather we had not met each other. Farewell! Do not speak of me to anybody—even to Berenice—that is, unless anything evil should happen; for if I am betrayed and arrested, you will hear me only too much talked of. Be sure of one thing, Pulcherie—my entire life belongs to you. Whatever may happen to me, it will be yours to the end—my last sigh will be for you. Farewell!"

And Onesime disappeared among the willows and trees of the river. Mopse wished to follow him, but he drove him back. Pulcherie did not dare return to Dive, where she would have to conceal so great a secret, and where her emotion would be observed without difficulty. She walked straight to Cabourg. Her uncle had been in bed for some time.

It was nearly midnight when M. Breville arrived at Benzeval with his friend, M. Edmond. M. Edmond was a man gifted with a degree of corpulence rather beyond the common. He would not have been able to get into any of M. Breville's clothes, and the latter had, consequently, not troubled himself to take any with him, merely furnishing himself with money. Second-hand clothesmen had been called in, and great had been the difficulty in putting M. Edmond in a fit state to leave the inn, the outrageous proportions of that gentleman not having been foreseen by the tailors. At length, however, a coat had been discovered that he could almost get on. In the course of those experiments, M. Breville asked, with great interest, the price of a frock-coat he observed amidst the garments offered to them. He paid it without haggling, and put several questions to the clothesman.

The vehicle which bore M. Breville and M. Edmond to Benzeval was not more than a few yards from the chateau, when a man abruptly stopped the horse. At the same time a voice cried—

"It is I—Hubert!"

"Unfortunate, imprudent boy! Has anybody seen you?"

"Yes—Epiphane."

"The devil!"

"And everything leads me to believe that he has already taken steps to get me arrested. So, if I hadn't met you this evening, I should have been off during the night."

"You must come into the chateau—we'll see directly what is best to be done. Wait till all is locked up. When you see a light outside the parlour-door, come in by the garden-gate, where I shall be waiting for you."

"Very good!"

Half an hour at least elapsed, after which, the light having been displayed, Onesime was admitted through the garden-gate by M. Breville, who embraced him tenderly.

"I am very angry with you, Onesime. How?—in spite of my orders."

"I could not wait any longer."

"You are mad. Epiphane has been to fetch the gendarmes. He has already returned."

"I expected as much."

"He has told me of your meeting. What he has done is for your own sake and that of your family. First of all, he advised you to fly—you refused to listen to him; then, in order to save you in spite of yourself, he has sent the gendarmes to look for you across the country; but the information he has given them will make them wander fruitlessly about all the forenoon to-morrow. He thought that, seeing the danger so imminent, you would, as a matter of course, take flight immediately. This is the order in which he has directed the brigadier to pursue his search:—First of all here, where he is sure you cannot be; secondly, at your father's; then at Cabourg, at M. Malais's; lastly, at Glam's, whose son is about to marry your sister. He thinks this false scent will give you time enough, and more, to get out of the way."

"What treachery is concealed under these precautions?"

"Not what you suspect. Epiphane would really prefer your escape to your arrest. The gendarmes will be here at

daybreak. Sup, and go to sleep. We can talk while you are eating."

It was scarcely six o'clock in the morning. Berenice had arisen, a happy bride. Pulcherie had come to assist her with her toilet. Suddenly young Glam arrived with the news that Onesime was not dead—that he had been seen in the village, and had been arrested by the gendarmes while endeavouring to make his escape over the walls of the Chateau de Benzeval. These tidings impressed everybody with the most various and even contrary ideas. Onesime was still living—but living, doubtless, only to die a shameful death.

There was no more talk of marriage for that day. Pulcherie was now at liberty to say that she had met him the previous evening. Everybody caressed Mopse, who had so well recognised his master.

"Oh!" said Pelagie, "if I could at least have kissed him, and held him to my heart!"

It was remarked with some astonishment, that the gendarmes, after having taken Onesime to Caen prison, had returned to Benzeval, and not quitted the vicinity for some days. It was not long before the witnesses were summoned,—Maitre Epiphane Garandin and his wife, as well as the late miller's servant. But, as we have already heard, Desirée had left the country without leaving any clue to her destination. M. Breville went frequently to Caen. When the day of trial was fixed, he asked Tranquille Alain and Pelagie if they would wish to be present. They hesitated for some time, but they received a summons to attend as witnesses, in virtue of the discretionary power of the President. M. Malais, also called upon, took his niece Pulcherie with him.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN the day of trial arrived (few of our *dramatis personæ* had slept during the night), the witnesses presented themselves at their post. Berenice and Pulcherie stood apart with Pelagie. All three were pale, and scarcely exchanged a word one with another. M. Malais, Tranquille Alain, Epiphane and his wife were on the

witness-bench. The judges soon made their appearance, took their seats, and the President ordered the accused to be brought into court. Onesime Alain entered between two gendarmes, and was placed in the dock. The three women, on seeing him, wept in silence. Tranquille Alain avoided looking in the direction of his son; his sadness was mingled with an aspect of severity. The list of witnesses was called over. All replied to their names with the exception of Desirée, the miller's servant, whose place of abode they had not been able to discover, and M. Breville, whose absence no one could explain. The President announced that the proceedings had commenced. The accused having replied to the formal questions that he was a seaman and captain in the merchant service, the *Procureur du Roi* interrupted him, and said—

"The accused had not this title in the indictment previous to his escape. Is it real?"

"Monsieur," replied Onesime, "I took flight because, though innocent, I saw a mass of probabilities accumulating round me, which might have deceived the wisdom of my judges. I hoped that chance, or rather Providence, would furnish me with some proof of my innocence, that I might have brought myself to lay before the eyes of the court. In the meantime, I have worked hard—I have acquired the rank of captain, and have made a voyage to the Indies. There are papers which will satisfy you."

The *Procureur du Roi* then reading the act of indictment, commenced by recalling the death of the miller, who had evidently lost his life in the defence of his treasures.

This exposition of the case was followed by the pleading of the Public Minister. He enlarged upon the horrible ingratitude of Onesime, who, overwhelmed with kindnesses from his uncle, had basely murdered the latter, in the impatience caused by his having to wait for the inheritance. He complimented Epiphane Garandin, who, struck with horror at a crime so terrible, had cast off from his honest heart a friendship of long standing, and had not hesitated to facilitate the accom-



plishment of the rigorous duties of justice. He concluded by demanding the execution upon Onesime of the articles 296, 297, and 302 of the Penal Code.

The President asked Onesime if he had anything to say in his defence, and if he had chosen an advocate. A tall, rigid looking man then penetrated the crowd, advanced to the very foot of the tribunal, and said—

"Monsieur le President, as a witness in the case, I demand, with the consent of the prisoner, to be allowed to conduct his defence before Messieurs the judges and jury."

"Prisoner," said the President, "do you accept the witness now present as your defender?"

"I do, Monsieur."

"What is your name?"

"Hector-Eugene, Count de Sievenn."

The inhabitants of Dive and Benzeval looked at each other with astonishment. The President had spoken in a very low voice, and M. Breville, who now called himself the Count de Sievenn, had answered on the instant—he who had so often seemed unable to hear the loudest and shrillest voices!

"The witness," said the Procureur du Roi, "is registered merely by the name of M. Breville."

"Then Breville, if you please; it is of little consequence. However, here are papers to establish my identity."

"*Ah ça!* why, he isn't deaf now," murmured Epiphane.

"It's a singular transformation," said M. Malais. "However, I'm glad to find the real proprietor of Benzeval is a man of becoming rank. I had my doubts."

"May I begin?"

"Speak, Monsieur."

"Gentlemen of the jury, and Messieurs the judges—I was on the jetty at Havre just as a ship was about to perish. The danger was so fearful that the stoutest pilots hesitated to put out to sea. Onesime Alain came; his example encouraged other sailors. The fury of the sea was conquered, and six men were saved from a certain death. The next day, in the middle of a feast, at which I was allowed the honour of being present, Onesime Alain was

arrested as guilty of a murder committed on the person of his relation and benefactor, in the intention of robbing him. I, who had witnessed the devotion of Onesime to mere strangers—who had also seen the air with which he repulsed me when I had stupidly offered him money—I received the accusation as improbable and absurd. I therefore refused to desert this brave and generous man; I soon learnt that he had, but a few years ago, exposed his life to save that of the relative whom he was now accused of having basely murdered. Nevertheless, the most overwhelming evidence was produced against him. Circumstances, bearing a singular resemblance to proofs, accumulated. I watched the case, I saw that Onesime would be condemned; excuse my boldness, Messieurs, but I thought Justice was mistaken, and that she was about to commit one of those most rare, but most deplorable errors which have occasionally stained her ermine with drops of innocent blood. I had absolutely nothing to reply to the accusation; but an eloquent voice in my own heart said to me, 'This man is innocent.' I procured his escape. I was assisted, I should state in justice, by a man on whom Monsieur the Procureur has just uttered a remarkable eulogy—by Epiphane Garandin, who displayed the greatest zeal and courage in bringing about this escape. I had some difficulty in persuading Onesime Alain to flee. He pretended that, being innocent, he ran no risk of condemnation. Your wisdom, Messieurs, was by him worthily appreciated; but I am not so young; I have lived—I have seen the world—that has filled me with a general mistrust, which is, no doubt, exaggerated and unreasonable. I got Onesime out of the way; I have some friends, some influence, even a little money. Onesime, who had no education, worked in solitude, worked with intelligence and perseverance. At the end of a year he was admitted a captain in the merchant service, under the name of Hubert, having, at my suggestion, laid aside that of Onesime Alain till such time as he should be again able to bear it without taint or suspicion."

"But, Monsieur," said the Procureur du Roi, "it strikes me you are telling us what concerns nobody but yourself. These episodes bear very indirectly on the case, fatigue the attention of the jury, and——"

"Monsieur," replied M. de Sievenn, "you have devoted two hours and a-half to stating the accusation; I do not ask for more than one half hour to destroy it in. Let me employ that half hour according to my fancy. The gentlemen of the jury, I am sure, will be too anxious to avoid condemning an innocent man to be fatigued by my words. Moreover, I am about to enter into details which will afford you yourself, M. le Procureur, some satisfaction. May I continue?"

"Continue," said the President.

"My friend was in concealment—I say my friend, gentlemen, because the man seated there between two gendarmes has done me the honour to call me his friend—an honour I sought on the day of his saving the ship—an honour I have considered greater since he has become unfortunate, falsely accused, and abandoned by all. Misfortune, as it were, consecrates men, and entitles them to our veneration. For me, however, it was not sufficient to know that Onesime Alain was in safety from the probable mistaken vengeance of the law; I believed, I felt, I knew that he was innocent, and I had not the slightest proof to bring forward in his favour. Such a proof was necessary to me: I felt it my duty to devote my entire life to its discovery. It was a great and noble aim, and I gave myself up to it wholly. I made my appearance at Benzeval as if by accident; I represented myself as the most deaf and credulous of men; I could hear nothing, and would believe anything. These two infirmities freed me from anything like mistrust; people would speak freely before me, just as if no one were present. I became acquainted with the whole neighbourhood; I wished to be conversant with the life of everybody. There is scarcely an inhabitant but has told me two or three times over the story of the miller, Eloi Alain, being found dead in his bedroom. A hundred times I thought I began to perceive a glimmering of light—as often have I run my head

against the false and the absurd. I carefully took notes of all the reports, all the contradictions. This lasted for three years, gentlemen, and it is only within the last three weeks that I have received the last proof that was wanting—not for my conviction as to the innocence of my friend—that is no stronger than on the first day—but for yours, gentlemen; and now it is in my power to declare to you, and to prove it in the most incontestable manner, first, that Onesime Alain, my friend, is innocent; and secondly, that the real murderer of Eloi Alain is that man, Epiphane Garandin, on whom, M. le Procureur, you have just pronounced so flattering an eulogy."

And as he pronounced these words, M. de Sievenn—with form erect and majestic, and eyes flashing fire—advanced towards Epiphane, who was pale as a corpse—seized him by the arm, and with invincible strength dragged him to the centre of the court-house, in front of the judges and jury, dumb with astonishment and terror.

"There!" he repeated; "this gentleman, this man, Epiphane Garandin, is at once the accuser of Onesime and the assassin of the miller."

"Messieurs," cried Epiphane, "'tis a calumny; this man is mad."

M. de Sievenn then requested the President to summon into court, as a witness, the spinster Desiree Maurel, who had lived with the miller as his servant up to the time of his death.

"The witness," he added, "did not answer to her name when called, for reasons which I will take upon myself to explain."

"Being installed in the neighbourhood, gentlemen, having thoroughly established my reputation for deafness and credulity, I engaged as housekeeper the spinster Desiree Maurel, servant to the deceased miller; and as secretary M. Epiphane Garandin, with whom I had previously merely had some indirect communication at the time of Onesime's escape. Maitre Epiphane had been in turns schoolmaster, tinman, soldier, fiddler, parish-clerk, apothecary—and, subsequently, and to conclude—murderer

and false witness. In order to find the—witness (as Monsieur the President chooses to call him) employment, I made a pretence of writing a scientific treatise on oysters. From that moment the combat had commenced. Now, I would make Epiphane, his wife, and the spinster Desiree live in the house together; then they would talk together without suspecting me in the least. Now, I would throw among them some germ of discord; and each, under the influence of anger, would speak to me with sufficient freedom. I continued to write and to make out my case. To conclude, gentlemen, I have it at length in my power to inform you in what manner the crime was really committed. I will urge nothing whatever for which I cannot furnish the most incontrovertible proofs.

“Onesime, charged with desertion and detained in the country by the influence of a passion—more noble than reasonable—had found an asylum in the house of his uncle, whose life he had saved with an uncommon degree of self-devotion. Here is a medal in commemoration of the act. Eloi Alain, I am bound to say, in spite of the habit the living are accustomed to indulge in, of divesting themselves of all the good qualities they are embarrassed with in favour of the dead—Eloi Alain was an usurer. He had made himself master—by all sorts of means that are the reverse of honourable—of the greater part of the property of Monsieur Malais de Benzeval, whom he persecuted to the utmost extent of his power in order to make him sell his house—all that was left him of a considerable fortune.

“From a very long date, a tie of the closest friendship had existed between Onesime's family and that of M. Malais. The children of the two houses had been brought up together. Onesime implored his uncle to take pity on a decayed old man, fallen from a high position, overwhelmed by every species of misfortune, and reduced to the verge of beggary and despair. The miller was inflexible; the old man and the rest of the family were about to be driven out of doors. Their house—their last asylum, must be sold;

the bills of sale were posted up, when Onesime, after having for the last time thrown himself at his cousin's feet, could only take counsel from despair. He resolved to take from the miller the sum the latter claimed from M. Malais, in order that M. Malais should return it to him on the following day, under the form of payment. Eloi Alain was from home; Onesime opened a secret drawer, whose whereabouts he had previously suspected; counted out the necessary sum; then, hearing a noise, and seeing an eye watching him through the keyhole, took flight, and caused the sum to be conveyed to the miller's unfortunate debtor, who, for his part, refused to profit by it, and returned it a few days afterwards for the benefit of the miller's heirs. The man who had surprised Onesime, and who had seen him without being seen by him, was not the miller, but in fact Epiphane Garandin, who had, like Onesime, access to the house at all times. Whether it was that he had intended, like Onesime, to take advantage of the miller's absence to invade his secret hoard, or whether, as an accidental witness of what was going forward, he had thought that it would be easy for him to throw the blame of the theft on another man's shoulders,—he emptied the treasure. Onesime had taken eight thousand seven hundred francs, which have been returned to the estate by M. Malais de Benzeval; but there remained in paper and gold twenty-eight thousand francs, to which Epiphane Garandin was about to help himself, when he was surprised in his turn. But this time it was by the miller, who seized him by the throat, attempting to cry out, and whom Epiphane strangled. After which, he took away the twenty-eight thousand francs.

“The next day the miller was found dead, and the drawer empty. In the hand of the corpse was found a fragment of cloth, which he had probably torn from his murderer's coat. The precaution of putting this under seal was not attended to. A few hours afterwards the piece of cloth had disappeared. Here it is.

“Epiphane, on returning to his own home, was obliged to confess to his wife

nearly all that had happened. He told her he had found the miller murdered—in the agonies of death. The thief, he said, had not taken all. He himself had brought away the rest, which otherwise would have reverted to Onesime the murderer, and next heir to his uncle. In the convulsions of his agony, Eloi Alain, whom he had endeavoured to succour, had torn his coat, on to which, also, some drops of blood had spirted. He ordered his wife to burn the coat; she threw it on the fire, but fearing that the smell of the cloth, which was beginning to burn, would be perceived by the neighbours, urged also, perhaps, by a feeling of sordid avarice, or by a providential blindness, the woman Garandin immediately plucked the burning coat from the fire, and concealed it. Subsequently, she sold it at Caen to an old clothesman, named Samuel, who repaired it and resold it to one of his brethren, Solomon, residing at Trouville, at which town I purchased it. There is the coat, with two pieces of another cloth of the same colour; the one replacing the part torn out by the dying miller, and the other the burnt piece. Chemists might possibly detect traces of the blood. Monsieur the President may call upon the two clothesmen.

"Epiphane, believing, as he has continued to believe up to to-day, that his wife had destroyed the fatal garment, went in search of the spinster Desiree, and told her the same story as he had told his wife, but with some variation of detail. He said nothing about the twenty-eight thousand francs. He persuaded her to remove the piece of cloth left in the clenched hand of the corpse; but the woman, to whom certain circumstances connected with the affair appeared suspicious, carefully preserved the piece of cloth, of which I have finally succeeded in obtaining possession. She was greatly attached to her master. Epiphane prevailed on her to deceive the officers of justice chiefly by making her hope that it would not become known that the miller had been murdered by his nephew, as he, Epiphane, would have been obliged to divulge the case, should he find himself

in the slightest danger. Some time afterwards, when she had been sufficiently compromised, by having abstracted the piece of cloth and frustrated the ends of justice, less scruples were shown towards her, and by degrees she learnt more of the affair. But she still believed Onesime to be the assassin. She was, therefore, persuaded to allow him to be tried; when Epiphane, who saw certain suspicions likely to bear against himself, made up his mind to sacrifice Onesime, against whom there was no difficulty in accumulating a mass of circumstantial evidence. However, entrammelled as was Onesime in the net that had been spread for him, by an accident and the perfidy of Garandin, the latter still feared that in the course of the trial an accident or the wisdom of the judges might bring the real truth to light. Therefore he did his best to assist the accused in escaping. When I made up my mind to discover the truth, in order that I might lay it before you, Messieurs, I did not wish to render an enterprise, already but too arduous, impossible by any undue degree of precipitation. I have therefore devoted three years to the accumulation of proofs, and my treasure has been scraped together, grain by grain, like that of an ant. I reserve all I have to say to the witnesses till such time as M. le President may choose to examine them."

The President then asked Epiphane what he had to reply to the accusation just brought against him by M. Breville. Epiphane rose and fell back on his seat without having been able to pronounce a word. Then he arose again, and said—

"There is not a word of truth in all that he has said, but my advocate will answer him."

The advocate took up the word, and said—

"I have advised my client not to answer a single question till I have had some conversation with him."

"Then," said the President, "we will examine some other witnesses. Call the woman Garandin. Let Garandin withdraw, and see that the gendarmes do not leave him."

"Monsieur the President," said M. de

Sievenn, "may I put a few questions to the witnesses?"

"You can communicate them to me."

After the ordinary questions, the President asked Madame Garandin if she recognised the coat purchased by M. Breville. She replied in the negative.

"Did you ever sell a coat to the old clothesman, Samuel?"

"I never saw Samuel in my life. I don't know anybody of the name."

"Sit down. Call the witness Samuel."

Samuel was examined. He recognised Madame Garandin in the middle of the crowd as the woman who had sold him the coat which Solomon, of Trouville, had subsequently bought of him. The sale, moreover, was registered in his books, only Madame Garandin had chosen to alter her name a little and called herself Madame Parentin.

"And you, Madame Garandin, do you persist in your denial of having sold to the clothesman, Samuel, the coat now shown to you?"

"I confess that it is true, but I am frightened. I don't know why I am asked all these questions. I am afraid of giving answers that will get me into trouble—"

"Falsehood alone can get you into trouble. Tell the truth, as you have sworn before Christ. Was it you who put in these two pieces of cloth, one replacing a tear, the other a burn?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Did not your husband order you to burn this coat, and did you not prefer to sell it?"

"All I remember is that I sold it."

"On the day of the miller's murder, did not your husband bring home a great deal of money?"

"No, Monsieur. We have never been so poor as since that misfortune happened. Everybody knows that."

"Monsieur the President," interrupted M. de Sievenn, "will you ask Madame Epiphane if that is not a ruse invented by her husband, and one which has given her great annoyance? Ask her, if you please, if she did not at length succeed in obtaining his permission to purchase certain ornaments which she has only

been able to wear in her own house with closed doors. Ask her if, on the first occasion of my calling upon her, she had not, in her confusion, still kept on a gold necklace; and if Epiphane, believing in my deafness, did not take her to task severely on the subject in my presence."

"You may search all over the house, you won't find any gold necklaces there."

"That will depend upon where they look for them. If they will lift up a flagstone under the cinders, at the back of the fire-place, they will find a gold necklace and other valuables, and also nearly the whole of the twenty-eight thousand francs stolen by Epiphane."

"What have you to say to that, woman?"

"Monsieur the President, I say that it is not true."

"The house shall be searched immediately."

"*Eh bien!* It is true that there is money there, but Garandin found it."

"Monsieur the President, will you have the kindness to ask Madame Garandin whether, in the course of the quarrels I managed to bring about between her and the spinster Desiree, the latter never made any allusions to Epiphane's crime, with which she was only half acquainted? Did she not say to Madame Garandin, on one occasion amongst others, 'Whenever I choose, I can send your husband to the galleys;' to which Madame Garandin replied by a supplicating gesture, pointing to me, but the spinster Desiree reminded her by a sign that I was deaf?"

Madame Garandin appeared overwhelmed, and made no answer. Desiree was called into court, and her replies were in conformity with M. de Sievenn's assertions. She complained of M. Breville, who had deceived her for so long a time by pretending to be deaf. And then he had appeared so good-natured, so gullible. Nobody could have mistrusted him. However, she recollected the pains he had taken now to embroil her, and now to reconcile her with the Garandins. It was at his instigation she had left the country.

Garandin was re-called. The Procureur du Roi asked him where he had

found the money that was concealed in his house. He replied that he had found no money.

"It is not worth your while to deny it any longer," replied the magistrate. "Your wife has just confessed that you had found money."

"I found a crown piece once on the road to Trouville."

"That is not what we are talking about. It is a question of twenty-eight thousand francs that are concealed behind a stone in your fire-place. Your wife, on being questioned as to the possession of so important a sum, by a person in your humble position, has replied that you found it."

All was over now for Epiphane, whom the jury pronounced guilty. He was condemned to the galleys with hard labour for life; his wife to five years' imprisonment, and Desirée to one year—of which, however, she only served three months, M. de Sievenn having deeply interested himself in her behalf, as he had previously promised.

Onesime, though still charged as a refractory conscript, was immediately released, M. de Sievenn being surety for him, and the President having promised to obtain his pardon. It was with great emotion that the spectators witnessed the well-grown, handsome young man, for whom the gendarmes made way respectfully, throw himself on his knees before his father and mother, who blessed before embracing him.

It was only a few days afterwards that another judgment, obtained before a civil court, ordered that the legacy of his cousin, Eloi Alain, should be delivered to Onesime, in conformity with the will of the former, but this was only a matter of form, of which the result was merely communicated by an advocate's letter. I need not describe the joy of the Alain family, when they were all re-assembled in the cottage at Dive, where Onesime slept that night. Pelagie, with a sweet and delicate woman's instinct—an instinct, indeed, such as woman alone possesses—called Pulcherie to her side, and folding her in her motherly arms, said to her, "My daughter!"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR some days afterwards no more was seen either of Pulcherie or Onesime. Onesime never left the Chateau de Benzeval, where he was probably occupied with M. de Sievenn. Pulcherie, under various pretences, remained at her uncle's, at Cabourg. Moreover, an illness which had seized M. Malais furnished a reason in lieu of pretences. Certain disclosures which had been made relative to his ruin, in the course of the trial, had deeply humiliated him. He exclaimed unceasingly—"Mon Dieu! what will people say! I can never dare show my face in the country again; after I had concealed my misery so carefully and so successfully—those infernal chatterboxes to come and make it a text for their pleadings!"

Pulcherie dared not tell him that no living soul had ever been the dupe of his sad comedy. Berenice often came to see Pulcherie; but Berenice herself was embarrassed. Contrary to the expectation of all the family, Onesime no longer spoke of marrying Pulcherie; they therefore did not dare to speak of the subject to her; but Pelagie and Berenice spoke of it between themselves.

"It will spoil all my happiness if he does not give me Pulcherie for a daughter," said the good mother; "I feel that I already hate the woman he will marry in her place."

"We can't force anybody in those matters," said worthy Father Alain, "but I hope it is not because he has become rich, and because Pulcherie is poor, he has changed in his intentions towards her. No, I hope it is not that."

"Oh, no! make sure as to that," cried Berenice, "and I am certain he had no thought of anything but to marry Pulcherie. I would wager he'll be here this evening, my dear parents, to ask your consent."

"He won't have to wait long for it," said Pelagie.

But he neither came that evening, nor on those succeeding it. Berenice began to feel uneasy. The conversation with Pulcherie, therefore, became embarrassing; she was fearful of chilling the heart

or wounding the pride of Madame de Morville. Pulcherie wept and said—

"He is right; he repays me my diadain. Did I not diadain him when he loved me so, and when he was poor? Alas! Heaven is my witness, that it was not his poverty prevented my thinking of him. How changed he is! How noble his face has become, how grand his step; and since I have known so long that he sacrificed himself for me, how much ought I not to love him for the sufferings he has endured on my account! But now it is my duty to avoid him, and conceal my affection. How unfortunate that he should have become rich!"

M. Malais called her to his bedside.

"Pulcherie," he said, "I scarcely dare ask you to leave your friends. But for my part I must go away—far from Benzéval. It is known now that I am a poor man. I dare not go out; the children will point their fingers at me. I cannot remain here."

"We will go wherever you wish, dear uncle—dear father; I wish for nothing better; provided I can occasionally hear some news of the friends I shall have to leave here—if a letter can reach me from time to time, to assure me that they are happy. I believe both of us will be better off in all respects far away. I will write to Madame de Fondonis, my old friend, to procure me some music lessons to give in Paris. We will go to Paris. There we can appear whatever we wish; nobody knows what is going forward in your own house—nobody thinks of it. I will take care of you; we will live happily."

"Thanks, thanks! my sweet Pulcherie," cried the old man: "I could not have dared to ask it of you, but you save my life. I did not wish to leave you here alone, but yet I could not have remained here any longer. Here, where everybody knows me to be plunged in misery. Here, where the highest sentiment I can hope to inspire must be one of pity. Thanks, thanks!"

"When shall we go?"

"Whenever you please, dear uncle. But do you not think it would be better to wait for Marie's answer?"

"As you will. At any rate I shall not put my foot outside the door, except to leave Dive, never to return to it. Oh, no! I will not let them enjoy the pleasure of seeing the owner of Benzéval, whom they have known rich and happy, wandering by the wayside, poor and humiliated. I can wait; besides, I have no occasion to go out. What do I see when I go out? Lands that have belonged to me—my woods that they are cutting down—the Chateau de Benzéval, a house on which I have expended so much care and money, and at which I cannot look except through an iron grating. They say that this M. de Sievenn, who has done a very great action in saving an innocent man from the scaffold, but who has chosen to speak of people and things he might just as well have left alone, is making enormous improvements at Benzéval, as if I had left anything there that needed doing. I am sure he will spoil everything. I should like to go there just once, only to see the bad taste of such people."

"What for, uncle, except to inflict on yourself fresh sorrows? For my part, provided I can know occasionally that the friends of my childhood are happy—and they will be so, for they now have all that has been wanting to them—I shall regret nothing here but the churchyard."

In a few days the prospect of leaving Dive had restored the old man to health. He would not even allow a window to be opened, and only took air in the evening, when he could not be seen.

Marie de Fondonis' letter soon arrived. Its tone was somewhat patronising. "However, Marie had attended to all that Pulcherie had asked of her; she had already secured her two pupils, and was confident of meeting with others. The letter contained much condolence with Pulcherie's unfortunate situation, and that couched in terms far from obliging. It should be stated, in explanation of this, that Marie de Fondonis had with difficulty tolerated being eclipsed in society by Pulcherie de Morville, who, for a short time enough, it is true, had shone richer and more brilliant than herself, and had never ceased to be more beautiful. In spite of the disdainful tone of her friend

Pulcherie was delighted with the letter; and, of the same mind as M. Malais, she hastened the preparations for their departure.

One day Berenice returned home, threw herself into Pelagie's arms, and burst into tears.

"You do not know, mother, Pulcherie is going away. I found her packing up her clothes. She is going to Paris with M. Malais; she says that M. Malais cannot bear to be poor where he has been rich; above all, since his misery, which he thought he had hidden from all the world, has been spoken of at Onesime's trial. Since then he has refused to leave the house at all, he is so ashamed, and you would not believe how he is changed. Pulcherie is going to give music lessons at Paris, and I do not think it is only her uncle's distress that has decided her to do so. Onesime, with his strange indifference, has a great deal to do with it. Her eyes are often quite red. I do not like to speak to her of Onesime; for, to tell the truth, I do not know what to think of him; she does not like to speak of him either, but I can see it is that is wearing her heart out. It must be owned his conduct is very strange. He, who only lived for her sake—now that she might be his, he seems not to think of her at all. However, I will not believe that he is changed so because he has grown rich. Besides, what can he want? Pulcherie is so beautiful, so refined, and she loves him! I have spoken to her so much during the last three years of my brother's love, his devotion, and his suffering! However, Pulcherie is going away, and, in fact, I can understand why she does not wish to remain here. I could say nothing to her, I was choking, and so I have come here to weep with you."

"But this is dreadful!" cried Pelagie. "I will not have Pulcherie go away. It is true that Onesime no longer makes as much of us as he did; he is always engaged at M. de Sievenn's chateau. This M. de Sievenn has done him a great service, and is a true friend; but, at any rate, he cannot make him forget his family and his heart's love. Listen, Berenice! things can't go on in this way; he

must, at least, be made to explain himself. Take your cloak, and let us go together to the chateau; we will talk to him; he shall, at least, show us what is really in his heart."

"Come, mother."

The two women started for the chateau; as they passed at a little distance from the churchyard they saw Pulcherie, who was on her knees at her infant's tomb, which she soon after left to pray at that of her aunt. Then they saw her gather flowers from both graves, and kiss the stones which covered them.

"Mother," said Berenice, "do you see? she has come to bid them farewell."

They were not long in reaching the chateau. They asked for Onesime. They were told that he had gone out on horseback in the morning, but was expected back shortly. They waited half an hour, and he arrived. He kissed his mother and sister affectionately.

"Onesime," said Pelagie, "we have just passed by Benzeval churchyard. We saw Pulcherie there; she was bidding farewell to the dead ones she leaves behind her."

"Farewell?"

"Yes," added Berenice, "she is going to Paris with M. Malais. She leaves Dive never to return to it."

Onesime grew pale, and, taking his sister by the arm, he cried—

"She is not gone—at least—she is not gone?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Berenice, weeping with joy, "he loves her! You see, he loves her still!"

"What do you mean?" asked Onesime,

"We had thought you no longer loved Pulcherie."

"I! What have I lived for then? What has been the sole aim of my life? What has caused it to be suspected?"

"But," said Pelagie, "your conduct has been very strange—and Pulcherie must have felt that you disdained her."

"Disdained Pulcherie! But I adore her, mother—I only breathe for her! I never thought for a moment she could doubt it—or you."

"Eh bien! Your silence—though she has never spoken of it—is without doubt



the cause of her going away; though there is also her poor uncle Malais, who is dying of grief, and will not stay in the country at any price."

"It is an idea of M. de Sievenn has kept me here; but all is done now. What! And you have thought I could forget Pulcherie? You are sure, at least, that they do not start to-day?"

"Oh, no! Pulcherie has not bid us good-bye."

"But are you sure she would wish to do so? Go back—quick! Is my father at home?"

"Yes."

"Good! I will go and look for M. de Sievenn. Wait for me at Dive."

Pulcherie remained for more than an hour in the churchyard, weeping, praying, and repeating "Adieu! adieu!" She returned to Cabourg, where she found old Malais in high spirits—for they were to start on that very evening, and Pulcherie allowed the old man to arrange everything according to his miserable diseased vanity. They had sold all their furniture, and retained nothing to take with them but their clothes and linen. M. Malais, seeing a small sum of money, wished to leave the neighbourhood, which he believed to be exulting over his downfall, *decently*. He resolved to travel in a *post-chaise* as far as Honfleur.

"There," he said, "we are not known; we shall be able to ride in the *rotonde* of the *diligence*, which will enable us to make up for the expense of the *post-chaise*. Here, we must give it out that we are called to Paris in consequence of some valuable property we have just inherited. I have already spoken a word to the mayor of Dive, who was passing the door, and whom I beckoned in for a moment. It will soon be all over the neighbourhood. I have written off for a *post-chaise*,—that will confirm the story of the inheritance. By these means, when they talk of me at Dive or Benzeval, instead of saying 'Ah! a poor devil who was ruined and died in want!' they will say 'Oh! M. de Benzeval!—there's a lucky fellow, if you like! He was ruined once by having his generosity abused. *Eh bien!* he has come in now for a

fortune better than his first!' You see, when people are poor, they always say it was their own fault; but if they think we have grown rich again, they will find all sorts of excuses for my stupidities."

"They would only speak the truth, my dear uncle, in saying you were ruined by your generosity."

"A little also by my vanity of wishing to be allied to a count, my little niece. All's one for that. I have written for a *post-chaise* to be sent round at six o'clock for M. Malais de Benzeval and Madame the Countess de Morville. At six o'clock the fishermen will have returned. I wish them to see us start—to see that we start in a *post-chaise*. Have you said good-bye to the Alains?"

"Not precisely, my dear uncle; they are my family also, and if you can accuse yourself of a little vanity, I can also, and with at least as much reason, upbraid myself with too much, and that of the worst kind. I have not always been to the Alain family what I should have been, and nevertheless, I have always found them good, tender and devoted, without speaking of the sublime devotion of one of them. I am just going down to Dive. I wish this painful trial were over—I confess that I dread it more than all the rest."

"Don't forget to tell them about the inheritance; because if we don't tell the same story everywhere, they will be sure to find out the exact truth."

Pulcherie put on her cloak, and was about to start, when a knock was heard, and Tranquille Alain entered, accompanied by Pelagie and Berenice in holiday attire. They were followed by M. de Sievenn, Onesime and young Glam, who remained outside with M. de Sievenn.

"Good evening, M. de Benzeval," said Tranquille Alain. "But what's all this luggage about? Going on a journey?"

"Just so, my dear Alain; just so, my good friend. I had a cousin who has taken it into his head to die—worthy fellow! it is the only kindness he ever did anybody in his life. While I have been ruining myself here, like a fool, it appears he was all the time getting rich in Paris, and has been kind enough to die just in

time to put me on my legs again. Here you see me—richer than I was before! We are going to Paris, where we intend living.”

“Oh! in that case, M. de Benzeval, I don’t know whether I ought to tell you that—no—I think not.”

Pelagie drew Pulcherie into an adjoining room, and said to her—

“Is it true about this inheritance? In that case we must think no more of it. My poor Onesime must love you once more. He loves you. It will kill him this time. I know why he has not spoken——”

“My good mother,” said Pulcherie, “it is because it is not true that he must love me and I love him, for I have only learnt to know him to regret him.”

“Let us go back,” said Pelagie.

“My good friend,” said M. Malais to Risque-Tout, “if I can do anything for you in Paris, let me know. I shall be delighted to serve you.”

Pelagie took her husband, Onesime, and Berenice aside. Then Alain advanced towards M. de Benzeval.

“Listen, M. de Benzeval,” he said; “it isn’t for your money that you have been loved in our family; we don’t respect you any the less since you are a ruined man. I don’t know whether you’ve ever thought it worth your while to think of that. It isn’t for us that you’ve any need to make up your stories.”

Pelagie made signs to her husband to prevent his continuing his discourse; but it was absolutely useless. Alain pursued—

“However, that isn’t the question. I know the distance there is between you and us, M. de Benzeval. We don’t forget old times, and it isn’t because you’ve got a little less money we want to give ourselves airs. What I’ve got to say to you is rather bold; however, I’ve got to say it. You have known Onesime from a baby; he was brought up with Pulcherie; she has been the joy of his life; he has been devoted to her always; he has exposed his life, his honour, for her sake. He has made us all wretched enough for the last several years; he has made me wish for his death often; however, that’s all over—let’s say no more about it.

Onesime is no longer a peasant lad; he has studied, and talks just like a gentleman; he is a captain, first class, and he is rich. All this is nothing to bring us up to your mark; but to lessen the distance a little between you and us—it won’t do to leave out any of our little advantages—*eh bien!* M. de Benzeval, will you give him Pulcherie?”

M. Malais was about to reply, and commenced—

“My niece, the Countess de Morville——”

Pulcherie begged him to excuse her for interrupting him, and said—

“I do not wish to have disdained Onesime when I was rich, and now to accept him when he in his turn is rich, and I have become poor. It is true, that since I have known him—since I learnt all that he has done for me, my feelings towards him have been as tender as he could wish them to be; but it is necessary that I should go.”

“Pardon,” said Onesime; “Pulcherie, in the name of the truest and deepest love—in the name of an existence that has been entirely devoted to you—are those the only means that prevent you becoming mine?”

“I would wish that I were rich, or that you were poor, Onesime. But desist from putting me to so cruel a torture. I must and will go.”

Onesime went to call M. de Sievenn. The latter approached M. Malais, and showing him a snuff-box full of ashes, said to him—

“What do you see there, M. de Benzeval?”

“Why such a question, Monsieur?”

“You would have known already, if you had given me an answer.”

“*Eh bien!* I see a few pinches of cinders.”

“Good. These cinders are all that remains of the bill of sale of Benzeval Chateau, and the acknowledgments of your obligations to the miller. There may be also some fragments of the cigars Onesime and I have been lighting with the documents, mixed up with their ashes.”

All the spectators stood wonder-struck.

“Inasmuch as you never sold me Ben-

zeval, so have you never owed a farthing upon it."

"But, Monsieur," said M. Malais, "I don't know if——"

"It's no business of mine, M. de Benzeval. I bought Benzeval, acting for Onesime, who has, thoroughly reimbursed me. He gave me his reasons why we should burn the papers in question; I approved of them, and never have I found cigars taste so deliciously. If you would wish him to repeat those reasons, I hope you will be of my opinion."

"M. de Benzeval," said Onesime respectfully, "as you know, I am heir to my cousin, the miller of Benzeval. I have found, among his papers, proofs that he had been guilty of serious errors in the course of his business transactions with you and your relation, the Count de Morville. These errors have increased the interests on the money lent to a ruinous and exorbitant height. My cousin met his death suddenly, and I have thought it my duty, for his memory's sake, to efface an injustice he had not the time to remedy. The mortgages on the Chateau of Benzeval, and on a portion of its dependencies, it has seemed to me, ought to be annulled. You cannot, therefore, Monsieur, refuse to take back what is really your own, and what has only been taken from you by an error in calculation."

"What! Onesime! and it is you—you—who restore to me the Chateau de Benzeval! My chateau where my poor Dorothee died! And I may again live at Benzeval!"

"Blow, Monsieur," said M. de Sievenn, holding out the snuff-box containing the cinders. "You won't? Then I'll blow myself."

And the cinders were blown in the air, and scattered about the room.

"So; that's settled," said M. de Sievenn. "But what's the meaning of this chase stopping before the door?"

"It is a vehicle I had ordered for the Countess de Morville, my niece, and myself, for our journey."

"It will do to take you home to your own house at Benzeval, where you will find everything as you left it. We have

had trouble enough to put it into proper order, Onesime and I."

The old man, unequal to so much emotion, sank, pale and motionless, into an arm chair. Pulcherie ran to his assistance. They gave him air; he opened his eyes almost immediately.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it will not hurt me. But, in return, Onesime, what would you have, my lad? I possess nothing in the world but what you have given me. And you may ask Pulcherie if she is any richer than I am."

Onesime turned to his father, and presented him with some papers held out to him by M. de Sievenn.

"A son," he said, "cannot be richer than his father. These papers make you master of all that was left by cousin Eloi. All is yours and my mother's. You will take Berenice and Glam, myself and Pulcherie, if she will consent, to live with you."

Then, addressing Pulcherie—

"Pulcherie," he added, "my entire life has been yours up to this moment. Will you accept what remains of it? I am only worthy of you through the love I bear you."

Pulcherie threw herself into the arms of Pelagie, then into those of Berenice, whom she kissed on both cheeks. Onesime gathered these kisses from the cheeks of his sister.

THE END.

## THE YELLOW DOMINO.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France masquerades were an entertainment in high estimation, and public ones were often given, at an immense cost, on court days and such occasions of rejoicing. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these last spectacles, provided they could afford to purchase a ticket, very strange *rencontres* frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious, in the way of disguise or assumption of character. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of these spectacles was that which occurred in Paris, the 15th of October, on the day

when the Dauphin (son of Louis XV.) attained the age of twenty-one.

At this *fête*, which was of a peculiarly glittering character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by the historians of the day—the strange demeanour of a man in a yellow domino, early in the evening, excited attention. This mask, who showed nothing remarkable as to figure—though rather tall and of robust proportions—seemed to be gifted with an *appetite*, not merely past human conception, but passing the fancies even of romance.

"The dragon of old, who *stomachs* ate  
(He used to come out a *Monday*),  
Whole congregations were to him  
A dish of *salmagundi*,"—

he was but a nibbler—a mere diddler—to this stranger in the yellow domino. He passed from chamber to chamber, from table to table of refreshments—not tasting, but devouring—devastating—all before him. At one board he dispatched a fowl, two-thirds of a ham, and half a dozen bottles of champagne; and the very next moment he was found seated in another apartment, performing the same feat, with a stomach better than at first. This strange course went on, until the company, who at first had been amused by it, became alarmed and tumultuous.

"Is it the same mask, or are there several dressed alike?" demanded an officer of the guards, as the yellow domino rose from a seat opposite to him, and quitted the apartment.

"I have seen but one, and by St. Louis, here he is again!" exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word, but proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left, and again commenced sipping, as though he had fasted for the half of a campaign.

At length the confusion which this proceeding created became universal, and the cause reached the ears of the Dauphin.

"He is the very —, your Highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman, "saving your Highness's royal presence."

"Say rather he should be some fa-

mished poet by his appetite," replied the Prince, laughing; "but there must be some juggling; he spills all his wine, and ~~hides the provisions under his robes.~~"

Even while they spoke, the yellow domino entered the room in which they were talking; and, as usual, proceeded to the table of refreshments.

"See here, my Lord," cried one; "I have seen him do this thrice!"

"I, twice!"—"I, five times!"—"And I, fifteen!"

This became too much. The master of the ceremonies was questioned: he knew nothing, and the yellow domino was interrupted as he was carrying a bumper of claret to his lips.

"The Prince's desire is that Monsieur, who wears the yellow domino, should unmask." The stranger hesitated.

"The command with which his Highness honours Monsieur is perfectly absolute."

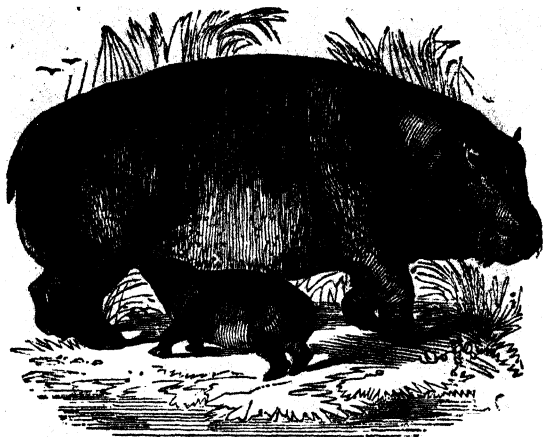
Against that which is absolute there is no contending. The yellow man throws off his mask and domino, and is a private trooper of the Irish dragoons!

"And in the name of gluttony, my good friend (not to ask how you gained admission), how have you contrived," said the Prince, "to sup to-night so many times?"

"Sire, I was but beginning to sup, with reverence be it said, when your royal message interrupted me."

"Beginning!" exclaimed the Dauphin, in amazement; "then what is it I have heard and seen? Where are the herds of oxen that have disappeared, and the hampers of Burgundy? I insist upon knowing how this is."

"It is, Sire," returned the soldier, "may it please your Grace, that the troop to which I belong is to-day on guard. We have purchased one ticket among us, and provided this yellow domino which fits us all; by which means the whole of the front rank—being myself the last man—have supped, if the truth must be told, at discretion; and the leader of the rear rank, saving your Highness's commands, is now waiting outside the door to take his turn."



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

## WILD ANIMALS.

THEIR HOMES, HAUNTS, AND HISTORIES.

## [THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.]

As large as the rhinoceros, and as hideous in appearance, but far less ferocious and destructive, is the Hippopotamus, or River-horse, which is found in nearly all the great rivers in Africa whose banks have yet been visited by Europeans. This is the *Hippopotamus amphibius* of naturalists, a creature which sometimes weighs more than fifteen hundred pounds, and has a skin, in places, as much as two inches thick, with a body like a dirty barrel set upon short thick legs; a monstrous head, for which we can find no similitude on the earth, or in the waters under the earth; a little pig-like tail; small eyes, situated high up in the head; a muzzle much swollen; great thick lips, studded with wire-like bristles; an enormously wide mouth, which, when open, as it commonly is, exhibits sharp incisor teeth; and huge curved tusks, which, when the animal is excited, are capable of committing fearful mischief; the ears are small, and furnished with a few wiry bristles; on each of the immense feet are four toes, tipped with horny hoofs, which leave a deep imprint in the mud of the river's brink, and sand of the sea-shore, where the creature is as often seen as by the fresh-water streams in the interior; hence the name Sea-cow is often

given to it, showing that it is in its habits marine as well as fluviatile.

It does not appear that the hippopotamus has been found out of Africa, where it is very abundant, although now more limited in its range and habitat than it was formerly. It is gregarious in its habits, sagacious, wary, and cautious.

"To convey some idea of the numbers in which these animals were found, on several of the rivers toward the tropic of Capricorn," says Dr. Smith, "it may suffice to state, that, in the course of an hour and a-half, a few members of an expedition-party killed seven within gun-shot of their encampment. Several other individuals were in the same pool, and might also have been killed, had it been desirable. One of the survivors was observed to make his escape to an adjoining pool; and, in accomplishing this, he walked with considerable rapidity along the bottom of the river, and with his back covered with about a foot of water." The animal does not remain thus submerged more than five or six minutes at a time, being obliged to come to the surface for the purpose of respiration; and then it is that the hunter endeavours to plant the fatal shot. Cumming, we may remember, first came upon hippopotami on the Limpopo, and he describes them as there tolerably abundant, but very difficult of approach. The scene which he presents to us in the following passage must have been a grand and impressive one:—"At



THE SOUTH AFRICAN PHACOCHÆRE.

sun-down, the sea-cows commenced their march up the river, passing opposite our camp, and making the most extraordinary sounds—blowing, snorting, and roaring; sometimes crashing through the reeds; sometimes swimming gently, and splashing and sporting through the water. There being a little moonlight, I went down with my man, Carey, and sat some time by the river-side. It was a truly grand and very extraordinary scene; and the opposite bank of the stream being clad with trees of gigantic size and great beauty, they added greatly to the interest of the picture."

A few days after, our hunter shot his first hippopotamus, and had a most difficult task to secure his wounded game, dashing into the water, notwithstanding the danger of crocodiles, and holding on first to the creature's short tail, and then by two incisions which he made in the thick skin, and being whirled about as the maddened animal

led, as if he had been a ly settled upon her tail. At length he succeeded in bringing his prize to the bank, and, afterwards, in getting the huge carcass drawn up high and dry. He was astonished at her enormous size: she appeared to be about five feet across the belly; and he could "see much beauty in her conformation, so admirably adapted for the am-

phibious life to which she was destined by nature."

The flesh of this animal is excellent, and in much request, not only by the natives, but by the European settlers. Indeed, the epicures of Cape Town, as Dr. Smith informs us, are very solicitous to obtain of the farmers at the out-settlements *sea cows' spec*, as the layer of fat found between the flesh and the skin is called, when salted and dried. Although generally harmless, if unmolested, yet, when attacked, or alarmed for the safety of its young, this is a truly formidable animal, on account of its great strength and enormous size. It has been known to seize the side of a boat with its tremendous jaws, and crush it like an egg-shell. If hard pressed on land, it will run open-mouthed upon its assailants in a most desperate and furious manner; and unless it can then be shot down, the onset is perfectly irresistible.

Many stories have been told of the enmity which exists between the crocodile and friend Hippo, and of the deadly fights which sometimes take place between the behemoth and the leviathan of Scripture; but Cumming, and others, who have had the best opportunities of observing the habits of these creatures, report that they appear to be very good friends and neigh-

bours, living comfortably together in their own peculiar domains—the river beds and reedy swamps of Africa.

The hippopotami, according to Dr. Smith, feed chiefly on grass, resorting to situations near the banks of rivers which supply that food. "In districts fully inhabited by man," says the Doctor, "they generally pass the day in the water, and seek their nourishment during the night; but in localities differently circumstanced, they often pass a portion of the day as well as the night on dry land. In countries in which the night constitutes the only safe period for their leaving the water, they are generally to be seen effecting their escape from it immediately before dark, or are to be heard doing so soon after the day has closed, and according to the state of the surrounding country; they then either directly commence feeding, or begin a journey towards localities where food may exist. When, previous to nightfall, they may have been in pools or rivers, they are generally at once enabled to commence feeding, on reaching the dry land; but when they may have passed the day in the sea, they require commonly to proceed some distance after leaving it, before they find grass which appears congenial to their palate. It is not every description of grass that hippopotami seem to relish; they often pass over, in search of food, luxuriant green swards which would strongly attract many other animals which feed upon grass. Besides having a peculiar relish for the grasses of certain situations, they appear to have a predilection for districts supporting brushwood; and owing to the latter peculiarity, they are often found wandering in localities on which but little grass exists, when they might have it in the neighbourhood in great abundance, and wanting the accompaniment of wood."

#### THE SOUTH AFRICAN PHACOCHÆRE.

THIS is an animal which, on account of its extreme ferocity, cunning, and impetuosity of attack, and the formidable tusks with which it is armed, is much dreaded by both natives and Europeans. The length of the head and body is about five feet, and of the curled tail eleven inches or so. Of its general appearance, horrid and bristly, the annexed cut will give our readers a good idea.

We here see it charging, as its custom is, when suddenly surprised by the hunter, or brought to bay after a run, headlong upon

its foe, striking with the sharp tusks, the upper pair of which stand about eight inches out of the jaw, and the lower pair about three inches. It has been known to cut completely through the fleshy part of a man's thigh at a single stroke, and rip up the belly of a horse. "The natives," says M. Pallas, "would rather attack a lion in the plain than a wild boar; for this, though much smaller, comes rushing on a man as swift as an arrow, and throwing him down, snaps his legs in two, and rips him up before he can get to strike it and kill it with his javelin."

The dwelling-place of this fierce and dangerous animal is under ground, and it always lies with its head to the entrance of the cave, ready to rush forth upon all and sundry, who incautiously approach thereto.

The authority just quoted mentions a curious fact, which shows that, with all its natural ferocity of character, this boar is not wanting in love for its offspring.—"This day I pursued several young pigs with a sow, to shoot one of them; but in vain. On a sudden the heads of the old ones, which before were of a tolerable size, seemed to have grown still larger and more shapeless than they were before; which momentary and wonderful change astonished me so much the more, as my hard riding over a country full of bushes and pits had hitherto prevented me from giving sufficient attention to the manner in which it was brought about. The secret, however, consisted in this:—Each of the old ones, while they were making off, took a pig in his mouth; a circumstance which also explained to me another subject of my surprise, viz., that all the pigs which I was just before chasing along with the old ones had disappeared."

The favourite feeding-time of this animal appears to be early in the morning and late in the evening, and through the night, if it be moonlight, although in districts where fire-arms have not been introduced it may be met abroad in the daytime. The colonists eat its flesh, as do the Bechamas and some other tribes; but the Kaffirs regard it as unclean, reminding one of the Jewish practice with regard to swine's flesh.

PRIDE.—As loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—FRANKLIN.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SPRING.

AGAIN fair Spring on radiant wing  
 Enwreaths the world in splendour;  
 The mountain tops, the valleys green,  
 Their welcome glad now render.  
 And o'er the woods and through the dales  
 The sound of gladness comes:  
 The feathered choir peal forth their strain,  
 The wild bee sweetly hums.

When morn on glowing pinions sweeps  
 Alongst the orient skies,  
 And Phoebus from his golden couch  
 In majesty doth rise,  
 The lark springs from his dewy nest,  
 And hails the smiling Spring,  
 While 'twards the sapphire heavens his flight  
 With graceful sweep he wings.

The cuckoo from the silent grove  
 Peals forth his joyous strain,  
 Till echo seizes every note,  
 And swells the glad refrain;  
 While from the deep and leafy dell  
 The blackbird's mellow thrill,  
 In undulating cadences,  
 Sweeps o'er the murmur'ing rill.

Within the forest's leafy shade,  
 A myriad beauties blow,  
 And gleam above the silvery brook,  
 Whose calm and peaceful flow  
 Creeps o'er the mind with soothing power,  
 Like music from the skies,  
 And fans the weary heart to rest,  
 To dream of Paradise.

The snowdrop and the blue-bell here  
 Their spotless forms entwine.  
 While 's gleaming 'neath the sun's bright gaze  
 The golden celandine.  
 A thousand balmy odours float  
 Athwart the sylvan scene,  
 And not a cloud obscures the heavens;  
 For all is calm, serene.

Oh, lovely Spring! thou'rt welcome still,  
 In all thy pristine grandeur;  
 How sweet 'tis now 'mid budding trees  
 And warbling birds to wander—  
 To gaze upon the awaking flowers,  
 Which spring up newly born,  
 And watch the tender buds unfold  
 Their petals to the morn!

Yes, lovely Spring! thou'rt welcome still,  
 With all thy beauties rare;  
 'Bove Winter's fields of dazzling white,  
 Or Summer's fiery glare.  
 Then welcome to thee once again,  
 With all thy splendours bright,  
 Thy blushing morn, thy tranquil eve,  
 Thy calm and placid night.

ALEXANDER ERSKINE.

## A MOTHER'S KISS.

THROUGHOUT the reign of childhood years,  
 Its tender woes, its transient tears,  
 Which mar its smiling bliss:  
 Oh! what is that so sweetly found  
 A soothing balm for every wound?  
 It is—a mother's kiss.

A Mother's kiss!—oh, sweeter far  
 Than morning's sun, or evening's star,  
 Or aught the tongue e'er tells;  
 It gladdens more than morning's light,  
 Or that endearing ray at night,  
 And every gloom dispels.

A mother's tender kiss, impressed,  
 Can charm to peace the troubled rest  
 Of one so lov'd, so fair;  
 These smiles, on seraph pinions bright,  
 Upon the lips again will light,  
 And sweetly frolic there.

And when few months have passed away,  
 And childhood first has learnt to stray,  
 To seek the violet sweet;  
 A mother's kiss, so kind and true,  
 Is last to bid a fond adieu,  
 And first at home to greet.

C. L.

## SONNET.

## TO AN EVERLASTING FLOWER.

BLEST flower! thou'rt like the virtues men admire—  
 Like them, thou boast'st no vain, no false display,  
 And as with them, thy colours last for aye;  
 And thou art ever decked in meek attire.

In spite of winter's bleak and piercing blast,  
 Which thy slight form doth pass unheeded o'er,  
 Sweeping thy old companions all before,  
 Still doth thy cheering bloom uninjured last.

And so with virtue—though the breath so chill  
 Of calumny and slander fain would steal  
 This purest safeguard of the Christian's weal—  
 Its matchless fame is all unblemished still.

Here ends the simile—for thou'rt of earth,  
 But virtue in a fairer world has birth.

MAX.

## TEARS.

A TEAR falls from the widow's eye,  
 When she hears of a husband slain;  
 But Faith—bright angel—whispereth nigh,  
 "In Heaven ye will meet again."

A tear falls down the orphan's cheek,  
 When left in this "world of woe;"  
 But Hope, as they their fortune seek,  
 Says, "Happy days ye soon shall know."

From the mother's eyes the tears fall fast,  
 As she wipes her infant's clammy brow;  
 But, joy! those tears shall be her last:  
 "Thank God, my child is better now."

There's the tear of pain and the tear of joy,  
 But time will soon these all abate,  
 And the only tear without alloy  
 Is when repentance comes too late.

ZANONI.



## CHAPTERS FOR BOYS.

## RABBITS.

(Continued from p. 476.)

**BREEDING.**—Rabbits begin to breed when about five or six months old, and will give seven or eight litters in the year, though it is better to allow them only to have five, as too frequent breeding is injurious. In thirty days after being with the buck the doe produces her young. A few days before the time some hay must be given to her, with which and the *down* she pulls from her fur she will construct her bed. It is always a sign of the approaching birth of the young, when she begins to bite down the hay, or carry it about in her mouth, and to tear the *flee* from her body. There are generally from four to ten young ones, sometimes more; but it is far better, when the doe has so many, to keep only five or six of the finest; they will then grow up strong and healthy, and the doe will not be so much weakened as if all had been preserved. At the end of six weeks the young brood may be removed, and the doe and buck come together again. Great care is required during very severe weather to prevent the young from dying with cold; and for this reason it is better to allow the doe to rest during the winter. The best breeding rabbits are said to be those produced in March.

Like all other animals, rabbits degenerate when much breeding takes place among the same race for a long period: this is called breeding in and in. It is proper, therefore, to make changes from time to time by procuring a fresh kind to improve your stock. Rabbit fanciers pay some attention to this; but if it were made more a matter of science, as it is with the race-horse, a very superior breed of rabbits might be produced.

**FATTENING.**—There is no need to resort to any other method in preparing rabbits for the table than to give them as much oats, carrots, and green food as they choose to take; if fattened with corn alone the flesh is not so juicy and relishing as when they are also allowed an *unlimited* quantity of vegetables. They are in the greatest perfection from about three to seven months old, and about a month's feeding as advised will make them thoroughly fat, provided they have not been half starved previously. The London poulterers exhibit fine specimens of fatted rabbits at Christmas, some we have seen weighing upwards of fifteen pounds; but it is not desirable to produce such over-fat animals, whether rabbits, or oxen, or sheep.

**DISEASES.**—Rabbits are generally very healthy and hardy. When due attention is paid to their food, to ventilation and cleanliness, few animals are less subject to disease; but, as in all other cases, filth, foul air, and damp produce disease in rabbits. *Looseness*, which may be seen by the dung being too moist, must be remedied by dry food, such as crusts of bread, good corn, old hay, hard biscuit, or any food of a dry quality. The *rot* may be said to be incurable; at least we have found it so with young rabbits. The remedy must be looked for in dry hutches, fresh air, and substantial food. The *liver complaint*, another disorder, is said also to be incurable; but as it does not prevent the rabbits from fattening, the best course is to prepare those attacked at once for the table. *Snuffles* or *colds* may be cured by removing the rabbit from the damp and draughts, which have produced the disorder, to a drier and warmer place. It is much easier to *prevent* disease than to cure. Cleanliness, careful attention, dryness, and regular feeding in the manner we have directed, will in general ensure good health in the rabbits, and entirely prevent any of these diseases.

**PROFITS.**—Rabbits are really profitable. Three does and a buck will give you a rabbit to eat *for every three days in the year*, which is a very much larger quantity of food than any man will get by spending half his time in the pursuit of *wild animals*, to say nothing of the toil, the tearing of clothes, and the danger of pursuing the latter. When the amazing fecundity of the rabbit is taken into account, it will readily be seen that if the expense of food and management can be kept low, a great profit may be obtained. It is said that from a single pair of rabbits the prodigious number of one million, two-hundred and seventy-four thousand, eight hundred and forty may be produced in four years, supposing all the rabbits to live. We have shown how the least possible expense as to food may be attained, by pointing out the food which costs least, and yet is quite suitable for the animals; and there appears to be no good reason why a person living in the country who has a shed and a garden should not derive advantage from the keeping of rabbits, and when the care of them can be entrusted to a boy, the cost of management would of course be diminished. The value of the dung, either for sale or for the garden, is considerable, as it is a very valuable manure.

A country cottager who kept rabbits in a small house, similar to that we have de-

scribed, gave the management of them to his boys, who carefully attended them and collected their food. Without diminishing his stock, he was able to kill annually between three and four hundred, and derived a good profit from their sale, besides having a rabbit occasionally at dinner for himself, and the advantage of the dung for the garden, and this with hardly any expense or trouble to himself.

Some years ago a person in Oxfordshire kept some hundreds of breeding does in a small detached barn. He sent about three dozen rabbits weekly to London, but on account of the distance making the expense of carriage great, very little, if any profit was realised on the sale. But the dung produced was equal to one load a week, thirty-six bushels to the load, and sold for eightpence a bushel.

### THE GOOD WIFE AND MOTHER.

THE God-fearing woman, in spite of her many household duties, and her various forms of personal occupation, finds time for private devotion, for meditation on the law of God, and for attendance at His temple. She lives by faith, and walks with God, realising in herself all the aspirations of a soul that pants after God, rejoices in His favour, hopes in His mercy, and confides in His love. As to her practical domestic habits, let it be observed that she cultivates these, not *although* she is religious, but *because* she is so. The fear of God teaches her universal consciousness, projects the sense of responsibility into everything, carries it everywhere. She guides her affairs with discretion, is prudent and frugal, laying up for her children, and being a true yoke-fellow and helpmeet for her husband, in his plans and toils. She provides things honest in the sight of all men—things becoming her rank and station. She has will and purpose, and settled decision; she knows what she is about, is justified to herself, and able to justify herself to others, if need be. She has sound sense and judgment, and a conscious acquaintance with her own sphere of action and duty. She has no notion of being either ruled or despised by those whom she ought to govern. She knows that she must be worthy to be obeyed, and incapable of being contemned, and has strength of purpose to acquire and to become all she ought to know and to be, in order to the establishment of a respected and efficient rule in her domain. She firmly pursues what she feels to be the

duties that God has made hers. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, in her tongue is the law of kindness; her manners are amiable, and winning, and womanly. She is not clamorous; her voice is low, her accent mild—everything bespeaks self-government and self-respect. She is charitable in her judgment; finds, if possible, excuses and apologies for those who err, especially for the absent. She never exposes the foibles of a friend; as to enemies, she has none. She addresses inferiors, and gives orders with the tone of solicitation rather than demand. When it is necessary to find fault, she can reprove or warn with soft words and bridled lips. She is generous because she is economical; she can afford to give in consequence of avoiding unnecessary expenditure. Her house and household is well-ordered; all know their place and their duties; there is no confusion; the whole machinery, as it were, is wound up every night, and goes with regularity day by day. Her establishment is tasteful and elegant, and provides for ease and content. Her children rise up and call her blessed; they remember how she trained their youth, how she taught them courage and self-conquest, how she avoided softening their characters by indulgence, making them irresolute—spoiling them for the rough realities of life. Men in a world like ours need for their companions women who have good sense and every-day knowledge, who have tact and judgment, who can manage well, control expense, and make their accounts come right. . . . It is the good daughter and good sister that may be expected to become the exemplary wife; those who have failed in one relation can hardly be expected to be successful in another; while those who have fulfilled first duties, may be counted on for any that succeed.

T. B.

RURAL LIFE.—I confess that, when I pass through a rural town, and see the labourers among the corn, and the boys driving their cattle, and the girls busy in the dairies, and life passing away quietly, I cannot avoid a twinge of regret that it would be impossible for me to be contented with this kind of life that I see around me, especially as I know there is one kind of pleasure—negative, perhaps, rather than positive—which that kind of life enjoys, and in which I can never share. Relief from great responsibilities, and contentment with humble clothing, humble fare, humble society, humble aims and ambitions, humble means and humble labours,—ah! how many weary, overloaded men—how many disappointed hearts—have sighed for such a boon, and sighed knowing they could never receive it.

## WHY WASHINGTON IRVING WAS NOT MARRIED.

MUCH mystery has attached to the celibacy of Washington Irving. While upon every other point or peculiarity of the great writer's character and career his familiar friends have taken pains to inform the wide circle of his admirers, an aggravating reticence has always met the questionings of those who were curious as to why matrimony made no part of his experience. There were occasional and very vague references made to a "lang syne" love—so dimly distant in the past as to have the air of tradition—and the manner of mentioning which made Irving appear the model of constancy, if not the hero of a romance. But the circumstance of his bachelorhood remained a simple, patent, unexplained fact; the theme of many wonderings, the warp and woof of much imagining—nay more, the substructure of a thousand sweet sympathies, outgushing from other hearts whose loves had not been lost, but gone before. It is doubtful if a secret of the sort—all things considered—was ever before so carefully and completely kept. For once the impertinent were held at bay, the prying were balked, and the sympathetic even discouraged. The set time for its disclosure had not come; and surely, when his intimates and relatives were debarred from the remotest reference to the subject in the hallowed home circle of the literary bachelor, it was but proper that the truth should burst forth upon the world, if at all, in Irving's own selected time, and in his own pathetic language.

It was while engaged in writing his "History of New York," that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. This young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office Washington Irving had essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious and studious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman, as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady on the 26th of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age.

There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is truly painful and

tear-impelling. He says: "She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful and more beautiful, and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bedside; and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by all of them. I was the last one she looked upon. I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bed-room of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts. Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze: my heart wanted an anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamed of her incessantly."

Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy, and expressed the wish to know why he had never married.

## BITS FROM A SOLDIER'S DIARY.

A DAY AND NIGHT WITH THE SICK AND WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

DURING the late Russian war in the Crimea it was my painful duty to witness many horrible scenes of bloodshed and death, and to pass through many perils and hairbreadth escapes, which, as I look back upon, fill my heart with gratitude to Him who protected and brought me home again in safety to happy, happy England.

In looking over my diary, which I kept during my time of service in the Black Sea, I find many interesting entries, amongst which are the following:—

“Thursday, 13th September.—Early this morning we commenced landing troops at Old Fort Bay, about twenty miles N.E. of Sebastopol, which occupied this and the following six days. After disembarkation the army marched towards Sebastopol, and on the 20th September the battle of the Alma was fought. Before night, on that memorable day of action, our ships were completely crowded with the wounded from the battle-field; and, as the army had still to march on towards Sebastopol, the marines and sailors of the fleet were sent on shore to assist the surgeons in attending to the sick and wounded, and to bury the dead.

“21st September.—This evening, in company with Doctor R.—of her Majesty's ship *Agamemnon*, I went on shore. We took with us cans of hot tea, bottles of port wine, brandy, and medicine for the sick and wounded.

“On leaving the boat which conveyed us to the shore, we had to walk about a mile before we reached the place where the poor fellows were resting. It was quite dark, but the fires which our suffering soldiers had kindled were burning brightly, and by them we were guided to the scene of our labour. On arriving at the bivouac, we found many sitting and lying round the fires,—for the night was very cold,—and others, most of whom were suffering from cholera, were lying huddled together in canvas tents. For the first three or four hours, we passed from one sufferer to another, administering such comforts as we thought would best alleviate their sufferings; but those who were attacked with cholera demanded most of our attention.

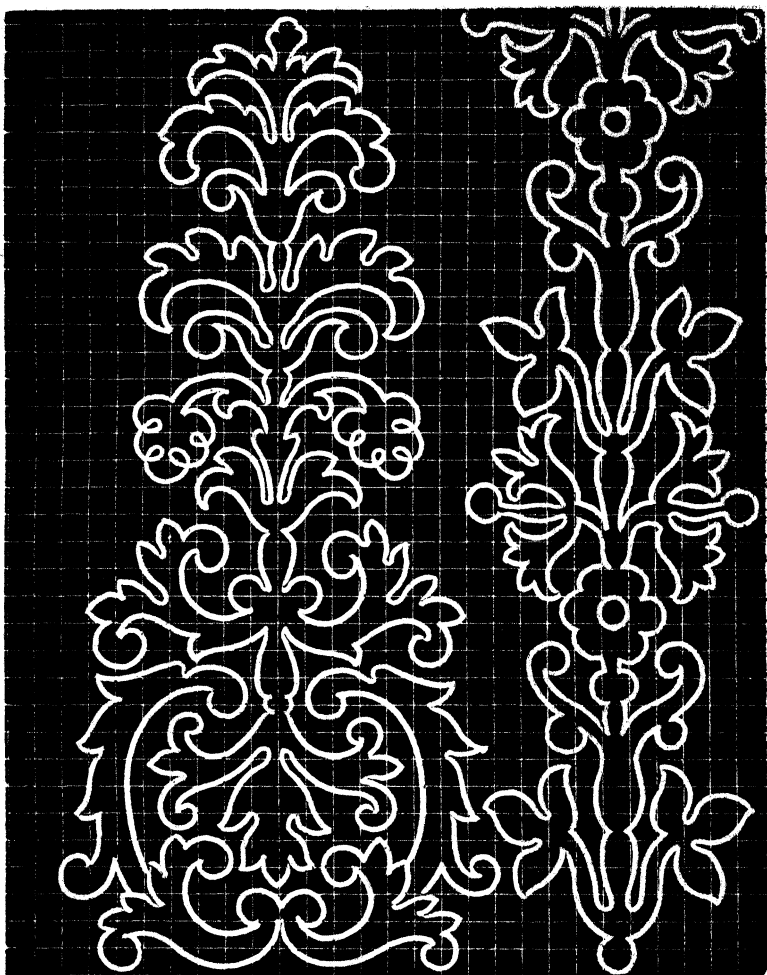
“In small tents, on the cold ground, were crowded together many fine, manly, and brave soldiers, who had just escaped death on the battle-field, prostrate, pale and lifeless, the dead and dying together, from the

ravages of that remorseless and terrible scourge, Asiatic cholera. On entering these tents, each with a lantern in one hand and medical comforts in the other, the stench was truly horrible, and often we were compelled to retreat into the open air; but the cries—and oh, such cries! they still ring in my ears—and earnest entreaties of those brave fellows that we would give them something to relieve their sufferings,—such entreaties as, ‘Doctor, help me!’ ‘Give me water!’ &c.,—constrained us to remain in these narrow chambers of sickness and death, and with sorrowing hearts to attend to their several cases of pain and suffering.

“The night was far spent, and we began to tire and get weary of our sickening work, when suddenly a cry of alarm was raised; the sound of many horses' feet galloping towards us, and the rattle of troopers' accoutrements, sounded through the darkness, by which we knew that a party of Cossacks were riding down upon us. The army was some miles distant, and the fleet unconscious of our danger; as many, therefore, as were able stood to their arms, waiting with breathless anticipation for the attack; but the enemy, probably mistaking our numbers, or for some other reason unknown to us, wheeled sharply round, when only a few yards from us, and retreated in the darkness to disturb us no more. The danger of attack over, we laid down by our bright fires to rest.

“As the night passed away, our fires, which we considered necessary, not only as a protection from cold, but also a safeguard against the attack of enemies, began to get low, and we consulted together as to how they were to be replenished with fuel.

“There stood, a short distance from us, two or three vehicles, called by the Russians ‘arrabas,’ but which we termed waggons. These waggons, oxen, and drivers, had been seized by the army to convey the luggage and the sick and wounded to this place. The drivers, who were tall, powerful, rough looking Russian peasants, wearing high bearskin caps, were lying down to rest with their cattle. As the doctor and myself were the only able-bodied men of our number, it was proposed that he and I should go and pull out the loose planks which formed the beds of the ‘arrabas,’ and use them for fire-wood. We accordingly proceeded to take possession of one of the vehicles, but I had scarcely drawn a plank half-way out, when one of the Russian drivers (perhaps the owner of the waggon) sprang to his feet

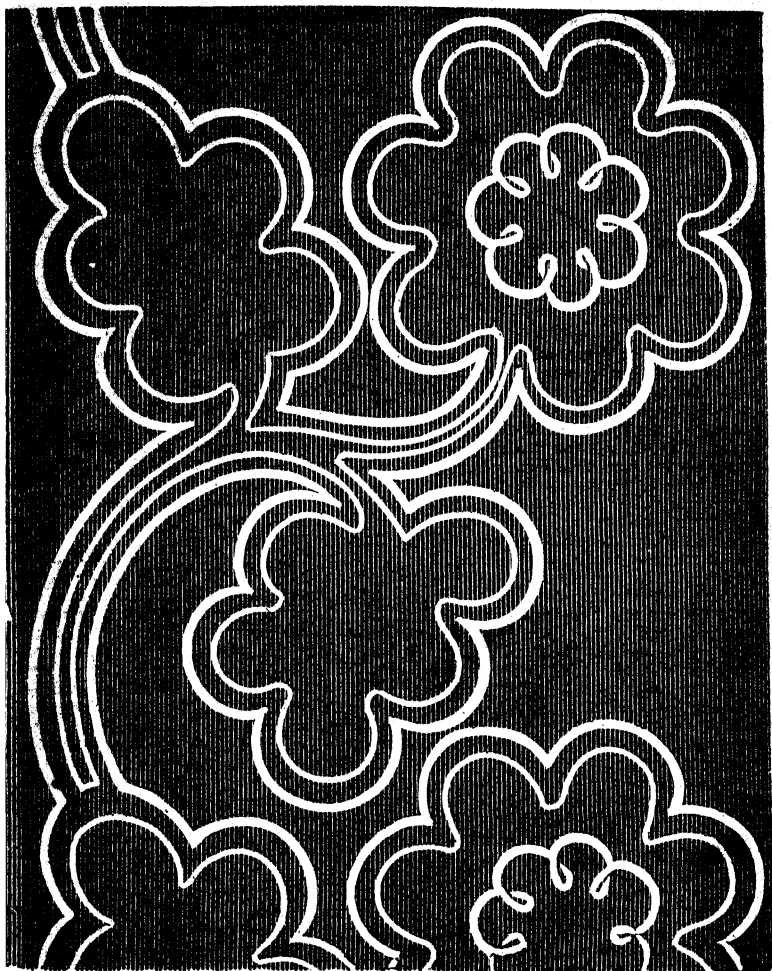


BRAID PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

and rushed towards me. In another moment I should have been felled to the ground, but Dr. R— was instantly by my side, and drawing his revolver, presented it at the head of the Russian. The poor fellow seemed thoroughly to understand his danger, for he quietly lowered his weapon to his side, and we obtained sufficient wood to make a capital large fire.

"We hailed with delight the approach of day. Boats laden with working parties were sent to our assistance; the sick and wounded removed to ships, to be conveyed to hospital, the dead buried, and tents struck.

"We then re-embarked, and found our ship weighing anchor in order to proceed along the coast to cover the now advancing army."—ION.



BRAID PATTERN FOR CLOAKS AND MANTLES.

## THE WORK TABLE.

BRAID PATTERNS, FOR CHILD'S DRESS, &amp;c.

BRAIDING may be employed in a great variety of ways, and is suitable to almost all kinds of articles, either for dress or ornament. The first pattern we give is for a

child's dress; the design is laid down in squares for the convenience of enlarging, by taking the length of the dress and ruling it in the number of squares given on our engraving; the pattern then may easily be copied square by square to any size required; this, and the braid pattern for

K K

cloaks and mantles, should be drawn on thin paper and tacked to the article requiring braiding, and then the braid laid upon the drawing and stitched through both the paper and the work; afterwards the paper must be torn away very carefully, so as not to detach the braid in the least from the work.

### FORCE.

THE word *force* occurs frequently in modern science and with a new meaning, and the existence of the thing itself is an induction from observed phenomena. But forces are of many kinds. 1. Gravity, that inexplicable power which causes all particles of matter to attract each other, and which acts throughout space at illimitable distances. 2. Cohesion, which binds the ultimate atoms of matter together. One hypothesis respecting its nature was, that it can only act at atomic distances, and the atoms being of inappreciable size, the distances are inappreciable also. On this hypothesis ductility, toughness, and elasticity may be explained. The atoms of various substances may be of different sizes, and the power of cohesion, therefore, acts at different distances, regulated by the size of the atoms. Bend a glass rod, and it snaps asunder; bend a piece of india-rubber, and when left free it returns to its original form without breaking, the atoms being capable of attracting at greater distances. 3. Chemical affinity. This is illustrated by presenting to view a mixture of iodine and potassium in one bottle, and of acetic acid and lead in another. The one was colourless, the other white. When the two compounds were poured into the same glass, the result was a yellow precipitate, — a union of the iodine and lead, — while the acetic acid and potassium, which had been thrown out, remained as a clear fluid. 4. Electric attraction and repulsion. 5. Magnetic attraction and repulsion. 6. Heat, which is purely a repulsive force. There is no such substance as caloric; but heat merely shows its existence by causing substances to expand, that is, by causing the atoms to separate from each other, therefore heat is the opposite of cohesion. Our sensation of heat in the human frame is caused by the expansion of the blood-vessels of the skin; the sensation of cold is caused by their contraction. Extreme heat also contracts them, so that the sensation of extreme heat is scarcely distinguishable from that of extreme cold. 7. Certain bodies convey luminous impressions, and

these impressions we call light; but light neither attracts nor repels. 8. All bodies when struck convey sound, which is another power of force. 9. The last force is vital force. The contraction of the muscles is analogous to cohesion; the selection of particles by the blood, &c., analogous to chemical affinity; and the nervous influence to electricity. The frame of man is, therefore, a microcosm of Nature. From a consideration of all these facts, *force* may be defined, — the different modes in which the activity of matter presents itself to our observation. All the varieties of force may be reduced to one, or there may be forces still undiscovered. That remains an open question. By some, motion is considered a physical force; to others, it seems one of the conditions in which matter exists, and we know of no motion that might not be attributed to one of the nine forces described. Philosophers now speak of one — the correlation of force; 2, the conservation of force; 3, the nature of force. By correlation is meant that one of two forces is capable of being changed into another. Thus aërolites, when moving through the atmosphere, have their velocity retarded; and the force of motion is commuted into heat, and they are burned up. Whenever motive force is hindered it is changed into heat, which is the explanation of friction. It has, on this hypothesis, been propounded by a French physiologist, that great part of animal heat is produced by the friction occasioned by the circulation of the blood. Motive force also occasionally produces electricity when the frictional bodies are of different natures; and electricity produces motive force. Heat is a motive force because it expands bodies, as illustrated by steam; and its most common transmutation is into light. Again, electricity develops magnetism, and magnetism is capable of developing electricity. The common source of electricity is chemical affinity, and chemical affinity may be transmuted to electricity, which latter gives heat and light. Photography shows that light is capable of chemical action; and we know that heat produces light, and that light produces heat. But correlation extends from physical to vital force. The nervous organisation of certain fishes produces electrical force, and thus we discover an electrical current in the nerves. Muscular action produces heat and nervous force, and nervous force is often transformed to muscular force. This warrants the belief in the correlation of vital force with mental force. We learn from experience that mind affects matter, and

that matter affects mind ; are they not therefore correlated ? From correlation arises conservation of force. *Omnia mutantur nihil interit*—all things are changed, but nothing is lost. A certain amount of force exists in the universe, neither more nor less than was at creation ; none is ever lost, it is only transmuted. Lastly, if we ask what is force, we see that it is not a separate existence, but only an affection of matter. Force can only act in or across matter, and is incapable of acting without it. Thus gravitation and light have the ether that pervades space to act upon ; in actual void there would be no gravitation and no light. In this doctrine of force we make the nearest approach we probably ever shall to the causes of phenomena, but they are only secondary causes, for we ultimately come to the will of God, who created everything, including force itself.

### THE ORPHANS.

At the door of a cottage, which is nearly covered with roses and woodbines, two young and beautiful girls are sitting ; one engaged in reading aloud, the other at embroidery. Their sad countenances and mourning apparel at once tell to the passer-by they are orphans.

But leaving them to their occupation, I will endeavour to give you a brief sketch of their past life.

Emily and Marian Alton, and an elder brother were the three children of a wealthy squire ; their mother died when Marian was an infant, and her loss was so acutely felt by their father, that, in less than a year, they had lost their only remaining parent. At his death, an uncle, also a widower, laid claim to all the property, as Edward was not yet of age ; thus the orphans, not having the means to procure good advice, were left almost destitute.

In a short time he succeeded in obtaining for Edward an excellent situation as a clerk in a mercantile office ; and Emily and Marian, by the kindness of a few ladies, became the possessors of the cottage before mentioned.

Evening is setting in, and they are now anxiously awaiting the return of their brother. At length Marian espies him coming up the lane ; she bounds forward to open the gate and receive her accustomed kiss. He meets her with a smile, but it is a sad one, an unusual thing, which Marian, so full of life, soon perceives. Emily, too, can see something has given him cause for sorrow, and to prevent an explanation

taking place before Marian, she presses him to enter and partake of their evening meal. The evening was spent as usual, Edward reading aloud, while his sisters were busy with their needles, and at an early hour Marian retires to rest, after having offered up their prayers to their Heavenly Father. Emily now inquires the cause of his dejection, and with serious hesitation he at length tells her.

Returning from work, he had met his uncle, who, hearing of their being resident in the village has, with feigned kindness, endeavoured to induce him to leave the place, first under promise of procuring for him a permanent situation in London, and then by promising two situations for his sisters in a family going abroad.

Edward, unwilling to break up a home now so comfortable, demanded from his uncle a reason for doing so, and he having refused to give one, Edward flatly expressed his determination not to go. Being provoked at his refusal, he indignantly told him he should have reason to repent, and left him.

It was long past midnight when Edward and Emily retired to rest, not until they had decided to apply to their good friend the vicar for advice, which Edward did before going to business ; and he desired him to be invincible against all offers he might receive from his uncle. In a few days, he endeavoured (seeing all things failing) to purchase the cottage ; and on learning that the Altons were the possessors of it, his mortification exceeded all bounds. Finding every means in his power was unavailable to drive them from their home, he at length determined to dispose of the manor-house, and retire to his own estate, thinking thus to free himself from the taunts of his wealthy neighbours for having thus heartlessly robbed the orphans of their estate.

In a few weeks it became known in the village, that, under plea of ill health, the manor-house was to be sold. Before the day intended for the sale arrived, it was privately purchased, no one knew by whom. The furniture was soon removed, and the manor-house, to all appearance, was gone from the Altons for ever—a step which the orphans bitterly lamented ; their uncle left without another interview with them, and they were free from his molestations once more.

Several years have elapsed ; the bells of the village are ringing out one of their merriest peals, for the son of the old vicar is married to Emily Alton : how happy all the villagers look, as they press forward to



obtain a glance at the blushing bride, and many blessings are asked on the young couple.

But I must relate how all the changes have been brought about. Edward, by his great attention to business, soon won the esteem of his employers, who, learning from the curate the manner in which they had been deprived of their fortune by their uncle, consulted an eminent lawyer, and by his advice the whole affair was thrown into Chancery; when, by employing the best counsel possible, the Altons became owners of the manor-house once more. It then transpired it had been purchased by the vicar, to prevent its going into the hands of strangers, trusting that some one would further investigate the matter, and they would have their rights again. Thus their uncle was compelled to return the purchase money.

Now the folly and wickedness he had been pursuing seemed to awaken on him in their true light; he was completely humbled, and he begged forgiveness of the fatherless children. It need not be told his forgiveness was soon effected, for the orphans, trusting in Him who has promised to protect the fatherless, did not forget to return thanks for the blessings vouchsafed to them. He was persuaded to come and live at the cottage the Altons were now going to vacate, for Emily had gone to take possession of the neighbouring vicarage, and Marian with her fond brother to the manor-house. Report says a bride is soon to come there too, to share with Marian her lovely home.

ROSALIE.

## HOW OUR GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHERS WERE EDUCATED.

PART OF THE JOURNAL OF ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE WITH LORD GREY.

[Extracted from an Ancient Manuscript preserved by Lady Ruthven, in Drummond Castle.]

MONDAY morning, rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachael, the dairy-maid, having scalded her hands very badly the night before. Made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robert a penny to get something comfortable from the apothecary's. Six o'clock, the buttock of beef rather over-boiled, and the beer rather of the stalest; mean to talk to the cook about the first fault, and mend the second myself, by tapping another directly. Seven o'clock, went to walk with the lady, my mother, into the court-yard, and fed twenty-five men and women.

Chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with broken meats. Eight o'clock, went into the paddock behind the house, and caught Chump, the pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without bridle or saddle. Nine o'clock, went to dinner, and John Grey, a most comely youth, "but what is that to me?" a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many kind glances at me, and said that women would never be handsome in his opinion who had not good tempers. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, as he is the most disorderly serving-man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth; mine are of a very pretty colour. I think that my hair is black; though I say it, if I mistake not, John is of the same opinion. Ten o'clock, rose from table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over the stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence. I cannot say I should have any great objection to John Grey. He plays well at prison bars, as well as any of our country gentlemen; is remarkably dutiful to his parents, and never misses church on Sunday. Three o'clock, poor James Robinson's house was burnt by an accidental fire. John Grey prepared a subscription among the company, for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than £4 himself with this benevolent intent. Memorandum.—Never saw him look so comely as at that moment. Four o'clock, fed the pigs and poultry. Seven o'clock, supper on the table; delayed till that late hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune. Memorandum.—The goose pie over-boiled; the pork roasted to rags. Nine o'clock, the company half asleep. These late hours are disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time, John Grey distracting my thoughts too much the first time; fell asleep and dreamt of John Grey.

ONE RECIPE FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding-day, known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas! they are.

### ARCHERY.

ARCHERY is an amusement very much in fashion at the present time, and most justly so, being the only out-of-door pastime in which ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, may join, and being at the same time a very innocent and inexpensive amusement, and one capable of being enjoyed by any number of persons.

Franklin said, that "Bows and arrows were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside: first, because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket; secondly, because he can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet; thirdly, because his object is not obscured by the smoke of his own comrades; fourthly, because a flight of arrows seen coming upon them disturbs the enemy's attention from his business; fifthly, because an arrow sticking in any part of a man disables him until it is extracted (which, considering that the arrow is barbed, is no very easy matter); and sixthly, because bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition. 30,000 Frenchmen fell at Cressy, mostly pierced by the arrows and bolts of the English, and their Genoese auxiliaries."

Now, I will give a few directions, which I hope to make so clearly, that a person, after reading them carefully, may know how to use a bow and arrows. I myself witnessed, at an archery meeting, a splendid bow broken merely by an inexperienced person trying to string it; and I daresay my readers can fully understand me when I tell them, that if they are going to an archery meeting, and their bow gets broken, it is very awkward—to say the least of it, unpleasant.

### DIRECTIONS.

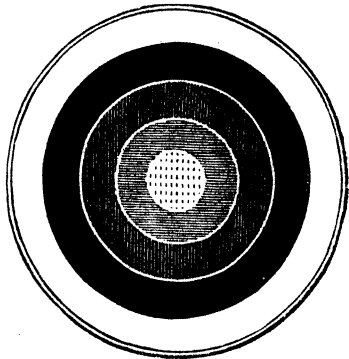
Never let a person who is inexperienced attempt to string your bow. Whilst you are learning to shoot, do not permit anyone to stand in front of you, in case of an accident, such as the bow breaking, in which case the arrow may unexpectedly glide from the string. The bow has a flat side and a round side; when strong, the *flat* side must be invariably *outside*, or the bow will certainly break.

In stringing the bow, hold the handle firmly in your right hand, pressing your wrist to your side. Let the small horn of the bow into the hollow of your *right* foot, press the upper part of the bow with your left wrist, and with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand slide the string up

into its place, taking care not to let your other fingers get under the string, or they will be severely pinched. The top of the left hand should be level with the handle of the bow, the left arm quite straight, with the wrist turned inwards: hold the bow perpendicularly.

In drawing, bring the neck of the arrow up to your ear. Be particular, in shooting, not to hold out the forefinger of the left hand, or the arrow may unexpectedly penetrate it. In shooting, do not stand fronting the target, but sideways, with your face looking over your left shoulder.

Do not let the bow remain too long on the stretch, or it will become weak, and in time break.



Bows.

The very best bows are made of yew, others are of lemon-wood; lance-wood bows are the least expensive, and are quite as useful to young persons as either yew or lemon-wood. The bow that I now use, and have used for some years, is composed of lance-wood, and I have found it very serviceable.

The bow should always be as nearly as possible the height of the person who is to use it.

### STRINGS.

Flemish strings are the best, and last the longest. Do not be persuaded to purchase an inferior string; it is always worth your while to pay the extra price of a good string. A string breaking is inconvenient, and sometimes proves dangerous to those standing near, because if the string were to break just as you have drawn the arrow up to the point, it would probably dart aside. Be careful to have an extra string with you in case of such accidents.

## ARROWS.

The length of arrow is to be regulated in the following way :—28 inches for a bow 6 feet in length, 24 inches for a 5 feet bow, 20 inches for a 4 foot 6 inch bow, and so on. They should have three feathers, two of which are alike; the other is called the cock feather, which, when the arrow is placed on the bow, should be *outwards*. Do not leave your arrows long on the grass, as they will burst, should they get damp. Take great care of your arrows when not in use, because, were the feathers to get injured, the flight of the arrow would not be true.

Also provide yourself with an archery-glove, which protects the three fingers that you shoot with (*viz.* the forefinger, the middle finger, and the ring finger) from the friction of the string.

With ladies (and sometimes with gentlemen) a shield is necessary; for, as the string glides past the left arm, it sometimes catches in the sleeve. After a shower of rain, a tassel becomes requisite, which is suspended from the waist, to wipe the points of the arrows, after having drawn them from the wet ground.

In ordinary shooting, every arrow that hits, that is, sticks into the target, counts as follows:—Gold 9; Red 7; Blue 5; Black 3; and White 1. All these are added up, and the person who has the greatest numbers in a certain number of shots wins the game. If an arrow hits the target, and sticks between two colours, the higher number is counted.

The scoring-card that is more convenient than any other, is the one of which I give a diagram in the preceding page.

With a pointed instrument, then, you prick a hole in a circle on the card, corresponding with the circle that you have hit on the target.

Now, I have written all this from experience; I have allowed my arrows to get damp, and they have consequently got injured. I have shot for several hours without a glove; and therefore, although I did not feel pain at the time, I was not able to write or use my fingers in any way that evening. I have used an inferior string, and it has broken, and lost that day's sport through having omitted another precaution, *viz.*, to have two strings to my bow.

But having now given simple directions, and a good reason for each, I trust that those who read this will not fall into the same errors.

W. A. S.

## FACES IN THE CITY.

THE city! Not only does the mention of that word recal to mind large and beautiful buildings, the palaces of royalty, the mansions of nobility, the commodious and extensive structures reared in honour to commerce, the elegant and more elaborate edifices of amusement. Not only does it remind us of shops and warehouses, and churches, and banks, and museums. There is a higher and sublimer interest attached to it. The beginning and ending of lives; the working out of destinies noble or obscure; the eternal struggle against the force and adversity of circumstance; the grand tragedy in which hope and fear, happiness and misery, love and hate, virtue and vice, passion and principle, play their difficult and various parts; the wide conflict in which the good and bad are waged in uncompromising war with each other to decide the destiny which is ever looming on the morrow. It is the world of MIND that is to me of such interest, not the glory of science, and art, and literature, as exemplified in their splendid works, which are but unworthy monuments to the powers of the intellect. It is the soul itself, its deep unspoken agonies, its lofty aspirations, its inherent insatiable longing after something better and brighter in the distance, that I hold ought with all to be of supremest and unrivalled regard. And we see it all around, shining out through the countenances of the passers-by, jostling away in summer and winter, in sunshine and rain, never to be met with again. We see it strangely and differently developed in the great broad thoroughfare of life; and men, whose thoughts and feelings are as wide as the poles, will meet there for awhile, and join hands in the strong mystic bond of business. Confidence and timidity, joy and misery, pride and lowliness, pass along together side by side amid the throng of men; but how different in reality are their tracks! Though bright and happy alike in childhood, the growth of years has brought new feelings and desires into their hearts, and in pursuit of different objects, they have chosen different paths to reach them.

But let us look at a few of the faces that press through the crowd, and by that guide read the inner natures.

First comes the thorough man of the world. His appearance betokens decided neatness. The air of gentility is marked. Without being showy, he displays good taste, in the style of cloth and cut, and in the studied and faultless arrangement.

There is a quiet sparkle in the eye, from which we read the good nature of the man. The same good property may be observed from the slight twitch at the corners of his mouth. His lips are lightly set, denoting the pliability of disposition. In the whole we observe the most perfect assurance, and to that we ascribe the ease and gracefulness of deportment. Such a man is the oil of society. By his aid its machinery is kept going and in tolerable order. His object is to please, to fascinate, to display his own light, not to encourage holy efforts, not to fan the flame of lofty and sublime devotion. The quick retort, the ready pun, are ever on his lips, and his companionship is generally agreeable and acceptable. But to what purpose is his life? There is nothing ennobling or enduring in his mission. He is pleasant and gay to-day; to-morrow he is gone, and his name is for ever blotted from our memory. His part in the great drama of life has been so small, so insignificant, that he is neither missed nor regretted. There is nothing of the man in his character—nothing of that solemn earnestness, that unwavering faith, that grandeur of purpose and energy of will that bears upon it the impress of the Divine, and the image and glory of the Eternal.

We meet another. How different from the former! No bright smile or sparkling eye, or joyous step here. The lines of care are traced deeply upon that forehead, which might once have been white and unruffled. The face is haggard and worn, the hair shaggy and disordered. His eye glares with a strange fire. Instead of a bold, manly tread, he shuffles along with a timid, faltering step. Hard-grinding poverty appears to have stunted and prostrated his energies. He has been a disappointed man. Fortune has frowned upon him. Mankind has forsaken and abandoned him, and he is at enmity with himself and the whole human race. And yet there are lingering traces which would remember us of a brighter past, a past in which love, and hope, and prosperity were gentle ministering angels that augured a fair and prosperous future. But they are gone with the golden promise, and the "Good time coming," with all the music and the joy, and the morrow is rising dimly and darkly before him, and time, that brings no hope upon its wings, is passing sadly and for ever away. God help thee, my friend—we meet thee for a moment on the king's highway, and may see thee no more. May He pour consolation into thy bleeding heart, and in the long hereafter may that hope,

which to-day seems fading away, flourish in the perpetual bloom of immortality!

And we meet another, and Nature has stamped her royalty on him. He is one of her noblest sons. He is not the wearer of a nation's diadem. A sublimer and more regal dignity belongs to him. In the eye we read the serene contemplation of the loftiest things of God. In that radiant countenance we mark that grand moral and religious honesty which proclaims itself the noblest work of the Creator. Here we see the stability of principle, and force of determination, and loftiness of ambition, which master the combination of difficulties in that sublime struggle onward and upward into the everlasting truth. Here we mark the master principle of the will linked in union with that heaven-born faith which rests in eternal assurance on the word of God. Here we see that sacred earnestness which is working its way back to the Eden which Adam lost in the ancient day, and which is shaping the character in the image and beauty of Jesus. Here we see man made "a little lower than the angels," and crowned "with glory and honour."

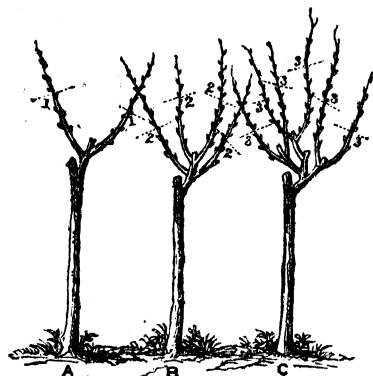
And thus they are passing along, and we see them no more. The hopeful and the desponding, the rich and the poor, the old wayworn traveller who is nearly home, and the fair young child who has just stepped out to sing his morning song, they are all hurrying on in an endless stream. And in that throng there are tearful eyes and breaking hearts, but they are unheeded by the great world passing around them. And there are some noble desires which are never realised. But there are those who are combining a lofty trust with unflinching energy, and so are passing out of the darkness into the daylight. And there are those who are to fight the battle with ignorance and superstition—the world's truest champions. These are they who shall bring her sons out from that accursed despotism in which they are at present enthralled, and who shall hasten that blessed consummation, authenticated by revelation, and assured to us by the progress of truth. And when the world shall have been advanced to that blessed state, she will look back with gratitude to the days of those immortal ones who stood out so nobly for her best cause, and preserved it as a heritage to their children, and in perpetuation of the great work of those who went before them.

RUTHENPHARL.

# PRUNING AND TRAINING WALL AND OTHER FRUIT TREES.

By GEORGE M. F. GLENNY, JUN.

THE operation of pruning fruit trees may be performed at two different seasons—namely, summer and winter—though not



always with equal success. To attempt to prune after vegetation has commenced, except you intend to adopt the former method, is, in most instances, far from

advisable; but as "there is no rule without an exception," it is not always to be avoided. Winter pruning is decidedly preferable where it can be accomplished, because at that period of the year vegetation is perfectly at rest; in a word, the time which precedes the first movement of growth, and follows the severest frost, which in most cases takes place between February and March, should be chosen for the work. For our own part we should prefer doing it then, because, if they be pruned before the winter frosts set in, the wounded part is exposed to the vicissitudes of the bad weather some time before the sap attempts to move, a result so necessary towards completing the healing of the wound, and without which the buds must perish. Then, again, should they be pruned while the frosts are about, it would be a difficult matter to cut them smooth, and the end would be that the wounds would fail to heal, and as we have said before, the bud would to a certainty suffer, even if fortunate enough to escape death.

With regard to standards, the main object in pruning is the formation of its head; and for this reason the first operation should be performed at the latter end of the first season, after grafting or budding as the case may be, and when the scion or bud has made its growth. We intend, as our diagrams will show, to deal more especially with budded trees, although there is little difference between the two, save that in grafting the scion is mostly fixed on the top of the stem, while budding is performed at the side. Our first sketch, A, represents a tree whose bud has made two shoots; and for the purpose of causing it to form a round full head, the two shoots should be shortened at the dotted lines, 1, 1; the following year the tree will look like the second sketch, B, and may be pruned in the same manner, as shown by the dotted lines, 2, 2, 2, 2; or, provided three shoots are left the first year, and headed in the second, the third season will have the appearance of the engraving, each sprig having produced or thrown up a pair of branches, which in like manner should be cut back to figs. 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3. One tree, as you will observe, has two shoots, the next four, the third six, and the last, D, has eight; and by cutting back each season at the dotted lines, so the branches will keep on multiplying till the top or head becomes full and round—a desideratum which should on no account be overlooked or undervalued.

The next thing to be considered is training, and as such we have made a few

sketches, so as to enable our readers the more readily to see the way in which the work is performed. As soon as the tree has attained one central stem and two lateral branches, as at fig. 1, have the latter pruned back in the autumn or winter to about two-thirds of their length, with a bud immediately below each cut, and the former to within about eighteen or twenty inches of the two side-shoots, taking care to leave three buds just below the cut—that is to say, one well-placed bud on each side, and a third in front to carry up as a stem (see Fig 2.) The following season, about the fall of the leaf, the tree will resemble that represented at fig. 3, which has two horizontal shoots, two untrained shoots, and a central stem. When the pruning season comes round again, it will be necessary that the tree undergoes similar treatment to that received the year before; or, in other words, each of the new side shoots will have to be cut back to two-thirds of its length, the

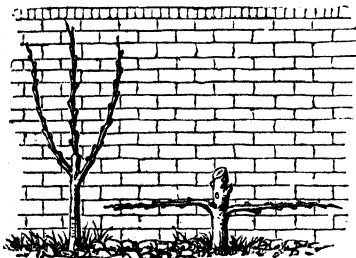


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

two under-branches to two-thirds of the season's growth, and the stem to within eighteen or twenty inches of the uppermost pair of laterals, as before, when the tree will have the appearance of fig. 4.

In conclusion, if this annual pruning is judiciously and carefully performed, the tree will have covered a wall twelve feet high and as many feet wide in ten or eleven years at the outside; and its appearance and productive qualities, we are quite sure, will amply repay the little extra trouble—if, indeed, we can call it such—necessary to ensure the object aimed at.

We will give a few short hints on the sowing of seeds, an operation that is, to say the least, of vital importance to all who take an interest in gardening pursuits, and not generally looked upon as the one thing necessary to command a successful issue. There are one or two points connected with

the sowing of seeds which demand our utmost care, inasmuch as the vigour, and a happy result of germination, as well as the strength and health of the crop, depends more upon the manner in which the seed is consigned to the ground, than anything else. In the course of our practice we have frequently heard it remarked, when parties have been questioned as to how it is that their seed did not come up,—“Well, I'm

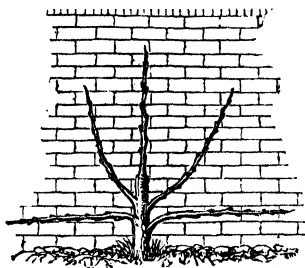


Fig. 3.

sure I don't know, unless the seed was bad.” But that could hardly be, for the best of all reasons, that in many instances two neighbours have bought the same seed at the same place, and yet one has got all his well up, while the other has entirely failed. How can you account for that? why, because one has performed the operation in a proper manner, while the other

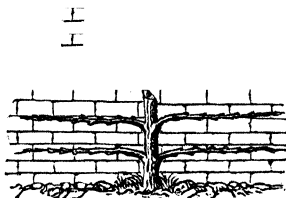


Fig. 4.

has either sown it too thick, buried it too deep, watered it too much, or not given it moisture enough.

It is an undeniable fact that air, moisture, and sufficient warmth, are positively requisite to the germination of seeds, and, therefore, without these essentials, the germinating process cannot possibly go on. The soil being the medium by which a proper supply

of warmth, air, and moisture is kept up, it stands to reason that, unless the earth be in a proper condition, it cannot supply these at all. To come to the point at once, then, the soil should be neither too wet nor too dry; or, in other words, it should be moist without being wet, so that it may be crumbled to pieces easily in the hand. It is seldom, if ever, that we have occasion to complain of too much dryness in this country; but, on the contrary, it is not an uncommon occurrence to hear complaints of rather more wet than is necessary. The former want may, however, be supplied by watering, and the latter remedied by drainage; so that there is no need for annoyance from either cause, provided the necessary means are taken to do away with the evil. The chief point, however, is to get soil well pulverised, by which means a more perfect medium of drainage will be ensured, and, as a natural consequence, a condition favourable to the germination of the seeds sown. We could extend our paper upon this subject, but having said sufficient for the purpose, we will conclude, feeling convinced of the truth of the sentence—"sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

#### MEMORANDA FOR JUNE.

**WINDOW PLANTS.**—The following is a collection of plants suitable for growing in pots all the year round, which, for the convenience of our readers, we have classed as under:—*Spring*: Anemones crocuses, early tulips, hyacinths, mignonette, musk, myrtles, Narcissus, pansies, Russian violets, ranunculuses, and snowdrops. *Summer*: Aloes, annals of sorts, carnations, China roses, cactus, double wallflowers, geraniums, heliotropes, myrtles, mignonette, pinks, and ten-week stocks. *Autumn*: Campanulas, calceolarias, fuchsias, geraniums, heliotropes, hydrangeas, lobelias, myrtles, petunias, salvias, and verbenas. *Winter*: Aloes, cactus, chrysanthemums, fuchsias, geraniums, heliotropes, and myrtles. There are many more things, equally useful for this purpose, but we have merely given a list of such things as are generally grown by the majority of amateurs.

**WORK TO BE DONE IN THE GREENHOUSE.**—*Climbers*: Such tender annuals as convolvulus, thunbergia, and the like, should be grown upon trellises, round pillars, or branches of trees—in fact, if we had a choice, we should select the latter mode as the one best adapted to the purpose, because it gives the plants a light and far more natural appearance than anything else. Admit air freely to all the hardier plants, such as calceolarias, cinerarias, fuchsias, geraniums, and verbenas, as the cooler they are kept at this period of the year the longer and better will they flower, besides which it will materially aid to clear them of their greatest torments—vermin. Such as have done their work for the present, should be placed out of doors, to

make more room for new comers. In placing them out of doors, however, be careful to accommodate them with shelter, without which they would be sure to take injury. Cuttings may be taken of many things, while those that have become well rooted may be potted off, so as to make good strong plants for autumn and winter use. Prick off seedlings of every description, and thin the blossom of lemon and orange trees. Shift—or, more properly speaking, repot anything and everything that requires it at once—for the best of all reasons, that all vital action is progressing very rapidly just now, a check to which would do more harm in a few days than could be repaired in as many months. Watering will be very necessary during the present month, especially should it prove, as we suspect, a hot one. Continue to sow tender annuals, provided you stand in need of a fresh supply, and look to those that are large enough for transplanting.

**ASPARAGUS.**—This root should not be cut too closely—that is to say, it should not be cut too late in the season, unless, indeed, it be unusually strong; but, on the contrary, as soon as the cutting is over, the bed or beds should be improved by occasional applications of liquid manure, salt, and other stimulants. Salt, however, should not be given too liberally just yet; but, in a week or so, it may be supplied with not quite so sparing a hand. When about to apply this dressing, choose a wet day—or, rather, perform the operation just before the rain comes on.

**THE FLOWER-GARDEN.**—The advice of last month will, to a certain extent, apply to this; but, whenever an opportunity presents itself, look round, and do anything that has been neglected, either through bad weather or want of time. Where everything was completed last month that should have been done, but little will be required now in the shape of planting, except it be such annuals as have been raised elsewhere. These, of course, will have to be put out in their respective places, due attention being had to over-crowding, which, as a rule, should be strictly avoided. Keep everything neatly tied up, as nothing looks so bad as to see plants hanging about the beds, for the want of that which a few minutes, almost, would accomplish.

**THE FRAME.**—Provided you have a fresh hotbed, it would be as well to grow a few melons and cucumbers; beside, you will then have a medium in which to strike very many useful window plants. In doing this, however, great care should be taken not to admit anything into this department likely to infest the former with vermin of any kind. A stiffish soil is most suitable to melons and cucumbers, and, as such, we should advise the adoption of the compost most suitable to their tastes.

**CELERY.**—A little seed may be sown this month for a late supply, in an open piece of ground, and, as they will have to be pricked out as soon as they are large enough to handle, it may be sown between newly-planted crops. Scatter the said seed very thinly, tread it down carefully, rake it evenly, and, if requisite, water it lightly. As soon as strong enough, prick out the plants six or seven inches apart, on a well-manured piece of land, and there let them remain till ready to plant finally into the trenches. When about to perform this part of the work, mark out the ground into four-foot spaces, between the trenches, allowing sixteen to twenty inches for the trench, according to whether single or double rows are planted.

## THE GARDENER TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE success of gardening, in its first season, if we may so speak, was so apparent, that we have prepared the present and subsequent articles upon the same model, feeling assured that they will meet, and have met, with unmistakable favour from every one who can boast of an acre of land, or half-a-dozen flower-pots. In a word, it will be our constant endeavour to make this department that which it professes to be—a ready guide in the hour of need, and a careful instructor upon all matters connected with horticultural and floricultural pursuits. It is no easy task to produce an article suitable to every requirement, but we have done our utmost to introduce, from time to time, such an one as we considered best adapted to the purpose; and, having achieved our object, to a certain extent, we are, comparatively speaking, satisfied, and sincerely trust that our readers are the same: should such be the case, we can only say, our gratification will be great indeed—our aim and end will have been thoroughly answered. In conclusion, let us impress upon our readers the value of these replies; or, in other words, we would say, if there is anything you would wish to know, write to us at 41, Church-street, Chelsea, S.W., and we shall be only too happy to afford all the information in our power, more than which we cannot promise.

ST. THOMAS (PORTSEA).—*Mildew*.—The plant upon which the mildew has begun to make its appearance should be syringed with a strong solution of green leaves of the elder; or, where this is not to be had, a decoction of nitre, in the proportion of one ounce of nitre to one gallon of water, will answer equally well. We have known sulphur and soap-suds to do the work, provided the case has not been of too severe a nature, but sometimes we have seen it fail. At all events, the latter being a very simple remedy, it is worth a trial.

SOPHIA YOUNG.—*To Clear a Lawn of Daisies*.—There is no better way of ridding a piece of grass of daisies, than by using the daisy-hoe frequently; by this method, many yards of lawn may be cleared in a few hours. When about to perform this operation, a wet day should be selected in preference to a dry one.

A FARMER (NORWICH).—*Clubbing in Broccoli*.—This disease, which is, to use the mildest term, fearfully destructive, may be prevented, in some measure, by dipping the roots, previous to planting, in a thick mixture, composed of half a peck of soot and two pounds of saltpetre, and just sufficient water to make it the consistency of paste. Some say, however, that a more effectual cure is found in a proper system of manuring and cropping, but we are inclined to think otherwise. At all events, we have good reason to assure our readers that we have tried the remedy we suggest, with perfect success, and, as such, can strongly recommend it.

THOMAS PRINCE (CHEPSTOW).—*To Rid Fruit Trees of Moss*.—Wash the affected branches with strong brine, or lime-water, whichever is handiest, and in a very short time the trees will be as clean and free from moss as if it had never made its appearance.

MISS LOUISA.—*Plants in Windows*.—Keep the plants in the window constantly free from dead leaves, or any mouldiness, as, if this be allowed, it

will, to a certainty, prove fatal. Give them water as often as you consider necessary, and, when you do water them, do not do it by halves, but let them be thoroughly soaked. The poet says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" and we say, "A little water is equally dangerous;" and recommend our readers to avoid it, by giving plenty at one time, in preference to a little every now and then.

X. Y. Z.—*Planting Onions*.—The surface soil about them should be frequently loosened, and the autumn sown ones should be planted out during moist weather, in a piece of rich, deeply-dug soil; and, in planting, take care not to bury the bulb, but insert its roots only in the earth, settling it about them by a copious watering in the evening, an operation which must be continued until they have made fresh roots. Plant them in rows nine inches asunder, and seven inches apart, from plant to plant.

MR. CHARLES THOMPSON.—*Flowers in Pots*.—We know of no one so likely to supply you with the plants you require as T. Bridgen, seed merchant, &c., 52, King William street, City, E.C. We had occasion to pay him a visit the other day, when we saw some very pretty specimens, at very moderate prices; at all events, we are certain of this, that whatever he sends out may be depended upon.

ANTHONY.—*Manure Water*.—This is most beneficial, when judiciously applied. For collecting this, an old barrel or some such contrivance should be sunk near the dung-heap, that the drainage therefrom may run into it. With regard to the leaf enclosed, we can only say that it is infested with green fly, for which there is no better remedy than fumigating with tobacco.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—*To Destroy Ants in a Cucumber Frame, and how to make Scarlet Geraniums Flower Early*.—Place an inverted flower-pot over the nest, and the intruders will work their way into it. In a few days remove the pot, by placing a spade underneath it, and consign it with its occupants into boiling water. These destructive little animals may likewise be expelled from any particular plant by sprinkling it well with sulphur. They may also be kept from wall and other fruit while ripening, by drawing a broad bank with chalk along the wall near the ground, and round tree stems. With regard to the early flowering of scarlet geraniums, there is only one method that we know of, which is to force them in a hotbed or stove.

A. B. C.—*To Prevent Snails crawling up Walls, Trees, &c.*—Make a good thick paste of soot and hair oil, and anoint the bottom of the wall with it; this is a remedy that will unquestionably form an effectual barrier, over which snails will dread to pass.

SYMPATHY.—Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it; for its gaiety is reflected upon me; it is my own kind, my own family, who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. We are all fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, and what does it matter on whom the honours of the victory fall? If Fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favours on others, let us condole ourselves, like the friend of *Armenio*, by saying, "Those, too, are Alexanders."



## ARCHITECTURE A WITNESS OF RELIGION.

ARCHITECTURE having called upon Painting and Sculpture to beautify her by the addition of their graces, and then having availed herself of them, at once assumed several new and important offices in their name. For men naturally asked, "What shall we paint, and what shall we sculpture?" What could they do? Either simply imitate nature, or depict their manners, and illustrate their history. If in the temple, depict the story of the gods and heroes; if in the public hall, the actions of their ancestors. It is said they were ignorant of landscape painting, and what other painting there was has perished: the sculpture remains to tell us with what success men achieved the objects they had in view. The temple soon enshrined its sculptured god: its walls probably displayed his painted myth; the revelation in colours of his attributes and creed. And thus Architecture assumed another office—she became a witness of religion—she handed down the faith of nations to their posterity—the same Minerva sat calmly in the temple as sat there before—the same Jove frowned with marble brows and menaced with his dreadful thunder, as frowned and menaced of old, when art first made him. It is a duty of your art to witness and commemorate the faith of the people among whom it is cherished. It is right that the temple should itself be a Bible in stone, an unalterable record of truth, an imperishable witness of creeds. It is right that the very walls should have an expression and an eloquence for the eye; for the eye has as great a claim to exalted usage as the ear, and if that may without objection be the vehicle of the mind of truth—the channel by which the religious orator pours in his flood of refined speech—so may the eye be the glass through which the religious painter may let fall the lines of beauty in living representation on the soul—the gate by which the illustrative ideas of the sculptor may enter and find rest. Did the Creator exalt the ear above the eye? Meant He, when He gave us several senses, that we should learn of Him but through one? Did He design, in bestowing on us several faculties, that we should trust alone to eloquence to illustrate His attributes, and that of all powers eloquence alone should teach religion, and only the ear attend to it? Never was supposition more ridiculous. But yet in our day, even concerning architecture, there seems to be an extraordinary opposition of parties

under the several badges of the ear and eye. These, delighting in eloquence—exalting it over all other things;—swearing, as well by the least word, as by the most artfully elaborated period of their favourite pulpit orator;—declaring the silent eloquence of artistic grace and symbolic ornament to be little less than accursed—may be styled the party of the ear. Those, loving symbolism to excess;—greedy of ornament;—pledged to display;—insisting on the graces of the suggestive arts;—regarding the eloquence of the preacher as dangerous, if not needless—may be called the party of the eye. The ear and the eye, the eye and the ear! and men to whom both belong rending each other in their several causes. Strange and inexplicable thing! But we have an undoubted right to avail ourselves, without abuse, of all our senses: we may look for the genius of Raphael, and hope for the eloquence of St. Paul. Architecture and the other arts are in peril from this absurd contest; for if it be once allowed that the cause of religion is best served by their utter insufficiency and wretchedness, then is the first blow stricken at them—then is the battering of the wall begun. We ask not in a church for gaudiness, for tinsel, for an impure and diseased decoration, for mythical monsters, for devils in stone and in paint; we seek only pure majestic beauty, chastity of design, a sacred elegance, a holy grandeur. Let none use the arts of rhetoric to destroy architecture and her sisters; for every word the orator aims at them, every argument prepared for their destruction, will become a weapon that must slay its wielder. Eloquence is now put in this position: she is forced to say, "I am exciting, charming, persuading your senses, to make you believe they have no right to be charmed, persuaded, or excited by any one else." What is there more injurious in colour or statuary than in rhetoric? Indeed, there is more risk in the latter. For the subject of art being once well chosen, it remains, when executed, for ever the same; but the purpose of rhetoric may be subtle and variable as the inclination of man. But we need not enter further upon this, being convinced that we have a right, under the sway of careful judgment, to use all our senses, and to submit them, by the lamp of reason, to the guidance of art. Everything may be used, everything can be abused; for us it is to use and not abuse. But are we to be cold, and dumb, and still? O Art! Art! how wert thou fallen if thou wert forbidden to worship in the temple of thy God

## A GOOD END TO A BAD BEGINNING.

## I.

HOW A YOUNG LADY AND A YOUNG GENTLEMAN BOTH WENT OUT FOR A RIDE.

YOUNG Edward Mainwaring, between the time of his leaving Eton and entering the University at Oxford, went down to his father's seat in the quaint old county of Rutlandshire for the purpose of enjoying a week's shooting. On the second day he had a good morning's sport, and had made several very excellent shots, greatly to the delight of the young rustic who was in attendance on him, when he took it into his head to go back to the house, and, mounting a fine horse, started off on a visit to his two cousins, Henry and Madeleine Seymour, who resided with his uncle at a short distance from his father's mansion.

He had not yet seen his cousin Madeleine; and the young lady's beauty and charming disposition had formed the theme of general praise at his father's table on the previous evening.

Now, Edward happened to have had just sent to him from London an entirely new shooting-costume, and somehow or other it came into his young head that, as it was very becoming, he might as well exhibit himself in that for the first time to his fair cousin; first impressions, as he knew, going a great way with young ladies.

He had trotted about half way along the road, when, suddenly coming from a cross-road leading out of a wood, he caught sight of a splendid chesnut horse, ridden in gallant style by a young lady of distinguished appearance. Edward, himself not a little proud of his horsemanship, could not but admire the exquisite ease and grace with which this young lady sat her horse, the lightness of her hand, the firmness of her seat, and suppleness of her form, as the animal bounded rather than cantered under her. "Now is my time," thought he, "to show off my equestrian accomplishments."

So he began to make his horse caracole and curvet, with all the airs of an accomplished cavalier. The effect was great, but the result by no means good. The young lady's horse, astounded at such prancing and capering, utterly misunderstood an exhibition so unusual in a country road. It became alarmed at the unusual curvets of its neighbour, pricked up its ears, lashed out its heels, shook its head, took the bit between its teeth, and finally, dashing off

at full gallop, swept away at a tremendous pace, carrying its fair burden, in a direct unswerving line, across the country, right upon a marsh which spread to the right and left for some distance—sufficiently long, but fortunately not very broad. The shouts of terror which a young peasant uttered as he sprang up from the ground just by, and vainly attempted to jump a ditch bristling with briars, so as to rush to the lady's succour, only alarmed the affrighted beast still more; it sprang up in the air, and came down again with a terrific plunge, then flew off at a still more accelerated pace right on to the marsh.

The poor girl, whose life was thus endangered, never lost her presence of mind, but, with a skill and resolution almost incredible for her age, kept her seat, and did all that was possible, though in vain, to stop her horse before it could reach the fatal spot.

Without knowing whether he was acting right or wrong, Edward spurred madly to come up with and pass the maddened animal, so as to bar its access to the marsh, and to endeavour, if possible, at the risk of his own life, to stop it, and save the young lady. But at the moment, just as he had caught them up, his own horse, excited by the example of the one before it, and emulous of its passionate speed, seemed as if it had also taken its bit between its teeth, for it cleared at a bound the short distance which yet separated it from the high bank, went right over, that, and, with a splash and a plunge, disappeared in the marsh along with its rider.

## II.

## THE SITUATION BECOMES SERIOUS.

ALL aghast, his hair loose in the wind—for his hat had flown off during his rapid ride—Edward clung with both hands and a desperate energy to the mane of his horse, without daring to turn his head round, for fear of seeing the young Amazon coming over the bank headlong like himself into this marshy water, embarrassed as it was with mud and brambles, that served however to keep him up while swimming with his horse.

He endeavoured to disengage his feet from the stirrups, so as to jump off and swim to the succour of one of whose danger he was the involuntary cause; but his horse itself swam with so much difficulty among the aquatic plants that grew tangling at the bottom of the water, and rose towards the surface, that our poor Edward, at every movement he attempted, felt the animal go

down deeper into the mud, and despaired of its getting out from it.

To add to young Edward's vexation, annoyance, and disgrace, a man who was standing up erect on the opposite bank, and leaning on a long staff, shouted out to him the grossest abuse, complaining that, by his falling into the marsh, he had put to flight a superb flock of wild ducks, on which he founded all his hopes of a dinner. This man was a certain Master Stephen, a small farmer, half farrier, half poacher, in the neighbourhood, of a gross and brutal nature, and who had shown himself envious in regard to young Edward's capital shooting and excellent guns. He had an instinctive hatred of what was generous and amiable, and prided himself in a surly independence of character, which consisted, for the main part, in doing what he pleased—that is, in doing what pleased himself, because unpleasant to others. He pretended not to recognise young Edward, and conducted himself like a madman, in place of running to help him, or at least encouraging him to hold fast, as if he thought there was no danger. But this rascally fellow kept quite out of the way, and took care of himself, while he kept bawling out incessantly—

"Here's a pretty to do! Such a glorious flock of ducks! I say, you cockney, what brings you here to frighten our ducks, and make us lose our game?"

Edward made no reply; in truth, he had something better to do; but he was not the less indignant with Master Stephen, who knew him well, and he said to himself that he would reckon with him for his insolence and inhumanity when he had gained the bank.

At last, after a thousand ups and downs, sometimes comic, at other times serious enough, the unlucky collegian perceived that his horse felt his feet, and hastened to part company with him.

The poor beast, panting and trembling, shook off the water, that ran from him in streams, and stood still; while his rider, shivering like himself, advanced towards Master Stephen, who touched his hat, and assumed a look of astonishment and compassion.

"What! Mr. Mainwaring, is it you? Can it be possible?"

"Whom, then, did you think it was?" said Edward to him, with some temper.

"Excuse me, Mr. Edward; I did not recognise you at all. Oh, surely, not at all."

"And that's why you loaded me with abuse? A fine thing, certainly! A man

and a horse swimming for their lives, and you choose to be offended with them! You are an amiable fellow, truly!"

"But listen to me, Mr. Edward. I was going to tell you, I took you for a stranger, some London cockney, who was playing off his tricks upon us, and was going to steal our ducks, and so —"

"And so you shook your fist at this stranger, and shouted a hundred oaths against him, and volleys of abuse. I will mention it to my uncle, and we shall see what he thinks of it; but, for the present, leave me."

"My good Mr. Edward, it was an error, a stupidity, I agree, and I wish to make my excuses."

"Rather go and learn what has become of that young lady on horseback, whom I left in danger on the other side of the marsh, and have not seen since."

"Your cousin?"

"Is it Madeleine Seymour, my cousin? Are you sure?"

"I believe so; for the young lady passed me about an hour since, and she was coming by the cross road."

"Run, then, Master Stephen, run and learn, and come quickly to tell me. I will forget your recent reception at once."

"With all respect, Mr. Mainwaring, I think you ought to change your clothes. You will catch cold."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, Master Stephen, but go and bring me back the news. I will wait for you in the copse. But be off! quick!"

Master Stephen took his leave of Edward with all kinds of humble salutations, as if he really felt the greatest regret at having shown himself harsh and unpleasant towards him, but he did not mean anything of the kind. All the while he was running to find Miss Seymour he kept muttering to himself, with a kind of malignant joy,—

"Has he had enough of it, that collegian? Has he been in the mud enough? Is he wet enough? Ha, ha! the dandy with the pretty rifle and the yellow gaiters! I could have gone without my dinner were it only to see him dabbling about down there like a duck, and soiling his fine clothes—quite new, too, ha, ha!"

And so the pleasant fellow went along, grinning and enjoying the mortification of the young gentleman.

Edward, as soon as he was out of sight, took his horse by the bridle and sought refuge in a thicket, so as not to be exposed to the gaze of the passers by in the pitiable

state to which his forced bath had reduced him. Exceedingly anxious about the fate of his fair cousin, whose beauty and courage had forcibly impressed his young mind, he quite forgot the cold that began to make him shiver, nor could anything have induced him to go home before being reassured on the subject of Madeleine, whom he was astonished at his not having recognised at the turn of the road, when he had passed her at a trot by some lengths, while "doing the handsome" for the purpose of attracting her attention.

## III.

## RAGGED JACK.

At the same moment that Edward was carried off to the ducks in the marsh, Madeleine's horse, rearing up furiously, was just about to dash her to the earth, when Ragged Jack, the keeper's boy, who had been in attendance on Edward during his morning's shooting excursion, and who was rambling along after eating his dinner, cutting small ozier twigs for birdliming, saw the danger the poor girl was running, and with that resolution and daring that often pertains to boys brought up in the fields, jumped up at the nostrils of the horse and grasped them vigorously, while as it were hanging from them. The animal, subdued by the pain, came down on his fore feet again, and never offered to move: one would have said he had been a sheep, so much had his eye become gentle once more, and his attitude submissive. But Jack did not loose his hold the sooner for that. He caught hold of the bit, and held it with a firm hand until Madeleine, pale and trembling, dismounted, scarcely understanding the miracle by which she was preserved.

When she was a few paces from the horse Ragged Jack went up and tied it to an apple tree, and came back to the young girl, twisting his woollen cap in his hand.

"The young lady is not at all hurt, I hope?"

"No; I have been frightened, and my head was rather giddy. But what was it you did to my horse, Jack, that pulled him up so short?"

"I leaped at his nose."

"At the peril of your life, poor boy!"

"O no, indeed, miss; I understand horses, I do. You know my father is a horse-dealer; and he showed me this trick when the animals are ill-tempered or quite mad."

"I really believe that my poor Tippoo went mad; and I can't understand how I kept in the saddle. If my poor mother

should suspect this accident, how much she would regret having allowed me to come down to the village alone! In fact, my good Jack, it is to you I am indebted for my life, and I will never forget it as long as I live. Tell me if it was not Mr. Edward Mainwaring who followed me so sharply, and who went, without the power of checking himself, over the bank of the marsh. I tremble for the consequences!"

"I have not seen Mr. Edward since the morning; but it might be so, for he mounted his horse, and has been shooting in the vicinity."

"All this has happened so quickly, and the fear of being dashed on the earth so greatly troubled me, that I did not clearly see him. However, I have some remembrance that it was his horse that frightened mine at the end of the cross road, and that he pursued us at a gallop up to this spot. I hope nothing has happened to him."

As Madeleine finished speaking, Master Stephen presented himself to her gaze with the humble air of an anxious and devoted servant.

"Thank Heaven, miss, you have sustained no hurt, as far as I am able to see."

"You know of the accident, then?"

"Is not that what Mr. Edward Mainwaring just told me? He is white as a sheet."

"And where is he?"

"Across the marsh, Miss, in the copse opposite to us, all wet, all covered with mud, as well as his horse. They are a pitiful sight."

Here Ragged Jack looked at Master Stephen with a grimace, as much as to say, "What an impostor!" But Master Stephen made signs to him desperately, as if asking him not to betray him. The young rogue had the air of not understanding him, and said, as he began again cutting his twigs,—

"Is it possible that you have made it up with our young master, Father Stephen?"

"I don't know what you mean, Jack. I love and respect the son of Mr. Mainwaring, and the cousin of Miss Madeleine; and I say that it is time he was made to change his clothes, since he will get his death if he remain in the state he is in now."

"Poor Edward!" said Madeleine. "Has he, then, fallen in the water?"

"He and his horse, miss."

"Go quickly, Jack, and fetch some clothes from his house, while Master Stephen makes him enter his farm-house,



for he cannot just now go across to his father's."

And Madeleine went off, followed by Ragged Jack, who turned round, from time to time, to make faces at Master Stephen; for, though he was brave and determined as a young lion, he only transgressed from want of education, and could not resist the pleasure of tormenting those whom he saw wrapped up in their folly or some glaring defect. There his malice ended, and it never degenerated into wickedness.

Madeleine had been too much frightened to remount her horse; so she let Jack lead Tippoo by the bridle, and walked by his side, occasionally patting his neck, as if to ask him not again to indulge in such foolish tricks.

When they reached Mr. Mainwaring's they found that he had gone out with wife to pay some visits in the neighbourhood. Miss Seymour explained the state of affairs to one of the chambermaids, and had a parcel made up, of which Ragged Jack was the chosen bearer; then she went and sat down at the entry of a small wood in the vicinity of Master Stephen's farm to await her cousin's coming, and to tell him how glad she had been to know of his being safe and sound, as well as to have a laugh with him at their reciprocal fear and mutual dangers.

"What a run we have made!" thought she, as she walked slowly along, the daisies and cowslips bowing their heads under her training robe as she swept along. "This



poor Edward has suffered even more than me. His bath in mud and dirty water must have caused him an emotion and a disgust difficult to relate; but all this is because he endeavoured to astonish Tippoo with the airs and graces of his fine horse, in place of simply bidding me good morning and jogging along with me like a man. It will give a lesson in rational conduct to this youth from riding school, who wishes to show off like a riding-master, or one of Astley's circus riders."

Madeleine, though actually of the same age as her cousin, was yet a young person of great good sense, though gay and laughing, as one is at fifteen. She was often permitted to run about the neighbourhood of the village, either on foot or horseback, without being accompanied by a servant, as she could manage Tippoo capitally, and

he seldom indulged in any eccentricity with her on his back. It had required nothing less than Edward's fancy to come and throw himself across the route with a superfluity of somersaults to scare Tippoo, and make him forget he was carrying his gentle mistress, and was not permitted to play off any fooleries.

After all, the two young people were let off for the fear, and a few extra shiverings for Edward. They could meet each other with a smile at their misadventure, and it would furnish a subject of conversation in the evening at the fireside of Mr. Mainwaring, and at that of Mr. Seymour.

#### IV.

#### SOME THINGS THAT ARE NOT TRAGICAL.

MADELEINE had hardly been seated half an hour in the copse when Edward arrived

there at a run, arrayed in a most irreproachable morning costume. He shook hands gaily with his cousin.

"You will not like me, Madeleine?"

"On account of your falling into the marsh amongst the ducks?"

"No, for the danger I caused you to run."

"Not to run, but to ride, gentle cousin, for fortunately I did not fall off my wild steed. But, as that is over, I shall not bear malice. But you, Edward, do you not feel some ill effects from your sudden bath? Such surprises are apt to be dangerous, especially if you were as warm as I was during the time of my unexpected and most disorderly gallop."

"I have thought no more of it, except to confess that I must have out a very ridiculous figure on Sultan's back, half in the water, my hair in a bush, and my fingers twisted in the mane of the poor beast, which paddled rather than swam through the mud—a spectacle exceedingly agreeable to Master Stephen on the bank, as well as ludicrous."

"Do you really think that?"

"There can be no mistake about it, since, instead of trying to help me out of my embarrassment, he loaded me with abuse."

"What is this you are talking about, cousin? One would say the water of the marsh had got into your head."

"Not at all, my little cousin. What I say is true, only your saucy farmer pretends he mistook me for a stranger to the country, and fancies that will appease me, the scoundrel! But I forgive him; and I shall be silent about it to my uncle for another reason—which is because he showed great readiness to bring me some tidings of you. Let us say no more about it."

"So be it. We will be generous. However, he will busy himself in going and telling our adventure to your father and mother, and then to my parents afterwards. They will grumble a little, and tremble at the idea of what might have happened to us; then they will laugh and embrace us. That's the way it always ends with parents as good and kind as ours—is it not, cousin?"

"Invariably."

"Consequently you are ready to offer me your arm to return to your house."

"Mademoiselle, I am at your command, as says our uncle the Colonel."

Madeleine took Edward's arm, and they together directed their steps towards the house, laughing as they went at the remembrance of their recent adventure.

One of Mr. Mainwaring's servants fol-

lowed at a short distance with the young collegian's horse.

"And what has become of your shooting dress?" said Madeleine, slightly laughing.

"Alas! if you did but know how handsome it was, and in such good taste, Madeleine, you would not laugh at its ruin."

"I should rather cry. Was it—oh! was it a grey rifleman's uniform trimmed with red?"

"I should very much like to have shown it to you—my first shooting coat."

"I shall see your second."

"Next year, then, for it is too near time to go to Oxford for me to order another. Happily, my gun is safe; for I forget that, along with my game-bag and shot-belt, which I left on the bank of the marsh. Ragged Jack shall fetch them, and you shall admire them after dinner."

"How after dinner? To do that I shall have to be at the house at that hour."

"All right, all right, valiant Amazon. I am going to beg my father to send his carriage for my uncle and aunt to come and dine with us, and hear the recital of the brave deeds of the squire and squires on the borders of the Marsh of the Ducks, as well as of the courage and presence of mind of Ragged Jack, to say nothing of the humours of Master Stephen."

"As for Ragged Jack, he deserves every eulogy. You should have seen, Edward, how he sprang at Tippoo's head without a moment's hesitation, without a thought of the risk of his own life. These country lads are so resolute and so adroit, not at all like those belonging to towns."

"They are differently brought up. As for us, they never suffer us, while little ones, to go near a cow or a horse, while these lead them to the meadow or the stable as soon as they can walk; they climb the trees like squirrels; run with naked feet along the worst roads; bathe at the first convenient spot; and know that they have no one to reckon upon, in case of accident, but themselves, their parents generally having too much to do to be unceasingly looking after or guiding them."

"You are right, cousin."

"If Ragged Jack be already a little experimental horse-dealer, and, as a part of his business, a lad of courage, you must agree, my dear Madeleine, that he is a long way behind on the side of education, and that his language is not of the finest quality."

"Without doubt; but that is not any fault of his."

"Just so. I don't speak of it in his dis-

paragement, but simply to lead you to observe that every one has his share of qualities and defects."

"Thank you, cousin. But *à propos* of Ragged Jack, where have you left him? He must be one at the celebration, and receive his reward."

"He will be at the house in an hour; he went off to his mother to help her carry some water."

"And Master Stephen, what did he do when you left his house?"

"The rascally bear protested his love and devotion towards me and my family, called me his dear Master Edward, and wished to warm me with sugared ale and toast. But, as soon as I was clean and dry, I bade him adieu and thanked him."

Chatting in this manner, the young people reached Mr. Mainwaring's garden gate, and found him seated in an arbour with his wife. The chambermaid had told them nothing.

Madeleine undertook the beginning of the story, and Edward its termination. At each movement of terror on the part of the mother and father, the hero and heroine of the adventure tenderly embraced them, as if to reassure them, by caresses, of their safety. The same scene and action were repeated on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour. The whole evening was spent in laughing and happiness as they chatted over the events of the day.

Ragged Jack was the subject of universal applause and reward. What he most desired—a modest requirement—was gladly acceded to him. "He wished to go into Miss Seymour's service, and have the care of Tippoos," adding, in a way that made everybody laugh, "Because then he knew he should not lose the happiness of often seeing Mr. Edward."

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, however, took care to add to this so modest reward a small pension, and a cottage rent free, for the young lad's parents.

So ended this day that began so badly. Every one retired to rest with a contented heart, whether to thank God for their escape from fearful danger, or happy at having shown themselves useful to each other. Master Stephen alone could not sleep; he feared he had betrayed his evil disposition.

Ragged Jack had the best pillow of all. He had got a start in life; so he slept one long sleep until daybreak, dreaming about Madeleine's beautiful horse, and how he was taking it to water, whistling a song as he went, and cutting switches along the hedges.

## HOW TO BEAUTIFY LIFE.

THERE is no more marked phase of the prevailing prodigality than the extravagance of the female toilet. That the rich should spend their wealth is naturally to be expected, but it would be well if it were spent in such a way as not to vulgarise the tastes and demoralise the character of their fellow-citizens. The expenditure of the opulent, particularly that of woman, is too personal in its character, and necessarily leads to imitation. If the wealthy dame will persist in making a show of her riches upon her person, her less opulent rival will not be outdone in expense, even if she should break her back or her husband's credit by its weight. There is such a spirit of intense competition in the female heart that no consequences will deter a woman from an effort to equal a rival in personal attractions, which the female sex will persist in thinking depend upon the richness of their adornments.

If, however, women dressed to please their male admirers, they would remember that it is the universal sentiment of mankind that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," and that even homeliness gains nothing by being richly set. There is not one man out of a hundred who has not "dealt in the article" who is conscious of the difference between Brussels and cotton lace, or silk and calico. All that the most fastidious male admirer will insist upon is, that propriety of female dress which comes from suitableness and harmony of colour, neatness of fit and perfectness of detail. There is nothing so charming to a cultivated man as the exhibition on a woman's dress of a refined taste, exercised in the simplest materials. A plain calico neatly made and cunningly trimmed, with the nice proprieties of a pure white collar, a hand well gloved, and a foot *bien chaussée*, is the drapery the most provocative of admiration the male observer is conscious of.

Women, however, do not dress to attract the opposite sex, but their own. Men admire in female attire the becoming, but women the costly. It is to catch the knowing woman's eye, which can tell at a glance the difference between the cheap and expensive, that our Junos spread out their fine feathers. Cheap calicoes are eschewed for *moiré* antiques, cotton for Valenciennes lace, and French shawls for Cashmeres, and for no better reason than because cheap is cheap, and dear is dear, and sharp-sighted



woman is conscious of the difference, and admires the wearer accordingly.

It is astonishing to what an extent this passion for expense in female dress is carried. Let us count the items. There is the jewellery, which may amount to anysum from one to thousands of pounds. There are the laces, with the multiple varieties of Valenciennes, Chantilly, points d'Alençon, and *appliqué*, enveloping, under the forms of veils, collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs, flounces, and insertions, the fluttering insect of fashion in a web that would have puzzled the skill of Arachne to have woven. A single veil often costs £20, and a pocket-handkerchief half that amount. As for the dresses, since they go on increasing in expansiveness, until they bid fair to outswell the dome of St. Paul's, it is difficult to embrace them within an estimate, or, in fact, within anything of fixed proportions. Say, however, that there are ten—each containing at least twenty yards of stuff—some of moire antique or stamped velvet, and others of the simplest material, the most expensive of which may have cost the yearly salary of many a respectable hard-working man.

To love such a woman may not be, as Steele said of a charming person of his day, a liberal education, but to possess her is undoubtedly a very pretty little fortune. We have taken, perhaps, an extreme case, but it is a genuine one, derived from real life, and will serve to show the standard of female expense, which, if not always reached, is more or less approximated, and universally aspired to.

Examples of prodigality are found everywhere, but we conscientiously believe they are getting more frequent now than ever they were in female dress. Such examples should be avoided by the rich for their vulgarity, and by the poor for their danger.

If happiness consists in dressing extravagantly, it admits of many diversities. There is, however, one beauty of the willow, another of the magnolia, another of the live-oak; and so the elements of happiness, like those of beauty, vary in different organisations. The plan of happiness we would recommend is, not to force ourselves into other people's ways and imitate their modes, but to believe in our own nature, and make the best of that we can. Of all the abuses of what phrenology calls imitateness, that is the most ridiculous which follows others in their particular channels of happiness.

If our object is to beautify life, let us see where it is best to begin. The best point

to start from is simplicity. It is a great intellectual quality; it is a grand moral virtue. To be simple-minded is to be in a position to learn, and to be simple-hearted is to have access to all the love in the universe. This simplicity keeps alive the childhood of the soul, and makes every day a fresh gift from Heaven. How the senses live in it! How the spirit, cherishing its glad freedom, and content with its abounding consciousness, has a patrimony of blessedness in its infinite joy! Now, this simplicity is just what we need. For we act as if we believed that a man must own a little of everything to be rich, and enjoy a share of everything before he can be respectably happy. We are idolaters of the much. Far wiser would it be to cultivate the simplicity which expands the little within easy reach into a great deal, and by having a big heart, enlarges all that comes into it to the measure of its own capacity. Intelligent and living simplicity would cure half of our follies. It would convert our fops into gentlemen, and our fashionable belles into well-behaved women. It would build us such houses as had ideas in them as well as bricks. It would give us social festivities that would look higher than the cork of a wine-bottle. Above all else, a genuine simplicity would tend to diminish that excessive regard for circumstances which so often occupies the mind, to the exclusion of veneration for character. Acting thus on us, it would soon show itself in outward life, breathing the spirit of art beyond the immediate sphere of art itself, and exalting us to the enjoyment of such pleasures as Nature offers to those who, by refinement and purity, are capable of appreciating her as the work of infinite beauty.

Life may be beautified by well-directed efforts to improve the society of home. We say well-directed efforts, for few there are among parents who have just that peculiar wisdom and temper which give the right tone to domestic character. Sympathy with children is a great means of cultivating the sense of moral and social beauty; it is such a pure and unmixed emotion, so singularly free from fictitious elements, so spontaneous in its lightsome activity, that generous Nature has ample scope in it for her best instincts. The happiness of childhood is born within itself, and by entering into its gladness we learn the lesson which age is so apt to forget, that the mere consciousness of existence is a fruitful source of pleasure. Then, too, the various offices of home, while they exert a potent influence

by the duties springing from such intimate relationship, are yet more effective in the higher culture of character by the outgoings of that delicate, quiet, appreciative spirit, which seeks to adjust look, tone, and manner to the aspects of the family circle. Then, too, the calm of home, what a mighty power! We lose the inspirations of nature for want of tranquillity. Out into the fields and beneath the skies we carry eager, restless, turbulent thoughts; but the fire-side breathes repose, and because of this, images of beauty and love rise from its hours of stillness and charm us heavenward. Is not this a kind of beauty and a kind of happiness which the most costly lavishment in dress can never give?

### CITIZEN LIFE AT THE COAST.

SWEET, even in the dusky lanes and alleys of the smoke-enveloped city, is the gorgeous radiance of the autumnal morning. Everything wears a new aspect. The fiery shafts of the king of day dart in gushing splendour through the serried rows of chimney cans and house tops, and tinge with a golden hue the wan faces and slender limbs of those to whom the sight of Nature in all her splendour and magnificence is but a dream. To those whose early days have been passed amongst winding labyrinths of brick and stone, and who have always been "in populous city pent," it tells of the yearly day, week, or month, as the case may be, enjoyed by the margin of the ever-rolling ocean, which

"Windest round the solid world,  
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled  
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
Lashing and writhing till its strength is gone;"

or of the delicious rambles amongst the green and waving foliage of the rural scene,

"Where Nature sits beside the hidden streams,  
Filling the mid-day twilight with sweet sylvan dreams."

While to those whose childhood's days have been passed upon the verdant hill-side, or the blooming meadow, it calls up recollections of the days long past; of the time when they "ran about the braes and pu'd the gowans fine;" and calls up before the mirror of memory visions of the wimpling streamlet in which they laved their heated frames; of the flower-bespangled meadow; of the green fields and leafy valleys, and the wood in which they gathered the brown nuts and juicy berries.

Oh! what a blessed boon to the poor and miasma-breathing denizens of our great

cities is steam! In a few hours, and for a few shillings, they may now be swept away, far away, from the city, with all its din and bustle, its sins and sorrows, its joys and griefs, and be set down beside green leaves and crystal waters, where their cars, used to the rumble of carts and the ceaseless hum of human voices, may be regaled by the artless and gushing lays of the feathered songsters; where their eyes, "cabin'd, crib'd, confined," by towering walls and blocks of buildings, may roam free and unrestrained over a boundless expanse of rich and pastoral beauty, of swelling hills and undulating valleys, of emerald meadows and sapphire skies, and new life be infused into their languishing and smoke-dried frames, by the cooling breezes which come sweeping o'er the valleys laden with the sweet aroma of a host of beauteous flowers, which spangle every nook and corner of the ground with their bright and blushing faces.

No wonder, then, with recollections of scenes like these, that visions of boyhood's days come floating athwart the memory of the town-dweller, as the balmy splendour of the autumnal morning breaks upon his senses; or that an irresistible longing seizes him to gaze once more upon the scenes of his boyish pleasures and sorrows, and wander once more by the margin of the unforgotten stream, or roam amongst the leafy shades of the shaggy wood, where everything breathes of the happy days of his childhood, and not a spot but is redolent with pleasant associations; not a gnarled tree trunk, not a mossy bank nor sylvan glade, but touches some deep chord in his bosom, which springs up responsive to the magic touch of memory, and calls up recollections of the companions of his boyish sports, and causes him to exclaim—

"Friends of my childhood, O where are ye now?  
The dust's settled heavily on each radiant brow,  
And the grave's dim shadow rests gloomy and chill  
On those beautiful features so rigid and still."

And besides the powerful attraction which these recollections of boyhood's days exert, there is another feeling also busy at work, the love of Nature. The love of Nature is a feeling deeply implanted in the human heart, and one which none need blush to own,—one which, as long as Nature retains her wondrous unanimity and beauty, will be found deep, deep in the inmost recesses of the human heart, exerting a beneficial and purifying influence far more potent than the generality of people imagine.

"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still;  
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;  
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,  
Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child.  
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
Where nothing polished dare pollute her path;  
To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
Though I have marked her when none other hath,  
And sought her more and more, and loved her  
best in wrath."

And who can do otherwise than gaze with mingled feelings of admiration and awe upon the swelling bosom of the restless deep, the frowning heights and sequestered vales which adorn the land, or the myriads of apparently tiny sparks of flame, but in reality worlds of beauty and grandeur, which sweep across the boundless expanse of the azure vault? Who can gaze upon the splendid panorama of morning, the more subdued yet equally beautiful evening, the "various shows and forms of the circling year," and not feel that a master hand guides all these through their allotted duties,—not feel that indefinable sensation which thrills through the human heart when the presence of majesty is felt, yet not observed? And it is to the promptings of this feeling that the town-dweller responds when he casts aside the petty cares and trammels of business, and with a heart full of pleasant anticipations at the prospect of a day's free and unrestrained communion with the wonders of Nature, betakes himself to the quay, where the steamer with her living freight of passengers lies puffing and puffing like some noble steed who scents afar the sound of the combat, and snorts and prances with impatience to join in the *mêlée*.

But the last bell rings, he springs aboard, the ropes are hauled in, the gangways are withdrawn, and slowly the buoyant little craft swings clear of her moorings: now

"Masts, spires, and strands retiring to the right,  
The glorious main's expanding o'er the bow."

Swiftly the steamer cleaves the briny element; "she skims the water like a thing of life;" and the shifting scenery on the shore is gradually left behind, till it fades away in the distance, and rapidly melts into invisibility. Towns and hamlets, castles and cottages, field and fen, mountain and meadow, are in rotation swiftly glided past and left behind, till they are fairly out upon the mighty and majestic deep. Now they are

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more,  
And the waves bound beneath them as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it leads."

Britons have an intuitive love of, and regard for, the sea, and consequently, as the vessel swiftly ploughs her way through the dancing waters, all are attracted towards her sides, and are busily engaged watching the various wonders which are swiftly overtaken and glided past. Now some beautiful bed of submarine flowers may be discerned far down in old ocean's abysmal depths; now some family of sportive inhabitants of the deep may be observed basking in the sunshine, and casting a shower of spray into the air, tinged with a thousand prismatic hues; and anon some of

"Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,  
Fierce as a nettle, and from that its name;  
Some in huge masses, some that you may bring  
Within the compass of a lady's ring,"—

float past, looking like so many miniature balloons floating through the transparent liquid; then some steamer cleaves her way through the gliding waters, and dashes past, leaving a flying train of foam in her wake; and thus, between one thing and another, the time swiftly glides away, till (almost too soon) the weather-beaten face of the landing-place looms up in the distance.

Then comes the bustle and hubbub of preparation: this old lady has lost her bundle; this gentleman has lost his portmanteau; parents have lost their children; children have lost their parents; and thus, between the old lady looking for her bundle, the gentleman for his portmanteau, the others for their relatives, and various other concomitant elements, all is bustle and uproar. But, at length it is over, and the various parties are all wending their way along the beach, while our townling, having just taken time to procure some refreshment for the inner man, comes forth fully determined for a day's enjoyment, and wending his way inland, he

"Seeks the brake, and seeks the dell,  
The haunted glen, the swelling river,"

and there, where the larks are singing overhead, the wild bees humming all around, and the musical murmur of the streamlet breaks upon the ear, he finds the long-dreamed-of Elysium; there his soul, sick of the shallow selfishness and deceit of the city, finds a congenial subject for its thoughts, and he roams about where

"—Nature in her unaffected dress,  
Plaited with valleys, and embosomed with hills,  
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with  
woods,  
Sits lovely in her native russet,"—

with feelings of joy and happiness in his

heart, such as he has not known for years. But

"Nae man can tether time nor tide,"

and the time insensibly creeps away; the sun has long since reached the zenith, and has now commenced his descent towards the west; so culling a beauteous flower as a souvenir of this lovely spot, he turns his face towards the shore, there to spend the remainder of his time in exploring the wonders of the ocean, which lies calm and unruffled as a mirror, save when the soft puffs of the balmy breeze come gliding across its bosom, causing the wavelets to curl and play upon the beach with a soft and peaceful sound. Nothing can exceed the ocean in beauty and magnificence, even when the stormy wind comes sweeping across its bosom, and dashes the water into "white snowy foam," rolling the towering waves up the beach, till their furious onset is stopped by the beetling cliffs, and like baffled demons they retire to their dark lair, howling and groaning. Then it is beautiful in its grandeur and sublimity. And again, when it lies calm and tranquil as a sleeping child, when all that pertains to earth, and air, and sky, is reflected in its glossy depths, is it not beautiful in its boundless infinity, its calm and peaceful repose?—at least so the townling felt it, when gazing across its boundless expanse in the subdued light of an autumnal evening. However, having reached its margin, his mind was soon engrossed with (to him) far more interesting subjects: the varied and beautiful wonders of the littoral zone; the algae, with their bright prismatic hues; the zoophytes, with their myriads of parasitic companions, soon held his attention rivetted to themselves; and with a heart bounding with joy, he turned from one beauty to another: now the glowing colours of the sea anemone would attract his attention, and anon, some rough crustacean would in turn exercise its power. And so he roamed about till the lengthened shadows on the ocean warned him that he must depart and leave this treasury of loveliness and order,—a command he by no means felt inclined to obey; for

"'Tis sweet to muse upon the skill displayed  
(Infinite skill) in all that He has made;  
To trace in Nature's most minute design  
The signature and stamp of power divine;  
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,  
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees."

But "necessity has no law," and accordingly he has soon taken his place on board the steamer, which is again soon cleaving

the blue waters of the deep on her return trip; and as the last bright rays of the setting sun are turning the waters to a sheet of burnished gold, and the stars are spangling the firmament with their tiny rays, the dark dismal city looms up in the distance, and soon the weary but happy voyagers are safely ensconced in their various domiciles.

And so ended the townling's day at the coast; but not so shall it fade from his memory: often shall that day of joy return to him as he goes through the daily routine of his business; for,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;"

and often shall that "thing of beauty" return to him and cheer him, even when the storms of adversity shall beat upon him; the recollection of that day will keep his heart fresh and joyous, and bear up his spirits till another year has fled upon the wings of time, when the townling may enjoy another day at the coast.

"Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store

Of charms that Nature to her votary yields—

The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,

The pomp of grove, and garniture of fields;

All that the genial ray of morning yields,

And all that echoes to the song of even;

All that the mountain's sheltering bosom

shields,

And all the dread magnificence of heaven?

Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be

forgiven?"

ALEX. ERSKINE.

TO A WIFE.—Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That pride, madam, was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the tempter which labours incessantly to destroy your peace—which cheats you with an evil delusion, that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds upon those glad and unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip, and will not leave them till their ashes corrode your affections, blight your mortal vision, and blunt your sense of right and wrong. Never forget that yours is a lofty calling. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be properly fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide, as well as teach, him. Your recriminations will drive him from you. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

## RECORDS OF SCIENCE.

**A NEW BAROMETER.**—M. Sauvageon, of Valence, has studied the different phenomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into it, and the result of those observations transforms the demi-tasse into a barometer. "If, in sweetening your coffee," says M. Sauvageon, "you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre."

**PHOTOGRAPHY ON PHOSPHORUS.**—Dr. Draper has just made known a curious photographic action which light possesses upon phosphorus. He found that common yellow phosphorus, on exposure to light, became converted into the allotropic red modification of that element. He, therefore, formed some into a thin sheet, by melting it between two plates of glass. On this surface he succeeded in photographing the fixed lines of the spectrum, and in taking on it prints from negatives. Some of these prints have been preserved in the dark for five or six years. As the yellow modification of phosphorus is readily soluble in several media, while the red variety is almost insoluble, these prints could be readily fixed by pouring either or bisulphide of carbon over them; the unimpressed parts would thus be readily dissolved away. On account of the great inflammability of phosphorus, these pictures can only be looked upon as chemical curiosities; they are, notwithstanding, of great interest.

**A CHEAP BAROMETER.**—Take two sheets of paste-board paper, of any convenient size, say three feet long by two feet wide. Bring the ends together, and glue or paste them tight, each sheet by itself—and they will look like two pieces of paper stove pipe. Cut thin, round boards exactly to fit in the ends of these paper cylinders. Carefully glue or nail them tight. Now you have two air-tight paper drums with wooden heads. Take a pole of any length you desire—three feet or twelve feet—let one drum be fastened to each end of the pole. Now balance this pole with the drums on each end, on nice pivots, in the middle. Then bore a gimlet through the end of one drum, and you have a good farmer's barometer. One drum is air-tight. One has a hole in it, so there will be more or less air in one drum than there is in the other, according as the surrounding air is dense or rarified. Consequently, in dense or heavy air, the tight drum rises, while the one with the hole in it goes down. Crosswise through the middle of the bar, or pole, should run a stick as large as one's finger, a foot long, with wire gudgeons, on which the instrument should vibrate. Let the ends of the pole be slightly lower than the middle, so that the whole may not make a somersault; smear all with glue or oil, so that the air may enter only in the puncture mentioned. Have something you can slide through the bar to keep it nearly level. Mark, if you please,

figures along the pole, to show how far you have moved the balancing poise—though for this there is but little need. This instrument may not be so perfect as a costly barometer; but, for all practical purposes, it is all that could be wished for.

**TO PRESERVE ARTICLES OF FOOD AND DRINK FROM DECAY.**—At the St. Petersburg Exhibition a method for the preservation of fruit for lengthened periods attracted considerable attention, and we think that a description of it may not be uninteresting, and may, perhaps, prove useful to some of our readers. A box is provided, and on the bottom of it is laid a bed of lime which has been "slacked" with *cresote-water* (made by adding four or five drops of cresote to a quart of water). Then over the lime is placed a layer of the fruit—plums, peaches, or pears—which it is wished to preserve, and over them another layer of the prepared lime. This is repeated until the box is full, observing, however, to place in the corners some packets of powdered charcoal. The box, being then secured, may be safely transmitted to any distance, and it is said that its contents will keep perfectly for a whole year.

At home, too, the important object of preserving from decay articles of food and drink has received attention. Every one who has experienced the facility with which beer, for example, spoils in warm weather, can appreciate the service rendered by Mr. Medlock in pointing out an agent which will enable us to keep it with much less fear of this accident. A solution of *bisulphite of lime* has, according to Mr. Medlock, the property of not only arresting the acetous fermentation, but of preventing the growth of those fungi which are popularly known as "mould;" while, if the addition be made within proper limits, no objectionable property is thereby communicated to the beverage. In the case of bottled liquids the same antiseptic solution is used to rinse the bottles.

**POISONOUS COLOURS.**—We had hoped that, after all that has been written and said on the subject of poisonous colours, the inexcusable and dangerous practice of employing them to colour confectionery had been wholly discontinued. Only a few days ago we had, however, an opportunity of seeing how little foundation existed for any such hope. Saffron, cochineal, and indigo are perfectly unobjectionable, and can be made to give any required tint, so that there is no excuse for the use of chromate of lead and artificial ultramarine. Nevertheless, we have before us, as we write, some children's "sugar-sticks," in which these colours—the first of them exceedingly poisonous—are quite resplendent, and, as we ourselves witnessed the several stages of the manufacture, there was no necessity for a chemical analysis. It is somewhat curious that, although one rarely meets with these poisonous luxuries exposed for sale in large cities, there are tons of them manufactured for the children of the provinces; and as they have to be made cheap, and to bear long exposure to light on stalls and in shop-windows, chrome yellow and German ultramarine, which are also cheap, and which keep their colour, are substituted for the costly, though innocent, saffron and indigo, which colour the more rapidly consumed stock of the city confectioner.

## WILD FLOWERS.

IN a pool across the road, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription:—"Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

LITTLE lies are the seeds of great ones. Our friend Blifkins says he never told but one lie in his life, but he has been compelled to tell ten thousand minor fibs since to back that up.

WHEN Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends."

A LUNATIC in Bedlam was asked how he came there? He answered, "By dispute." "What dispute?" The Bedlamite replied, "The world said I was mad, I said the world was mad, and they outwitted me."

Who finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrellas he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next fall of rain?

Two Irishmen were about to fight a duel, when one of them spoke openly of wife and family, as to be considered, and the other was equally concerned for the delicate state of a daughter's health. A wag honoured them with these lines:—

"The heroes of Erin, unconscious of slaughter,  
Improve on the Jewish command;  
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,  
That their days may be long in the land."

AN ALTERNATIVE.—Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship. This is all proper enough; but, in case you haven't got any sister of your own, take some other fellow's sister and love her. The effect is just as good, and sometimes better.

"WELL, Mr. Robinson, and how does your son get on with his violin?" "Astonishingly; there were fourteen of us playing together last night, and he took the lead." "Capital—admirable!" "Yes, and he kept it so well, sir, that none of us could catch him!"

AN INVITATION TO TEA.—A young lady named Taswell returned the annexed reply to an invitation to "tea and cards":—

"Your kind invitation I hailed with much glee;  
Will be true to the hour, ne'er doubt it;  
Play a rubber at whist; but, as for the T,  
I should surely be AS-WELL without it."

A NOTORIOUS thief being about to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge thereupon directed the jury to find him guilty upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge asked the reason. The foreman replied, "There is reason enough, for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world."

A MAN'S life, says South, is an appendix to his heart.

Our greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

SOUTHERN said to a low-spirited friend, "Translate Tristram Shandy into Hebrew, and you will be a happy man."

## CULTIVATED FLOWERS.

WOMEN are extreme—they are better of worse than men.

THE good distrust themselves—the perverse their neighbours.

THE pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl.

THERE is no lack of industry in the world—the lack is in making the right application of it.

GOD puts the excess of hope in one man, in order that it may be a medicine to the man who is despondent.

ONE real evil will sometimes ameliorate our condition by putting to flight a host of imaginary calamities, and by inducing that exertion which makes any situation tolerable.

REMEMBER.—He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.

CONSCIENCE.—Conscience is a sleeping giant, but his starts are terrible when he awakes.

SAFE PHYSICIANS.—Dumoulin, the physician, maintained at his death that he left behind him two great physicians, Regimen and Pure Water.

LOVE is an admiration which never wears.

It is a shameful thing for a man to lie.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

MIND unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

EVERY scheme of happiness must needs be imperfect that does not embrace the three incidents of wife, home, and children.

OUR sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

NO man is perfect. The ideal man is the whole Christian brotherhood. That alone presents God's idea in the creation of man.

CONCEITED men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

A MAN'S wit is a part of himself; his wealth or his poverty is part of his fortune. The one is inherent in him—the other is appendant to him.

## DEATH.

From death the soul draws back,  
As from a stream in winter, though the chill  
Be but a moment's. Byron.

LAWS and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleansed and wound up, and set to true time.

MAY God make us patient to live. Not that we should not have aspirations; but, till the flying comes, let us brood contentedly upon our nests.

WHEN flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

THE merit of some people is principally in the clearness of their perceptions, while the worth of others is mainly in the strength of their affections. The former appreciate without loving; the latter love without appreciating.

KINDNESS in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Landor.

## FAMILY COUNCIL.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.**—The definitions, as a whole, have failed to please us; they are wanting in that freshness of thought and happy expression for which they have been so long popular. The Conglomerations are very numerous, but of very unequal merit. The best (after the one we have printed) are by Emma Butterworth, Florence, Illa, Alexander Erskine, Anna Grey, and Max; those of the second rank are by Blanche Alington, Rosalie, Isabel, Snowdrop, Terra Cotta, Eden R., October, Ettalyn, Excelsior, Marguerite, Bunk, and Lucinda B. Zanoni and Figaro excel in the lively and sarcastic, and Irene in the poetic conglomerations.

## CONGLOMERATION.

## REFLECTIONS ON OUR NATIONAL PROGRESS.

THAT Great Britain occupies a foremost place on the scale of nations, is a fact that is undisputed. As one of her daughters I exult in this fact, but I am disposed just now to be reflective, and take a retrospective view of her course, and inquire how she attained to this pinnacle of greatness. If, in company with the sage historian, we look into the records of her "dim original," and compare the picture we thus obtain with that which she presents in this nineteenth century, we may be puzzled to recognise the identity; and yet, perhaps, a keen-sighted observer would discover in the infantile image some slight prognostics of that energetic character which, under various influences, has developed, and grown, and matured.

Our state when Rome, in her career of conquest, threw around us her subjugating sway, and the resulting benefits of that sway, are concisely stated by the poet—

"She found us savage, and she left us tame."

But from tame to civilised and enlightened is a stage that was not to be completed till ages had elapsed, marked by change and revolution vast, but, through all, progression sure. Conspicuous amongst the earlier events, we behold the importation of other tribes; we see them taking root in the soil, and, mingling with the original race, becoming conjointly the founders of "a colonising and influential people, planted on all the continents and islands of the earth, and increasing almost everywhere by an intense ratio of progression."

If England had not risen to a high place amongst the nations, the record of her early dawn, and the chronicle of the plodding course by which she advanced in her up-hill career, would be subjects neither of inquiry or interest; but, as it is, we quote them as instances of the large and noble results that often spring from small and insignificant beginnings. It may serve, besides, as a "wholesome check upon that pride" which is too apt to swell the national, as well as the individual, bosom, and may be specially salutary for us, now that we are holding court for the celebration of the trophies of

international progress, to remember our once low state. Boasting and pride are littlenesses altogether unworthy the dignity of a great people; let such nations as that which is at present represented by *Federalists* and *Secessionists* boast of their rapid progress, and sneer at the more steady and slow-going pace of others; but we can afford to be generous, and dear old England will, I trust, disdain to resent such youthful impertinences. It is not worth while to argue about the matter, or else it might be shown that the case of the two nations, in respect to progress, is altogether dissimilar: we behold the one emerging from a savage state, and battling its way, step by step, through darkness, superstition, and oppression, and, at length, attaining to a well-earned pre-eminence; while the other we may liken to a tree transplanted from the garden, where its roots had struck deep, and its sturdy trunk gained vigour. But far be it from me to disparage others—I am for peace and goodwill, especially amongst kindred nations, and my fervent desires and hopes are directed to that "good time coming," when jealousy and strife shall cease, and mankind shall—

"Form one family the wide world o'er."

But at present it is surely enough for us to know that our country stands unrivalled, not only for the vast extent of her dominions and the sway of her power, but for what is far better, the stability of her institutions, the mildness and equity of her laws, and her moral and intellectual enlightenment. But while claiming this high distinction for our beloved land, we would not shut our eyes to the fact, that the state of society amongst us presents many fearful and appalling features. Yes, though many a cloud of darkness has been rolled away, and many a foul blot no longer remains to our reproach, yet we are by no means perfect; alas! no, the trail of the serpent is seen still. I speak of no fiction of imagination, of no fabled python of mythological story, but of that great and subtle foe, who first beguiled and then enslaved mankind. Yet we rejoice to think that the Heaven-provided remedy is at work amongst us; yes, although "darkness still broods over many a spot of our native land, and error stalks abroad and sin is rife, there is a gratifying amount of Christian virtue and benevolence in the neighbourhood of the evil, wrestling to subdue it." Happily the age of reckless indifference is past. "Earnest men, legislators, and philanthropists, are grappling with the abuses that mark our social system, under the conviction that political wisdom is compromised, while the spirit of Christianity is invaded by not extending to the lower classes a due share of the advantages enjoyed by the higher. To assail the preventable causes of disease, and improve the health of towns by sanitary regulations; to render social comfort more attainable by the impoverished classes; to bring the masses under sound religious training in early life; these are the objects towards which advances have been made by legislation, or Christian benevolence." And surely those, who desire the continuance of England's prosperity, and pray that she may be long—

"The holy and the happy, and the gloriously free," may well be concerned for the preservation of that

faith on which alone this three-fold blessing rests that holy faith, for which so many of our fathers struggled, and died a martyr's death rather than disown. When I speak of our faith, I refer to the grand and broad principles of Christianity; the essential truths that constitute the unalterable creed of the Christian church; and, further, I take the term 'church' in its original signification, not as restricted to any patronised section of the Christian body; but surely it is unnecessary to be thus precise, for even the most staunch adherents of that establishment, which is presided over and guarded by a train of functionaries, from the archiepiscopal dignitary downward to the churchwarden, must acknowledge that it is the principles that underlie the ceremonials, and not the ceremonials themselves, that are England's glory and defence.

We joy to think that the reign of bigotry was well nigh over; men have learned that it is the prerogative of truth to subdue by its own inherent power, and that coercion, in cases of conscience, defeats itself. As a consequence of these enlightened views, it is happily no longer at the peril of any to dispute or dissent from articles of belief previously drawn out, and cast up with stereotyped uniformity after the ready-reckoner style; but that now

"Conscience, happier than in ancient years,  
Owns no superior but the God she fears."

No wonder that progress was slow in those dark times when free inquiry, whether in matters of religion or literature, was regarded as an impious meddling with things sacred, and therefore fit only for speculation in monkish cells or vestry conferences. But the key of knowledge was not always to be retained in the jealous custody of priestly superstition; a brighter day was to arise on England, and ere long it dawned. The invention of printing, the Reformation, and translation of the Bible into the vernacular tongue, following one after the other, and conspiring one with the other, tended to form a *tramway*, on which the motion of the wheels of progress was accelerated to a degree unparalleled in our previous historical career. Then began the "march of intellect," a march that has been led on by many profound and earnest ones, who, like pioneers, have gone forward to prepare the way. And the march is going on still, for though Progress may have received her reward in her labour, yet her mission is but half fulfilled; and though we are now celebrating a season of jubilee, yet we are far from thinking that the goal of perfection is reached. Perfection did I say? Perhaps that is a something that will for ever fly the approach of human attainment, still it is well to place our standard high; and who shall dare to fix a boundary for our course? If Progress overleaped barriers in times gone by, what shall restrain her now? We take the fact that she has advanced thus far, as a *guarantee* that she will advance still farther; yes, "we look hopefully to the future, so long as by us, as a nation, God is acknowledged in all our ways;" and with a proviso for the continuance of this main element of stability, we confidently predict the preservation and increase of England's greatness, "instead of her being added to the list of mighty empires that have crumbled into dust."

LILY H.

## DEFINITIONS.

### LUSCIOUS.

The rich ripe fruit of Spain.—**NETTA**.  
The sweet lips of fair eighteen.—**ISAN VERNIER**.  
Fat bacon to a ploughboy.—**CARACTACUS**.  
The epicure's Apollyon.—**SNOW**.  
The sunny side of the peach.—**JANE C**.  
Country air to a Londoner.—**KATE SIDNAS**.  
Strawberries and cream.—**MAX**.  
The nectar of the bees.—**ISABEL**.  
Sweets to the sweet.—**LILLA**.

"The feast of the bee, as it tenderly sips  
Its burdens of sweets from the rose's red lips."  
DAISY H.

The flavour of tropical fruits.—**KATE LESLIE**.  
Pine-apple fragrance.—**NELLIE**.  
Pine-apple juice.—**ALIQUI**.  
Water-melon.—**DORA**.

Home-buttered toast, after school bread and  
scrape.—**LUCINDA B**.

An ice, on a hot summer's day.—**MIGNONETTE**.

1. She with locks of gold,  
So fair to behold,  
With mind refined, and heart "good as gold."
2. The unattainable summit of human perfection.  
LILLA.

A draught of cold water to a thirsty traveller in  
the desert.—**BLUE BELL**.

A golden drop plum.—**LEILA S**.

"The luscious fig."—**ELLA V K**.  
Two of sugar and one of cream,  
To me would very luscious seem.

CINDERELLA.

The Christmas pudding.—**BLANCHE ALSINGTON**.  
An alderman's feast.—**ELIZABETH H**.  
A conserve of greengages.—**ANNA GREY**.  
The butterfly's feast.—**MARGUERITE**.  
Guava jelly.—**ETTALYN**.

### PEERLESS.

England above all nations.—**NETTA**.

1. Our gracious Queen.
2. The Koh-i-noor diamond.—**ISAN VERNIER**.  
What every earnest lover deems his betrothed.  
CARACTACUS.

Honour.—**MAX**.

God alone.—**SNOW**.

English beauty.—**ISABEL**.

The fair lady worthy to be the lifelong companion of the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*.

JANE E.

The Queen of Beauty.—**FORGET-ME-NOT**.

A free conscience.—**FIGARO**.

The rose for its beauty, the violet for its perfume,  
and the snowdrop for its purity.—**FLORENCE**.

Every new baby.—**ALICE MARRIOTT**.

1. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but  
thou excellest them all."

2. "So beautiful and fair,  
None with her could compare."

3. The beauty of Eve.—**EMMA BUTTERWORTH**.

The works of creation.—**VIOLET**.

Excellence in the superlative degree.—**LILL H**.

That image which we clothe in light,  
The idol of our youthful dreams—  
No other form is half so bright,  
So peerless, as the lov'd one seems.

DAISY H.



## The Holy Bible.—CINDERELLA.

In the bridegroom's eyes,  
The beauty of his heart's desire,  
When first arrayed in bridal attire,  
And when soon she will be his own. BUSK.

The painter's and the poet's ideal.—NELLIE.  
Miss Brown's reminiscences of her youthful days.  
—LUCIE.

The sun at noonday.—SARAH C.  
The belle of the ball.—LUCINDA B.  
A star of the first magnitude.—MIGNONETTE.  
Truth.—KITTY.

The song of the nightingale.—RUTH.  
What the heart's idol is sure to be —GORGONIA.  
"He who wears the white flower of a blameless  
life."—ZANONI.

Love, who conquers all things.—ROLANDO.  
The sculptures of Phineas.—BLANCHE ASLINGTON.  
A garden of roses in full bloom.—ELIZABETH H.  
The British constitution.—C. T. RYE.

The gorgeous canopy of night,  
When spangled o'er with orbs of light.  
The unsurpassable.—ALQUIUS.

A gem of gems, but rarely seen.—MARGUERITE.  
The Queen of Night, in silver white, her peerless  
sceptre sways.—EXCELSIOR.

A dutiful wife in the eyes of her husband.—EWOL  
TENNEB.

## ROMANTIC.

1. Love in a cottage.  
The mysteries of Udolpho.—NEETA.  
Lovers' ideas whilst in their teens.—JAN VERNIER.  
The hopes of youth.—KATE SYDNAS and CARAC-  
TACUS.

The world of fiction.—EMMA BUTTERWORTH.  
Imagination run to seed.—SNOW.  
"Meet me by moonlight alone."—JANE C.  
What novel-reading makes the young.—ROSALIE.  
The mania of some young ladies for melancholy,  
musing, moonlight, and moustachios.—ISABEL.

An adjective often applicable to persons with  
little sense.—FLORENCE.

1. The pictures nurtured in the mind of the in-  
experienced.  
2. Delusions that seldom outlive the paying of  
the parson's fees and the wedding breakfast.—  
FIGARO.

Fairy tales.—MAX.  
Life seen through fancy's glass.—ILLA.  
A merry group enjoying tea on the cliffs.—VIOLET  
Those who build castles in air and half expect  
them to become substantial dwellings.—LILY H.

"A life on the ocean wave."—DAISY I.  
A school-girl's idea of love.—KATE LESLIE.

The gipsy's life.—C. MARSHALL.  
An elopement.—BUSK.

Dreamland.—NELLIE.  
Love at first sight.—LUCINDA B.

A true poet's feelings.—MIGNONETTE.

So farewell . . . sweet serenades,  
Sung under ladies' windows in the night;  
And all that makes vacation beautiful!  
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcala;  
To you, ye radiant visions of romance.

ELLA VON K.

Imagination's mettlesome steed running away  
with her.—ROLANDO.

A sea-side flirtation.—ETTALYN.

Supposed to be a characteristic of idealities only,  
but often generally applicable to real life.—EDEN R.

The life of a hermit.—ELIZABETH H.

A walk by moonlight to hear the nightingale's  
song.—ANNA GREY.

Accepting the poor clerk, and rejecting the mil-  
lionaire.—ALEXANDER ERSKINE.

A materialist's idea of the beauty of religion.—  
ALQUIUS.

A sunny spot, before entering the dark pass of  
stern reality.—MARGUERITE.

Sweet seventeen.—OCTOBER.

In a balloon about two miles from the earth's  
surface.—AMELIA.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &amp;c.

(On pp. 435-438).

133.—1. Orpheus. 2. BorU. 3. SpenceR. 4.  
Tantalism. 5. Apollo. 6. CanaU. 7. LindeN.  
8. Elephant.—*Obstacle, Surmount.*

134.—Cam-o-mile. 135.—Ash, Ore —*Ashore.*  
136. Ginger, Nigger. 137. Way-ward. 138.—  
Herb-age. 139.—Student. 140.—The letter A.

141.—1. Vittoria. 2. Eleanor. 3. Sunnel. 4.  
Pym. 5. Alfred. 6. Seneca. 7. Ivan. 8. Agin-  
court. 9. Nelson.—*l'espasian*

142.—Run-Nym-Ede(Uoc) —*Runnymede.* 143.  
—Home. 144.—Un-to-ward. 145.—Hannah,

Anna, Ann. 146.—Barrow, Arrow. 147.—Dace,  
Face, Mace. 148.—Rochfort, Odessa, Bucking-  
ham, EchO, RosS, Toignmouth, Barcelona, Uni-  
corN, RivuleT, NegropantE, Slavengelt—*Robert*

*Burns, Tam O'Shanter.* 149.—Cur-few. 150.—  
Stray, Tray, Ray, Ay. 151.—Seward, Sumner,

McClellan. 152.—Java, Ava.

153.—1. Lon-don. 2. Win-chest-er. 3. War-  
saw. 4. Lis-bon. 5. New-bury. 6. Bed-ford.

154.—lavender. 155.—Looking-glass. 156.  
—Track-less. 157.—Earth, Heart. 158.—Eve-  
sham. 159.—Her-o-in-e. 160.—Bore. 161.—Leg-  
horn. 162.—Far-thing. 163.—Sea-ling. 164.—

MonumenT, Eli, LeverN, RaT, OtahetE, StentorR,  
ExcursioN —*McTose and lintern Abbeys.* 165.—  
Assassin. 166.—Deer-foot.

167.—1. West-head. 2. Turn-e-r. 3. E-wart.  
4. Hors-fall. 5. Palmer-s-ton. 6. Jack-son. 7.  
Green-wood. 8. Port-man. 9. John-stone. 10.

New-port. 11. Cob-den. 12. King-lake.

168.—1. Berth-a. 2. Car-o-line. 3. Ann-i-e.

4. Lo-n-is-a. 5. Ell-a. 6. Lily.

169.—Pole cat.

170.—1. When it is ground. 2. It is more  
agreeable "with the chill off." 3. A cat in a cat-  
aract. 4. It may be well and fully dressed, though  
deprived of its only jacket."

171.—Water-loo 172.—Rushlight. 173.—Brace,  
Face, Ace, Mace. 174.—A-mule-t. 175.—Tulip,  
Home, AvoN, CrabbeD, KitE, ElleN, RuskiN,

April(l), YeS —*Thackeray and Pendennis.*

176.—1. CardenaC. 2. Hammersmith. 3.  
Aboukir.\* 4. Rietl. 5. Lewes. 6. Ebeltoft. 7.  
SaleM. 8. DongoleT. 9. Inverness. 10. CauB.

11. KelsO. 12. EeeloO. 13. NertochinsK. 14.  
SoigneuS —*Charles Dickens Christmas Books.*

177.—Office. 178.—Sham, Ham, Am. 179.—  
Cam-peach-y. 180.—Wo-man. 181.—New York.

182.—F-owl. 183.—Be-he-moth.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE (p. 438).

Death of Julius Cæsar.

## OUR FAMILY COUNCIL.

### THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

ADDRESS: 122, FLEET STREET, E.C., LONDON.

We have acceded to the wishes of our Subscribers generally. Their opinions were freely invited and they have been as freely expressed, to the effect—that we should enlarge our Magazine, in order to admit of the improvements which they have most considerably pointed out. As a result, we now produce a **FAMILY FRIEND** Work-Table, superior in its design and superintendence to anything of the kind that the Magazine has ever before contained; and a **CHESS ARENA**, presided over by a Master of European reputation, Herr Löwenthal. We have also engaged an able and experienced Gardening Correspondent (Mr. Glenn); provided sundry other improvements that have been solicited; and enlarged the space allotted for our intellectual Family Council, so as to afford more room for the communications of members. Under these phases of an earnest desire to please all classes of Subscribers, we look for such a liberal, cordial, and active patronage, as shall carry the New Series of the **FAMILY FRIEND** to a higher pinnacle of success than it has yet reached.

"We want plenty to do, and Prizes for doing it," writes the distinguished lady who may be said to have inaugurated, and laid the first stone, of our new edifice.

Here is our reply to that demand:—

We offer to the members of our Family Council—(who are expected to be *each and all positive Subscribers*; and, not only so, but assistants in the circulation of the Magazine in whatever way they please)—**ANNUAL PRIZES**, to be granted at the close of the year 1862. They will consist of three grades, or classes:—the **FIRST**, Two handsomely-bound Volumes, with suitable inscriptions, from the Editor; the **SECOND**, One Volume, also inscribed; the **THIRD**, for each and *all* who enter the lists to compete, an Engraved Testimonial, in recognition of whatever degree of ability may have been manifested.

Thus, there will be no blanks in our literary tourney; but free and fair encouragement for all grades of talent.

The Candidates will be monthly divided into Three Classes; but the President, at the close of the year, will sit as Judge and Distributor, and award the **PRIZES** upon a full consideration of the relative merits of the Competitors throughout the year. Absolute confidence may be placed in the strict impartiality and just discrimination of the Presiding Power. There will be four leading departments open to competition: 1. Definitions. 2. Letters and Essays, or Narratives. 3. Solutions to Enigmas. 4. *Original Contributions* to any department of our Magazine.

General energy and talent in all the four departments entitle to the **FIRST CLASS**. *Decided Superiority* in one or more of the departments will also entitle to the **FIRST CLASS**.

The same qualities in a lesser degree admit to the **SECOND CLASS**. While the

**THIRD CLASS** includes *ALL* the members who compete, and who are not sufficiently advanced for the higher classes. Thus, no one will be slighted, and no one will go unrewarded, who enters the lists of our intellectual tournament.

The Rules to be observed are as follow:—1. To write in a neat, plain hand. 2. To select a distinct and decided *nom de plume* that shall *not* be in bad taste, nor consist of letters of the alphabet. 3. To attend carefully to all the critical remarks of the President. 4. To send not later than the 14th of every month. 5. Subscribers only are privileged to contend for the Prizes.

Should it be deemed advisable to encourage exceptional instances of successful competition by the award of other gifts than those already promised, the Editor will bestow

**PRIZES OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES;**

AND

**PRIZES OF GOLD AND SILVER PENCIL CASES.**

Once more assuring Friends and Subscribers that neither energy, nor expense, shall be spared to make our Magazine worthy of patronage, we take our leave by wishing to all a large measure of happiness throughout the **NEW YEAR**.

#### **FIRST CLASS.**

IIIa.—Lucinda B. (your "Little Story" is accepted. Much obliged for all your kind efforts on behalf of the magazine. Well pleased to find you have received your certificate and are quite proud of it, and hope to have the pleasure of forwarding other first-class prizes to you in the future. The **FAMILY FRIEND** can be obtained on the last day of

every month in every part of the empire).—**Marguerite** (certainly you are entitled to a certificate).—**Terra Coita** (we thank you for your hints).—**Nellie** (we hope you will remain in the first class, and work hard for it).—**Lily H.** (a first-class certificate shall be sent to you. We rely on your able co-operation as an experienced friend).—**Anna Grey** (your cordiality is very cheering;

old friends like you are most welcome. We expect you will run the race for prizes with energy).—Emma Butterworth (you commence the year as the first member in the foremost rank of our Council corps: may we hope you will hold that high position, or one near to it, to the close of the year?).—Ligo Pfyman (keep up your ancient reputation for picture puzzles).—Alexander Erskine.—Alpha (we make you this amends for our printer's error in ascribing your definitions to another. We would suggest that your attention should be given to the letters and essays, in which you might excel).

#### SECOND CLASS.

Mignonette (pray do not listen to timid doubts. Compete earnestly, and we guarantee your success).—Heckmondwike (your beautiful but most peculiar writing is very difficult to read this month, and with so much correspondence we are truly thankful for plain writing, that "he who runs may read."—Blanche Alington (remember your promise, on which we rely, "to be amazingly industrious for the future."—Annie.—Florence.—Athea (you write just so much and so well as to excite inquiry why you do not write more. The definitions accredited to you last month belonged to Alpha).—Rolando.—Aggie Marie (we should feel obliged by a more euphonious appellation. Why not Marie only?).—Fanny.—G. M. F. Glenny.—Little Giggie.—Alfred Brown.—Elsie and Friends (will you please to address us separately, if you wish for separate prizes? Observe our advice carefully, to shun *mixtiness of expression* and *high-flown metaphors*).—A. de Younce (your real name and address are not given in the note before us, to our great regret, as we have long had a letter written for you, but know not where to send it. Every letter sent us should contain the private address).—J. A. S. Watson (choose a briefer *nom de plume*, and make an earnest effort for success—you are quite competent).—Ella von K. (we sincerely wish you better health).—Gilbert Ashton (glad you approve our changes. You will receive a first-class certificate for 1861, and may we not hope that you will be true to your flag, and gain proud trophies in 1862?).—Nellie.—Mary Anne.—Alicia.—Lily A.—Irene (we shall rejoice to hear of your recovery).

#### THIRD CLASS.

Evergreen (we cannot flatter you on your industry).—Mary B., Uncle Ben, J. C. L., A. D. V., C. T. S. E., F. W. B. (have the kindness to choose some decided and tasteful *nom de plume*, for changes on the alphabet are bewildering; indeed, no *letter signatures* will be admitted into the higher classes).—H. J. H. (attend to what has just been said, and we shall be happy to promote you).—Isaac C. (we cannot accept puzzles without their solutions).—Major.—Manchester.

#### OUR LETTER-BOX.

We beg to inform the subscribers to our Improved Series of the *FAMILY FRIEND*, that all letters containing questions will meet, in this part of the Magazine, with careful attention, subject only to the conditions—that the answers required must not be of a frivolous or objectionable nature; and the Editor reserves the right to give preference to those questions that are most likely to be serviceable for the general public.

### QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

1. **INQUISTIVE.**—**MANAGEMENT OF SILK-WORMS.**—This caterpillar thrives only when fed on the leaves of the mulberry tree, which, by the way, no other insect will eat. The leaves are gathered for the worms. The eggs are hatched by heat, placed in a room, the temperature of which is gradually raised, until on the tenth day it achieves eighty-two degrees. When the eggs turn whitish, place over them pieces of clear muslin or sheets of perforated paper, on which place small twigs of mulberry. The tiny worms, like black threads, leaving their shells, climb through the holes and adhere to the twigs, which are carried away to the rearing-house, and other twigs are laid in their place. The silkworms grow very rapidly for eight days, during which feed them with young leaves chopped small, and take care their home is well ventilated. The worm moults or changes its skin three times, and for them to form their cocoons they must have little artificial hedges of twigs provided on the shelves. They will climb among these twigs, and there spin.

2. **MEMORANDA.**—We should like to dissuade you from hair dyes. They are all objectionable on the grounds of being injurious to health. They are principally of two sorts—those into which litharge and quicklime enter, and those in which nitrate of silver forms the chief ingredient. Thus, to render the hair instantaneously black, moisten it with a solution of nitrate of silver in water, in the proportion of 1 to 7 or 8, and then with a weak solution of hydro-sulphuret of ammonia. But the remedy we should think very far worse than the disease of "reddish hair," especially as the hair growing soon appears of its natural colour underneath the dyed portion. Besides, the skin and eyes of people with red hair do not at all suit well with brown or black hair. All that you can do, consistent with good taste and health, is to use a *lead comb* daily—this will alter the tint, and do no harm.

3. **SAM JOHNSON, WATERFORD.**—**OPAQUING WINDOW PANKS.**—1. It may be done with putty, so as to resemble ground glass. The putty merely requires to be laid on with the fingers.

2. Or a brush may be dipped in thin paste, and this spread over the glass.

Patterns must be traced while the putty or paste is moist.

Surely your writing must improve at last, since you are so persevering. Perhaps your health is not good, and your hold of the pen lacks firmness or elasticity in consequence. Try new methods of practising.

4. **HENRY RUSHBROOKE.**—The money certainly would come to the only child, the daughter, and after her death to her heirs.

5. **E. T. B.**—The "Metropolitan Chambers" of Mr. Sala's Seven Fours of Mammon exists, we believe, only in the writer's fertile brain, and in its interesting product; but many similar model lodging-houses are to be found in the metropolis, though under other names.

6. **SILVERPEN.**—**HOW TO SET PENCIL AND CHALK DRAWINGS.**—For the former, two table spoonfuls of rice boiled in a pint and a half of water; strain, and pass the drawing quickly through the liquid, which can be done very easily by pouring it into a large flat dish. For the

latter, make a thin solution of size, put it likewise in a flat dish, pass the drawing from one side to the other under the liquid, taking care that the liquid comes in contact with every part of it. The friction of a camel's-hair pencil would improve the drawing. When it is completely wetted, fasten it to the edge of a table, or to a stand, by means of two or three pins, until dry. Crayon or charcoal drawings would be soiled by this process, and, for fixing them on, the paper should be washed over with a solution of size in the first instance. When quite dry, the surface is in a good state for making the drawing, after which it should be inverted and held horizontally over steam. The steam melts the size, which absorbs the charcoal or crayon, and when it has again become dry the drawing is fixed. This process may be repeated several times during the process of drawing, the effect being increased each time.—G. M. F. G.

2. India-rubber dissolved in benzene, and rendered colourless by rest and filtration, will form a good and efficient varnish for fixing chalk drawings, as it does not crack or peel off as a resin varnish would. —UNCLE BEN.

7. BLANCHE.—TO COLOUR ALUM CRYSTALS.—Bright yellow crystals may be produced by boiling gamboge, saffron, or turmeric in the solution; and purple ones by a similar use of logwood. —G. M. F. G.

8. PHILOS.—BARON BY TENURE.—This dignity, the first order of nobility introduced after the Norman Conquest, is attached to the possession of certain lands, held according to the custom of past days, directly under the crown, and conditionally to the performance of some honorary services to the monarch.

9. JUVENIS.—PALL-MALL.—Pall-Mall received its name from having been a spot appropriated to the game of Mall, a fashionable amusement in the reign of Charles the Second. In this pastime a round piece of box is struck with a mallet (hence the term "Mall") through a high arch of iron, and he who does so at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed upon, is the winner.

10. F. KELLY.—COSMETICS.—We cannot give our correspondent the information he requires. Cosmetics, in general, are of no real advantage, and some are highly prejudicial to the skin. To set off the complexion, nothing more is requisite than to wash the face with pure water; or, if anything further be occasionally necessary, it is only the addition of a little soap.

11. NAUTILUS.—WHALE FISHERY.—This is of great antiquity. The Norwegians are supposed to have been the first who attempted the perilous enterprise of killing the whale. The Biscayans engaged in a regular whale fishery in the twelfth century; but the whales then caught were of a small size, and were employed as food. Whalebone appears to have been then used for the first time. The Polar regions in the southern hemisphere are now resorted to for the whale fishery.

12. E. MASTERS.—TRANSPARENT CEMENT.—The composition of this cement is caoutchouc fifteen grains, chloroform two ounces, and mastic half an ounce. The two first-named ingredients are to be first mixed: after the gum is dissolved the mastic is added, and the whole allowed to macerate for a week. More of the caoutchouc may be applied where great elasticity is desirable.

The advantages of this cement for uniting broken glass are very great.

13. GEO. G. M.—THE DEATH-WATCH.—"What occasions the ticking, giving rise to the old superstition of the 'death-watch'?"—The simple explanation that may be given of this circumstance proves the folly of popular delusions, which for a long period attached to a curious fact in natural history an unwarranted inference. The pale spider is supplied with a small bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and the ticking noise termed the "death-watch," is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and allure his "lady love."

14. ECONOMY.—We are often addressed by persons, who, after stating the difficulties they experience in obtaining a livelihood, request our advice on the subject of emigration. Willing, as we are at all times, to afford any information in our power to correspondents, especially to those who are struggling through poverty and reverse, we still feel a strong disinclination to dispose in a few words of an important matter deeply affecting the future welfare of those concerned. Not knowing the peculiar circumstances of the applicant, it is more than possible the judgment we might form of his case would be erroneous, and we are not disposed to incur such responsibility. We have known instances of individuals who, by thoughtless and improvident conduct, have been compelled to expatriate themselves, without afterwards deriving from such misfortune a seasonable lesson for the future. Habits of prodigality and idleness produce the same results all the world over. Perhaps prudent resolutions and timely thrift might render emigration unnecessary to some persons, to whom the "old home" with its tender associations is still endeared. To such, and indeed to all, we would say,—*economise*: buy nothing for the mere reason that it is cheap. The question should not be, "Is this article worth, and more than worth, its price?" but, "can I possibly manage without it?" For "he who buys what he does not need, will often need what he cannot buy;" and especially should we remember the wise old maxim, that what suffices for one, may be made to do for two.

15. WELBY.—BAGPIPES.—The origin of this instrument is unknown. It has been so long a favourite in Scotland and Ireland, that it is regarded as the national music of those countries; but it is by no means peculiar to them. It is found represented on Grecian and Roman sculptures, and in several other countries it is a popular instrument at the present time. It is, besides, one of the few things on which time has wrought no improvement.

16. X. Y. Z.—TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM CLOTH.—Take off the grease with the nail, or, if that cannot be done, have a hot iron with some thick brown paper; lay the paper on the part where the grease is, then put the iron upon the spot; if the grease comes through the paper, put on another piece, till it does not soil the paper. If not all out wrap a little piece of cloth or flannel round the finger; dip it into spirits of wine, and rub the grease out.

17. GIACOMO.—ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazetta* was most probably derived from a small coin, peculiar to

the city of Venice, called *gasetta*, which was the common price of their newspapers. With regard to the first introduction of newspapers in England, we are told by Chalmers that it dates from the epoch of the Spanish Armada. In the British Museum are several newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English channel, during the year 1588. For the derivation of the term "news," we must refer our correspondent to an admirable contemporary publication, *Notes and Queries*, which has most ably debated the subject.

**18. W. B.—A GOOD BLACK DYE FOR STRAW BONNETS.**—Straw bonnets may be dyed black by boiling them three or four hours in a strong liquor of logwood, adding a little green copers occasionally. Let the bonnet remain in the liquor all night, then take out to dry in the air. If the black is not satisfactory, dye again after drying. Rub inside and out with a sponge, moistened in fine oil. Then block.—G. ASHTON.

**19. MISTLETOE.**—The word *Livery* is derived from the French verb *livrer*, to deliver up, which is from the Latin *Liberare*, to free, to deliver. *Livery* means the delivering up of anything as the freedom of a corporation, clothes to servants, and horses to the care and custody of the keepers of public stables.—G. ASHTON.

**20. H. L.—MAY-POLDS.**—The last May-pole in London stood opposite Somerset House, and was removed in 1717. Its height above ground was originally above one hundred feet. It was afterwards fixed in Wanstead Park, Essex, as the supporter of a very large telescope. It is in allusion to this May-pole that Pope wrote—

"Amidst the area wide they take their stand,  
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand."

**21. THE LAWN.**—In India RICE is so favourite a dish, that it is not only eaten with meat and curries, but even with fish, thus to a certain extent superseding the use of bread. Why should not the fashion be followed here by those who like it?

**22. HELEN T.—IRRITABILITY OF TEMPER** DO doubt proceeds from physical derangement, which may be removed by a dose of "Gregory's powder" at night, and a glass of cold spring water at eleven o'clock the following morning.—BERTHA MARY.

**23. EMILY GRANT.—HOW TO HASTEN THE BLOWING OF FLOWERS.**—To hasten the blowing of flowers, use the following mixture:—Nitrate of sulphate of ammonia, 4 oz.; nitre, 2 oz.; sugar, 1 oz.; hot water, 1 pint; dissolve and keep well closed. Add 20 drops to the water used to moisten or surround the flowers, changing it each week. Cut flowers may be preserved longer by using a little nitrate of soda to the water in which they are put, or by placing over them a bell jar.—GILBERT ASHTON.

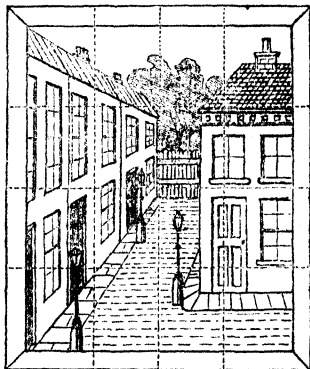
**24. CONSTANT READER.**—Mosses are either terrestrial or aquatic plants; sometimes they are creeping, and sometimes erect. They are found in all moist countries extending from the arctic to the antarctic regions. Mosses are among the first plants which appear on newly-formed islands.

**25. ORTON.—THE WILDERNESS OF THE ISRAELITES** is a space of country comprising an extent of land seventy miles in length, and forty miles in

breadth. It is interspersed with lofty, irregular rocks, made more solemn and grand in appearance by deep clefts, forming walls of rock, in some places 1,000 feet high.



No. 1.



No. 2.

**26. EMILY GRANT.—HOW TO TRANSFER A LARGE DRAWING TO A SMALL SCALE, OR VICE VERSA?**—One of the very best methods that I know of is the following:—First of all, pin or place threads across the smaller object, fig. 1, from which you intend to copy, and thus divide it into squares; then divide your paper or canvas into the same number of squares, fig. 2, by faint lines; and you will then be able to see near enough even to preserve the likeness of a portrait, by observing where every line is to be placed. So also with regard to views, flowers, animals, birds, or, in fact, anything else.—G. M. F. GLENNY.

**27. TO CLEAN PLATED ARTICLES.**—ELLEN.—They should always be clean-washed with warm water and soap and perhaps a little soda, then wiped dry with a clean cloth, before polishing with whitening or rottenstone and sweet oil.

**28. TREACLE AND MOLASSES.**—A Housewife is informed that these are not "different words for the same thing." They are distinct substances, though near akin. Treacle is the uncrystallizable refuse of sugar refineries; molasses is the uncrystallizable refuse of the Colonial sugar manufacture.

## CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 122, FLEET STREET, E.C., LONDON.

## FIRST CLASS.

Emma Butterworth.—Max.—Alexander Erskine (all your papers are accepted but one).—Rutherford (your *nom de plume* is harsh and difficult to be remembered).—Illa (the Conglomerations are discontinued at present, and are replaced by short Narratives of Real Life and Character, under which head we cordially accept your well-written "Blind Maurice").—Lucinda B.—Blanche Alington (you certainly have kept your promise). Charles Russell.—W. Y. Somerville (your paper "on the Choice of Subjects by Young Authors" really contains some useful suggestions. You may now take your place in the first rank, and keep it, if you will only *shun the obscure*, and carefully correct your compositions of all *superfluous* speculative matter).—Florence (your narrative paper is equal to the best).—Anna Grey (your name appears in the first rank, on account, first, of the great industry you have manifested this month; second, for the nice spirit of the verses which we have declined; and, third, for the original Pastime and the pleasing and useful little descriptive paper which we accept. In simple and truthful descriptions of natural objects and phenomena lies, we think, your path to a first-class prize).—Daisy H. (you have had just cause of complaint, and we can only express our regret. Your poem is accepted).—Aliquis (the "Sailor Boy's Farewell" has received some pruning at our hands and a little re-touching, but is accepted. We like you better in *prose* than in verse). Iago (please send solution to the Practical Puzzle published in this Number).—Marguerite (your narrative is important, though very sad. Your punctuation is faulty. Please look into this. You do not even place your capitals correctly yet your style is clear and good. Our printer has amended your spelling. Take these remarks in good part, and you will improve).

## SECOND CLASS.

Rosalie.—Lily H. (the subject of your narrative is excellently chosen, soundly moral, the execution neat and refined, but when you write *sentiment* be particularly careful not to *overdo* it, and in correcting your papers, strike out every unnecessary repetition and all "crushing weights of woe" not absolutely indispensable. You need more *strength* of style).—Stephanie (your verses on "Retrospection" need more correction, but we accept them with the omission of the last verse, in which *flowing* and *foreboding* are given as rhymes).—G. M. F. Glenny.—Fanny.—Leila S.—Terra Cotta.—Alpha.—Gorgonia (you promise well for the first class).—George Matthewson (we fully expect you to compete in the narratives).—Narcissa (your narrative is written from books instead of from experience).—Kate Sydnas.—Robertus.—October.—Gipsy (yours is a very little paper, well deserving your name. We accept it as a promise of weightier performances).—Irene (we trust your certificate of merit for the last year has reached you ere this. We are truly sorry for the delay).—Mahrad.—Mignonette.—Little Giggie.—Caractacus (a very good batch of thoughts).—Niobe.—Eden

Robinson (do not write *across* your manuscript, as we cannot read it with sufficient ease).—A. de Younge (we are sorry to have displeased you by putting your name in the second instead of in the first class; but the rules are rigid and impartial. Exactly according to the degrees of importance and excellence of the papers sent monthly are our monthly awards of rank. But if you read carefully our Rules in the last Number you will see that the prizes will be given upon a *general estimate* of contributions throughout the year; therefore merely *occasional* failures of good correspondents will be of slight importance).—Nella (the warm admiration and interest you express in the FAMILY FRIEND are very gratifying. You commence well, but must please take in good part our critical exceptions. Some of our Council pitch their literary key-note too high. You err on the other side. You make too free with your readers when you inform them that those "dreadful hard words [scientific] hurt your mouth to say," and that you will love your stereoscopic slides "to the end of the chapter," meaning to the end of your life. However, No. 1 is really a pleasant little sketch, with a good purpose, and we accept it, with corrections. Send No. 2, and paint from Nature, as you well can).

## THIRD CLASS.

Ella Von K.—Pauline S.—Alfred A. (we fully expect "My Village," and hope it will place you in a higher class).—Althea.—Sylvander.—Azile.—Rebecca.—Mary B.—Ettalyn (the letters next month).—Augustine (append your *nom de plume* to every separate contribution to the Council, as the departments are treated separately).—Sarah C.—Alicia.—Nina Gordon (you well observe, "It is sometimes encouraging to count the old friends who adhere to us in any new movement," and therefore you return to the Council after temporary absence; but why does not our good friend add to her kind approval a more active co-operation?).—C. T. Rye.—David Mann ("A Welsh Mountain Rustic" (we heartily wish you success on this your first entrance into our Council, after taking our "valuable little periodical ever since it was first issued." Your definitions are quite of average ability, and you are competent, we should say, to compete in the other departments: say, a descriptive narrative of life on your native mountain).—Lizzie E. K. (we should like to encourage you to attempt more).—St. Clair.—Amelia (your suggestions are under consideration. We must decline your abstracts of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens." The narratives required must not be gleaned from books, but from *personal experience* and *Nature*—a large field for every description of writing talent).—Mary Anne.—Kate Leslie.—Forget-me-Not.—Fred.—S. A. M. (our Rules do not admit of initials alone as a *nom de plume*).—Ocean (you shall receive careful attention, and impartial criticism).—W. Worrall (choose a *nom de plume* when you write again).—Rose Vernon (welcome back! Pray let us have the pleasure of putting you in a higher rank).—Ewol Tenneb (heartily glad to welcome you back to the Council after your very long absence, and hope you will compete in the higher departments. We must also express our regret that you should have taken offence so sternly at what was purely a venial oversight, con-

dering the complication and extent of the Editor's duties).—J. Mallen (we cannot accept your Anagrams &c., *without solutions*).—Simon Baird (we like your lines, and shall be glad if you will contribute regularly narratives and poetry).—Upward and Onward (yes; send your real address. Your definitions are quite up to the average).—Charles M. (choose a *nom de plume*. Your letter gratifies us much. We are very glad your certificate has proved so valuable to you).—J. S. Wilson (you choose subjects that are unsuitable to you. We should advise you to shun the *speculative*, and try your hand at something simpler, say a family narrative of some kind within your experience, or a description of your neighbourhood, or of some class of characters well known to you. As to poetry—our most friendly advice would be, *not* to pursue it any further).—Gilbert Ashton.—Snowdrop (the two last ought to be in the first class. Snowdrop disappoints us).—Babel.—Murice.—Lina.—Jeanie (look well to our Rules for Prizes in the last Number of the Magazine).—Falcon.—Nellie (we must not murmur at your neglect of us, seeing you have been engaged in "very pleasant recreation, with anticipations of coming pleasure dancing before your mental vision").—Excelsior (we have not received "A Mother's Words to her Volunteer Son." Why not compete for the higher prizes?)

### OUR LETTER-BOX.

**29. ELLA VON K.**—JANE CRESSALL.—If you will send your names and private addresses clearly written in full, we shall be happy to forward you second-class certificates of the Council for 1861.

**30. UNFORTUNATE.**—A GOOD EYE-WASH.—Twenty-five drops of "Goulard's extract of lead" in eight ounces of water, and one teaspoonful of brandy. Bathe the eyes with soft linen, dipped in the callyrium. Or an ounce of brandy to five ounces of water. Bathe the eyes night and morning.—ALTHEA.

**31. VERY PARTICULAR.**—TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE HANDS.—Rub the hands well with pumice stone.—ALTHEA. Or, with the juice of a lemon.—FLORESCA. Or, take one ounce of prepared coral and four ounces of lemon juice: dissolve the coral in the lemon juice, and keep well corked. Apply it with a sponge two or three times a day. It is quite harmless, and may be relied on.—ALEXANDER ERSKINE.

**32. H.**—The acrostic is well written. Anything you send in the shape of contributions shall meet with attention and fair judgment; but we cannot always undertake to state what that judgment may be.

**33. CHILBLAINS.**—FRANCES MARY and other members of our Family Council solicit receipts for the treatment of chilblains, which are always so troublesome in frosty weather. We could give approved medical recipes, and will do so next month if desired; but in the meantime, if cold water and warm frictions after it be tried, we are quite sure the sufferers will thank us for the suggestion. Give the hand a strong cold shock by placing it under a stream of water, and keeping it there until benumbed; then immediately restore circulation by gentle rubbing with dry mustard or a little brandy. Do not go near the

fire; but make the hands perfectly warm. We shall be glad to hear from any one who tries this "infallible remedy."

**34. EFFECTS OF SUGAR ON THE TEETH.**—LEONORA wishes to know whether sugar is really injurious to the teeth, which it is popularly believed to be. We answer, No; the children of sugar-growing countries have good teeth, although they almost live upon sugar in one form or other. The stigma can be disproved by abundant evidence. Frugal housekeepers must spare their allowance of sugar on some other ground than this. Children crave for it, and ought to have a liberal supply, as it is a highly nutritious substance. It has also balsamic properties, and assists the respiratory functions. An inordinate quantity, of course, might derange the stomach.

**35. ANNETTE.**—POMADE FOR CHAPPED ARMS AND HANDS.—Spermaceti, two drachms; white wax, one and a half drachm; sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce; Florence oil of olives, half an ounce; oil of poppies, half an ounce; melt all together gently, and beat into it four drops of the liquid balsam of Peru.

**36. NELSON.**—THE CUSTOMS.—Out-door officers and boatmen receiving Government pay, and all other sea-going officers, may be required, in case of invasion or danger, to join her Majesty's navy, and form part of the crews.

**37. MONTAGUE.**—SURVEYOR'S CLERKS TO THE BOARD OF WORKS.—You cannot enter after the age of 30, whatever may be your qualifications.

**38. INK SPOTS, HOW TO TAKE OUT OF LINEN OR CALICO.**—MISFORTUNE writes, "My lady objects to my introducing essential salt of lemon, as poisonous, into the nursery, for fear of accidents." We can tell you of a method that answers equally well. Cut a lemon in half, and press the stained part close over one half of the lemon, until it is wet with the juice. Then place on it a hot iron, and the spots will soon disappear.

**39. A MOTHER.**—HOW TO PREVENT MUSLINS, AND LINEN, AND COTTON ARTICLES FROM TAKING FIRE SUDDENLY.—Rinse them in alum water, made pretty strong with the alum. The article then, if applied to a lighted candle or a flame, will only smoulder like woollen substances—*not* break instantly into a flame, and so destroy the wearer. As much as possible, in winter, articles of dress liable to flame should be avoided, and woollen textures substituted.

**40. TWELFTH NIGHT.**—TABLE LAMPS.—Yes, they all require to be taken to pieces and thoroughly cleaned every five or six weeks. This may be easily done at home. Soap and warm water will generally be sufficient; but if not, use soda dissolved in the water, and take care it does not touch any of the lacquer on the outside. Rinse all the parts carefully with clean cold water, wipe them, and dry near the fire, before putting them together again. The glass chimney may be cleaned with a stick having a bit of sponge fastened at the end. Afterwards polish with a bit of whiting and a soft cloth.

**41. A HENWIFE.**—THE BEST FOOD FOR FATTENING YOUNG FOWLS.—The best food for this purpose is potatoes and grains, with rice boiled dry, as for curry; or you can give them bread and milk, barley-meal, or oatmeal and milk, and

boiled potatoes mixed with barley-meal. They should be fed three times a day. Small gravel, and a few grains of cayenne pepper or of dried nettle-seed, should be mixed with the food. Chickens may be thus fattened in from eight days to a fortnight, when they will be ready for the table.

**42. HELEN WYE.**—A SAFE MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.—We know of nothing better than the following as a family medicine:—Senna leaves, 4 drachms; stoned raisins, one ounce; bruised ginger, 2 drachms; boiling water, a pint: cover close. Let it stand four hours, then strain. A tablespoonful of brandy will improve it as a stomachic, and make it keep better. But for infants the brandy must not be used.

**43. I. S. R.**—THE ORDER OF BARONETS was created by James I., and, it is said, with a view to raise funds. Many of the knights and baronets in the City Corporations have come to their titles, as it were, by accident—such as the occasion of a Royal visit to the city. There is a whimsical story of an alderman who happened to tumble down as his Majesty George II. was knighting him. With unalldermanic (?) vivacity the alderman said, "Your Majesty has conferred so much honour upon me, that I could not stand it."

**44. G.**—PETER'S PENCE was a tax or tribute formerly paid by the people of England to the Pope, being a penny for every house, payable at Lammas-day. It was also called Rimescot.

**45. LUCILLE.**—The term "arabesque" is applied to ornaments consisting of imaginary foliage, stalks, plants, &c., and in which there are no figures of animals. "Grotesques" are ornaments in which whimsical representations of human figures and animals are interspersed with others of various kinds.

**46. R. J.—N.**—It does not appear to us that you went the right way to work in addressing an *anonymous* letter to the object of your affection, and then expecting her to discover who the writer was. You must be aware, that for the young lady to express any acceptance of your attention *before* you have made it, much more than an anonymous thing, would be an indelicacy. You should speak or write to her parents.

**47. OLD STYLE.**—We are sorry to say that the old English dish of glorious memory, especially associated with Christmas festivities, and honoured by the "fine old English gentleman all of the olden time," is now looked coldly upon by the modern aristocracy. The plum pudding is considered as nearly obsolete, and almost dismissed from the tables of the great, or admitted only for the sake of its ancestral dignity. It certainly is not considered a fashionable composition.

**48. IONIAN.**—*Reconnaissance* is only the old spelling for *reconnaissance*, the pronunciation of the *a* in which is exactly that of the *ay* in the English word *hay*. You will find that in many old French words the *oi* is written where the moderns write *ai*. For an English pronouncing dictionary you should get Walker, but the pronunciation of French words is very uniform, and may be learned from any grammar, or in half an hour from a good teacher.

**49. ACROTUS.**—The zodiacal light is supposed to be a luminous envelope enclosing the sun and extending nearly to the earth's orbit. Shooting stars are commonly imagined to be a number of

small stony masses, which circulate round the sun in a ring, which crosses the earth's orbit. As they pass through our atmosphere they become ignited. Sometimes they fall to our earth, and then they are called aerolites.

**50. ELLEN R.**—You propose a difficult question. Whether it is better to proceed in an engagement, when fuller knowledge of each other shows that there is much of uncongeniality, or to give it up, is, indeed, a point of casuistry which admits of a great deal of argument. The law considers a promise of marriage once given as binding, and punishes the breaker of that promise; and it may be well argued, that a person should have made up his or her mind *before*, and not *after*, such a compact. On the other hand, it may be said, it is better to incur the charge of fickleness, and even the penalties of the law, than to sacrifice one's self for life. For it must be remembered, that a betrothal is, after all, not a marriage. We can only advise you, whatever you do, to be *deliberate*; if the way in which an offer is received ought to be a subject of deep consideration, much more ought the breaking off an engagement to be considered in a serious light.

**51. LITTLE WONDER.**—The destructive powers of the ant are happily not witnessed in this country. La Rochelle bears ample testimony to the effect of this scourge, as the prefecture and the arsenal of this town have been taken possession of by these insects, and are already overrun by them from the top to the foundation. The principal staircase is also undermined. In the grounds they commit equal ravages. In one single night they penetrate through the foot of a table, eat through the whole length of the column of the leg without the slightest symptom of injury on the outside, attack a box which may be standing on it; and on the following morning the entire contents, of either paper or clothes, will be found completely destroyed. Flooring, roofs, furniture, and foundations, are all demolished in the course of a very short time.

**52. DIARY.**—J. S.—A diary is a perpetual mentor. We kept one for several years, and have recently resumed the habit. There are no pages which can be of such singular interest to us as those which contain our own biography; and it would be difficult to estimate the loss we feel in the hiatus which occurs by our neglect. To be morally useful, a diary must be written in the severest honesty—"neither extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice;" and when a person has the courage to write the faults of to-day, he will thereby gain strength to resist the temptations of to-morrow. Often, in the battle of life, the allurements of ambition, or the strong attachment we may feel for a dear friend may make us deviate, by slight degrees, from the paths of truth and rectitude, till we find ourselves unexpectedly upon the wide ocean of crime, ere our conscience be awakened, and when it is painful labour, and almost an impossibility, to retrace our steps. But a diary is a perpetual stimulant to conscience; a moral mirror, that shows us, *daily*, our own character—not as we would wish to believe ourselves, but as we are. It is a constant gauge of our short-comings, a private scale, which brings distinctly to view the difference between what we ought to be, and what we are. An honest diary destroys the deception which every man, more or



less, practises unwittingly upon himself; for each one, when he finds himself sinning, believes that he is more tempted than his fellow, and (except in his diary) he paints virtues in *permanent*, and his vices in *fading* colours. It is not unfitting at this time to urge upon our readers the great moral advantage arising from the punctual and honest use of a diary. To put our advice into a practical shape, let us recommend the purchase of a Diary for 1862, and that our pupils begin a trial of their moral courage by entering in its

(as a preface or appendix) a true statement of their faults and follies during the past year, together with a brief sketch of what they believe to be their religious, moral, intellectual, and pecuniary position, their prospects, hopes, loves, joys, sorrows, &c., at the beginning of the year. At the conclusion of the twelve months they will find themselves in possession of a most pleasing record of acts and feelings, and will re-open a new diary, with a firm conviction of the great moral influence of its habitual use. The prices of Diaries, nicely bound in cloth, vary from two shillings to a guinea.

**53. T. C.—DEAF AND DUMB.**—Deafness may be partial or complete. Where it is partial, it usually arises from disease; such as inflammation or destruction of the internal parts of the ear, or disease of the throat, where the eustachian tube opens at the back of the nose. Where the deafness is complete, it commonly arises from incompleteness of the organs of hearing from birth, and in such cases *dumbness is always the result*. The reason of this is obvious. The man who never hears the sounds which others use to communicate their thoughts can never imitate those sounds. It has been found, indeed, in those rare cases where complete deafness has arisen *after* children have learned to talk, that they have retained, only for a while, the memory of the modes of speech; but that their words become fewer, till at last they have forgotten altogether *how* to utter words or articulated vocal sounds. In complete deafness the sufferers do not hear the sounds which they themselves utter. The effort to teach the dumb to talk has been undertaken by ignorant persons, who, having found all the organs of the voice complete, supposed that in that circumstance they found all the conditions necessary for the production of speech, being ignorant of the fact that speech is an imitation of sounds *heard*, and that the integrity of the organ of hearing was the first requirement.

**54. B. B.—WRITING MATERIALS.**—Before the invention of writing as a means of recording events, men planted trees or erected rude altars or heaps of stone, in remembrance of past events. Pictures and statues were soon suggested as symbolical or representative things. Hercules probably could not write when he fixed his famous pillars. The most ancient mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells; then tables of stone or facets of blocks; afterwards on plates of ivory; and, finally, an approximation to the use of paper was made by the use of the bark and leaves of trees. It has been gracefully observed that the ancients gave speech to rocks, metals, and trees, by engraving memorable events upon them. In the Book of Job mention is made of engraving on rocks and sheets of lead. The law

of the Jews was said to be written on tables of stone—Hesiod's works on leaden tables. The laws of the Cretans were described as "engraven in bronze." The Romans etched their laws on brass, and the speech of Claudius, engraved on plates of bronze, is said to exist in the town-hall of Lyons. Bronze tablets are still unearthed in Tuscany. Treaties and conveyances of were also engraven on brass, and official mementoes have been found etched on copper. A bill of feoffment on copper, dated a century before Christ, is stated to have been dug up near Bengal. In early times the shepherds wrote their songs with thorns and awls on straps of leather, which they wound around their crooks. The Icelanders scratched their runes on their walls, and their heroes appear to have bestowed some of their leisure in recording their own acts on their chairs and bedsteads. Wooden boards overlaid with bees'-wax were sometimes in use. The Mahomedans scratched their chronicles on the blade-bones of sheep.

**55.—CONFESSOR.—MYRRH AND ITS USES.**—Myrrh, (Greek *myron*; an ointment). The gum resin produced by the *Balsamodendron Myrrha*, a small tree belonging to the natural order *Terebinthaceae*, possesses tonic and antispasmodic properties, and acts upon mucous membrane as a balsamic, checking the secretions when excessive. It is given in atonic dyspepsia, in chlorosis, in amenorrhœa, and in chronic bronchitis, often in com-



junction with Aloes, and Chalybeates. The Tincture is used in gargles, and the powdered Gum in dentifrices; the latter is also sometimes applied to foul ulcers; the dose of the Powder is from 10 to 30 grains: the best form of exhibition is the pill form, in combination with Aloes, Rhubarb, Galbanum, Asafoetida, and Sulphate of Iron; its official preparations are the Tincture of Myrrh, Compound Iron Mixture, and Pill of Aloes with Myrrh; the latter of which is a good laxative for dyspeptic patients.

## CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 122, FLEET STREET, E.C., LONDON.

## FIRST CLASS.

Max (we advise you to cultivate steadily your poetical powers, but be very strict in judging your performances. We accept "Forerunners of Spring," and consider your enigmatical verses deserving decided commendation. The Narrative of a Goose will appear amongst the "Offerings" when the space can be afforded).—Zanoni (we regret the accidental omission of your name from the second class last month, but after this acknowledgment your interest will not suffer).—Irene (your original enigmas are clever, but you have made some mistakes in writing them out, that we have had to correct).—Aliquis (we like your sketch).—Florence (with much pleasure we place you here, in consideration of your Letter and definitions. Yes, the members are invited to contribute *original* enigmas).—Lucinda B. (the verses, "Simple Words," published by us in February, were of high merit. *Send more verses.* Your note is very pleasing. As a *personal friend* we are proud to be regarded by you. Your "Council Letter" is quite first-class. "An Hour in the Lanes" will appear among the "Offerings," which, of course, you saw were intended to be regularly continued every month).—Blanche Alsington.—Gipsy.—Caractacus (all your papers accepted).—Rutherford (well done! The *general contributions* determine the class).—Daisy H.—Emma Butterworth.—Alexander Erskine.—Illa.—Emma S. Power (we know not by what oversight your certificate has been delayed. You will receive a first class as soon as we can get it prepared. Your long illness, extending over two years, has been indeed a trying visitation, and we sincerely hope the coming summer will fully restore you to your friends, and in chief to the *FAMILY FRIEND*).—Moss Rose (your "Jessie Vernon" and "Eve of Death" are accepted, but extracts from books are useless).—Anna Grey (your enigmas are among the best on our table. Please write solutions on the same paper with enigmas, as detached slips are apt to get lost. Your verses on Winter accepted).—Nina Gordon.—Rolando.—Lily H. (we think you show excellent feeling. Your energy and perseverance demand our best thanks. Your letter is very good indeed).—Figaro.—Rosalie.—Robertus.—Marguerite.—Alfred A. (a truthful sketch).—Mignonette (chiefly for your definitions and enigmas. Your name was omitted by yourself from your enigmas last month).

## SECOND CLASS.

Fanny (we cannot place you in the first rank this month, as your performances are not above second-class. The solutions are successful; but you have only sent besides definitions of two words, and two enigmas minus solutions, therefore not admissible).—Excelsior (there was a mistake about your verses printed last month. Your poem in the packet before us is declined. Your Letter is not particularly good. Two of your definitions are ingenious. We see only one path for you to the highest honours, and that is *original Pastime*, in which you are likely to excel).

—Frank.—Eden Robinson (sign Eden only in your next).—Snow.—Spectator.—Rebecca.—Novice (accepted. Your communication from Antwerp is one among many gratifying letters received this month from foreign countries).—Jane C. (we are pleased with all you have sent).—Kate Leslie.—Gorgonia.—Socrates.—J. Mallen.—Niobe.—R. Lane (two of your three enigmas are accepted).—Blanche (be not disheartened: strive for excellence *in prose*).—James Watson (your riddle, No. 22, was sent without signature. Writing which you intend for the printer must be sent on one side of the paper only. Commence each line of poetry with a capital letter).—Althea.—Pauline S.—Lella S. (read well the Council Rules).—Isabel (your Historical Scene came without the solution, which, however, we have supplied, though against the rule).—Evergreen (you are so near the first class that we hope to have the pleasure of placing you in it next month).—Rosebud (remember to send solutions with your Pastime. Your letter is very fairly composed, but does not go far enough into the subject).—George Mathewson.—Terra Cotta (you have made a capital commencement in original enigmas).—Mahrud (the higher classes require *original* definitions, enigmas, letters, and narratives. Your riddles will appear when space can be found).—Little Giggie.—Narcissa.—May B. (we give you credit here for the solutions that we have not received, as well as for those that we now have. We regret your disappointment. You know there are four departments for competition).—C. T. Rye.—Nellie.—Iago Ffynonau.—Alpha.—Ewol Tenneb (accepted, and glad you intend doing something more important).—Rose Vernon.—Delta (our space is limited, therefore your enigmas have had to wait).—October (do not be impatient. We have so much Pastime on hand that contributors must wait their opportunity for publication).—Elsie and Friends.—W. Y. Somerville.—Ella von K.—Busk (elegantly executed).—Rupert.

## THIRD CLASS.

G. Bensted (your charade is accepted, and we fully expect that it will be a precursor of more important papers).—Lizzie E. K. (for solutions only).—Neeta (may we not say to you, *Excelsior*—rise higher and higher? We rejoice in your good opinion).—Derevon (is this the correct signature?).—Socrates (under the term Enigmas we include all kinds of puzzles. Your original contributions promise well, and we hope to have the pleasure of advancing you next month).—Augusta (persevere).—Sylvander.—Moss Rose (we must refer to the "Offerings," and to the January number, where the Rules for the Council are set forth at length. Address to the Editor, 122, Fleet Street, E.C. One of the chief conditions of membership is, attention to critical remarks, as, without these, the improvement of the members could not be carried forward. Your first attempt is promising, but the defects show that the Council may be of considerable service to you in the practice of composition).—Christine (definitions very fair).—E. Thompson (as a new subscriber and member of the Council we receive you cordially, and beg to refer you to the Rules of the Council in the number for January).—Frost.—Ocean.—Mary Anne (we are sorry to

incur your displeasure; but our awards are solely guided by an impartial judgment of the papers sent to us. *Solutions are all we have received from you, and solutions alone, even if complete, do not give a claim beyond the third class.* So intelligent and kindly a correspondent can surely do more to deserve a higher place).—*Snow-drop* (a printer's error last month. But we do mean to say that you disappoint us, for there is something about your correspondence that induces us to think you might contribute more importantly).—*Solo*.—*Stantonville* (we are glad indeed to hear from a friend like you; and so steady a subscriber during many years deserves every consideration. But you will see by our Rules of the Council, in the January number, that we are strictly bound to award places in the classes according to the relative merits of the composition sent us. Now you send us no solutions, no letter, no definitions, and your Pastime is not original).—*Forget-me-Not* (try again).—*Myra* (nothing more pleasing than to meet with a long-absent friend. Send your tale, but try to condense it within limits suitable for an "Offering." If good, it will entitle you to a first-class position).—*Mountain Rustic* (thanks).—*Cinderella* (we give you hearty welcome).—*Ivanhoe*—*Alfred Brown*—*A. Marshall*.—*Main*.—*Violet*.—*J. Collins* (we are not quite sure of the name, but quite sure that our new member is welcome, especially as introduced by a valued friend).—*Lucie*.—*Kate Sydnas* (we are inexorable in our awards. Your solutions and definitions do not rise above this level, but many who write to us would be thankful to obtain a niche here).—*Sarah C.*

### OUR LETTER-BOX.

**56. H. M., F. L. W., &c.**—*Hats* appear to have been first used about A.D. 1400, for country wear, riding, &c. The hatters, however, have a tradition which goes to prove that "felting" is much more ancient. They say that while St. Clement, the fourth Bishop of Rome, was flying from his persecutors, his feet became blistered, in consequence of which he was induced to put wool between the soles of his feet and the sandals which he wore. The consequence was, that by the perspiration and motion of his feet the wool became completely "felted," as it wrought on purpose. When he afterwards settled in Rome, he improved upon the discovery. Hence the origin of felting and hat-making. The hatters in Ireland, and in several other Catholic countries, still hold a festival on St. Clement's day. The use of hats is dated by others from the time of the public entrance of Charles the Second into Rouen, in 1449.

**57. R. M. S.—ORDEALS.**—It is quite true that some of the old ordeals may not have been really so cruel as it has been supposed. Our correspondent writes, inquiring whether it is not likely (from the experiments of M. Boutigny with melted metals), that it was proved in olden times that persons could thrust their hands into pots of melted metal, and withdraw them without injury. The confidence of the innocent, who sought no means of false protection, was indeed the means of saving him; while the guilty, by resorting to attempts at protection by artificial means, incurred the destruction of the skin. There may be

some truth in this view of R. M. S.; but this apology would scarcely apply to the more common ordeals which were resorted to. These superstitious tests of truth consisted of various kinds—walking blindfold amidst burning ploughshares; passing through fires; holding in the hand a red-hot bar, and plunging the arm into boiling water; a challenge to single combat; swimming a river; stretching out the arms before a cross for a considerable length of time, &c. The claims of two rival *liturgies* were decided by the combat of two armed knights hired for the occasion. Judicial combat appears to have been practised by the Jews. Swallowing consecrated bread was another test of guilt or innocence; and it is related that the Earl of Godwin was actually choked by this means. The murderer was supposed to be detected by the bleeding of the corpse on his approach. There can be no doubt but that in many cases evasions were practised, and that in others medicaments and guards were used.

**58. Lux.**—Twilight continues until the sun is 18 deg. below the horizon. Up to that point the refraction of the air is sufficient to enable some rays to fall upon the face of the earth, turned somewhat from their direct action. In tropical countries there is scarcely any twilight.

**59. L. M. N.**—The Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, is really a wood, and contains many fine timber trees. It is diversified with beautiful carriage drives, and some of them are lighted with gas, the effect of which at night is very picturesque. We have nothing similar in or near London.

**60. Eva.**—The Court of Queen's Bench takes its name from the circumstance that in the middle ages a Court of Justice attended the King wherever he went, and hence originated the title corresponding with that of the sovereign.

**61. Doucas.**—Pillow-case linen is that which is made expressly for the purpose, of the proper width, not requiring any cutting, and so avoiding the waste which sometimes happens. In all other respects it is not distinguished from other linen.

**62. WILLIAM.**—When an engagement is broken off it is usual to return the letters, presents, &c., mutually exchanged. We advise you to demand your epistles, but of course you have no remedy, if your request is not complied with. However, if the lady who has broken the affair off is of the character you mention, there will be no difficulty in the matter. We perfectly agree with you that in such a case as yours it is much better that the engagement should terminate peacefully, and the parties to it part friends.

**63. ASTRONOMER.**—It is quite true that the inhabitants of this world can only see one hemisphere of the moon. The reason is simply that the period of the moon's rotation on her axis is exactly equal to her period of rotation round the earth. If you try the experiment with a couple of oranges you will exactly and easily comprehend this.

**64. H. G.**—A young man under age cannot marry without the consent of his parents or guardians. If he does he must commit perjury in the transaction, and consequently is liable to punishment by law, although the marriage stands good.

**65. R. F. G.**—It is worse than useless, we should say, for you to take any further steps. If a lady refuses the honour of your alliance no less than

three times, we should say it was time to resign yourself to your fate. Depend upon it that there is some very good reason at the bottom of her disinclination for your society. The most manly way of getting over the difficulty is not to sigh and write foolish letters, as you seem to have done, but to try and quiet your passion altogether.

**66. ANNA MARIA.**—The title of the "Templars" was assumed by some of the Crusaders, from the circumstance of their occupying quarters within the enclosures of the Temple. It is strange to consider that the motive of the Crusaders, as Christian men, for entering on bloody wars, was to *revenge* the death of the Saviour, and recover his inheritance in the Holy Land.

**67. AN UNHAPPY GIRL.**—Do not give the reins to your own imagination; avoid idleness at any price of mental and bodily exertion; occupy yourself unceasingly in promoting the happiness of those who surround you; and do not fear that you shall yet lead a peaceful life with a joyous heart. Such a trial is not a death-blow, but a chastening.

**68. LEE HOUSE.**—**HALEYON DAYS.**—The expression means days of happiness and prosperity, in which neither trouble nor perplexity ruffles the peace of life. The haleyon was a bird, so called by the ancients, and it was supposed that she sat upon her nest seven days, while it floated on the sea, during which time its surface was always calm. This bird was not imaginary, but greatly resembled the kingfisher of this country, now so scarce, but invested in our country districts with as many superstitions as the haleyon of the ancients.

**R. A. W.—YEO.**—We have sought in vain for a satisfactory solution to the question, "What is the meaning of the prefix *yeo* in the word *yeoman*?" Of the various derivations attributed to the word *yeoman*, a corruption of the old term *gemain*, common, seems the most probable. The town of Yeovil takes its name from the river Yeo upon which it is situated.

**70. B. R.—LAISSEZ FAIRE, LAISSEZ PASSER.**—This celebrated axiom was the reply of a merchant manufacturer to the French minister, Colbert, on being interrogated by the latter respecting the subject of foreign exchange; the introduction of all foreign manufactures having been prohibited, to the great detriment of the vine-growers, who could not find property safe in foreign imports.

**71. S. J. T.—GREAT CIRCLE SAILING.**—Great circle sailing consists in determining a series of points in an arc of a great circle between two points on the surface of the earth, for the purpose of directing a ship's course as nearly as possible on such arc; that is, on the curve of shortest distance between the place from which she sets out, and that at which she is to arrive.

**72. E. C.—SOAP-TEST.**—Water containing sulphate of magnesia alone acts towards the soap-test in producing with it a perfect lather, similarly, or nearly so, as does water containing a lime-salt alone, but only when the equivalent of magnesia salt does not exceed six grains of carbonate of lime in a gallon of water. The degrees of hardness of an ordinary water cannot be inferred by this test. Compute the grains of lime, magnesia, oxides of iron, and alumina, in a gallon of water, each into its equivalent of chalk; the

sum of these equivalents will be the hardness of the water. The degrees of hardness of a water containing magnesia and lime salts, as shown by the soap-test, cannot be relied upon as an indication of the amount of these salts in the water, nor of the amount of lime in a water when magnesia is present. Water may show by the soap-test a small degree of hardness, in comparison to the quantities of salts of magnesia and lime which it may contain, and thus by trusting to that test in the selection of water for ordinary uses or steam purposes, a very unfortunate selection might be made.

**73. R.—ABORIGINES.**—This term is used to denote the primitive inhabitants of a country, as distinguished from colonists. The word first occurs in the Greek and Roman writers, who treated of the earlier periods of Roman history, and was used to express the most remote possible origin of a nation, corresponding with the Greek *autochthonos*, signifying "people coeval with the land which they inhabit." In modern usages the term *aborigines* is rarely applied to any except savage peoples, who do not cultivate the ground, or live in settled habitations.

**74. J. W.—FLANNEL.**—Flannel should be worn in summer and winter during the day, but should be taken off at night. In summer it allows the perspiration to pass off without condensing upon the skin, and prevents the evil effects of the rapid changes of temperature to which we are liable in our changeable climate when out of doors. In winter, as a non-conductor of heat, it is a protection against cold. At night the flannel jacket or jersey should be exposed to a free current of air, and allowed thoroughly to dry; it should never be put in a heap of clothes by the bedside. Flannel is usually only worn over the chest and abdomen.

**75. W. T. B.—SUPREMACY.**—The word supremacy is a term used to designate supreme ecclesiastical authority, and is either *regal* or *papal*. The extent of the legislative authority of the Pope was never exactly defined. The papal supremacy was abolished by the legislatures of the three kingdoms in the sixteenth century. To insure that abolition, persons holding certain offices have been required to take what has been inappropriately named "the oath of supremacy," since it negatives the supremacy of the Pope, but does not assert that of the King. The form of the oath was established in England by 1 William and Mary, cap. 8. Under this act all persons were required to take the oath when tendered; but by 31 George III., cap. 32, sec. 18, no person is liable to be summoned to take the oath, nor to be prosecuted for disobeying the summons. The King was made the supreme head of the Church of England in 1534, when the regal supremacy was established by act of Parliament.

**76. D. R.—FIRE OF LONDON.**—The plant which sprang up so abundantly after the Great Fire of London was the *Sesymbrium iris*, or hedge-mustard. So profuse was the plant, and so quickly did it cover the ground where the consumed city had stood, that it was supposed by the botanists of those days that a greater quantity existed on that one spot than could have been collected from the whole surface of Europe. Such a singular instance of vegetable growth no naturalist has yet been able to account for.

**77. T. Y. O.—BREVET RANK.**—The term *brevet*, in the British service, is applied to a commission conferring on an officer a degree of rank immediately above that which he holds in his particular regiment; without, however, conveying a power to receive the corresponding pay. Brevet-rank does not exist in the royal navy, and in the army it neither descends lower than that of captain, nor ascends above that of lieutenant-colonel. It is given as the reward of some particular service, which may not be of so important a nature as to deserve immediate appointment to the full rank; it, however, qualifies the officer to succeed to that rank, on a vacancy occurring, in preference to one not holding such brevet, and whose regimental rank is the same as his own. Brevet-rank is considered effectual for every military purpose in the army generally, but of no avail in the regiment to which the officer holding it belongs, unless it be wholly, or in part, united with some other corps.

**78. S. W. W.—TYRANT.**—In the classic writers this word does not possess the opprobrious signification with which it has been used in modern times. Many so-called tyrants were, among the Greeks, exceedingly popular, and were men of letters and patrons of literature and art. Herodotus seems to use the terms *tyrant* and *monarch* as synonymous. Aristotle says that it is the custom to call a monarchy which has regard to the interests of all the members of a state a kingship; and that a monarchy which has only a regard for the interests of the monarch is a tyranny. Nepos remarks that "all persons are considered or called tyrants who enjoy lasting power in a state which has once been free." Few of the Greek tyrannies lasted long, and the conduct of those who held this power was generally such as to attach in course of time an odious signification to the word tyrant. The Roman writers, especially the poets, use the word merely as equivalent to king.

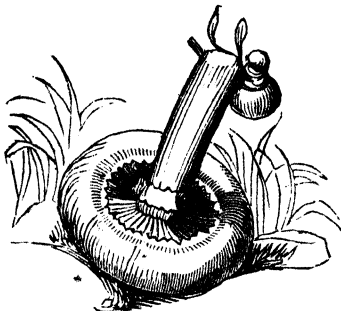
**79. M. W.**—The proverbial expression of *Banian-day*, as used to denote a short or indifferent dinner, is derived from a caste of Hindoos bearing the name of Banians, who not only abstain from eating the flesh of animals, but endeavour to rescue even the most noxious from the cruelty of others.

**80. J. C.—ANIMALCULES.**—That animalcules exist in almost all natural waters there can be little doubt. We are not aware whether they have been sought for or discovered in the boiling springs in Iceland. To prove how ubiquitous the germs of these creatures are, we may relate that a scientific friend discovered several animalculæ in the dew-drops that trickled down the outside of a clean polished glass vessel which contained a freezing mixture. Perfectly pure distilled water is theoretically free from animal life.

**81. A. S.—BLACK BOARDS.**—The best quality of black boards for drawing on are prepared as follows:—Take a wooden — or what is much better, a very stout paste-board—and give it two or three coats of lamp-black and turpentine, to which add painters' gold size. Use a stiff brush, and lay on the mixture immediately, as it dries fast. If too much size is used, the board will be too smooth; if too little, the paint will not dry hard. The cheapest white chalk for drawing is made as follows:—Procure from a painter a lump of chalk,

and saw it into slices, and then into squares of the size wanted. A pennyworth of chalk will make at least fifty sticks such as are generally sold for twopence each. Coloured chalks are made by pounding white chalk or whiting and mixing either of them with a little red lead, yellow ochre, or green verdigris, according to the colour required; add a small quantity of common paste dissolved in water (a teaspoonful of paste to half a cup of water). Form the paste into rolls like pencils, and when dry they will be ready for use.

**82.—MUSHROOMS.**—The edible members of the fungus tribe are so called; they are largely eaten with us, and still more so in some other countries. We generally esteem them wholesome, and to some extent nourishing. The large, flat mushroom which grows in the moist meadows, and which botanists term *Agaricus campestris*, is the best; it is distinguished from the poisonous kinds



by having a smooth upper surface, whose outer skin readily peels off, exposing the fibrous structure beneath; in the young plant this outer skin is white, but it turns brown as the plant advances in age; the laminae, as the under radiating parts are called, are first pink, then light brown, and gradually darken into a colour approaching to black; the foot-stalk is short and thick, being seldom more than two inches high, even when, as is sometimes the case, the table which it supports is eight or nine inches in diameter. The young mushrooms, which are called "buttons," are best for pickling, the middle-sized ones for stewing or broiling, and the larger for making catsup. The Champignon (*Agaricus pratensis*) is another wholesome kind; although of smaller size, it is similar to the common sort in every other respect, except in the colour of the laminae, which are of a delicate cream tint at that early period of growth when the others are pinkish white; they grow on dry upland pastures and parks, and are very liable to be mistaken for *Toadstools*.

**83.—PRUNELLA.**—Mudar, *Asclepias gigantea* (Lin.), grows in sandy places in India. The stem contains a milky juice, which, as well as the bark, is used as a medicine by Europeans in India. It is very efficacious in cutaneous diseases, and is also used in syphilitic complaints as an alterative; hence it is called Vegetable Mercury.

## CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 122, FLEET STREET, E.C., LONDON.

## FIRST CLASS.

Daphne.—Excelsior.—Augustine (for original enigmas and *intelligent* solutions. You very justly criticize Little Giggie's enigmas).—Emma Butterworth (for definitions and mental pictures).—Zanoni (for poetry, definitions, original pastime, which the writer in a clever paper well defends by a capital extract from the *Athenæum* on Charades). "They are at least as intellectual and entertaining as the major part of the hot-pressed duodecimos of 'poetry' which load our library table. They are quite as instructive as half the polemical tracts that are set before us, and not a quarter so mischievous. Their innocence is singularly conspicuous. They are not personal, not calumnious, not striving to make the worse appear the better cause; they puff no jobbing joint-stock company, they recommend no emigration scheme, they canvass not for professional practice. In brief, they do not propagate any scheme of humbug, like those which are daily attempted to be palmed upon the public under solemn and plausible names." And Zanoni adds that "they are, to our mind, one of the most valuable and interesting contents of our favourite Magazine, the truly-named *FAMILY FRIEND*").—Busk (for definitions, original pastime, and solutions).—Lily H. (your pastime contributions are accepted, also your "Offering").—Florence (this rank is accorded for your beautiful little story, "The Broken Ship." Sorry indeed we are to know that you have written it on a sick bed, and we hope with you that it may do you good, and also that you may soon—very soon—be restored in health).—Catherine S. (your poem accepted).—Elizabeth ("Widmerville Lake" is a very fair description of the locality, and would be accepted as an "Offering," but otherwise declined: please write your decision).—Kate Sydnas.—Aliquis (your poem on the Exhibition is accepted, and does you credit. "Evening Prayer" is declined. The rhymes "flax" and "ask" suggest a ludicrous alteration not desirable. An account of the process of paper-making will be acceptable as an "Offering").—Rutherfordal (your verses on the Exhibition are good in part, and in parts very defective. "Memories" is a most touching piece—simple, true, and tender. "The Spring Tide" and the "Turning of a Life" accepted. Undoubtedly every approved first-class competitor will be entitled to a first-class prize—so also with the second class; and the third-class contributors will receive each a permanent acknowledgment of their labours. *All* contributions will be taken into consideration).—Illa.—Caractacus.—Iago Flynnonau (at present we must decline the picture conundrums).—Nina Gordon ("Allon Lee" is a very neat sketch).—Ewol Tenuub (though your contributions are not numerous, there is good stamina in them).—Max (well done! "A Welcome to the Summer," accepted—also "Sea-side Pictures." A clever Exhibition poem, spirited definitions, and abundant ingenious original pastime).—Snow ("The Origin of the Violet's Colour" accepted. Truly beautiful definitions from an esteemed friend of long stand-

ing. The following is most pleasing:—"I must thank you for many hours of instruction and amusement: there certainly cannot be a periodical in existence that possesses so great a home interest as yours. Two competitors and subscribers owe their acquaintance with the Magazine to me." Let other of our friends go and do likewise).—Lucinda B. ("Spring Flowers" and "My Morning Visitor" may be in our printer's hands, or may be lost, which we should be sorry for. If they do not speedily appear, send again, and be sure to bear in mind your own golden "Simple Words;" also beware of "fatal facility"—prune, condense).—Blanche Alsington.—Rose Vernon (your batch of original pastime came late to hand).—Alexander Erskine.—A. de Younge (glad to meet you here once again. A pleasant, well-written paper; but you will have to wait for its insertion, though it shall go in as soon as possible).—Anna Grey (truly grieved to hear of your illness).—Niobe.—J. Watson (keep your own name).—Terra Cotta.—Eden R.

## SECOND CLASS.

Marguerite (the subjects for the "Offerings" are found by the writers, and we have afforded extra time for them in order to have these compositions well studied. We regret your contributions this month do not rise to first class).—Leila S.—Pauline S. (you both very nearly approach the highest class).—Alicia (we truly regret the mistake that has happened. It certainly was not "intentional").—St. Clair (sorry for your disappointment, but your definitions came too late last month).—Kate Leslie.—Irene (your enigmas are accepted; they are well conceived, and neatly expressed).—Rebecca.—E. Halyn (your definitions, by the printer's mistake last month, were transferred to another, for which we beg to apologize. Your definitions this month have been anticipated by other writers, to whom we gave insertion before answering your letter).—Gilbert A.—M. J. Vance.—Isabel (your lines on "The Queen" are excellent in feeling and in sense, but the rhythm is incorrect and incomplete blank verse. Compare your lines as verse with any regular English blank verse, and you will see your faults).—J. J. Gorton (we like the dashing style of your entrance into our ranks, and expect much from you).—Moss Rose (we must decline "Spring." It has many weak, prosy, puerile lines. The enigmas are better composed. The definitions are strangely mis-spelled).—Ci-darulla (try original writing).—Snowdrop.—Nellie (glad to hear of your success on our behalf).—Oscar (sign your name to each paper).—Daisy H. (try to wait patiently for the insertion of your pieces, as we have a great number of others waiting. You very properly point out that the conundrum 87 is not original, and ought not, therefore, to have been sent to us).—E. Marchant (your poem accepted).—Oscar Blackham ("The Old Village Churchyard" wants careful revision before publication. There are some intolerable lines in it; yet the whole has merit. Your mental picture would be too easily recognized even by a child).—J. R. Lane.—W. Y. Somerville.—Mignonette ("My Teacher" is unsuitable).—C. T. Rye.—Amelia.—Alice Marriott.—Rolando.—Stephanie.—Violet.—Ella von K.—Gipsy.—Narcissa.—Nella.

## THIRD CLASS.

Little Giggie (Augustine and Aliquis point out "*little eccentricities*" in your enigmas, which you will do well to look into. Instead of land being the largest portion of the earth's surface, water covers three-fourths of the whole. In No. 91. "independent" should have been independent, and there are other errors in it).—May B. (your kind exertions on behalf of the Magazine make us truly sorry that the inexorable laws of presidential justice compel us to write you *here*. Receive our best thanks, and beg the new subscriber to aid you to be more industrious).—October (truly sorry to hear of illness in your family).—Althea.—Alfred A.—Dora.—Fairy (you sent no solutions with your enigmas).—Myra.—Christina.—Lizzie E. K.—Sylvander.—Robertus.—Marry Anne.—Ruth (you are quite in time for the prize list. We give you welcome back, and thank your friend and ours, May B.).—Octavius.—Rosalie.—Timon Baird.—Socrates.—Emma S. Power (do not alter your *nom de plume* now, as you had a position in the classes).—Cecilia.—Constance T. (the thoughts you have expressed in your definitions have been written by at least twenty other members).—Delta.—Elsie.—Pink.—Alexander.—Forget-me-not.—Sarah C.—Elizabeth H. (your commencement is very promising).—A Beginner.—Madoline.—Lucretia.—David Main.

## OUR LETTER-BOX.

**84. LAURA.**—The reason that plants are unhealthy in a bed-room is that at night they absorb oxygen, and give off carbonic acid gas: in the daytime the process is the reverse, as they give off oxygen, and absorb the carbonic acid.

**85. MISS H. L.**—*Eau de luce* is composed of hartshorn, spirits of wine, and oil of amber.

**86. GEORGIANA.**—Melons are hardy, and do not require a great degree of forcing. It is only necessary to have a good bed of manure with a frame over it. If under the influence of hot-water pipes, the heat should not exceed ninety degrees. A uniform temperature should be maintained.

**87. A CONSTANT READER.**—The microscope is a very old instrument. Many engraved stones, executed by the ancient Greek and Roman artists, are of so minute a character as to prove that magnifying glasses must have been used by them in this peculiar branch of art. It might be the more simple arrangement adopted by Seneca for reading very small written characters—namely, a simple glass sphere filled with pure water.

**88. MRS. J. D.**—When seeds are sown by Nature they are never placed deep in the earth, but are only slightly covered: this allows the air access to them, which is so necessary to their growth and progress. Some seeds may remain for a long period, even years, in the ground without showing the least symptom of germinating, which, if brought to the surface, so as to be within the action of the air, will soon exhibit its great influence by growing freely.

**89. P. H. O.**—There are two kinds of ruby, the oriental and the spinelle: the latter is distinguishable from the former by its colour and crystallization. The stone called rock ruby is the most valued species of garnet.

**90. WOULD-BE-WISE.**—"More tired" is the cor-

rect phrase. The word *tired* is a participle used adjectively, and does not admit of the additional syllables being employed to express the comparative and superlative degrees.

**91. AN ORPHAN** desires to know whether it is proper to suffer a gentleman whom she has known a few months to kiss her on her way home from an evening party. Much may depend on the age, the character, and, above all, the pretensions of the gentleman in question. For an acknowledged lover much may be said in palliation. A mere acquaintance ought by no means to be allowed the liberty; but, above all, AN ORPHAN must recollect that in her friendless situation no good man will blame her for erring on the side of modesty and lady-like propriety.

**92. H. M. M.**—The following is a simple method of obtaining the skeleton of leaves, flowers, &c.:—The leaves or flowers are to be placed in a small quantity of water until they are completely decomposed. (Warm weather is to be preferred.) They are then to be taken out of the water, and laid upon a marble slab or flat surface. Clear water (some recommend it to be boiling) is then gently poured in a small stream over them, and thus the decayed particles are washed away, leaving behind only a series of woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful network, particularly in small leaves. This operation being performed, they should be placed in the sun; and when dry, they may be fixed with glue or gum on a background of black velvet, and placed in a glazed frame, or glass case, as taste may direct. A beginner should commence the experiments with the largest leaves, as with them failure is less likely than with the more delicate.

**93. NOVICE.**—The trees to which the mythological story refers were poplars. The Heliades, the sisters of Phaeton, on account of their affliction at the death of their brother, were changed into poplars, and their tears converted into amber. Spenser alludes to the circumstance without naming the tree. We quote the lines:—

"And eke those trees in whose transformed hue  
The Sun's sad daughters wailed the rash decay  
Of Phaeton, whose limbs with lightning rent  
They gathering up, with sweet tears did lament."

**94. ALBERT.**—THE JEWS' WHITE FAST.—Of all the Jewish holidays the White Fast is kept most strictly. All males above thirteen, and females of twelve and upwards, fast from sunset to sunset, and those of younger years as long as they are able. This rule does not apply to women in the first three days of their confinement, or in cases where it would be dangerous to life. The whole day is devoted to prayer, many persons entering the synagogue at six a.m., and stopping until the end of the prayers, which is indicated by the sounding of a horn trumpet. The readers and rabbis on the Day of Atonement are dressed in their shrouds, some of which are made of the finest cambric, and trimmed with the most expensive lace. In the evening an ample repast is prepared in every Jewish abode, after partaking of which it is customary for the Jews to visit each other, with congratulations on having passed the fast day safely.

**95. MATILDA.**—CASHMERE SHAWLS.—The goat producing the wool used in the manufacture of

Cashmere shawls is said to thrive only in Thibet and in certain parts of Tartary. The wool is not nearly so fine in the staple as that of some sheep; but it is very durable, and its facility for imbibing permanent dyes renders it of great value. The worth of the material, however, is as nothing compared with the labour in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls. Of the best and most richly-worked shawls, not a quarter of an inch is completed in one day by three persons, the number usually employed on each shawl.

**96. MRS. S. T.**—The question is not altogether one of taste, being in reality one of judgment also. In choosing the tea-service, the prevailing colour must not be blue, as, however beautiful the china may look to the eye when out of use, when it is in use it appears to great disadvantage. The blue colour spoils the aspect of that beverage which "cheers, but not inebriates," while the injury is reciprocated to the porcelain. In short, the two colours destroy each other, and any other would be preferable to blue for an elegant tea-service.

**97. R. T.—SCRIPTURE.**—We cannot undertake to pronounce opinions upon debated passages of Scripture; nor do we think it wise to encourage a taste for disputation upon unimportant points of doctrine. Many lose sight of the leading truths of Christianity in their zeal for non-essentials; like the Pharisees of old, they "give tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, and forget the weightier matters of the law."

**98. E. L.—PRONUNCIATION.**—The word *education* should not be pronounced ed-joo-kay-shun; that is a common form of speech by lazy and inelegant speakers; the more correct pronunciation might be printed thus:—ed-yew-kay-shun. It is difficult to decide what is now the accepted manner of articulating the syllables in the word *virtue*. Custom, which in a majority of cases decides pronunciation, gives it—vir-choo; but the most correct speakers with whom we are acquainted retain a slight sound of the *t*, and say—vir-tew.

**99. A. Y. S.—BOTANICAL.**—The term *Cruciferae*, the name of a large natural order of plants, is derived from two Latin words, signifying cross-bearing, from the circumstance that the petals of the flowers are in the form of a Maltese cross. They possess universally anti-scorbutic and stimulant properties, combined with an acrid flavour; and their seeds uniformly abound in a fixed oil—for the properties of which, cress, mustard, and rape-seeds may be taken as representatives. To this order of plants belong some of our most common esculents and garden flowers.

**100. G. L.—HONEYMOON.**—The word "honey-moon" is traceable to a Teutonic origin. Among the Teutones was a favourite drink called metheglin. It was made of mead of honey, and was much like the mead of European countries. The same beverage was also in use among the Saxons, but flavoured with mulberries. These honeyed drinks were used more especially at marriage festivals, and which were kept up among the nobility one lunar month; the festive board being well supplied with metheglin. "Honah Moon," signified the moon of month of the marriage festival. Alaric the Goth, celebrated by Southey's poem, died on the wedding-night, from a too free indulgence in the honeyed drink.

**101. D. O. N.—DRY ROT.**—This disease attack-

ing wood, and rendering it brittle and pulverizable, occurs most frequently among the timbers of ships and ill-ventilated houses. It is dependent partly upon the growth of fungi, whose fine filamentous spawn separates the woody fibres, and partly by the moisture so introduced, which causes a fermentation and decomposition of the ligneous tissue. When the dry rot has once made its appearance, its progress cannot be arrested, except by the removal of the diseased timber and the wood surrounding it. Means have been discovered, nevertheless, of making wood permanently unsuited to the growth of fungi—by pickling the logs or beams in a solution of corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury), which is a well-known poison to vegetables as well as animals.

**102.—DAPNE.—VARNISH TO MAKE WOOD LOOK LIKE IVORY.**—Take half an ounce of ising-glass, boiled gently in half-a-pint of water till dissolved, then strain it and add flake white powder till it becomes as white as cream. Give the box or carved wood three or four coats of this, letting each coat dry before the other is put on, then smooth it with a bit of damp rag. It has quite the appearance of Ivory. If when mixed, it looks too white, a few grains of either carmine white will give it a pink look, or else chrome yellow; either of these colours improve it.

**103. VIOLET.—THE INVENTOR OF TELEGRAPHS.**—The Electric Telegraph is not the invention of one man, or at a given time; it has been known (in a very imperfect state, it is true) for a considerable length of time, and is the joint production of many great scientific men. In the preface to the "Electric Telegraph Popularised," by Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. the following occurs—"The invention of the electric telegraph is not the invention of an individual, as it is the joint production of many eminent scientific men, and distinguished artists in various countries, whose labours and experimental researches on the subject have spread over the last twenty years. . . . There, can however, be no risk of committing an injustice by stating that in England, Professor Wheatstone; in the United States, Professor Morse; in Bavaria, M. Stenbeit; in Prussia, Dr. Siemens; and in France, M. M. Breguet and Froment, have severally stood in the leading ranks of invention. Besides these eminent persons may be mentioned Mr. Bain, the inventor of the electro-chemical telegraph, Mr. Henly and the Messrs. Bright, who have improved the magnetic telegraph; Messrs. Brett, to whose genius and enterprise the world is indebted for submarine telegraph; Messrs. Newall & Co., who have been signalled by the construction of submarine cables; Mr. Walker, of the South Eastern Telegraph Company; and Mr. House, of the United States, inventor of a printing telegraph, in extensive operation.

**104. MISSIL.—TO REMOVE QUICKSILVER FROM GOLD RINGS.**—I have been a chemist for many years and can confidently recommend the following:—Hold the rings over a candle, until they are covered with soot. Then take half a teacupful of boiling water, then pour in two tea spoonfuls of vinegar and half a tea spoonful of salt and three grains of zinc. Stir them together and put in the rings. Let them stay there for two or three days, then take them out and rub them with chamois leather.



## OUR LETTER-BOX.

**105. W. H.—TO CONSTRUCT AN ORRERY.**—To make an orrery of the dimensions mentioned by our Correspondent would involve much labour and expense. A very instructive toy might be constructed by placing a taper in the centre of a japanned waiter, to represent the sun, and fixing in a watch-glass an India rubber-ball, with the parallels of latitude and meridians painted thereon, with the other characters of the globe. During its revolution around the candle, in consequence of the tendency of its centre of gravity to its lowest position, the diurnal and annual motions, and also the parallelism of its axis will be represented together with the concomitant phenomena.

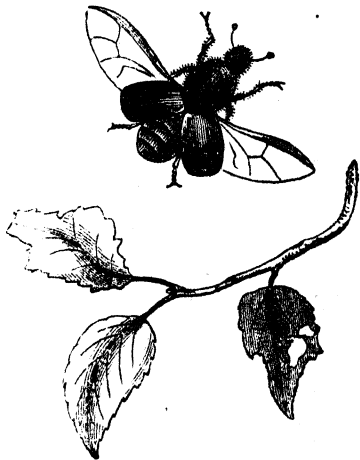
**106. J. B. S.—MEDALS.**—The parts of a medal are the two sides, one of which is called the *face*, *head*, or *obverse*: the other the *reverse*. On each side is the *area*, or *field*; the *rim*, or *border*; and the *exergum*, which is beneath the ground, whereon the figures represented are placed. On the two sides are distinguished the *type*, and the *inscription* or *legend*. The type, or device, is the figure represented; the legend is the writing, especially that around the medal. What is found in the exergum consists of, generally, some initial letters, and sometimes the date of the coin.

**107. P. S.—WAX.**—Vegetable wax and bees'-wax differ in their elementary composition. The former is a vegetable product, forming the varnish of the leaves of certain plants and trees; it is found also upon some berries—as the *Myrica cerifera*, and it is an ingredient of the pollen of flowers. It was long supposed that bees merely collected the wax ready formed in plants, but Huber found that, though excluded from all food except sugar, they still formed wax. "Bees'-wax" is obtained by draining and washing the honey-comb, which is then melted in boiling water, strained through calico or linen, and cast into cakes. Many of the cakes sold in the shops will be found to be moulded into the shape of the inside of the cottage dishes in which the melted wax was cooled. Foreign wax comes from the Baltic, the Levant and the shores of Barbary. It is bleached by exposure in thin slices to air, light, and moisture, or more rapidly by exposure to action of chlorine. White-wax is generally adulterated with spermaceti. It is also mixed for artistic purposes with Canada balsam, Venice turpentine, common rosin, tallow, &c.

**108. L. K. W. F. F.—MARSEILLAISE.**—The name of the "Marseillaise" is popularly, though erroneously, applied to the national anthem of the French. The origin of the song which has played so important a part in continental revolutions was for a long time unknown; but the following particulars may be regarded as authentic. The *Marseillaise Hymn* was the production of Rouget de Lille, a French officer of engineers, who was quartered at Strasbourg in the year 1791, when Marshal Luckner commanded the army at that time, entirely composed of young conscripts. The marshal was to march on the following morning of a certain day, and late in the evening previous he inquired if there were any men of a musical or poetical genius, who could compose a *soul-inspiring* song to animate his young soldiers. Some one mentioned Captain Rouget de Lille, who was immediately ordered into the presence of the marshal to receive his commands upon the

subject, which, having been given, and a promise made by De Lille that a song would be ready on the following morning, he went to his quarters, and during the night he not only wrote the song in question, but also set it to music; and next morning the army marched to its tune, and carried everything before it with an enthusiasm only to be equalled by absolute frenzy. The original composition is said to have been in the possession of the late Louis Philippe. The name "Marseillaise" was given to it long after its first use, when a body of troops entered Paris from Marseilles playing the air.

**109. T. A. B.—ELM-DESTROYING SCOLYTUS.**—Scarcely has the elm begun to leaf, than the *Scolytus destructor*, or elm-destroying Scolytus begins her operations; and most dexterously does she effect her purpose. She may be met with in dry weather, even amid the stir and hum of London: and wherever the tree whose name she bears lifts up its green head, in square or garden, there is she. You may see this formidable little insect upon their trunks, making a passage through the bark, and then dexterously excavating a kind of tunnel between the bark and wood, wherein she deposits her eggs, thus forming a



nest for her future progeny, and for herself a tomb; for she dies when her work is done, and is generally found at the extremity of her channel, as if conscious that her end was approaching, and unwilling to impede the future operations of her progeny. Scarcely, however, have the larvae emerged from their eggs than they begin to feed, working nearly at right angles from the path formed by their careful parent, and proceeding almost parallel to one another. They may even be found alive in January; and it is probable that they work during the whole winter, when in consequence of the sap being down, the bark adheres less firmly, and the progress of the grub is consequently not impeded.

## CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 122, FLEET STREET, E.C., LONDON.

## FIRST CLASS.

Aliquis.—Ion (very glad to welcome you. You ought to send some racy Offerings, from such an experience as you describe).—C. Marshall.—Ewol Tenneb (try another department, strive manfully at the "Offerings").—George Matthewson (your name ought to have appeared here last month. All omissions of that kind will be reckoned in the prize account).—Rosalie.—Zanoni.—Terra Cotta.—Lily H.—Daisy H. (your poetical "Offering" is accepted—and it is truly a worthy offering).—Illa.—Excelsior.—Max (very correct in this—"I have a large organ of self-esteem, and am able to blow my own trumpet." Max introduces himself to his fellow councillors, in a string of comical verses, in which he endeavours to hit off their peculiarities—surely they will reciprocate his kind feeling and *gay bonhomie*).—Irene.—Niobe (you have worked thoughtfully).—Emma Butterworth.—Caractacus (for definitions, poetry, conundrums, and charades, all neatly executed, sign always the same name).—Zanoni (you bid fair to keep your high position. Your "Teetotal Meeting" is capital).—Lucinda B. (Councillor Max writes:—

Lucinda B., it seems to me  
You are a most industrious B(ee).

From the stories you write, and the songs you sing,  
You're a Bee with much honey, and no sharp sting.

May we inform Max that this honey-bee is an accomplished governess, as well as a charming writer, and—on the faith of graphiology—a most amiable young lady).—Jane C. (contributions of yours for April came too late. "A Spring Morning" accepted. An "offering" of mark is expected from you).—Gorgonia (we truly regret the error of omission last month).—Nina Gordon (a neat little paper).—Ruphenpharl.—"Lines on the City" accepted, but we have had to correct a slight inaccuracy—"remember," instead of "remind us." The paper is marked by a deep-toned thoughtfulness.—Isabel (very good).—Gilbert Grahame (superior verses.—M. J. Vance (both your "Offerings" are meritorious, and show you have a real literary vein).—Marguerite.—Alexander Erskine (thus the lively Max satirises your high poetics):

The great Alexander was a commander,  
A soldier of ancient renown,

And so Erskine tries with words lofty to rise,  
But when he gets up, *can't come down*.

But we must inform Max that there is real poetry in "Alexander").

## SECOND CLASS.

October.—J. J. Gorton.—Oscar Backham.—Anna Grey (your bookseller deserves no trade for so delaying your Magazines. We want offerings of real life and character—in short, racy stories or original essays).—Etalyn.—Priscilla.—Amelia (there will be two vols. We receive many complaints of booksellers not getting the Magazine in time).—Buck.—Jane Cressall (there really seems great neglect among the country booksellers).—Gipsy.—

May B. (you have advanced thus far, and sure we are, you are competent to advance further, only be up and doing).—Nellie.—Little Giggie (assuredly you are not the only Enigmatist in the Council who has made mistakes, and your ingenuity and perseverance have merited anything but unkindness. Let there be peace around the Council-board).—Plodder (your letter so much interested us, that we are sorry indeed to decline your poem. There is much in it fresh and healthful, but it is obscure in its figurative treatment. Stick to nature).—C. T. Rye.—Snowdrop.—Socrates (the printer made a blunder in leaving out the 3rd part of your enigma No. 84. But your name was omitted by your own fault. Every enigma or other contribution should have the name plainly appended. You now send a Scripture Enigma without signature).—Eden R.—Novice.—Rose Vernon.—Ivanhoe.—Kate Leslie.—Dora (the subject of your offering good, but the treatment hardly up to the mark—solely, we think, through inexperience, as details are embodied not suitable for *general reading*. Try again).—Violet.—Kate Sydnas.—Mignonette (not to flatter you, as you beg for our opinion, we think you may hold a second class position, but not a first. You have taken much pains, but you have a great deal to do. In your sketch, the poetical quotation is written as prose. There are several blemishes of composition, but it is fairly treated on the whole, therefore accepted. Study the sense and connection of every sentence of your offerings as well as the *interest and value* of the whole).—Forget-Me-Not.—Kitty (good historical enigma; poor poetry).—Moss Rose (don't pursue poetry. In writing prose, look well to your spelling. "Robit—freted—sadly—playful—capitally—shepherd," &c., are all wrong. The Council will be of service to you).—Leila S. (your remarks shall be inserted).—A. de Young.—J. R. Lane.—James Watson (don't be disheartened. Hold your place here, at least, though a permanent first class position may be beyond your skill).—Althea.—Iago Ffyonau (for original enigmas only. Max thus attacks your *nom de plume*:—

Iago, of picture-puzzle fame!

My dear Ffyonau, 'twas really a shame

To choose such a very funny name.

Forgive me, Iago, if I write a bad pun on you:

Don't *ee* argue, my friend, that I'm making fun  
on you).

Jane C. (try an offering of real life and character).—Alice Marriott.—C. Marshall (it is a pity you did not send another offering, which, if well written and interesting, would have placed you first class; however, send one of the papers you mention, and we heartily hope you will obtain first or second class prizes this year. Your name is down for 1861; but the Certificate is similar to that which you have already received).—Cinderella.—Narcissa (enigmas accepted).—Elizabeth H.—Ruth.—Blanche Alsington (two of your charades need correction).

## THIRD CLASS.

St. Clair (you are not half industrious enough).—Sylvander.—Madeline.—Alfred A.—Sarah C.—Daphne (no enigmas but *original* ones are received. They are intended as improving mental exercises for the composers).—Lina and Friends (this magazine must be obtained through the booksellers. It is strange they are so late in supplying it. Do you

order it *regularly*?—W. Summerton.—Lizzie K.K. —Octavius (send your receipts).—Rebecca (translations are not admitted in the Council—the principal object of which is *self-improvement*. Your ideas were anticipated; a case which often occurs in making up the Definitions for the printer).—Accebar.—Nesta.—True Blue.—Augustine (your original pastime is useless, not having solutions attached. You must send solutions with each enigma).—Sarah Jean.—Stantonville (each original enigma sent to us should have its solution written under it. Were your contributions thus sent?).—Mary Anne (answers alone only command third class prizes).—Stephanie.—Ella Von K. (more industry).

### OUR LETTER-BOX.

**110.—MADGE.**—TO COPY FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other), and let them dry out.

**111.—G. ASHTON.**—TO PREVENT SHOES FROM CREAKING.—I was recently applied to by a lady for a remedy, and recommended the application of a little olive oil, rubbed into the sole, especially about the waist and ball. It was done, and found perfectly successful. N.B. In boots intended for outdoor wear, it would be as well to avoid letting the oil get into the seams, as it might, by dissolving the wax on the thread, be the cause of leakage.

**112.—E. S. P.**—The holes must be eaten by some insect or its larva; and the simplest remedy is to keep camphor, benzole, or other strong-smelling drug with the articles; but the supply must be kept up, or the insects will return when the smell has gone off.

**113.—OCTAVIUS.**—TO MAKE BRAWN.—The head must be very nicely cleaned, then tie it in a cloth, and boil it four hours, put it on a large flat dish, remove every bone whilst hot; then season with salt, pepper, and a good teaspoonful of sage. Mix it well up, having cut all the meat off the head into pieces about an inch thick. Put two pieces of strong linen or calico into a brawn can whilst the meat is warm, putting the tongue down the middle. The tongue must be peeled. Cover it with a clean cloth, and put heavy weights on the top of it for twenty-four hours; draw it out of the can by the linen. You must place the ears in slips to look like marble, when you put the head in the can, so as to give it a good appearance at table.

ALTHEA.

**114.—UNIQUE.**—OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS.—If two pieces of transparent white paper be attached to a window and examined through a prism, fringes of blue, red, and yellow, will be produced. Should the light of the sun be very vivid there, a powerful artificial rainbow will result; but, if the paper be increased in thickness, the blue colour will preponderate.

**115.—A. Z.**—Otago and the southern coasts are subject to boisterous gales of cold, wet wind; and New Zealand, generally, is perhaps a more breezy country than England. The average number of days in the year, when no rain falls, is about 200 in England, and 220 in New Zealand.

**116.—SCHOOLBOY.**—A CHEAP COLLODION.—Steep white printing or machine paper in concentrated sulphuric acid from five to eight minutes, and then wash and dry it. It becomes now as stiff as parchment; and if we cut it up small and digest it in ether we obtain a substance not very different from common collodion, at a much cheaper price.

**117.—BLONDE.**—CONNAUGHT contains five counties—those of Leitrim, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, and Galway. There are in this province large tracts of mountainous and sterile land, especially in the western parts of the counties of Galway and Mayo. The peninsula formed by the western part of the first of these counties is called Connemara, and is famed for its scenery.

**118.—HOUSEKEEPER.**—FLEAS.—The greatest security against these troublesome summer intruders on domestic comfort, is that of keeping rooms as free from dust as it is possible.

**119.—TOBY.**—PEARLS.—These are calcareous bodies of the same nature as mother-of-pearl, only purer, found in the inside of certain shells, particularly a large one called the pearl-oyster.

**120.—D. J.**—ORIGIN OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—It seems natural to attribute it to the electric fluid contained in the atmosphere, which at great heights, where the air is rarefied, must become luminous. This is the opinion of philosophers, but it is entirely speculative.

**121.—INQUIRER.**—STUDY OF HISTORY.—Tables and charts are among the greatest facilities in the study of history and chronology. They bring before the eye at a glance what can be presented but gradually and slowly by description; the locality of events and dates on the paper also aid to fix them more firmly on the memory.

**122.—AURORA.**—TOOTH POWDER.—We know of no better than finely powdered charcoal; it cleans the mouth mechanically and chemically. But as alone it is dusty, and not easily mixed with water, it may for this purpose be mixed with an equal weight of prepared chalk, and, if requisite, scented with a drop or two of oil of cloves.

**123.—B. T.**—DRY-ROT IN CELLARS.—This may be prevented by whitewashing yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

**124.—OCTAVIUS.**—BLACK SILKS ARE IMPROVED by being sponged in the liquid of boiled fig-leaves. —MARGUERITE.

**125.—LEILA S.**—A cup of strong coffee, or other refreshment, might serve to ward off languor, and compensate for the want of rest. —MARGUERITE.

**126.—IMOGENE.**—THE LATE LORD WATERFORD'S RECIPE FOR MAKING BOOTS WATERPROOF.—Take a quart of linseed oil, 4 oz. of tar, 4 oz. of Venice turpentine, 4 oz. of bees-wax, 1 oz. of Burgundy pitch. The whole to be dissolved by a slow fire, and well mixed, when it will be ready to apply to the boots, and is unailing in keeping out the wet. —DAPHNE.

**127.—LEILA S.**—A CURE FOR DROWSINESS.—Be in bed at half-past nine every night *regularly*. Rise at half-past six *precisely*; any staying in bed in a dreamy, half-asleep, half-awake manner, will only make your drowsiness worse each day. Directly you are up take a cold bath, dress as quickly as you can, and then go out for half-an-hour's brisk

walk before breakfast. Be as busy as you can all day. If you follow this advice you will soon feel its benefit. Of course, you will find it difficult, but persevere; remember that perseverance always overcomes difficulties. I should like to know when your drowsiness is gone. Please tell me through this dear little book.—Can any of your numerous readers tell me what a roccoco drawing-room is?—**ALICE MARRIOTT.**

**128.—W. B.**—An unnaturalised foreigner cannot vote for a member of Parliament. The naturalisation fees are small.

**129.—WHITE EAGLE.—EARLY TO RISE.**—We remember one of the writers in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expresses his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and says if he was endowed with the art of flying, he would use it to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect multitudes who sigh for bright skies and genial breezes and fresh air, and who grow poetical at the mere mention of green fields and bursting flowers, so far from pursuing the sun, and seeking companionship with the spring, keep out of the way of both as much as possible. Instead of rising with the sun, and improving the early hours of morning in taking a walk in the fields, or in paying attention to a garden, thousands prefer the bed and the enjoyment of a little more sleep. Nature is lavish of her beauties all around them, but they might as well be deaf, and blind, and dumb, for all the good they receive from her bounteous ministrations. Young people, awake! Think of the health, the buoyancy of animal spirits, the enjoyments of mind, which you throw away by indolence and love of ease. Only think what a sacrifice is involved in lying a-bed, morning after morning, for hours after the sun has risen!

**130.—DUKE HUMPHREY.—VALUE OF GOOD BOOKS.**—The observations of our esteemed correspondent on the enjoyment he has derived from reading certain choice books, remind us of what Dr. Arnott has said on the same subject:—"By my books I can conjure up before me to vivid existence all the great and good men of antiquity; and for my individual satisfaction I can make them act over again the most renowned of their exploits. The orators declaim for me; the historians recite; the poets sing; in a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books I can be wherever I please."

**131.—POOR WOMAN.—ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.**—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a map furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or the parlour; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries, "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interests should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare or hap-

piness, together with that of her children! This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune, as he can in the counting-room or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

**132.—DEVON.**—ETHER has the property of producing a feeling of intense cold when applied to the skin; and is sometimes used as a remedy for burns and scalds. It is extremely volatile and inflammable, and therefore should be used with great caution when brought near any artificial light. Its influence when respired is to produce a very exhilarating effect.

**133.—ABELARD.—GREY HAIR.**—The chief causes of greyness of the hair are sickness, anxiety, and sedentary occupations. Labourers whose employments involve healthful exercise in pure atmospheres, and whose diet is simple and wholesome, retain the colour of their hair to a late period. Usually, the greyness of the hair is an indication that the bodily fluids have begun to be absorbed, the textures to be dried up and become withered. But frequently the affection is local, not general; accidental, not constitutional. "All whose employment renders much sitting necessary, and little or no exercise possible; all who study much; all who, from whatever cause, have local determinations of blood, particularly if towards the head, are the persons most liable to carry grey hairs." Mental emotions have frequently caused the hair to turn suddenly grey. "It will, indeed, be fortunate if a desire to preserve the beautiful luxuriance of the hair should induce any fair votary of fashion and civilisation to forego late hours and heated rooms; and try whether it is not better, and productive of more happiness, as well as calculated to produce this end, to exercise her limbs, and inhale the fresh and untainted breath of the morning hours."

**134.—MATERFAMILIAS.—A GOOD EDUCATION.**—A good education is that which prepares us for our future sphere of action. A warrior or a statesman requires a different kind of a school. A lady who has many accomplishments, yet is deficient in the science of housekeeping, has not been well educated. A good education makes us contented with our lot. This was what an ancient philosopher said made him happy in an obscure abode, and, when he was alone, talked with him. A restless and complaining temper proves a bad education. A good education is a fortune in itself. I do not mean that it will always secure wealth. But it brings something better than the gold that perishes, for this may be suddenly lost. Fire may consume it, The thief may take it away. But that knowledge which enriches the mind, which moderates its desires, which teaches to make a right use of the time and promote the happiness of others, is superior to the elements. Fire, air, earth, and water, have no power over it. It can use them as servants. It walks with us into the vale of years, and does not leave us till we die.

**135.—STEADY BOY.**—The more a man accomplishes, the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who starts our railroads, our steamboats, our machine shops, and our manufactories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they work, doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives, the more he feels to like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We should rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlpool than sneaking from a cloud.

**136.—HONEYMOON.—RELATIVE DUTIES OF A MARRIED PAIR.**—"Deceive not," writes the Swedish authoress, "one another in small things, nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life: a small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. 'Laziness is the devil's cushion.' Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as pleasing to each other *after* marriage as *before*. Endeavour *always* to please one another; but, at the same time, keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to day; for remember, that marriage has its to-morrow also. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughter, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family,—be able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honour and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families." Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you."

**137.—COQUETTE.**—To ARRANGE A BOUQUET.—Flowers may be arranged either according to the harmony or the contrast of colours. Red harmonises to orange, orange to yellow, violet to red, indigo to violet, blue to indigo, and green to blue. Green is the contrast to red, sky-blue to orange, yellow to violet, blue to orange-red, indigo to orange-yellow, and violet to bluish-green. To find the contrast to any flower, cut a small circular piece from one of its petals, and place it upon white paper; look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without allowing the eyelid to close, then look from the coloured circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another colour will be apparent. This circle is called the spectrum, and is the true complementary colour or contrast required. There is no doubt that arranging flowers according to their contrast, or complementary colours, is more pleasing to the eye than placing them according to their harmonies. Consequently, a blue flower should be placed next an orange flower, a yellow near a violet, and a red or a white should have plants with abundant foliage near them. "White," says Dr. Lindley, "suits blues and oranges, and better still, reds and roses; but it

tarnishes yellows and violets. In all cases, however, when colours do not agree, placing white between them restores the effect."

**138.—MRS. HENMAN.—TO REMOVE SORENESS ROUND THE LIPS.**—Soreness round the lips is often, if not always, caused by a heat in the places affected, and may easily be removed by applying any of the cooling balsams which are so common, Milk of Roses and Cold Cream being the two most in use. To prepare the former, take five ounces of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter almonds, two pints and a half of rose-water, half an ounce of white curd soap, half an ounce of oil of almonds, two ounces of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, twenty drops of English oil of lavender, twenty drops of otto of roses, and a pint of rectified spirit. Blanch the almonds, and beat them with a little of the soap and rose-water. Melt together the oil of almonds, spermaceti, and white wax, and mix with the former into a cream, and strain it through fine muslin. Then add gradually the remaining rose-water; and, lastly, the spirit, with the essential oils dissolved therein. To prepare Cold Cream, take six ounces of lard, one ounce and a drachm and a half of spermaceti, three drachms of white wax, three ounces of rose-water, fifteen grains of carbonate of potash, three quarters of an ounce of spirits of wine, three drachms of essential oil of bergamot. Melt the three first, then add the rose-water, carbonate of potash, and spirits of wine, stirring well, and when nearly cold, add the perfume.—ALEX. ERSEINE.

**139.—MARIANNE.—THE TEETH.**—It is necessary to observe, that very near the gums of some people whose teeth are otherwise good, there is apt to grow a false kind of enamel, both within and without; and this false enamel or tartar, if neglected, pushes the gum higher and higher, till it leaves the fangs of the teeth quite bare above the true enamel: so that the sound teeth are destroyed, because the gum has forsaken the part which is not sheathed or protected in consequence of such neglect. This false enamel must therefore be carefully scaled off; for the gum will no more grow over the least particle of the enamel, than the flesh will heal on the point of a thorn.

**140.—A SUBURBAN.**—It is not a safe plan to purchase a servant's clothes. A case has just been decided against a lady in one of the county courts, who, having taken a young girl into her service destitute of every necessary, purchased for her, by her own desire, such proper clothing as she most needed, deducting the amount from her wages. The girl, on leaving, summoned the lady, and the judge decided against her on the ground that she, being under age, was not legally competent to empower her mistress to spend her money. This warning is worth notice.

**141.—DEBORAH.**—The primitive Christians did not commence their Lent until the Sunday now called the first in Lent. Pope Felix III., in the year 487, added the four days preceding the old Lent Sunday, to complete the number of fasting days to forty. Gregory the Great introduced the sprinkling of ashes on the first of the four additional days, which gave it the name of *Dies cinerum* or Ash-Wednesday. At the Reformation this practice was abolished as being "a mere shadow or vain show."

## CLASS AWARDS.

ADDRESS: 3, THE TERRACE, WHITE HART LANE,  
TOTTENHAM, N.

## FIRST CLASS.

C. Lenny.—Snow (your place last month was in the first class. We are sorry to have to request you to send another copy of your "Water Lilies," the paper you forwarded having unfortunately met with an accident. Glad you admire the "Offerings.")—Isabel.—Caractacus (we like your ideas on enigmas, but do not think it well to confine contributors too rigidly in respect of length; at the same time, *brevity* is most desirable).—Max (you must work hard to keep up your high character among the classes. Alice Marriot and Meta write, "Max must be a very clever, humorous young man." But see what Lucinda says).—A. Fuschier (you must send for this class every month a worthy *original* contribution—in the form of an "Offering"—as a sketch of real life, character, and incident; or good verses, or good original enigmas, besides solutions to all, or part, of the enigmas printed the month previously).—Jane C. (your "Offering" was very nicely composed, although too trivial in subject for the purpose).—Niobe ("Yearnings for the Country" are very touching, pleasing verses).—Florence.—Figaro.—Lucinda B. (for the benefit of Max we copy your remarks:—"Max has bestowed a very pleasing eulogy on my effort to please, and I am very grateful; but if Max wishes to rank a friend of mine, he must put a strong check on that 'large bump of self-esteem.' Humility of mind and consistent self-depreciation I warmly admire, and earnestly put after, while vanity, or undue self-esteem, I recoil from.")—Anna Grey.—Emma Butterworth. A. De Younge.—Amos ("The Sisters" accepted).—Irene.—Illa.—Violet (we will enquire of the printers how it is your conundrums are neglected).—Excelsior.—Lily H.—Daisy H.—C. Marshall (lines on the Exhibition accepted).—Ruthenpharl.—Buck.—Gipsy (you are well able to keep this rank).—Aliquis.—Ion (a very humorous sketch).—Lucinda B.—Mignonette (your Offerings and other contributions are of great merit; but let us counsel you to study grammar thoroughly).—Geo. Matthewson.—Ella Von K. (you must persevere in advertising and answering in the *Times* and the *Telegraph*).—Zanoni.—Terra Cotta.—Alexander Erskine (sends some dashing lines, headed "Answer to Max's Satire," and beginning—

"Let cynic Max his satires try,  
We will not flinch nor basely fly,  
But bid defiance to his power,  
To harm us with his critiques sour."

Friend Max and another has certainly got sharp retaliation).

## SECOND CLASS.

Neeta.—Forget-me-not.—Isan Vernier.—Iago Ffyonau (Isan Vernier defines your contributions as *romantic*).—James Watson (send single definitions).—Kate Sydnas.—Rosalie.—Rose Vernon.—Cinderella.—Kate Leslie.—J. J. Gorton.—Gorgonia (J. J. Gorton says, "In the enigma 139, Gorgonia

errs in the division of the syllables. Every well-informed person knows that the term student is pronounced *stu-dent*, not *stud-ent*").—Nellie.—Lucie (take courage, and try again).—Stantonville.—Dora.—Snowdrop.—Nina Gordon.—Kitty.—Oceavius (thanks for your new subscriber. Any original receipts that have been *proved* to be good are welcome).—Ruth.—Gorgonia (sines on "Inkermann" accepted).—Little Giggie.—Rolando (we like your spirit, and are proud of your confidence).—Blanche Alington.—Eden R.—C. T. Rye.—Marguerite.—St. Clair.—Ewol Tenneh.—Etalyn—October.—Amelia.

## THIRD CLASS.

Pauline S.—Leila S.—May B.—Moss Rose (Caractacus thus addresses you through us, "Moss Rose has chosen so pretty a nom-de-plume that I feel quite abashed in aiming a shaft at her; but the specimens of orthography perpetrated by the lady in question exhibit errors so gross, in words so simple and common, as to appear to me inexcusable. So great a stain upon a respectable position in life is the defect adverted to, that I would fain, as a sincere well-wisher, stimulate to the utmost Moss Rose to amend it in her fair self".—Alice Marriot.—Elizabeth H.—Lizzie E. K.—Blue Bell.—Glenny (Violet observes of your conundrum, 112 of last month—"Mars is not a star, but a planet." We leave our members, as far as possible, to correct each other's mistakes. The discovery of errors is a very important and improving part of the work of the Council).—Mary Anne.—Sylvanier.—Sarah C.—Dora (we strongly advise you, Moss Rose, and several other members, to study spelling and grammar; your deficiencies in these most necessary parts of education alone oblige us, regretfully, to place you in the lowest class).—Alfred Brown.—Snowdrop.—Spectator.

## OUR LETTER-BOX.

142. NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Your question regarding EATING is a curious one. The lower animals eat as much as they can procure, and as much as they can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and content with eating all day long: "twice it slays the slain, and eats its dinner over again." A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mic and the maggot eat the very world in which they live, then nestle and build in their own roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet the maggot has not the gout, nor the whale sciatica. Nor is the Esquimaux (travellers inform us) troubled with the toothache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal. We hope these facts will be a sufficient answer to your fears about eating.

143. L. E.—GUTTA PERCHA.—Being impervious to water, it is better to use it in winter than summer for soles, and then the risk is not so great of its detaching itself from the portion of the leather to which it may have adhered. Its applications are almost endless, not only to the useful purposes of life, but even science has, in several instances, laid

it under contribution to its advancement. Being one of the most powerful negative electrics, it may be used for insulating positive electric surfaces.

**144. LUCINDA.**—Women never appeared upon the stage among the ancients. Their parts were represented by men until as late as 1662, when Charles II. first encouraged the appearance of women before the public.

**145. A FRIEND.**—GLASS BOTTLES were first made in England about 1558. The art of making glass bottles and drinking glasses was known to the Romans A.D. 79, as they have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

**146. CUISINE.**—CHINA IS BEST CLEANED, when very dirty, with finely-powdered fuller's earth and warm water; afterwards raising it well in clean water. A little soft soap may be added to the water instead of fuller's earth. The same plan is recommended for cleaning glass.

**147. RICE GLUE.**—This elegant cement is made by mixing rice-flour intimately with cold water, and then gently boiling it; it is beautifully white, and dries almost transparent.

**148. YOUNG MECHANIC.**—BRONZING POWDER. —Dissolve copper filings in aquafortis. When the copper has impregnated the acid, pour off the solution, and put into it some pieces of iron, or iron filings. The effect of this will be to sink the powder to the bottom of the acid. Pour off the liquor, and wash the powder in successive quantities of fresh water, and dry.

**149. A YOUTH.**—REGULARITY.—You must be aware that the habit of regularity is acquired as the natural result of a good system of tuition, and although men called "great" have been irregular, and even erratic, yet would they have been still greater had they not possessed these positive faults. Let your training, then, be of the most settled kind possible, and you will soon feel its pleasantness, as well as the advantages which all experience has taught us to arise from such a course.

**150. A STUDENT.**—SULPHUR.—It is an elementary or undecomposed body, which, in nature, sometimes occurs pure, but more commonly in combination with the metals forming sulphurets. It burns readily, with a lambent blue flame, and suffocating vapours of sulphurous acid are formed by its combining with the oxygen of the air during combustion. When pure or crystallised it is frequently translucent.

**151.—PHILOLOGIST.**—HISTORY IN WORDS.—The history of words is the history of trade and commerce. Our very apparel is a dictionary. We are told of the "bayonet," that it was first made in Bayonne; "cambrics," that they came from Cambray; "damask," from Damascus; "arras," from the city of the same name; "cordwine" or "cordoven," from Cordova; "currants," from Corinth; the "guinea," that it was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast so called; "camlet," that it was woven, at least in part, of camels' hair. Such has been the manufacturing progress, that we now and then send calicoes and muslins to India and the East, and yet the words give standing witness that we once imported these from thence; for "calico" is from Calcut, and "muslin" is from Monsul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

**152. COTTAGER.**—TO PRESERVE RHUBARB.—The following I tried last year successfully:—An

equal weight of fresh young rhubarb and sugar (I used brown sugar). Wipe, pare, and cut the rhubarb into small lengths; add the sugar; let them heat rather slowly, till the fruit is tender, and then boil rapidly for half an hour, stirring it well. I have tasted some to which candied peel had been added, at the rate of an ounce to a pound of fruit, which was an improvement. (See also FAMILY FRIEND for 1857, page 280.)

**MAY B.**  
Or.—Cut, without peeling or splitting, six pounds of ordinary-sized rhubarb into pieces about an inch long; put it, with the rind of a lemon, into the stewpan (in which must be about a tablespoonful of water, to keep it from burning); let it boil till tender, then with a strainer take out the fruit, and add to the juice five pounds of sugar; boil this forty minutes, then again put in the fruit, and boil ten minutes. This is one of the most delicious preserves I ever tasted.—EMILY A. GOODWYN.

Another correspondent (KATE LESLIE) says on this subject:—To six pounds of rhubarb, cut small, add four and a half pounds of sugar, either moist or lump (the latter is preferable); squeeze the juice of two lemons, and the rind shred very small; boil all together, until it becomes a jelly: sometimes it takes two hours to do it properly. I think the reason preserved rhubarb so seldom keeps is, that people only boil it as long as other preserves, whereas it takes considerably longer.

**153. "COOKEY."**—ROCK CAKES.—Take a pound of flour, rub into it half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar: mix with it a quarter of a pound of lemon peel and the yolks of six eggs. Roll into balls, and bake on tins.

**154. YOUNG WIFE.**—LEMON DUMPLINGS.—Add the juice of one lemon to the rind, which must be chopped fine; mix half a pound of suet, also chopped, with half a pound of bread crumbs, one egg, enough milk (or water) to make a stiff paste; add the lemon, sweeten to taste, divide into five or six equal parts, and boil in separate cloths for three quarters of an hour, and serve up with wine sauce.

**155. PORT WINE JELLY.**—A pint of port wine, one ounce and a half of isinglass, three quarters of an ounce of gum arabic, four ounces and a half of powdered loaf sugar; stand it on the hob until dissolved; when cold it is fit for use. N.B. This receipt has been used in our family for upwards of twenty years, and is invaluable for invalids.

OCTAVIUS.

**156. EMPSON.**—TRADE WINDS.—Those winds are so called from the advantage which their certainty affords to trading vessels. They are generally stated to blow from east to west over the equator, and are occasioned by the rarefaction of the air by the sun's heat, and the motion of the earth from east to west.

**157. JUSTICE.**—COIN is derived from a Greek word, signifying common or current.

**158. ELLEN.**—GOOD WATER has neither taste nor odour, and the best water always containing the greatest quantity of carbonic acid gas, in addition to its proportion of atmospheric air, it will always give out the greatest number of air bubbles when poured alternately into different vessels.

**159. OLD SUBSCRIBER.**—THE KOH-I-NOOR.—In all probability the Koh-i-noor is only a portion of

the original diamond of that name, as procured from the mines of Golconda. The brilliancy and general appearance of the diamond have been much improved since the cutting, but the weight has been reduced more than one-third.

**160. DISTRESSED ONE.—UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.**—We deeply regret your misfortune. The pawnbroker is compelled by law to keep an account of the sale and produce of unredeemed pledges above 10s., and the overplus on their sale must be paid over to their owner, if demanded within three years of their sale. The penalty for breaking this law is £10.

**161. EVERLASTING.**—The symptoms complained of are like the first approach of cataract; no time should be lost in consulting an oculist.

**162. SUFFERER.—FACE-ACHE.**—A cabbage-leaf well warmed before the fire, and applied to the face as hot as possible, will be found a certain cure for the face-ache.

Or,—Take twelve grains of sulphate of quinine, one ounce of white lump sugar, and pound them wet together in a mortar; then divide it into twelve portions, two of which should be taken each day, either in wine or water. Or, take half a teaspoonful of carbonate of iron, in water, three times a day.—ALEX. ESKINE.

**163. DAPHNE.—ST. BRIDE'S WELL.** near the Church of St. Bride, in Fleet-street, was one of the holy wells of London, and in its vicinity Edward VI. founded an hospital, which was afterwards converted into a receptacle for disorderly apprentices; in fact, into a House of Correction, for which purpose it is still used. Houses of Correction in different parts of the country are called Bride-wells, in consequence of the hospital in Blackfriars having been the first place of confinement in which penitentiary amendment was a leading object.

ROLANDO.

**164. MARGARET.—RAIN SPOTS** may be removed from cloth by carefully sponging the article all over with cold water, and hanging to dry in a cool place.

ALTHEA.

Or,—Margaret may get rain spots, or nearly anything else, out of cloth, by rubbing it with benzine. Sold in bottles at 1s. 3d. each, by druggists.

AMELIA.

**165. ROSALIND.—TO POLISH GLASS.**—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk warm, into the decanters, upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearlash; by well working this about in the decanter, it will take off the rust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish.

**166. A WEARY ONE.—GAPING OR YAWNING.**—From the "Family Doctor" we gather these to be symptoms of nervous exhaustion, and depressed circulation, which may arise from functional or organic disease, probably of the chest. We generally gape when we are tired, and the act sets others gaping also; this imitation is common in nervous affections. Previous to an attack of hysteria with fainting, or of spasmodic asthma, there is often this symptom; and where fits of gaping are long and frequent, we may always suspect the existence of heart disease.

**167. INQUIRER.—FUR** is, no doubt, one of the

most efficient protectors against cold which can be worn, yet much mischief often results from the uncertain and injudicious use of it. As an extra covering in cold weather, to be laid aside indoors, it may be safely recommended; but females, who wear boas and victorines round the neck, are apt, when the friction of the fur has produced excited action, and its natural result, perspiration on the part covered, to remove the protection without sufficient care as to the state of the atmosphere, and cold and sore throat is often the result. It is better not to use fur at all, than to do so fitfully and without due caution. Persons with delicate lungs find great advantage from having it constantly on the chest, next the skin, for not only is it a protection against cold, but its action is that of a mild counter-irritant. Nothing is better for this purpose than the prepared bear and rabbit skins which may be obtained of any hatter or hosier.

**168. EXPECTANT.—HOME FURNISHING.**—If you are about to furnish a house, do not spend all your money, be it much or little. Do not let the beauty of this thing, and the cheapness of that, tempt you to buy unnecessary articles. Doctor Franklin's maxim was a wise one—"Nothing is cheap that we do not want." Buy merely enough to get along with at first. It is only by experience that you can tell what will be the wants of your family. If you spend all your money, you will find you have purchased many things you do not want, and have no means left to get many things which you do want. If you have enough, and more than enough, to get everything suitable to your situation, do not think you must spend it all, merely because you happen to have it. Begin humbly. As riches increase, it is easy and pleasant to increase in comforts; but it is always painful and inconvenient to decrease. After all, these things are viewed in their proper light by the truly judicious and respectable. Neatness, tastefulness, and good sense may be shown in the management of a small household, and the arrangement of a little furniture, as well as upon a larger scale; and these qualities are always praised, and always treated with respect and due attention. The consideration which many purchase by living beyond their income, and of course living upon others, is not worth the trouble it costs. The glare there is about this false and wicked parade is deceptive; it does not, in fact, procure a man valuable friends, or extensive influence.

**169. ISAAC.—TO MAKE COMPOUND GLUE.**—Take very fine flour, mix it with white of eggs, isinglass, and a little yeast; mingle the materials; beat them well together; spread them, the batter being made thin with gum-water, on even tin plates, and dry them in a stove, then cut them out for use. To colour them, tinge the paste with Brazil or vermilion for red; indigo or verditer, &c. for blue; saffron, turmeric, or gamboge, &c., for yellow.

**170. E. B.—TO MAKE FLOUR PASTE.**—Paste is formed principally of wheaten flour boiled in water till it be of a glutinous or viscid consistence. It may be prepared with those ingredients simply for common purposes; but when it is used by bookbinders, or for paper hangings to rooms, it is usual to mix a fourth, fifth, or sixth of the weight of the flour of powdered resin; and where it is wanted still more tenacious, gum arabic, or any kind of size, may be added.



**171. A SPINSTER.—TO MAKE GINGER BEER.**—Take two ounces and a half of good Jamaica ginger, three pounds of moist sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, the juice and peel of two middling sized lemons, half a pint of brandy, one quarter of good solid ale yeast, and three gallons and a half of water. This will produce four dozen and a half of excellent ginger beer, which will keep twelve months. Bruise the ginger and sugar, and boil them for twenty or twenty-five minutes in the water, slice the lemon and put it and the cream of tartar into a large pan; pour the boiling liquor upon them, stir it well round, and when milk warm, add the yeast; cover it over, let it remain two or three days to work, skimming it frequently; then strain it through a jelly-bag into a cask, add the brandy, bung down very close, and at the end of a fortnight or three weeks, draw it off and bottle, and cork very tight; tie the cork down with twine or wire. If it does not work well at first, add a little more yeast, but be careful of adding too much, lest it taste of it.

**172. MRS. BECKWITH.—TO DESTROY BEETLES.**—We have given several receipts and hints for this purpose before. We now add another:—Take some small lumps of unslacked lime, and put into the chinks or holes from which they issue, it will effectually destroy them; or it may be scattered on the ground, if they are more numerous than in their holes.

**173. CITIZEN.—TO CLEAN PAINT.**—Mix together one pound of soft soap, half a pound of pumice stone powdered, and half a pound of pearlash, with hot water, into a thin paste; take a painting brush, and lay on this mixture over the paint which requires cleaning, and in five minutes wash it off with boiling water.

**174. A RECTOR.—ARCHITECTURE.**—It would be presumptuous in us to say which is the most per-

fect form of architecture; we can only give the judgment of those who are considered the most competent to decide, and this is decidedly in favour of the Greek Doric. The beauty of this order is obtained not from any sudden inspiration of genius, but from the concentrated efforts of succeeding ages continually progressing under improving criticism. The Exhibition building has given rise to a vast variety of opinions on architectural taste.

**175. MINNIE.**—Travellers in Switzerland are provided with a wooden staff having an iron point with which they are assisted in climbing. On leaving each district this staff is stamped with the name of the place, and thus becomes a memorial of the journey.

**176. A MECHANIC.—COMPARATIVE WEIGHT OF VARIOUS SUBSTANCES.**—Experiments give the following results of the weight borne with safety by a square inch of the respective substances mentioned; namely, iron, 76,400 pounds; brass, 35,600; oak, box, yew, plum, 7850; elm, a-h, beech, 6670; walnut, 5980; red fir, holly, elder, ash, birch, willow, 4290; freestone, 914 pounds. According to the experiments of substances, the following are the length at which the under-mentioned substances would break at their own weight: cast steel, 39,455 feet; Swedish iron, 19,749 feet; English ditto, 16,938; cast iron, 6110; cast copper, 5003; yellow brass, 5180; cast tin, 1496; cast lead, 384; good hemp rope, 18,790.

**177. AMATEUR GARDENER.—TO DESTROY ANTS.**—Ants that frequent houses or gardens may be destroyed by taking flour of brimstone half a pound, and potash four ounces; set them in an iron or earthen pan over the fire till dissolved and united; afterwards beat them to a powder and infuse a little of this powder in water; and wherever you sprinkle it the ants will die or fly the place.

OUR FIRST VOLUME of another and a better Series is here completed, and we avail ourselves of our accustomed opportunity of addressing a "last word" to our readers. In reviewing our six months' task to amuse, instruct, refine, and exalt the great family whom we have so long appealed to for patronage, we could not fail to be struck with the improvement made in the material aspect of the Magazine, every department of which has been performed with great care, and achieved by great expense. We are sure it will not fail to be appreciated by all our Subscribers. If unbounded support be a test of triumph, we have much reason to congratulate ourselves, and those contributors who have devoted so much time and talent to our work. The position of the FAMILY FRIEND is one to call forth its Editor's most grateful thanks. The efforts being made for still further improvement, gives "great expectations" of still greater future success and encouragement.







